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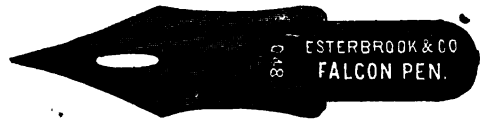
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THE

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GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

Author of 'A Princess of Thule,' 'Daughter of Heth,' 'Three Feathers,' 'Strange Adventures of a Phaeton,' etc.

IN CONJUNCTION WITH AN AMERICAN WRITER.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE PLAINS.

AND here also, as at Chicago, the demon of speculation was nearly getting the better of our small and not by any means wealthy party. It was a terrible temptation to hear of all those beautiful grazing lands close by in the Platte Valley, the freehold of which was to be purchased for a song. The fact is, things were rather bad at Omaha while we were there; and although every body tried to hang on to his real estate in hopes of better times, still the assessments pressed hard, and one could have very eligible "lots" at very small prices. No doubt there were ominous rumours about. We heard something, as we went further west, about county commissioners, elected by the homesteaders and pre-emptors, who are free from taxation, going rather wild in the way of building roads, schools, and bridges at the cost of the mere speculators. It was said that these very non-resident speculators, whose ranks we had been tempted to join, were the curse of the country, and that all laws passed to tax them, and to relieve the real residents, were just. Very well; but what was that other statement about the arrears of taxes owing by these unhappy wretches? Was it fair of the government of any State or any country in the world to sell such debts by auction, and give the buyer the right of extorting forty per cent. per annum until the taxes were paid? We regarded our friends. We hinted that this statement was a capital credulometer. The faith that can accept it is capable of any thing.

These profound researches into the condition of public affairs in Omaha, during the further day or two we lingered there, were partly owing to vague dreams of the pleasure of proprietorship, but no doubt they

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were partly due to the notion that had got into the heads of one or two of our party that the idyllic life of a shepherd in the Platte Valley must be a very fine thing. The lieutenant combated this notion fiercely, and begged Lady Sylvia to wait until she had seen the harshness of life even amid the comparative luxury of a well-appointed ranch. Lady Sylvia retorted gently that we had no further knowledge of life at a ranch than herself; that she had attentively listened to all that had been said about the subject by our friends in Omaha; that harshness of living was a relative thing; and that she had no doubt Bell and her husband would soon get used to it, and would not complain.

"Oh no, she will not complain," said he, lightly. "She is very reasonable—she is very sensible. She will never be reconciled to the place while her children are away, and she will have a great deal of crying by herself; but she will not complain."

"Nor would any woman," said Lady Sylvia, boldly. "She is acting rightly; she is doing her duty. I think that women are far more capable of giving up luxuries they have been accustomed to than men are."

This set the lieutenant thinking. On the morning on which we left Omaha, he came aside, and said,

"I, too, have written a letter to Mr. Balfour. Shall I post it?"

"What is in it?"

"The proposal I told you of the other night, but very—very—what do you call it? roundabout. I have said perhaps he is only coming out to take his wife home sooner than you go: that is well. I have said perhaps he is waiting until the firm starts again; if that is any use, when they must have been losing for years. Again, that is well. But I have said perhaps he is coming to look how to start a business—an occupation; if that is so, will he stay with us a year?—see if he understands—then he will take the management, and have a yearly per centage. I have said it is only a passing thought; but we will ask Lady Sylvia to stay with us at Idaho until we hear from him. He can telegraph from New York. He will tell her to remain until he comes, or to meet him somewhere; I will get some one to accompany her. What do you say?"

"Post the letter."

'It will be very pleasant for us," said he, in a second or so, as he rubbed his hands in an excited fashion, "to have them out for our neighbours for a year at the least—it will be pleasant for Bell—how can she get any one in Denver or Idaho to know all about her children and Surrey? My dear friend, if you have any sense, you will stay with us too. I will show you bears"

He spoke as if he were already owner of the Rocky Mountains.

"And we will go down to Kansas—a great party, with covered waggons, and picnics, and much amusement—for a buffalo hunt. And then we will go up to the Parks in the middle of the mountains—what it is, is this, I tell you: If our stay here is compulsive, we will make it as amusing as possible, you will see, if only you will stay the year too."

A sigh was the answer.

And now, as we again set out on our journey westward, the beautiful prairie country seemed more beautiful than ever; and we caught glimpses of the fertile valley of the Platte, in which our imaginary freehold estates lay awaiting us. On and on we went, with the never-ending undulations of grass and flowers glowing all around us in the sunlight; the world below a plain of gold, the world above a vault of the palest blue. The space and light and colour were altogether most cheerful; and as the train went at a very gentle trot along the single line, we sat outside, for the most part, in the cool breeze. Occasionally we passed a small hamlet, and that had invariably an oddly extemporized look. The wooden houses were stuck down anyhow on the grassy plain; without any trace of the old-fashioned orchards and walled gardens and hedges that bind, as it were, an English village together. Here there was but the satisfaction of the most immediate needs. One wooden building labelled "Drug Store," another wooden building labelled "Grocery Store," and a blacksmith's shop, were ordinarily the chief features of the community. All day we passed in this quiet gliding onward; and when the sun began to sink towards the horizon we found ourselves in the midst of a grassy plain, apparently quite uninhabited, and of boundless extent. As the western sky deepened in its gold and green, and as the sun actually touched the horizon, the level light hit across this vast plain in long shafts of dull fire, just catching the tops of the taller rushes near us,

and touching some distant sandy slopes into a pale crimson. Lower and lower the sun sank until it seemed to eat a bit out of the horizon, so blinding was the light; while far above, in a sea of luminous green, lay one long narrow cloud, an island of blood-red.

In a second, when the sun sank, the world seemed to grow quite dark. All around us the prairie land had become of a cold, heavy, opaque green, and the only objects which our bewildered eyes could distinguish were some pale white flowers—like the tufts of canna on a Scotch moor. But presently, and to our intense surprise, the world seemed to leap up again into light and colour. This after-glow was most extraordinary. The immeasurable plains of grass became suffused with a rich olive green; the western sky was all a radiance of lemon yellow and silvery gray; while along the eastern horizon—the most inexplicable thing of all—there stretched a great band of smoke-like purple and pink. We soon became familiar with this phenomenon out in the West—this appearance of a vast range of roseate Alps along the eastern horizon, where there was neither mountain nor cloud. It was merely the shadow of the earth, projected by the sunken sun into the earth's atmosphere. But it was an unforgettable thing, this mystic belt of colour, far away in the east, over the dark earth, and under the pale and neutral hues of the sky.

The interior of a Pulman sleeping-car, after the stalwart coloured gentleman has lowered the shelves and made the beds and drawn the curtains, presents a strange sight. The great folds of the dusky curtains, in the dim light of a lamp, move in a mysterious manner, showing the contortions of the human beings within who are trying to dispossess themselves of their garments; while occasionally a foot is shot into the outer air so that the owner can rid himself of his boot. But within these gloomy recesses there is sufficient comfort; and he who is wakeful can lie and look out on the gathering stars as they begin to come out over the dark prairie land. All through the night this huge snake, with its eyes of yellow fire, creeps across the endless plain. If you wake up before the dawn and look out, behold! the old familiar conditions of the world are gone, and the Plough is standing on its head. But still more wonderful is the later awakening; when the yellow sunlight of the morning is shining over the prairies, and when within this long caravan there is a confused shuffling and dressing, every body wanting to get outside to get a breath of the fresh air. And what is this we find around us now? The vast plain of grass is beautiful in the early light, no doubt; but our attention is quickened by the sight of a drove of antelope, which trot lightly and carelessly away toward some low and sandy bluffs in the distance. That solitary object out there seems at first to be a huge vulture; but by-and-by it turns out to be a prairie-wolf—a coyote—sitting on its hind legs and chewing at a bone. The chicken-hawk lifts its heavy wings as we go by, and flies across the plain. And here are the merry and familiar little prairie-dogs—half rabbit and half squirrel—that look at us each from his little hillock of sand, and then pop into their hole only to reappear again when we have passed. Now the long swathes of green and yellow-brown are broken by a few ridges of grey rock; and these, in some places, have patches of orange red lichen that tell against the pale blue sky. It is a clear, beautiful morning. Even those who have not slept well through the slow rumbling of the night soon get freshened up on these high, cool plains.

At Sidney we suddenly came upon an oasis of brisk and busy life in this immeasurable desert of grass; and of course it was with an eager curiosity that we looked at these first indications of the probable life of our friend the ranch-woman. For here were immense herds of cattle brought in from the plains, and large pens and inclosures, and the picturesque herders, with their big boots and broad-rimmed hats, spurring about on their small and wiry horses.

"Shall you dress in buckskin?" asked Lady Sylvia of our lieutenant; "and will you flourish about one of those long whips?"

"Oh, no" said he; "I understand my business will be a very tame one—all at a desk."

"Until we can get some trustworthy person to take the whole management," said Bell, gently, looking down.

"What handsome fellows they are!" the lieutenant cried. "It is a healthy life. Look at the keen brown faces, the flat back, the square shoulders; and not a bit of fat on them. I should like to command a regiment of those fellows. Fancy what cavalry they would make—light, wiry, splendid riders

—you could do something with a regiment of those fellows, I think! Lady Sylvia, did I ever tell you what two of my company—the dare-devils!—did at —— ?"

Lady Sylvia had never heard that legend of 1870; but she listened to it now with a proud and eager interest; for she had never forsaken, even at the solicitation of her husband, her championship of the Germans.

"I will write a ballad about it some day," said the lieutenant, with a laugh. "'Es ritt' zwei Uhlanen wohl über den Rhein—'"

"Yes!" said Lady Sylvia, with a flash of colour leaping to her face, "it *was* well over the Rhine—it was indeed well over the Rhine that they and their companions got before they thought of going home again!"

"Ah, yes," said he, humbly, "but it is only the old seesaw. To-day it is Paris, to-morrow it is Berlin, that is taken. The only thing is that this time I think we have secured a longer interval than usual; the great fortresses we have taken will keep us secure for many a day to come; our garrisons are armies; they can not be surprised by treachery; and so long as we have the fortresses, we need not fear any invasion—"

"But you took them by force: why should not the French take them back by force?" his wife said.

"I think we should not be likely to have that chance again," said he; "the French will take care not to fall into that condition again. But we are now safe, and for a long time, because we have their great fortresses, and then our own line of the Rhine fortresses as well. It is the double gate to our house; and we have locked all the locks, and bolted all the bars. And yet we are not going to sleep."

We were again out on the wide and tenantless plains, and Bell was looking with great curiosity at the sort of land in which she was to find her home; for over there on the left the long undulations disappeared away into Colorado. And though these yellow and grey-green plains were cheerful enough in the sunshine, still they were very lonely. No trace of any living thing was visible—not even an antelope, or the familiar little prairie-dog. Far as the eye could reach on this high-lying plateau, there was nothing but the tufts of withered-looking buffalo-grass, with here and there a bleached skull, or the ribs of a skeleton breaking the monotony of the expanse. The lieutenant, who was watching the rueful expression of his wife's face, burst out laughing.

"You will have elbow-room out here, eh?" said he. "You will not crowd your neighbours off the pavement."

"I suppose we shall have no neighbours at all," said she.

"But at Idaho you will have plenty," said he; "it is a great place of fashion, I am told. It is even more fashionable than Denver. Ah, Lady Sylvia, we will show you something now. You have lived too much out of the world, in that quiet place in Surrey. Now we will show you fashion, life, gayety."

"Is it bowie-knives or pistols that the gentlemen mostly use in Denver?" asked Lady Sylvia, who did not like to hear her native Surrey despised.

"Bowie-knives! pistols!" exclaimed the lieutenant, with some indignation. "When they fight a duel now, it is with tubes of rose-water. When they use dice, it is to say which of them will go away as missionaries to Africa—oh, it is quite true—I have heard many things of the reformation of Denver. The singing-saloons, they are all chapels now. All the people meet, once in the forenoon and once in the afternoon, to hear an exposition of one of Shakspeare's plays; and the rich people, they have all sent their money away to be spent on blue china. All the boys are studying to become bishops—"

He suddenly ceased his nonsense, and grasped his wife's arm. Some object outside had caught his attention. She instantly turned to the window, as we all did; and there, at the distant horizon, we perceived a pale transparent line of blue. You may be sure we were not long inside the carriage after that. The delight of finding something to break the monotony of the plains was boundless. We clung to the iron barrier outside, and craned our necks this way and that, so that we could see from farthest north to farthest south the shadowy, serrated range of the Rocky Mountains. The blue of them appeared to be about as translucent as the silvery light in which they stood; we could but vaguely make out the snow peaks in that long serrated line; they were as a bar of cloud along the horizon. And yet we could not help resting our eyes on them with a great relief and interest, as we pressed on to Cheyenne, at which point we were to break our journey and turn to the south. It was about midday when we reached that city,

which was a famous place during the construction of the Union Pacific Railway, and which has even now some claim to distinction. It is with a pardonable pride that its inhabitants repeat the name it then acquired, and all right to which it has by no means abandoned. The style and title in question is "Hell on Wheels."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

"HELL ON WHEELS."

WE step out from the excellent little railway hotel, in which we have taken up our quarters, on to the broad platform, and into the warm light of the afternoon.

"Bell," says our gentle Queen T——, looking rather wistfully along the pale rampart of the Rocky Mountains, "these are the walls of your future home. Will you go up to the top of an evening and wave a handkerchief to us? And we will try to answer you from Mickleham Downs."

"On Christmas night we will send you many a message," said Bell, looking down.

"And my husband and myself," said Lady Sylvia, quite simply, "you will let us join in that too."

"But do you expect to be out here till Christmas?" said Bell, with well-affected surprise.

"I don't think my husband would come to America," said Lady Sylvia, in the most matter-of-fact way, "after what has happened, unless he meant to stop."

"Oh, if you could only be near us!" cried Bell; but she dared not say more.

"That would be very pleasant," Lady Sylvia answered, with a smile; "but of course I don't know what my husband's plans are. We shall know our way more clearly when he comes to Idaho. It will seem so strange to sit down and shape one's life anew; but I suppose a good many people have got to do that."

By this time the lieutenant had secured a carriage which was standing at the end of the platform, along with a pony for himself.

"Now, Mrs. Von Rosen," said he, "air you ready? Guess you've come up from the ranch to have a frolic? Got your dollars ready for the gambling saloons?"

"And if I have," said she, boldly, "they are licensed by the government. Why should I not amuse myself in these places?"

"Madame," replied her husband, sternly, "the Puritan nation into which you have married permits of no such vices. Cheyenne must follow Homburg, Wiesbaden, Baden-Baden—"

"No doubt," said the sharp-tongued of our women-folk, who invariably comes to the assistance of her friend—"no doubt that will follow when your pious emperor has annexed the State."

"I beg your pardon, madame," says the lieutenant, politely, "but Wyoming is not a State; it is only a Territory."

"I don't suppose it would matter," she retorts, carelessly, "if the Hohenzollerns could get their hands on it anyhow. But never mind. Come along, Bell, and let us see what sort of neighbours you are likely to have."

They were no doubt rather rough-looking fellows, those gentlemen who lounged about the doors of the drinking saloons; but there were more picturesque figures visible in the open thoroughfares riding along on stalwart little ponies, the horsemen bronzed of face, clad mostly in buckskin, and with a good deal of ornament about their saddle and stirrups. As for Cheyenne itself, there was certainly nothing about its outward appearance to entitle any one to call it "Hell on Wheels." Its flat rectangular streets were rather dismal in appearance; there seemed to be little doing even in the drinking saloons. But brisker times, we were assured, were at hand. The rumours about the gold to be had in the Black Hills would draw to this point the adventurers of many lands, as free with their money as with their language. Here they would fit themselves out with the waggons and weapons necessary for the journey up to the Black Hills; here they would return—the Sioux permitting—to revel in the delights of keno, and poker, and Bourbon whiskey. Cheyenne would return to its pristine glory, when life—so long as you could cling on to it—was a brisk and exciting business. Certainly the Cheyenne we saw was far from being an exciting place. It was in vain that we implored our Bell to step down and bowie-knife somebody, or do something to let us understand what Cheyenne was in happier times. There was not a single corpse lying at any of the saloon doors,

nor any duel being fought in any street. The glory had departed.

But when we got away from these few chief thoroughfares, and got to the outskirts of Cheyenne, we were once more forcibly reminded of our native land; for a better representation of Epsom Downs on the morning after the Derby day could not be found any where, always with the difference that here the land is flat and arid. The odd fashion in which these wooden shanties and sheds, with some private houses here and there, are dotted down anyhow on the plain —their temporary look—the big advertisements, the desolate and homeless appearance of the whole place—all served to recall that dismal scene that is spread around the Grand Stand when the revellers have all returned to town. By-and-by, however, the last of these habitations disappeared, and we found ourselves out on a flat and sandy plain, that was taking a warm tinge from the gathering colour in the west. The Rocky Mountains were growing a bit darker in hue now; and that gave them a certain grandeur of aspect, distant as they were. But what was this strange thing ahead of us, far out on the plain? A cloud of dust rises into the golden air; we can hear the faint foot-falls of distant horses. The cloud comes nearer; the noise deepens. Now it is the thunder of a troop of men on horseback galloping down upon us as if to sweep us from the road.

"Forward, scout!" cried Bell, who had been getting up her Indian lore, to her husband on the pony; "hold up your right hand and motion them back; if they are friendly, they will retire. Tell them the Great Father of the white men is well disposed toward his red children—"

"—And wouldn't cheat them out of a dollar even if he could get a third term of office by it."

But by this time the enemy had borne down upon us with such swiftness that he had gone right by before we could quite make out who he was. Indeed, amid such dust the smartest cavalry uniforms in the United States army must soon resemble a digger's suit.

We pushed on across the plain, and soon reached the point which these impetuous riders had just left—Fort Russell. The lieutenant was rather anxious to see what style of fortification the United States government adopted to guard against any possible raid on the part of the Indians exasperated by the encroachments of the miners among the Black Hills; and so we all got down and entered Fort Russell, and had a pleasant walk round in the cool evening air. We greatly admired the pretty little houses built for the quarters of the married officers, and we appreciated the efforts made to get a few cotton-wood trees to grow on this arid soil; but as for fortifications, there was not so much as a bit of red tape surrounding the inclosure. Our good friend who had conducted us hither only laughed when the lieutenant expressed his surprise.

"The Indians would as soon think of invading Washington as coming down here," said he.

"But they have come before," observed the lieutenant, "and that not very long ago. How many massacres did they make when the railway was being built—"

"Then there were fewer people—Cheyenne was only a few shanties—"

"Cheyenne!" cried the lieutenant, "Cheyenne a defence?—a handful of Indians they would drive every shopkeeper out of the place in an hour—"

"I don't know about that," responded our companion for the time being. "The most of the men about here, Sir, I can assure you, have had their tussles with the Indians, and could make as good a stand as any soldiers could. But the Sioux won't come down here; they will keep to the hills, where we can't get at them."

"My good friend, this is what I cannot understand, and you will tell me," said the lieutenant, who who was arguing only to obtain information. "You are driving the Indians to desperation. You make treaties; you allow the miners to break them; you send out your soldiers to massacre the Indians because they have killed the white men, who had no right to come on their land. Very well: In time no doubt you will get them all killed. But suppose that the chiefs begin to see what is the end of it. And if they say that they must perish, but that they will perish in a great act of revenge, and if they sweep down here to cut your railway line to pieces—which has brought all these people out—and to ravage Cheyenne, then what is the use of such forts as this Fort Russell and its handful of soldiers? What did I see in a book the other day? that the fighting men of these Indians alone were not

less than 8,000 or 10,000, because the young men of the Red Cloud and Spotted Tail people could easily be got to join the Sioux; and if they are to die, why should they not do some splendid thing?"

"Well, Sir," said our friend, patting the neck of one of his horses, as the ladies were getting into the carriage, "that would be fine—that would be striking in a book or a play. But you don't know the Indians. The Indians are cowards, Sir, take my word for it; and they don't fight except for plunder. They are revengeful—oh yes—and malicious as snakes; but they won't kill a man unless they could get his rifle, or his oxen or something. The young men are different sometimes; they want scalps to make them big in the eyes of the gals; but you wouldn't find a whole tribe of Indians flinging their lives away just to make a fuss in the New York papers."

At this point we started off again across the plains; and the discussion was adjourned, as the Irish magistrate said, *sine die* until the evening. Only Bell was anxious to be assured that if Sitting Bull and his merry men should meditate one grand and final act of revenge, they would not make their way down to the plains of Colorado and take up their abode there; and she was greatly comforted when she heard that the chief trouble of the government was that it could not get the Indians to forsake their native hills in the north and go down to the Indian Territory in the south.

"I think, Mrs. Von Rosen," said Lady Sylvia, "that you will have some romantic stories to tell your children when you return to England. You would feel very proud if you compelled the Indians to address you as 'brave squaw! brave squaw!'"

"I can assure you I am not at all anxious to become a heroine," our Bell said, seriously; no doubt remembering that romantic incidents have sometimes a knack of leaving children motherless.

And now "the Rockies" had grown quite dramatic in their intensity of plum-colour, and there were flashing shots of crimson fire high over the dusky peaks. But as we were driving eastward, we saw even more beautiful colours on the other horizon; for there were huge soft masses of colour that had their high ridges of snow touched with a pale saffron as the light went down. And then, when the sun had really sunk, we found that strange phenomenon again appear along the eastern horizon—a band of dull dead blue lying close to the land, where no clouds were, and fading into a warm crimson above. Had this belt of coloured shadow been a belt of mountains, we should have estimated them to be about 5,000 feet above the level of these plains, which are themselves 5,000 or 6,000 feet above the level of the sea; and a strange thing was that this dusky blue and the crimson above remained well into the twilight, when all the world around us was growing dark. It was in this wan twilight that we drove out to a lake which will, no doubt, form an ornamental feature in a big park when the Black Hills miners, gorged with wealth, come back to make Cheyenne a great city. The chief attraction of the lake, as we saw it, was the presence of a considerable number of wild-duck on the surface; but we did not stay long to look at them, for the reason that there were several boats out after them; and the tiny jets of pink fire that were from time to time visible in the silvery twilight showed that the occupants of the boats were firing pretty much at random. As we did not wish to have a charge of No. 5 shot for supper, we drove off, and eventually were landed at the railway inn at Cheyenne.

We were quite conscious of having done an injustice to "Hell on Wheels" in taking only this cursory glance at so famous a place; but then we knew that all our letters—and perhaps telegrams—were now at Idaho, and we wished to get on as soon as possible. But as the present writer was unanimously requested by the party to pay a tribute of gratitude to the clean and comfortable little inn at the station, he must now do so; only he must also confess that he was bribed, for the good-natured landlord was pleased, as we sat at supper, to send in to us, with his compliments, a bottle of real French Champagne, Good actions should never go unrewarded; and so the gentle reader is most earnestly entreated, the first time he goes to Cheyenne—in fact, he is entreated to go to Cheyenne anyhow—to stay at this inn and give large orders. Moreover, the present writer, not wishing to have his conduct in this particular regarded as being too mercenary, would wish to explain that the bottle of Champagne in question was, as we subsequently discovered, charged for in the bill, and honestly paid for too; but he can not allow the

landlord to be deprived of all credit for his hospitable intentions merely on account of an error on the part of the clerk. We drank to his health then, and we will do so now. Here is to your health, Mr.——; and to yours, you kind friend, who showed us the non-fortified Fort Russell; and to yours, you young Canadian gentleman, who told us those sad stories about Denver; and we hereby invoke a malison on the Grand Central Hotel of that city, on account of its cockroaches, and its vinous decoctions, and its incivility; but all this is highly improper, and premature, and a breach of confidence.

We did indeed spend a pleasant evening that night at Cheyenne; for we had ordered for our banquet all the strangest dishes on the bill of fare, just to give our friends a notion of the sort of food they would have to encounter during their stay in the West. And then these steaks of antelope and mountain sheep and black-tailed deer derived a certain romance from the presence, on the walls of the room, of splendid heads and antlers, until it appeared to us that we must be mighty hunters just sitting down to supper, with the trophies won by our own sword and spear hung up around us. And then our Prussian strategist—who had acquired such a vast and intimate acquaintance with the Indians from his conversation with the Omaha idiot—proceeded to explain to us his plan of an Indian campaign; which showed that he was quite fitted to take the command of all the red men in Dakota. We were treated to a dose of history, too; to show that, in desperation, the Indians have often risen to commit a general massacre, apparently with no ulterior motive whatever. And of course, when Sitting Bull had swept down on Cheyenne and drunk its taverns dry, and when he had swept down on Denver and filled his pockets—if any—with sham French jewelry, surely he would come up to Idaho to pay a certain young lady a friendly call?

"Bell," said her husband, "you shall have a laurel wreath ready, and you will have all the neighbours trained and ready, and when the great chief approaches, you will all burst out with 'Heil dir im Siegerkranz!'"

"In the mean time," said Bell, sedately, "if we are to catch the train for Denver at five in the morning, we had better get to bed."

CHAPTER XLIX.

IN SOCIETY.

FIVE in the morning—pitch-darkness all around the station—a clear starlit sky—the flashing belt and sword of Orion almost right overhead. We had our breakfast of bread and apples in the great empty saloon; then we went out on to the platform, wondering when the Cyclops eye of the train would come flaring through the dark. For now we were within a few hours' journey of the point to which those messages were to be directed which would finally set at rest one or two grave problems; and there was a good deal of nervousness visible among our women-folk when we touched on these probabilities. But Lady Sylvia showed no nervousness at all. She was eager, buoyant, confident. She was clearly not afraid of any telegram or letter that might be awaiting her at Denver. Nay, when her friends, shivering in the cold and darkness of the early morning, were complaining of the railway arrangements that compelled us to get up at such an hour, she made light of the matter, and showed how, as we went south, we should have the beautiful spectacle of the sunrise breaking on the Rocky Mountains.

At length the train came along, and we got into the warm carriage, in which the conductor was engaged in cramming a blazing stove with still further blocks of wood. Very soon we were away from the scattered shanties of Cheyenne, out on the lone prairie-land that was to be our Bell's future home. And as we sat and silently looked out of the windows, watching a pale glow arise in the east, and trying to make out something on the dark plains below, suddenly we caught sight of some flashing lights of red and yellow. These were the breakfast fires of some travellers camping out—probably miners or traders making for the Black Hills with a train of waggons and oxen. The light in the east increased; and then we saw all along the western horizon the great wall of the Rocky Mountains become visible in a stream of colour—the peaks the faintest rose, the shadowy bulk below a light, transparent, beautiful blue. The morning came on apace; the silvery grays of the east yielding to a glowing saffron. There seemed to be no mists lying on these high plains, for, as the sun rose, we could see an immense distance

over the yellow prairie-land. And the first objects we perceived in this lonely desert of grass were a number of antelope quietly grazing within rifle range of the railway line, taking no heed whatever, though occasionally one of the more timid would trot off on its spider-like legs to a safer distance. Bell began to laugh. She saw the misery of her husband's face.

"Ah, well," said he, with a sigh, "I suppose if the train were to stop, and you went down with a gun, they would be away like lightning. *But a time will come;* and your husband, Lady Sylvia, will be with me to help me, I hope."

There was certainly no misery on Lady Sylvia's face, now that the brilliant light of the new day filled the carriage. Was this the pale sad soul who had come away from England with us, out of sorts with the world, and almost aweary of her life? There was a colour in her cheeks that nearly rivaled Bell's apple-blossom tints. There was an unusual gladness in her eyes this morning that we could not at first account for; but she let the secret out: she had been making elaborate calculations. The telegram she received at Omaha from Queenstown had been waiting for her two days before she got it. Then, taking into account the number of days we staid at Omaha and the leisurely fashion in which we had come across the plains, there was at least a chance—so she proved to herself—that her husband might at that very moment be landing at one of the New York wharves. It all depended on the steamer. Who knew any thing about that steamer? Notoriously it belonged to the fastest of all the lines. Was it possible, then, that as we were chatting and laughing in this railway carriage on the Colorado prairies, Balfour might be on the same continent with us? You could almost have imagined that his stepping ashore had communicated some strange magnetic thrill to his wife's heart.

"We are getting near to Greeley now," said Queen T—— to her friend Bell, looking rather eagerly out of the window.

"Yes," said the practical lieutenant, "and we shall have twenty minutes there for a real breakfast. An apple and a bit of bread is not enough, if you are travelling in Colorado air"

But I do not think it was altogether the breakfast—though that, as it turned out was excellent—that led us to look out with unusual interest for this little township set far among the Western plains; there were other reasons which need not be mentioned here. And, indeed, we have the most pleasant memories of Greeley, as it shone there in the early sunlight. We walked up the broad main thoroughfare, with its twin rows of cotton-wood trees; and no doubt the empty street gained something from the fact that the end of it seemed closed in by the pale blue line of the Rocky Mountains, the peaks here and there glittering with snow. A bright, clean, thriving-looking place, with its handsome red brick school-house and its capacious white church; while many of the shanties about had pleasant little gardens attached, watered by small irrigation canals from the Cache-la-poudre River. As we were passing one of those tiny streams, a great heron rose slowly into the air, his heavy wings flapping, his legs hanging down; but a large hawk, crossing a field beyond, took no notice of him; and we were disappointed of a bit of extempore falconry. We had only a look at the public park, which is as yet mostly a wilderness of underwood, and a glimpse at the pretty villas beyond; in fact, our explorations nearly lost us our train. As we think of Greeley now—here, in England, in the depth of winter—it shines for us still in the light of the summer morning, and the trees and fields are green around it, and the mountains are blue under the blue of the sky. May it shine and flourish forever!

It is most unfair of the Americans to speak slightingly of Denver. It is a highly respectable city. We were quite astounded, on our first entrance, by the number of people who appeared in black coats and tall hats; and the longer we staid in the place, the more we were impressed by the fashion in which the Denverites had removed the old stains from their reputation by building churches. They have advanced much farther in the paths of civilization than the slow-moving cities of the East. In New York or Boston hotels the servants merely claim a free-and-easy equality with the guests; in Denver they have got far beyond that. The wines are such triumphs of skilful invention as no city in the world can produce. And then, when one goes into the streets (to escape from the beetles in one's bedroom), the eye is charmed by the variety of nationalities every where visible A smart Mexi-

can rides by, with gayly decorated saddle, on his long-tailed pony. Chinese women hobble on their small shoes into an iron-mongery shop. The adjoining saloon is called "Zur goldenen Trauben;" and and at the door of it a red-haired Irishwoman is stormily quarreling with an angry but silent and sulky negress. Over this seething admixture of population dwell the twelve patrician families of Denver, shining apart like stars in a silent heaven of their own. We are not permitted to gaze upon any one of these—unless—unless? Those two people who stood on the steps of the hotel after dinner? They were distinguished-looking persons, and much bediamonded. The lady wore beautiful colours, and the red-faced gentleman had a splendid gold chain round his neck; and thus—so far as we could make out—they spake:

"Jim," said the lady, "don't you remember that hop of Steve Bellerjean's that he giv after he run away wi' Dan Niggles's gal, to make up all around, when he found pay gravel and married the gal?"

"No," said the other, reflectively, "I disremember."

"Well, that woman in yaller fixins that stared at me all dinner, I could swear was Steve's woman."

"But Steve ran away from her," said the gentleman, who seems to remember some things, if not the hop. "She didn't pan out well. Tried to put a head on him with a revolver—jealousy and rum. Steve went to Sonora; tried to bust the government; and the Greasers ketched him with a lariat, and his chips were passed in.

The gentleman in the gold chain had suddenly grown melancholy.

"Yes; Steve's chips were called," chimed in his spouse.

"That's what's the matter with all of us," continued her companion, in a sad tone. "That's what no Fifteenth Amendment can stop; the chips must be paid. That's what I told the boys down at Gridiron Bend when I giv my experience and jined the church, and Euchre-deck Billy heaved that rock into the christenin'-place; sez I, Boys, sez I, life gen'rally begins with a square deal, leastways outside the idiot asylum. 'Cordin' as you play your hand, will the promises be kep'. Sure enough, some has aces, and some not, and that's luck; and four aces any day is as good a hand as the Ten Commandments. With four aces, I'd buck agin the devil. But we don't have four aces in the first deal, unless mebbe the Czar of Russia or the Prince of Wales, or some of them chaps; and so life and religion is pretty much as we play the hand we've got."

The lady seemed to put another aspect on these moral truths.

"Hosea Kemp," said she, practically, "that pig-skinned Mormon fraud, diskivered that when you raised him ten thousand, and raked in his pile; and he had a full, and you were only king high."

"That was before I knowed better, and I hadn't seen the vanities," said the repentant sinner. "But when I played, I played my hand for all that it was worth; and that's what's the matter with me. You kent fool away your hand and keep the chips; and that's what you find in the Commandments. That's the idee." What the idea was we were rather at a loss to discover; but we were not exactly in search of conundrums at this moment.

Indeed, our arrival at Denver had put an end for the time being to our idling and day-dreaming. First of all, there were the letters (there were no telegrams for any one, so we imagined that Balfour had not yet reached New York); and in the general selfishness of each seizing his or her own packet, no one noticed the expression with which Lady Sylvia broke open the only envelope addressed to her. There was a turmoil of news from home, mostly of a domestic and trivial nature, but none the less of tremendous importance to the two mothers. And when they turned to Lady Sylvia, she was sitting there quite calm and undisturbed, without any trace of disappointment on her face.

"So Mr. Balfour has not reached New York yet," said Queen T——, in her gentle way.

"I suppose not," was the answer. "I was calculating on the very shortest time possible. This letter was written some time before he left England. It is only about business affairs."

It was not until that evening that Lady Sylvia communicated the contents of this letter to her friend, and she did so without complaint as to the cold and formal manner in which her husband had written. Doubtless, she said, he was perfectly right. She had left him of her own accord; she deserved to be treated as a stranger. But the

prompt answer to her message to him convinced her—this she said with a happy confidence in her eyes—of the spirit in which he was now coming out to her; and if, when he came out here, she had only five minutes given to her to tell him— But the present writer refuses to reveal further the secrets that passed between these two women.

In fact, he would probably never have known, but that at this juncture he was privately appealed to for advice. And if, in the course of this faithful narrative, he has endeavoured as far as possible to keep himself in the background, and to be the mere mouth-piece and reporter of the party, that rôle must be abandoned for a moment. He must explain that he now found himself in a position of some difficulty. Balfour had written out to Lady Sylvia, informing her of the collapse of his father's firm. It was hopeless, he said, to think of the firm resuming business; the trade that had made his father's fortune was played out. In these circumstances, he considered himself bound to give up everything he possessed to his creditors, and he wished to know whether she, Lady Sylvia, would feel disposed to surrender in like manner the £50,000 settled on her before her marriage. He pointed out to her that she was not legally bound to do so, and that it was a very doubtful question whether she was morally bound; it was a matter for her private feeling. If she felt inclined to give up the money, he would endeavour to gain her father's consent. But he thought that would be difficult, unless she also would join in persuading him; and she might point out that, if he refused, she could in any case pay over the annual interest of the sum. He hoped she was well; and there an end.

Now, if Lady Sylvia had had a bank note for £50,000 in her pocket, she would have handed it over with a glad heart. She never doubted for a moment that she ought to pay over the money, especially as she now knew that it was her husband's wish; but this reference to her father rather bewildered her, and so she indirectly appealed for counsel.

Now, how was it possible to explain to this gentle creature that the principle on which an antenuptial settlement is based is that the wife is literally purchased for a sum of money, and that it is the bounden duty of the trustees to see that this purchase money shall not be inveigled away from her in any manner whatever? How was it possible to point out to her that she might have children, and that her husband and father were alike bound by their duties as trustees not to let her defraud these helpless things of the future? Nay, more: it would be necessary to tell her that these hypothetical young people might marry; and that, however they might love their mamma, papa, and grandpapa, some cantankerous son-in-law could suddenly come down on the papa and grandpapa and compel them to make good that money which they had allowed, in defiance of their trust, to be dissipated in a sort of quixotic sacrifice.

"I always thought the law was idiotic," says Queen T——.

"The law in this case is especially devoted to the protection of women, who are not supposed to be able to take care of themselves."

"Do you mean to say that if Lady Sylvia, to whom the money belongs, wishes to give it up, she can not give it up?"

"It does not belong to her; it belongs to Balfour and Lord Willowby, in trust for her; and they dare not give it up, except at their own risk. What Balfour meant by making himself a trustee can only be imagined; but he is a shrewd fellow."

"And so she can not give up the money! Surely that is a strange thing—that one is not allowed to defraud one's self!"

"You can defraud yourself as much as you like. If she chooses, she can pay over the £2,000 a year, or whatever it is, to Balfour's creditors; but if she surrendered the original sum, she would be defrauding her children; do you see that?" Or does your frantic anxiety to let a woman fling away a fortune that is legally hers blind you to everything?"

"I don't see that her children, if she has any," says this tiny but heroic champion of strict morality, "would benefit much by inheriting money that ought never to have belonged to them. That money, you know very well, belongs to Mr. Balfour's creditors."

"This I know very well: that you would be exceedingly glad to see these two absolute beggars, so that they should be thrown on each other's helpfulness. I have a suspicion that that is the foundation for this pretty anxiety in the cause of morality and justice. Now there is no use in being angry. Without doubt, you have a sensitive conscience, and you are anxious that Lady Sylvia's conscience should be consulted too; but all the same—"

By this time the proud blood has mounted to her face.

"I came to you for advice, not for a discourse on the conscience," she says, with a splendid look of injured dignity. "I know I am right; and I know that she is right, children or no children. You say that Lord Willowby will probably refuse—"

"Balfour says so, according to your account."

"Very well; and you explain that he might be called on to make good the money. Could not he be induced to consent by some guarantee—some indemnity—"

"Certainly, if you can get a big enough fool to become responsible for £50,000 to the end of time. Such people are not common. But there, sit down, and put aside all these fantastic speculations. The immediate thing you want is Lord Willowby's consent to this act of legal vandalism. If he refuses, his refusal will be based on the personal interests of his daughter He will not consider children or grandchildren. Long before her eldest born can be twenty-one, Lord Willowby will be gathered to his fathers; and as for the risk he runs, he has not a brass farthing that any one can seize. Very well: you must explain to Lady Sylvia, in as delicate a way as you can, that there might be youthful Balfours in the days to come, and that she must consider whether she is acting rightly in throwing away this provision—"

"But, gracious goodness! her husband wants her to do so, and she wants to do so—"

"Then let that be settled. Of course, all husbands' wishes are law. Then you must explain to her what it is she is asking her father to do, and point out that it will take a good deal of appealing before he consents. He has a strictly legal right to refuse; further, he can plead his natural concern for his daughter's interests—"

"He ought to have more regard for his daughter's honour!" says she, warmly.

"Nonsense! You are talking as if Balfour had gone into a conspiracy to get up a fraudulent settlement. It is no business of hers that the firm failed—"

"I say it is a matter of strict honour and integrity that she should give up this money; and she *shall* give it up!" says Queen T——, with an indignant look.

"Very well, then; if you are all quite content, there only remains that you should appeal to Lord Willowby."

"Why do you laugh?"

"Lord Willowby thought he would get some money through Balfour marrying his daughter. Now you are asking him to throw away his last chance of ever getting a penny. And you think he will consent."

"His daughter shall make him," said she, confident in the sublime and invincible powers of virtue. Her confidence, in this instance, at least, was not misplaced—so much must be admitted.

CHAPTER L.

A NEW COMPANION.

THE arrival of the new sovereign to take possession of the ceded dominions had been made known to the people at Eagle Creek Ranch; and soon our poor Bell was being made the victim of continual interviews, during which agents, overseers, and lawyers vainly endeavoured to get some definite information into her bewildered head. For what was the use of reporting about the last branding of calves, or about the last month's yield of the Belle of St. Joe, or about the probable cost of the new crushing machines, when the perpetual refrain of her thinking was, "Oh, good people, wouldn't you take the half of it, and let me have my children?"

Fortunately her husband was in no wise bewildered, and it was with not a little curiosity that he went off to inspect the horses and two carriages that had been sent on to Denver for us from the ranch. My lord was pleased to express his approval of these; albeit that one of the vehicles was rather a rude-looking affair. The other, however—doubtless Colonel Sloane's state carriage—was exceedingly smart, and had obviously been polished up for the occasion; while, as regards the horses, these were able to elicit even something more than approval from this accomplished critic. He went back to the hotel highly pleased. He believed he had got some inkling that life at the ranch was not wholly savage. The beautiful polished shafts and the carefully brushed dark blue cushions had had an effect on his imagination.

And then, right in the midst of all this turmoil, Lady Sylvia got a telegram from New York. We had just sat down to dinner in the big saloon, at a separate table; and we were a sufficiently staid and decorous party, for Mr. and Mrs. Von Rosen were dressed in black, and the rest of us had donned whatever dark attire we had with us, out of respect to the memory of the lamented Jack Sloane. (One of the executors was to call in on us after dinner; but no matter.) This telegram produced quite a flutter of excitement, and for the moment we forgot all about Texan herds and placer mines. Lady Sylvia became a trifle pale as the telegram was handed to her, and she seemed to read it at one glance; then, despite herself, a smile of pleasure came to her lips, and the colour returned to her face.

"But what is this, Mr. Von Rosen?" she said, and she endeavoured to talk in a matter-of-fact way, as if nothing at all had happened. "My husband speaks of some proposal you have made to him."

"Yes," said the lieutenant, blushing like a guilty school-boy.

He looked at his wife, and both were a trifle embarrassed; but at this moment Lady Sylvia handed the telegram across the table.

"You may read it," she said, indifferently, as if it had conveyed but little news to her. And yet it was a long telegram—to be sent by a man who was not worth sixpence.

"*Hugh Balfour, New York, to Lady Sylvia Balfour, Central Hotel, Denver: Have got your letter: all is right. Shall reach you Saturday. Please tell Von Rosen that, subject to your wishes, I accept proposal with gratitude.*"

"Lady Sylvia," said the lieutenant, with his bronzed face as full of triumph as if he himself had brought about the whole business, "will you let me cry 'Hurrah?' Bell, shall I cry 'Hurrah?' Madame, do you object?"

And he held up the bit of paper for a signal, as if he were about to shock the calm proprieties of Denver.

"May I see the telegram, Lady Sylvia?" said Mrs. Von Rosen, taking no notice of her mad husband.

"Certainly. But please tell me, Mr. Von Rosen, what the proposal is. Why do you wish to cry 'Hurrah?'"

"Ah, yes, you may well ask," said the young man, moderating his fervour, "for I was too soon with my gladness. I will have to persuade you before we can cry any hurrahs. What I was thinking of was this—that you and Mr. Balfour would be a whole year with us, and we should have great amusement; and the shooting that I have heard of since yesterday—oh! I cannot tell you of it. But he says it is all subject to your wishes; now I must begin to persuade you to stay away from England for a whole year, and to give us the pleasure of your society. It is a great favour that my wife and myself we both ask of you; for we shall be lonely out here until we get used to the place and know our neighbours; but if you were our neighbours, that would be very pleasant. And I have been very busy to find out about Eagle Creek—oh no, it is not so bad as you would think; you can have everything from Denver—I do not know about ladies' saddles, but I will ask—and it is the most beautiful and healthy air in the world, Lady Sylvia—"

"My dear Mr. Von Rosen," said Lady Sylvia, interrupting him with a charming smile, "don't seek to persuade me; I was persuaded when I got the message from my husband; for of course I will do whatever he wishes. But if you will let me say so, I don't think this proposal of yours is very wise. It was scarcely fair of you to write to New York and inveigle my husband into it without letting me know. It is very charming, no doubt, and you are very kind; and I have not the least doubt we shall enjoy ourselves very much; but you must remember that my husband and myself have something else to think of now. We can not afford to think only of shooting and riding, and pleasant society. Indeed, I took it for granted that my husband had come out to America to find some profession or occupation; and I am rather surprised that he has accepted your proposal. It was too tempting, I suppose, and I know we shall enjoy ourselves very much—"

Husband and wife had been glancing at each other, as if to inquire which should speak first. It was the lieutenant who took the burden on his shoulders, and certainly he was extremely embarrassed when he began. Fortunately in these Western hotels, you are expected to order your dinner all at once, and it is put on the table at once; and

then the waiter retires, unless he happens to be interested in your conversation, when he remains, and looks down on your shoulders. In this case, our coloured brother had moved off a bit.

"Lady Sylvia," said he, "I wish Mr. Balfour had explained to you what the proposal is in a letter; but how could that be? He will be here as soon as any letter. And I am afraid you will think me very impertinent when I tell you."

He looked at her for a second; and then the courage of this man, who had been through the whole of the 1866 and 1870–'71 campaigns, and done good service in both, fell away altogether.

"Ah," said he, lightly—but the Germans are not good actors, "it is a little matter. I will leave it to your husband to tell you. Only this I will tell you, that you must not think that your husband will spend the whole year in idleness—"

"It is a mystery, then?" she said, with a smile. "I am not to be allowed to peep into the secret chamber? Or is it a conspiracy of which I am to be the victim? Mrs. Von Rosen, you will not allow them to murder me at the ranch?"

Mrs. Von Rosen was a trifle embarrassed also, but she showed greater courage than her husband.

"I will tell you what the secret is, Lady Sylvia," she said, "if my husband won't. He is afraid of offending you: but you won't be offended with me. We were thinking, my husband and myself, that Mr. Balfour was coming out to America to engage in some business; and you know that is not always easy to find; and then we were thinking about our own affairs at the same time. You know, dear Lady Sylvia"—and here she put her hand gently on her friend's hand, as if to stay that awful person's wrath and resentment—"we run a great risk in leaving all these things, both up at Idaho and out on the plains, to be managed by persons who are strangers to us—I mean when we go back to England. And it occurred to my husband and myself that if we could get some one whom we could thoroughly trust to stay here and look into the accounts and reports on the spot—well, the truth is, we thought it would be worth while to give such a person an interest in the yearly result rather than any fixed salary. Don't you think so?" she said, rather timidly.

"Oh yes, certainly," Lady Sylvia replied. She half guessed what was coming.

"And then," said our Bell cheerfully, as if it were all a joke, "my husband thought he would write to Mr. Balfour, telling him that if he wished to try this for a time—just until he could look round and get something better—it would be a great obligation to us; and it would be so pleasant for us to have you out here. That was the proposal, Lady Sylvia. It was only a suggestion. Perhaps you would not care to remain out here, so far away from your home; but in any case I thought you would not be offended."

She was, on the contrary, most deeply and grievously offended, as was natural. Her indignant wrath knew no bounds. Only the sole token of it was two big tears that quietly rolled down her face—despite her endeavours to conceal the fact; and for a second or two she did not speak at all, but kept her head cast down.

"I don't know," said she, at length, in a very low and rather uncertain voice, "what we have done to deserve so much kindness—from all of you."

"Oh no, Lady Sylvia," our Bell said, with the utmost eagerness, "you must not look on it as kindness at all—it is only a business proposal; for, of course, we are very anxious to have every thing well looked after in our absence—it is of great importance for the sake of the children. And then, you see, Mr. Balfour and yourself would be able to give it a year's trial before deciding whether you cared to remain here; and you would be able to find out whether the climate suited you, and whether there was enough amusement—"

"Dear Mrs. Von Rosen," said Lady Sylvia, gently, "you need not try to explain away your kindness. You would never have thought of this but for our sakes—"

"No," she cried, boldly; "but why? Because we should have sold off every thing at the end of the year, rather than have so much anxiety in England. But if we can get this great business properly managed, why should we throw it away?"

"You forget that my husband knows nothing about it—"

"He will have a year to learn; and his mere presence here will make all the difference."

"Then it is understood Lady Sylvia?" the lieutenant said, with all the embarrassment

gone away from his face. "You will remain with us one year, anyway?"

"If my husband wishes it, I am very willing," she said, "and very grateful to you."

"Ha!" said the lieutenant, "I can see wonderful things now—waggons, camp fires, supper parties; and a glass of wine to drink to the health of our friends away in England. Lady Sylvia, your husband and I will write a book about it—*A Year's Hunting in Colorado and the Rocky Mountains.*"

"I hope my husband will have something else to do," Lady Sylvia said, "unless you mean to shame us altogether."

"But no one can be working always. Ah, my good friends," he said, addressing the remaining two of the party, "you will be sorry when you start to go home to England. You will make a great mistake then. You wish to see the Alleghany Mountains in the Indian summer? Oh yes, very good; but you could see that next year; and in the mean time think what splendid fun we shall have—"

"Ask Bell," said Queen T—, with a quiet smile, "whether she would rather return with us now, or wait out here to hear of your shooting black-tailed deer and mountain sheep?"

At this point a message was brought into us, and it was unanimously resolved to ask Bell's business friend to come in and sit down and have a glass of wine with us. Surely there were no secrets about the doings of Five-Ace Jack unfit for us all to hear? We found Mr. T. W. G——a most worthy and excellent person, whose temper had not at all been soured by his failure to find the philosopher's stone. It is true, there was a certain sadness over the brown and wrinkled face when he described to us how the many processes for separating the gold from the crushed quartz could just about reach paying expenses, and without doing much more; and how some little improvement in one of these processes, that might be stumbled on by accident, would suddenly make the discoverer a millionaire, the gold bearing quartz being simply inexhaustible. It was quite clear that Mr. G—— had lost some money in this direction. He was anxious we should go up to Georgetown, when we were at Idaho, to see some mines he had; in fact, he produced sundry little parcels from his pocket, unrolled them, and placed the bits of stone before us with a certain reverent air. Our imagination was not fired.

He had known Colonel Sloane very well, and he spoke most discreetly of him; for was not his niece here in mourning? Nevertheless, there was a slight touch of humour in his tone when he told us of one of Bell's mines—the Virgin Agnes—which led one or two of us to suspect that Five-Ace Jack had not quite abandoned his tricks, even when his increasing riches rendered them unnecessary. The Virgin Agnes was a gulch mine, somewhere in the bed of the stream that comes rolling down the Clear Creek canon and it was originally owned by a company. It used to pay very well. But by-and-by the yield gradually diminished, until it scarcely paid the wages of the men; and, in fact, the mine was not considered worth working further. At this point it was bought by Colonel Sloane; and the strange thing was that almost immediately it began to yield in a surprising manner, and had continued to do so ever since. Mr. G—— congratulated our Bell on being the owner of this mine, and said he would have much pleasure in showing it to her when she went up to Idaho; but he gravely ended his story without dropping any hint as to the reason why the Virgin Agnes had slowly drooped and suddenly revived. Nor did he tell us whether the men employed in that mine were generously allowed by Colonel Sloane to share in his good fortune.

He asked Bell whether she proposed to start for Idaho next day. She looked at her husband.

"Oh no," said the lieutenant, promptly. "We have a friend arriving here on Saturday. We mean to wait for him."

"Pray don't delay on his account," Lady Sylvia said, anxiously. "I can very well remain here for him, and come up to you afterward."

"Oh we shall have plenty to do in these three or four days—plenty," the lieutenant said; "I must see about the ladies' saddles to-morrow, and I want to buy an extra rifle or two; and a revolver, and a hunting-knife. And then this list of things for the house at Idaho—"

No doubt there was a good deal to be done; only one would have thought that three or four days were pretty fair time in which to prepare for a short trip up the Clear Creek canon. It was not, however.

On the Saturday morning every one was most extraordinarily busy, especially as the time approached for the arrival of the train from Cheyenne. Next day all the shops would be shut; and on Monday morning early we started.

"Lady Sylvia," said the lieutenant, with ingenuous earnestness, "I must really go after those saddles again. Tell Mr. Balfour I shall be back to lunch, will you, if you please?"

Indeed, one went away on one mission, and the other on another, until there was no one of the party left in the hotel with Lady Sylvia but Queen T——. The latter was in her own room. She rang, and sent a servant to ask her friend to come and see her. She took Lady Sylvia's hand when she entered.

"I am going to ask you to excuse me," said she, with great innocence. "I feel a little tired; I think I will lie down for an hour, until luncheon-time. But you know, dear Lady Sylva, if there are none of them down stairs, all you have to do is to get into the omnibus when it calls at the door, and they will drive you to the station; and you will not have long to wait."

The white hand she held was trembling violently. Lady Sylvia said nothing at all; but her eyes were moist, and she silently kissed her friend, and went away.

About an hour thereafter, four of us were seated at a certain small table, all as mute as mice. The women pretended to be very busy with the things before them. No one looked toward the door. Nay, no one would look up as two figures came into the big saloon, and came walking down toward us.

"Mrs. Von Rosen," said the voice of Lady Sylvia, in the gayest of tones, "let me present to you your new agent—"

But her gayety suddenly broke down. She left him to shake hands with us, and sat down on a chair in the dusky corner, and hid away her face from us, sobbing to herself.

"Ha!" cried the lieutenant, in his stormiest way, for he would have none of this sentiment, "do you know what we have got for you after your long journey? My good friend, there is a beefsteak coming for you; and that—do you know what that is?—that is a bottle of English ale!"

CHAPTER LI.

OUR LAST NIGHT TOGETHER.

ON that Monday morning when we left Denver to seek Bell's distant home in these pale-blue mountains, there was no great rejoicing among us. It was the last day of our long journeying together, and we had been pleasantly associated; moreover, one of us was going to leave her dearest friend in these remote wilds, and she was rather downhearted about it. Happily the secret exultation of Lady Sylvia, which could not altogether be concealed, kept up our spirits somewhat: we wondered whether she was not going to carry her husband's portmanteau for him, so anxious was she about his comfort.

The branch line of rail that pierces for some distance the Clear Creek canon takes a circuitous course on leaving Denver through some grassy plains which are intersected by narrow and muddy rivulets, and are sufficiently uninteresting; so that there was plenty of opportunity for these sojourners to sketch out something of their plans of living for the information of the new comer. But Balfour—who, by the way, had got thoroughly bronzed by his travelling—would not hear of all the fine pleasure excursions that the lieutenant was for planning out.

"We are under enough obligations to you," said he, "even if I find I can do this thing; but if I discover that I am of no use at all, then your charity would be too great. Let us get to work first; then, if the way is clear, we can have our play afterward. Indeed, you will be able to command my attendance, once I have qualified myself to be your servant."

"Yes, that is reasonable," said the lieutenant.

"I am quite sure," said Lady Sylvia, "that my husband would be a poor companion for you, so long as our affairs are unsettled—"

"And, besides," said Balfour, with a laugh, "You don't know what splendid alternative schemes I have to fall back on. On the voyage over I used to lie awake at night, and try to imagine all the ways in which a man may earn a living who is suddenly made penniless. And I got up some good schemes, I think; good for a man who could get some backing, I mean."

"Will you please to tell us some of them?" said Queen T——, with no apparent sarcasm. "We are so often appealed to for charity; and it would be delightful to be able to tell poor people how to make a fortune."

"The poor people would have to have some influence. But would you like to hear my schemes? They are numberless; and they are all based on the supposition that in London there are a very large number of people who would pay high prices for the simplest necessaries of life, provided you could supply these of the soundest quality. Do you see? I take the case of milk, for example. Think of the number of mothers in London who would pay a double price for milk for their children, if you could guarantee them that it was quite unwatered, and got from cows living wholesomely in the country, instead of in London stalls! That is only one of a dozen things. Take bread, for example. I believe there are thousands of people in London who would pay extra for French bread, if they only knew how to get it supplied to them. Very well; I step in with my association—for the wants of a great place like London can only be supplied by big machinery—and I get a duke or two, and a handful of M.P.'s with me, to give it a philanthropic look; and, of course, they make me manager. I do a good public work, and I benefit myself."

"Do you think you would succeed as a manager of a dairy?" said Queen T——, gently.

"As well, probably," said he, laughing, "as the manager of Mrs. Von Rosen's mines and farms! But having got up the company, you would not ask me to look after the cows."

"Oh, Hugh," said Lady Sylvia, anxiously, "I hope you will never have anything to do with any company. It is that which has got poor papa into such trouble. I wish he could leave all these things for a time, and come out here for a holiday; it would do him a great deal of good."

This filial wish did not seem to awaken any eager response, though Mrs. Von Rosen murmured something about the pleasure it would give her to see Lord Willowby. We had not much hope of his lordship consenting to live at a ranch.

And now we drew near the Rockies. First of all, rising from the plains, we encountered some ridges of brown, seared, earthy-looking hills, for the most part bare, though here and there the crest was crowned by a ridge of pine. At the mouth of one of the valleys we came upon Golden City, a scattered hamlet of small houses, with some trees, and some thin lines of a running stream about it. Then, getting farther into the mountains, we entered the narrow and deep gorge of the Clear Creek canon, a naturally formed highway that runs and winds sinuously for about thirty miles between the huge walls of rock on either side. It was not a beautiful valley, this deep cleft among the mountains, but a gloomy and desolate place, with lightning-blasted pines among the grays and reds of the fused fire-rocks; an opaque gray-green river rushing down the chasm; the trees overhead, apparently at the summit of the twin precipices, black against the glimmer of the blue sky. Here and there, however, were vivid gleams of colour; a blaze of the yellow leaves of the cotton-wood, or a mass of crimson creeper growing over over a gray rock. We began to wonder, too, whether this small river could really have cut this deep and narrow chasm in the giant mountains; but there, sure enough, far above us on the deep slopes, were the deep holes in the intertwisted quartz out of which the water in by-gone ages must have slowly worked the bowlders of some alien material. There were other holes, too, visible on the sides of this gloomy gorge, with some brown earth in front of them, as if some animal had been trying to scrape for itself a den there: these were the "prospect holes" that miners had bored to spy into the secrets of the everlasting hills. Down below us, again, was the muddy stream, rushing between its beds of gravel; and certainly this railway carriage, on its narrow guage, seemed to tilt dangerously over toward the sheer descent and the plunging waters. The train, indeed, as it would round the rocks, seemed to be some huge python, hunted into its gloomy lair in the mountains.

We were glad to get out of it, and into the clear sunshine, at the terminus—Floyd Hill; and here we found a couple of stage-coaches, each with four horses, awaiting to carry us still farther up into the Rockies. They were strange-looking vehicles, apparently mostly built of leather, and balanced on leather springs of enormous thickness. But they

soon disappeared from sight. We were lost in such clouds of dust as were never yet beheld by mortal man. Those who had gone inside to escape found that the half-dozen windows would not keep shut; and that, as they were flung hither and thither by the plunging of the coach up the steep mountain paths, they lost sight of each other in the dense yellow clouds. And then sometimes a gust of wind would cleave an opening in the clouds; and, behold! a flashing picture of pine-clad mountains, with a dark blue sky above. That jolting journey seemed to last for ever and ever, and the end of it found us changed into new creatures. But the coat of dust that covered us from head to heel had not sufficed to blind us; and now before our eyes we found the end and aim of our journey—the far hamlet of Idaho.

Bell looked rather bewildered; she had dreaded this approach to her future home. And Queen T——, anxious above all things that her friend's first impressions should be favourable, cried out,

"Oh, Bell, how beautiful, and clean, and bright it is!"

And certainly our first glance at Idaho, after the heat and dust we had come through, was cheering enough. We thought for an instant of Chamounix as we saw the small white houses by the side of the green, rushing stream, and the great mountains rising sheer beyond. There was a cool and pleasant wind rustling through the leaves of the young cotton-wood trees planted in front of the inn. And when we turned to the mountains on the other side of the narrow valley, we found even the lofty pine woods glowing with colour; for the mid-day sun was pouring down on the undergrowth—now of a golden yellow—so that one could almost believe that these far slopes were covered with buttercups. The coaches had stopped at the inn—the Beebe House, as it is called—and Colonel Sloane's heiress was received with much distinction. They showed her Colonel Sloane's house. It stood on a knoll some distance off; but we could see that it was a cheerful-looking place, with a green painted veranda round the white walls, and a few pines and cotton-woods about. In the meantime we had taken rooms at the inn, and speedily set to work to get some of the dust removed. It was a useful occupation; for no doubt the worry of it tended to allay that nervous excitement among our women-folk, from which Bell, more especially, was obviously suffering. When we all assembled thereafter at our mid-day meal, she was still somewhat pale. The lieutenant declared that, after so much travelling, she must now take a long rest. He would not allow her to go on to Georgetown for a week at least.

And was there ever in all the world a place more conducive to rest than this distant, silent, sleepy Idaho up here in the lonely mountains? When the coaches had whirled away in the dust toward Georgetown, there was nothing to break the absolute calm but the soft rustling of the small trees; there was not a shred of cloud in the blue sky to bar the glare of the white road with a bit of grateful shadow.

After having had a look at Bell's house, we crossed to the other side of the valley, and entered a sort of tributary gorge between the hills which is known as the Soda Creek Canon. Here all vestiges of civilization seemed to end, but for the road that led we knew not whither; and in the strange silence we wandered onward into this new world, whose plants and insects and animals were all unfamiliar to us, or familiar only as they suggested some similarity to their English relatives. And yet Queen T—— strove to assure Bell that there was nothing wonderful about the place, except its extreme silence and a certain sad desolation of beauty. Was not this our identical Michaelmas daisy? she asked. She was overjoyed when she discovered a real and veritable harebell—a trifle darker in colour than our harebell, but a harebell all the same. She made a dart at a cluster of yellow flowers growing up among the rocks, thinking they were the mountain saxifrage; but they turned out to be a composite plant—probably some sort of hawk-weed. Her efforts to reach these flowers had startled a large bird out of the bushes above; and as it darted off, we could see that it was of a dark and luminous blue: she had to confess that he was a stranger. But surely we could not have the heart to regard the merry little chipmunk as a stranger—which of all living creatures is the friendliest, the blithest, the most comical. In this Soda Creek canon he reigns supreme; every rock and stone and bush seems instinct with life as this Proteus of the animal world scuds away like a mouse, or shoots up the hill-side like a lizard, only, when he has

got a short distance, to perch himself up on his hind legs, and curl up his bushy tail, and eye us demurely as he affects to play with a bit of may-weed. Then we see what the small squirrel-like animal really is—a beautiful little creature with longitudinal bars of golden brown and black along his back; the same bars on his head, by the side of his bright, watchful eyes; the red of a robin's breast on his shoulders; his furry tail, jauntily cocked up behind, of a pale brown. We were never tired of watching the tricks and attitudes of this friendly little chap. We knew quite well that his sudden dart from the lee of some stone was only the pretense of fright; before he had gone a yard he would sit up on his haunches and look at you, and stroke his nose with one of his forepaws. Sometimes he would not even run away a yard, but sit quietly and watchfully to see us pass. We guessed that there were few stone-throwing boys about the Rocky Mountains.

Behold! the valley at last shows one brief symptom of human life; a waggon drawn by a team of oxen comes down the steep road, and the driver thereof is worth looking at, albeit his straw sombrero shades his handsome and sun-tanned face. He is an ornamental person, this bullwhacker; with the cord tassels of his buckskin jacket just appearing from below the great Spanish cloak of blue cloth that is carelessly thrown round his shoulders. Look at his whip, too—the heavy thongs of it intertwisted like serpents; he has no need of bowie-knife or pistol in these wilds while he carries about him that formidable weapon The oxen pass on down the valley; the dust subsides; again we are left with the silence, and the warm sunlight, and the aromatic odours of the may-weed, and the cunning antics of our ubiquitous friend the chipmunk.

"There," said the lieutenant, looking up to the vast hill-slopes above, where the scattered pines stood black among the blaze of yellow undergrowth, "that is the beginning of our hunting country. All the secrets are behind that fringe of wood. You must not imagine, Lady Sylvia, that our life at Idaho is to be only this dulness of walking—"

"I can assure you I do not feel it dull at all," she said; "but I am sorry that our party is to be broken up—just when it has been completed. Oh, I wish you could stay with us!" she adds, addressing another member of the party, whose hands are full of wild flowers.

"My dear Lady Sylvia," says this person, with her sweetest smile, "what would you all do if you had not us to take back your messages to England? We are to teach Bell's little girl to say Idaho. And when Christmas comes, we shall think of you at a particular hour—oh, by-the-way, we have never yet fixed the exact difference of time between Surrey and Idaho—"

"We will do that before you leave, madame," says the lieutenant, "but I am sure we will think of you a good many times before Christmas comes. And when Mr. Balfour and I have our bears and buffaloes, and elephants, and all these things, we will see whether we cannot get something sent you in ice for your Chrismas party. And you will drink our good health, madame, will you not? And perhaps, if you are very kind, you might send us one bottle of very good Rhine wine, and we will drink your health too. Nee! I meant two bottles, for the four of us—"

"I think we shall be able to manage that," says she; and visions of real Schloss Johannisberg, each bottle swathed in printed and signed guarantees of genuineness, no doubt began to dance before her nimble brain.

But at this moment a cold breeze came rushing down the narrow gorge; and almost at the same instant we saw the edge of a heavy cloud come lowering over the very highest peak of the mountains. Some little familiarity with the pranks of the weather in the Western Highlands suggested that, having no water-proofs, and no shelter being near, we had better make down the valley again in the direction of Idaho; and this we set about doing. The hot afternoon had grown suddenly chill. A cold wind whistled through the trembling leaves of the cotton-woods. The mountains were shadowed, and by the time we reached Idaho again it seemed as if the night had already come down. The women in their thin dresses, were glad to get in-doors.

"But it is this very thing," the lieutenant cried—for he was anxious that his wife should regard her new home favourably—"that makes these places in the Rocky Mountains so wholesome—so healthful, I mean. I have heard of it from many people, who say here is the best sleeping-place in the world. It is no matter how warm it is in the day, it is

always cold at night; you always must have a blanket here. The heat—that is nothing if you have the refreshing cold of the night; people who can not sleep any where else, they can sleep here very well. Every one says that.

"Yes, and I will tell you this," he added, turning to Balfour; "you ought to have stayed some days more in Denver, as all people do, to get accustomed to the thin air, before coming up here. All the doctors say that."

"Thank you," said Balfour, laughing, "my lungs are pretty tough. I don't suffer any inconvenience."

"That is very well, then; for they say the air of these places will kill a consumptive person—"

Oh, Oswald!" his wife cried, "Don't frighten us all."

"Frighten you," said he. "Will you show me the one who is likely to be consumptive? There is not any one of us does look like it. But if we all turn to be consumptive, can not we go down to the plains? and we will give up the mountain sheep for the antelope—"

"I do believe," said his wife, with some vexation, "that you had not a thought in coming out here except about shooting!"

"And I do believe," he said, "that you had no thought except about your children. Oh, you ungrateful woman! You wear mourning—yes; but when do you really mourn for your poor uncle? When do you speak of him? You have not been to his grave yet."

"You know wery well it was yourself who insisted on our coming here first," said she, with a blushing face; but it was not a deadly quarrel.

The chillness of the night did not prevent our going out for a walk later on, when all the world seemed asleep. And now the clouds had passed away from the heavens, and the clear stars were shining down over the mystic darkness of the mountains. In the silence around us we only heard the plashing of the stream. It was to be our last night together.

CHAPTER LII.

AUF WIEDERSEHN!

IN the early morning—the morning of farewell—we stood at the small window—we two who were leaving—and tried to fix in our memories some picture of the surroundings of Bell's home; for we knew that many a time in the after-days we should think of her and endeavour to form some notion of what she was engaged in at the moment, and of the scene around her. And can we remember it now? The sunlight seems to fall vertically from that blazing sky, and there is a pale mist of heat far up in the mountains, so that the dark pine-woods appear to have a faint blue fog hanging around them. On the barer slopes, where the rocks project in shoulders, there is a more brilliant light; for there the undergrowth of cottonwood bushes, in its autumn gold, burns clear and sharp, even at this distance. And then the eye comes down to the still valley, and the scattered white houses, and the small and rustling trees. We seem to hear the running of the stream.

And what was that little bit of paper thrust furtively, almost at the last moment, into our Bell's trembling hand? We did not know that we had been entertaining a poetess unawares among us; or had she copied the verses out of a book, just as one takes a flower from a garden and gives it as a token of remembrance—something tangible to recall distant faces and by-gone friends?

> "O Idaho! far Idaho!
> A last farewell before we go."

That was all that companion of this unhonoured Sappho managed to make out as the paper was snatched from her hand. No doubt it invoked blessings on the friends to whom we were bidding good-bye. No doubt it spoke of the mother's thinking of her children far away. And there certainly was no doubt that the verses, whether they were good verses or bad verses, served their turn, and are treasured up at this moment as though their like had never been seen.

On that warm, clear, beautiful morning, when the heavy coach came rolling up to the door of the inn, Balfour and Lady Sylvia did not at all seem broken down by emotion; on the contrary, they both appeared to be in high spirits. But our poor Bell was a wretched spectacle, about which nothing more shall be said here. Her last words were about her children; but they were almost inaudible, through the violence of her sobbing. And we knew well, as we caught the last glimpse of that waved handkerchief,

that this token of farewell was not meant for us; it was but a message we were to carry back with us across the seas to a certain home in Surrey.

Heir hat die Mär' ein Ende; and yet the present writer, if he is not overtaxing the patience of the reader, would like to say a word about the fashion in which two people, living pretty much by themselves down in the solitudes of Surrey, used to try to establish some link of interest and association with their friends far away in Colorado, and how at these times pictures of by-gone scenes would rise before their minds, soft, and clear, and beautiful; for the troubles and trials of travelling were now all forgotten, and the pleasant passages of our journeying could be separated and strung like lambent beads on the thread of memory.

Or shall we not rather take, as a last breach of confidence, this night of all the nights in the year—this Christmas-eve—which we more particularly devote to our dear and absent friends? It is now drawing away from us. We have been over to Bell's almost deserted house; and there, as the children were being put to bed, we heard something about Ilaho. It was as near as the little girl could get to it; it will suffice for a message.

And now, late as it is, and our own house being wrapped in silence aftar all the festivities of the evening—well, to tell the truth, there *was* a wild turkey, and there *were* some canvas-back ducks; and we were not bound to tell too eagerly inquisitive boys that these could not well come from Colorado, though they did come from America—a madness seems to come over our gentle Queen Titania, and she will go out into the darkness, though the night is cold and there is snow on the ground. We go forth into the silent world. The thin snow is crisp and dry underfoot. The stars are shining over our heads. There is no wind to stir the black shadows of the trees.

And now, as the time draws near when we are to send that unspoken message to the listening ones across the seas, surely they are waiting like ourselves? And the dark night, even up here on Mickleham Downs, where we go by the dusky yew-trees like ghosts, becomes afire with light, and colour, and moving shapes; for we are thinking once more of the many scenes that connect us by an invisible chain with our friends of the past. How long ago was it that we sat in the long saloon, and the fog-horn was booming outside, and we heard Lady Sylvia's tender voice singing with the others, "Abide with me; fast falls the eventide," as the good ship plunged onward and through the waste of waters? But the ship goes too slow for us. We can outstrip its speed. We are already half-way over to Bell's retreat, and here we shall rest; for are we not high over the Hudson, in the neighbourhood of the haunted mountains?—and we have but to give another call to reach the far plains of Colorado!

* * * *

"Ho, Vanderdecken—Hendrich Hudson—can you take our message from us and pass it on? This is a night, of all the nights in the long year, that you are sure to be abroad, you and your sad-faced crew, up there in the lonely valleys, under the light of the stars. Can you go still higher and send a view-halloo across to the Rocky Mountains? Can you say to our friends that we are listening? Can you tell them that something has just been said—they will know by whom—about a certain dear mother at Idaho? Give a call, then, across the waste Atlantic that we may hear! Or is it the clamour of the katydids that drowns the ghostly voice? We cannot hear at all. Perhaps the old men are cowering in their cave, because of the sacred time; and there is no mirth in the hills tonight; and no huge cask of schnapps to be tapped, that the heavy beards may wag. Vanderdecken—Hendrich Hudson—you are of no use to us; we pass on: we leave the dark mountains behind us, under the silent stars.

* * * *

"'Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers—
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favouring airs!
Blow, breezes, blow! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past!'"

"Look at the clear gold ray of the light-houses, and the pale green of the sunset skies, and the dark islands and trees catching the last red flush. And is not this Bell's voice, singing to us, with such a sweetness as the Lake of a Thousand Islands never heard before—

'Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.

The red flame in the west burns into our eyes, we can see no more.

* * * *

"We were startled by this wild roaring in our ears, as if the world were falling, and we are in a mystical cavern; and the whirling gray cataracts threaten to tear us from the narrow foothold. Our eyes are blinded, our throats are choked, our fingers still clutch at the dripping rocks; and then all at once we see your shining and smiling face—you giant black demon—you magnificent Sambo—you huge child of the nether world of waters! We KENT GO NO FORDER DEN DAWT? Is that what you say? We shout to you through this infernal din that we can—we can—we can! We elude your dusky fingers. We send you a mocking farewell. Let the waters come crashing down; for we have dived—and drifted—and come up into the white sunlight again!

* * * *

"And now there is no sound at all. We cannot even hear Bell's voice; for she is standing silent in front of the Chief's grave; and she is wondering whether his ghost is still lingering here, looking for the ships of the white man going up and down the great river. For our part, we can see none at all. The broad valley is deserted; the Missouri shows no sign of life; on the wide plains around us we find only the red-bird and the grasshopper. Farewell, White Cow; if your last wish is not gratified, at least the silence of the prairie is reserved to you, and no alien plough crosses the solitude of your grave. You are an amiable ghost, we think; we would shake hands with you, and give you a friendly 'How?' but the sunlight is in our eyes, and we cannot see you, just as you can not make out the ships on that long line of river. May you have everlasting tobacco in the world of dreams.

* * * *

"You infamous Hendrich Hudson, will not you carry our message now—for our voices cannot reach across the desert plains? Awaken, you cowled heads, and come forth into the starlight; for the Christmas bells have not rung yet; and there is time for a solemn passing of the glass! High up in your awful solitudes, you can surely hear us; and we will tell you what you must call across the plains, for they are all silent now, as silent as the white skulls lying in the sand.

Vanderdecken, for the sake of Heaven—if that has power to conjure you—call to our listening friends; and we will pledge you in a glass to-night, and you and your ghastly crew will nod your heads in ominous laughter—"

* * * * * * *

But what is this that we hear, suddenly shaking the pulses of the night with its tender sound? O friends far away! do you know that our English bells are beginning to ring in the Christmas time? If you cannot hear our faint voice across the wild Atlantic and the silent plains, surely you can hear the sounds you knew so well in the by-gone days! Over the crisp snow, and by the side of the black trees and hedges, we hurry homeward. We sit in a solitary room, and still we hear outside the faint tolling of the bells. The hour is near, and it is no dire spirit that we expect, but the gentle soul of a mother coming with a message to her sleeping children, and stopping for a moment in passing to look on her friends of old.

And she will take our message back, we know, and tell that other young wife out there that we are glad to hear that her heart is at peace at last. But what will the invisible messenger take back for herself? A look at her children: who knows?

A second to twelve. Shall we give a wild scream, then, as the ghost enters? for the silence is awful. Ah, no! whether you are here or not, our good Bell, our hearts go forth towards you, and we welcome you; and we are glad that, even in this silent fashion, we can bring in the Christmas-time together. But is the gentle spirit here—or has it passed? A stone's throw from our house is another house; and in it there is a room dimly lit; and in the room are two sleeping children. If the beautiful mother has been here with us amidst the faint tolling of these Christmas bells, you may be sure she only smiled upon us in passing, and that she is now in that silent room.

THE END.

THROUGH THE PHOSPHATE COUNTRY TO THE DESERT.

IT is proposed in the present paper to take the reader on a short excursion to a section of Canada of which very few persons outside of the political capital, and not many even there, can have any very accurate knowledge. The district to which I refer stretches to the north of the Ottawa River and is watered by two of its most picturesque tributaries, the Gatineau and Du Lièvre. Looking at the very excellent map published by the Government of Quebec, or indeed at any large map of Canada conveniently at hand, we find that these rivers take their rise some hundreds of miles from the City of Ottawa, in a rugged region of rocks and hills, where the Indian and trapper are the only inhabitants. The whole country is intersected in a marvellous manner by rivers and lakes, which connect with the two rivers in question, and afford unrivalled facilities to the lumbermen, who, for some forty years, have been robbing the hills and valleys of the magnificent pine forests that have hitherto constituted the chief wealth of that region. At this time especially, a sketch of some of the natural characteristics of the country will be probably interesting to many persons, since very recent discoveries have proved the existence of valuable economic minerals, and the prospect now is that capital will be directed to this comparatively unknown section, and give an unexpected importance to the vast masses of Laurentian rocks that cover so many thousands of square miles of the region watered by the Ottawa and its tributary rivers.

The names of the townships, rivers, and lakes of the Gatineau country illustrate, as elsewhere in Canada, different epochs and events in the history of the Dominion. The Pickanock, and Kazabazoua Rivers, and the Papenegeang and Kakebonga Lakes are Algonquin names that have come down to us from the Indian tribes who have inhabited that section from time immemorial. But French names predominate here just as they do in the Province of Quebec generally, and illustrate the spirit of adventure that has carried away at all times so many French Canadians into the wilderness either to trap furs or level the forest. The names of all the lakes and rivers, like those generally given by the *coureurs de bois* and *voyageurs*, note some natural characteristic or some incident connected with the locality. The Mer Bleu has been so called on account of the peculiar pebbly bottom, which gives a pale opaque blue tint to the waters of this large and picturesque lake. The river of the Castor Blanc, and the lake of the Poisson Blanc bear testimony to the existence of the white beaver and white fish at one time or other. The townships of Hincks, Dorion, Sicotte, and Alleyn recall the old political conflicts of Canada, while Lytton, Wakefield, and Kensington are among the mementoes of prominent men and places in the mother-country. Bouchette reminds us of one of the earliest surveyors, to whom we owe the ablest topographical description ever published of Lower Canada. The River du Lièvre is named from the hares which were once remarkably common on its banks, and made to stand sponsors at the christening, by the ready-witted and practical *voyageurs*. The Gatineau is evidently of old French origin, and was first given to a Seigniory of the County of St. Maurice, where a concession was made by Marquis de la Jonquière and Francis Bigot—the former Governor, and the latter, the notorious Intendant of the last days of the French régime—to Marie Josephe Gatineau Duplessis. The Désert—the accent must be placed on the first syllable—is applied, as we shall presently show, to a wilderness region. For the same reason, the French pioneers of Acadia named a picturesque island, off the coast of Maine, now a famous resort of summer tourists. "I have called it," says Champlain, "the Isle of Monts Déserts," so impressed was he with the sight of the craggy summits which rise above the waves on the Atlantic coast.

> "There, gloomily against the sky,
> The Dark Isles rear their summits high;
> And Désert Rock, abrupt and bare,
> Lifts its grey turrets in the air."

The history of this region only goes back for some thirty years. Champlain refers to it incidentally in his account of his voyages up the Ottawa, and tells us that the Algonquin tribes not unfrequently ascended the Gatineau

for a long distance, until they were able at last, by means of the lakes, streams, and portages, to reach the St. Maurice, whence they descended to the St. Lawrence, at the point where now sleeps the quiet old city of Three Rivers; and this very circuitous route became generally a necessity when the Indians learned that their hereditary foes, the Iroquois, were lying in ambush for them on the banks of the Lower Ottawa. It does not appear that any attempt was made to colonize the Gatineau Valley until many years after the settlement of Hull, opposite Ottawa, by Philemon Wright, the pioneer of this part of Canada.* When Mr. McTaggart, one of the Engineers who explored the route for the Rideau Canal, wrote his notes on Canada, he had no idea of the value of this region. It was his opinion—one showing the uses to which Englishmen of those days would put the colonies—that "the vale of the Gatineau would make a most favourable place for convicts." "They could be conveyed to the vale," he goes on to say, "at about a quarter of the expense that they are now to New Holland. As the local situation there is excellent, with regard to Upper and Lower Canada, it might become a place of great importance and utility to the mother-country, and a receptacle for villains." Happily Mr. McTaggart's suggestion was not adopted, or we might now have a Gatineau aristocracy akin to the "old families" of New South Wales. It has been left to the lumberman to open up a valuable section of country within a little over a quarter of a century. When Bouchette published his Topographical Description of Canada, in 1832, he showed that he was ignorant of the capabilities of the Gatineau for lumbering and settlement. But since several wealthy and enterprising firms have bought up the most valuable limits throughout a splendid pine country, the Gatineau, despite its swift current and numerous rapids, has been found one of the most desirable rivers of the Ottawa region for the driving of timber.

The drive up the Gatineau takes you through a country remarkable for its picturesque scenery. The road, for some seventy miles, rarely ever leaves the banks of the river, which now narrows to a gorge through which the water rushes wildly, or widens into a placid lake encircled by hills. The country is well settled by a thrifty, industrious class of small farmers, who have followed in the wake of the lumberman. The slopes of the hills are for some fifty miles well cultivated, and present a very charming contrast with the rugged pine-clad summits, below which lie the farms. At different places, close by the river side, are rich alluvial tracts where the principal lumbering firms have made fine farms, and built comfortable houses and stores, where they keep supplies for the use of the shanties. The soil of the mountain slopes is naturally rich, and yields bountifully when cleared of its surface stone, while even in the most rocky parts there is abundant herbage and water for cattle, especially for sheep. The whole country for some fifty or sixty miles to the north of the Ottawa is, in fact, admirably adapted for grazing, and any man with a little capital, who could buy out several farms, could probably carry on stock-raising and sheep-rearing with profit despite the long winters.

Several villages are situated alongside the river or its small tributary streams. The principal is the Péche, where there are several inns, comfortable in their way, two churches, and some small factories, besides a handsome brick store, owned by a wealthy lumberman. The situation is exceedingly romantic, on the side of a broad stretch of the river, here encircled by an amphitheatre of gently undulating hills. The Pickanock is another village of considerable importance, for it is the headquarters of a large lumber business, and the centre of a fine farming district. But the villages, like all places of sudden growth in mining or lumbering districts, are not in themselves beautiful—none have the neatness of a New England village, but are suggestive of slabs and stumps and general untidiness; but this is not remarkable when we find that the needs of the present must first be considered, and that green blinds, white paint, pretty gardens, and shade trees in front of every home, are the outcome of an older, more settled state of things. The natural beauty of the country soon makes one forget the inevitable slovenliness of the pioneer. As far as the eye can reach, you may follow a seemingly endless range of hills which rise, one beyond the other, in graceful succession, until they are lost in the purple of the distance. You drive through

* The Ottawa Valley: Its history and resources. C. M. January, 1875. The present article may be considered a supplement to that paper.

an avenue of forest shade, which now and then opens just enough to enable you to catch a glimpse of the glistening waters of the rapid river, tumbling ever and anon over the impeding rocks. Here is a brook bursting from under some ledge that is overhung with gnarled birches or maples, and illuminated with nodding crimson columbines—then yawning away between its green banks, with a new song for every stone that trips its flow. The rapids you see at frequent intervals are beautiful miniatures of the grander scenes that charm the eye on the Ottawa and St. Lawrence. None of the hills are mountains in the real sense of the word, rarely rising more than eight or nine hundred feet above Ottawa; but they are frequently beautifully wooded and graceful in their lines.

If we wander only a few paces from the road, we shall probably come to a sequestered lake, where the foliage is always green on the trees that skirt its banks and often dip into the water. A mountain lake like this is always beautiful, but still, some think there is a loneliness about it which is at times depressing. From the summit of a mountain you can see a vast expanse of country, and your view is only bounded by the horizon. Standing on the shore of the sea, your thoughts are not confined within the narrow range of your gaze, but every sail that floats like a gull on the wave, and every wreath of smoke that curls into the heavens, are so many connecting links with countries far beyond. The river, too, may carry you in imagination to the cities and towns, and unite you with the world that frets and throbs many miles away. But a lake, concealed among the hills, limits your view to its banks, and can never have for many the same charm as the illimitable sea, or the flowing river, which represent, as it were, the infinite.

Gray boulders of every size and form seem to have been tossed by some giant arm in a fit of rage, and now lie piled on each other in a bewildering chaotic mass. Some distance up the river, on the summit of a hill, close to the road, there is lying the most enormous boulder that I have ever seen, even in this region, so famous for its rocks. It is as large, perhaps, as St. James's Cathedral in Toronto, and it is perplexing to think how so unwieldy a mass ever found a resting place on the hills of the Gatineau. Some believe that at some time or other, in a now forgotten past—in a mysterious, silent geological era—great earthquakes convulsed the whole northern part of this continent, and formed the hills and valleys which are now the characteristic feature of this region. Perhaps then it was that this enormous metamorphic rock was tossed from the heart of the earth upon the hills where it has rested for unknown ages. Or, as it is more generally believed, at an equally remote period enormous glaciers held this region in an icy embrace, and in their onward, irresistible march, bore this rock from some mountain of the north, and left it a monument of their reign on the "everlasting hills." All through the Ottawa country we find similar boulders scattered indiscriminately in the valleys and on the highest hills; and scientific observers for the most part agree that they are the relics of the glacial drift. But none of the boulders to be seen elsewhere can surpass in size this magnificent specimen on the Gatineau. For ages past it has rested among the Laurentian hills, and there it will likely remain for ages to come, until it is disturbed by some great convulsion of nature's secret forces. About such a rock there is a certain solemnity which awes one of a contemplative turn of mind. There it stands, a cold, impassive observer of all the changes of time since the world assumed its present organic form. From the day it left its primeval home, it has seen the surrounding glaciers slowly melt away beneath some powerful atmospheric influences, and then the great pine forests gradually start from the freed earth, and cover the rocks of the primeval age. These forests, too, it sees disappearing in a day as it were, but still it looks serenely on from its ancient seat, like the moon and stars above its grey face, an unmoved silent witness of the mystery of countless dawns.

Summer and winter equally afford attractions to those who wish to see this region in its varied aspect. The fisherman will, of course, visit it in the spring, when the numerous lakes that cover the country are teeming with fine fish. It is always easy to find guides and canoes at the most accessible resorts, and you may be sure to have all the sport you wish. Trout, bass, and pickerel are the principal fish caught in their season. Trout from six to twelve pound are not unfrequently taken by those adventurous sportsmen who do not hesitate to seek "fresh woods and pastures new" in the remotest parts of the wilderness. A favourite starting

place is Farrel's, a well-kept inn, picturesquely situated amid the hills, within sight of the rapid river.

But it is in the winter you can alone form an accurate idea of the vastness of the lumbering trade of this section. The Hamilton Brothers, Gilmour & Co., Edwards & Co., and some smaller firms work the greater part of the country for many thousands of square miles on the Eagle, Grand Lac, Kazabazoua, Blue Sea, Kakebonga, Otter Lake, and other streams and lakes which afford facilities to reach the main river. For several winters past the writer, through the kindness of one of the most genial, hospitable managers of one of these large firms, has had unusual opportunities for travelling over a large tract of country which, otherwise, he could never have visited. The number and size of the lakes must particularly impress the mind of the visitor, who will see at once how admirably nature adapts herself to the requirements of man. Without our cold, snowy climate, without this network of lakes and rivers, this section would be comparatively inaccessible. The splendid pine forests would probably be still untouched, and silence would reign unbroken in a wilderness of shade. But thanks to the wise provisions of nature, many millions of dollars worth of timber has, in the course of time, been brought from the mountains and plains, and still much more will come in the future, if fire does not sweep the whole country and destroy what valuable timber remains. No one, unless he travels over the lumber region of the Ottawa and its tributary rivers, can form any accurate conception of the terrible havoc that fires, originating for the most part from sheer negligence, have caused in the forests. Between the Six Portages, and on the way to the Blue Sea, the writer saw thousands of gaunt, stripped trunks, all showing by their girth and height the great value of the timber that has been lost in this way. Driving further into the interior over the Grand Lac or the Otter Bleu, we reach a country where there is no settlement, and the evidences of fire disappear entirely. Here the visitor will find himself at last in a wilderness of pines. Roads branch off in different directions from the log shanties, two or three of which are to be found on every "limit," according to the extent of the operations and the value of the timber in the vicinity. Long rows of logs, some of enormous size, will be seen on the firm ice, awaiting the thaws of spring. The whir of the axe and the cry of the teamsters are re-echoed through the long avenues of pines, which, ever and anon, sough and tremble as the winds pass by and embrace their bushy tops. Here indeed we may say with the greatest of American poets:

> This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
> Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
> Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic.

But the practical lumberman cares little for primeval beauty. He not unfrequently detects signs of decay in what the inexperienced eye would believe to be a remarkably fine specimen of the pine. At a glance he can tell you if it is sound to the core, or defective in any respect. Then, if his opinion is favourable, the axe is swung in an instant at its base, and in a few moments the noble tree begins to quiver, and falls gently among the brush, whilst its executioner stands carelessly by leaning on his axe, knowing to a certainty the exact spot where it must rest.

Game is not very common now throughout the Gatineau Vale, compared with what it was some years ago, before the lumbermen obtained such complete control of the country. But still in certain localities the sportsman can find enough to keep him busy. Deer are frequently met in secluded places among the hills, and fur-bearing animals, including the beaver, but principally foxes, mink, and muskrat, are trapped by the settlers. Bears constantly pay visits to the farms. I know a gentleman-farmer who found that a piece of buckwheat was mysteriously disappearing, and threw the blame on a black cow which he saw once from a distance, and supposed had broken down the fence somewhere and strolled in, as such animals are fond of doing. One morning, however, he saw a large black bear quietly nibbling away at the grain. He chased the animal, but only wounded him at that time, and it was not till a week later that he was killed, a short distance from his favourite haunts. About a fortnight later the same person went after his cows to a pasture behind his barns, and here, to his amazement, he came upon a still larger bear, enjoying a

feast of acorns. He crept home quietly, only a few hundred yards distant, and then he was actually obliged to run some bullets; but still he was in time to shoot Mr. Bruin, who was munching his breakfast of nuts quite unconcernedly in the same place. We rarely hear of these animals doing any damage to the young cattle. They prefer nuts and berries, on which they fatten wonderfully well before retiring to their winter siesta. Wolves are often found prowling round the more distant cabins and shanties, and you see their skins in many of the farmhouses, where they come in very conveniently as floor mats.

In the course of my most recent ramble through the mountains, I had an opportunity of visiting the most curious cave which has yet been found in Canada. It is situated in the Township of Wakefield, some twenty miles due north from the city of Ottawa. A camping expedition through this country will well repay the adventurous tourist, provided he or she do not mind an occasional thunderstorm. I have heard of a party of ladies and gentlemen who went out during last summer with much enthusiasm to enjoy the beauties of nature among the picturesque hills and lakes of this wild country. It was very charming to young ladies somewhat bored with the dissipations of the capital, to camp by the side of the lake, surrounded by the pine-clad hills. How lovely the moon would light up the dark blue waters and shed her rays among the avenues of firs! But, alas, instead of the moon, there arose the most fearful thunder and lightning storm of the year, and the once hopeful party had to run from their white tents under the romantic pines, and seek shelter in a very unromantic barn, where the lightning flashed wildly through the logs; and next day they returned sadly home to illustrate once more "the vanity of human wishes." But to the old weather-beaten rambler storms like these are only so many breaks in the monotony of sylvan life; they serve to show nature in her most awful guise; for the thunder rolls from hill to hill, and the lightning discharges on many a pine, and shrivels the bark to the very earth.

The lakes of Wakefield are of considerable size, and distinguished by such trite names as Mud or Dam Lake, which, if not euphonious, are at least illustrative of natural characteristics. Instead of clear, rocky margins, such as one would expect, and indeed often find, in mountain regions, we saw long stretches of mud, covered with a luxuriant growth of wild grasses, through which it was very difficult to pull the canoes. On all sides were large patches of water lilies, as exquisitely beautiful as the purest camelia or lily of the conservatory. In passing over the "carries" between the lakes—and it is rarely a lake is not connected with one or more in this country—the ground was perfectly gorgeous with cardinal flowers, which were growing with a luxuriance the writer has never seen equalled in Canadian woods. Not in the tropics themselves are the azaleas or rhododendrons more beautifully massed than are these flowers of the Laurentian Hills. All the flowers of this wild section are unrivalled for size and colour. Nature here revels in proving what she can do among the primeval rocks. The soil, rich with the accumulation of ages and watered by the freshets of spring, produces flowers, plants, and trees of an abnormal size. Away in the heart of this wilderness, far from any post road, only accessible to the world in winter, stands the hut of a French Canadian, on the brow of a hill overlooking a lake glittering with lilies. The slope is so stony and precipitous that it is impossible to use a plough, but still among the rocks we saw oats and wheat, with a stalk of some five feet in height and well filled ears. The habitant uses a grubbing hoe to plant his little crop, which proves the luxuriance of the soil. If a man had a hundred acres of such soil, free from rocks and stumps, he would soon make a handsome livelihood. But it is hard work using a hoe among the rocky hills. The habitant who owns his solitary cabin does not depend on the little crop garnered from the stony slopes, but makes potash, for which there is abundant material on all sides.

The most interesting feature of the Wakefield Cave is the entrance, which lies on the side of a beautifully wooded hill. The mouth is almost hidden by ferns and trees, and is of an oval form. Unfortunately my exploration was only very partial, on account of my time being limited and the supply of lights giving out too soon. On this account, I cannot do better than give the reader a minute description of its leading features as furnished me by Dr. Grant of Ottawa, who has probably explored the cave more thoroughly than any one I know, in his zeal to make himself ac-

quainted with the geological attributes of the Ottawa Valley. "The mouth of the cave," I am now quoting the words of the doctor, "is fully eighteen feet in diameter, of an oval shape, beautifully arched, and having overhanging it pine and cedar trees of considerable size. The entire height of the mountain is about 300 feet and the entrance to the cave is about 100 feet below the summit. At the base of the mountain is a small lake, which discharges into the Gatineau River through a mountain gorge of exquisite beauty. Looking inwards from the mouth of the cave it is funnel-shaped, directed oblique ly forwards and downwards a distance of 74 feet, at which point it is contracted to a height of five feet and a width of fifteen feet. This contraction forms the entrance to the first grand chamber, 80 feet in length, 31 feet across, and 9 feet in height throughout. At the posterior part of this chamber, in an oblique direction to the left, is an opening five feet in height, forming the entrance to the third chamber, which is about 18 feet in diameter and five feet high. The floor, however, is covered with calcareous *breccia* to a depth of three feet or more. Looking outwards, two openings are to be seen to the left of the first chamber, one anterior, broad and elevated, and one posterior, contracted and shallow, passing obliquely upwards and backwards a distance of fully 25 feet. This chamber is entirely encrusted with carbonate of lime of a cheesy consistence, and in the centre a perfectly white column reaches from the floor to the ceiling, about six inches in diameter, formed by the union of stalactite and stalagmite. The antero-lateral chamber passes in an oblique direction upwards, a distance of 30 feet, at which point the ceiling is fully 50 feet high, of a gothic shape and beautifully ornamented with stalactites and fringe-like encrustations of carbonate of lime. Some 60 feet from the mouth of the cave, to the right, is a narrow passage, rough, uneven, and forming the entrance to a chamber, the floor of which ascends obliquely upwards a distance of 30 feet, the height of this point being about 50 feet. On the way up, a beautiful arch is to be seen, above and beneath which this chamber communicates with the one entered by the antero-lateral opening from the Grand Chamber, and the light reflected from a lamp through the opening below this arch illuminates the entire ceiling of the adjoining chamber, and presents a rich appearance as seen through the opening above the arch. To the right of the oblique floor of the antero-lateral cavity, is an opening, horse-shoe shaped, scalloped, about five feet in diameter, and considerably obscured by the overhanging rock. From the body of the cave the passage leading from this opening takes a direction at an angle of about 25 degrees to the right. Its entire length is about 270 feet, height between 4 and 5 feet, and width the same. The floor is rough and covered with small fragments of rocks of various sizes, and from the ceiling hang many small stalactites. At the inner terminus of this passage is an opening more or less circular, about 20 feet in diameter, and the rock over it is concave, and fully 15 feet in height. Stones thrown into this well or cavity give rise to a loud, rumbling noise. Its depth is 37 feet, and the bottom measures 9 feet by 30 feet, on either side of which are two openings, one 5 feet by 12 feet, 22 feet in depth, the other 2 feet by 3 feet and 45 feet in depth. The floors of these lower cavities are covered with fine sand, and on every side are to be seen beautiful stalactites. On the right and left of the main passage of this well are to be observed several smaller passages which, from their narrowness, are entered with difficulty. Here and there in each chamber, particularly from the ceilings, are to be seen rough projecting portions of rocks of various shapes and composed chiefly of quartzite, pyroxene, serpentine, iron pyrites, and various mineral ingredients peculiar to the crystalline Laurentian limestone formations. In many parts of the cave, the walls, particularly those to the right of each chamber as entered, were covered with almost uniform sheets of carbonate of lime. The cavern is entered by descending on talus or broken rock; this is succeeded by a floor partly flat, smooth, and presenting a water-worn appearance." From the foregoing description, it will be seen that the chambers are, as a rule, small, and not very conveniently reached on account of the lowness of the passages. The atmosphere is somewhat variable, quite warm in parts, and lower down quite chilly, but it is entirely free from any deleterious gases. The evidences of the action of water are very clearly seen throughout the cave, and it may be surmised that at some very distant time in the past a stream of water—another "Lost River"—

found here a subterranean passage. A careful exploration of all the passages will, in all probability, give us many facts, interesting from a scientific point of view. It would require a considerable sum of money to clear out the debris, and to excavate at certain spots in order to solve the problem whether the part so far explored is only the antechamber, as it were, to a much larger cavern. The results will hardly be as interesting to the world in general as those of Dr. Schliemann in the East, but they may not be unimportant to us who dwell in a region of rocks, where every day we hear of the fresh discovery of minerals. Who can say that there may not be some "treasure trove" in this curious cave of the Laurentian range?

The River du Liévre also comes down into the Ottawa from the same region of rocks and lakes where the Gatineau takes its rise. It runs parallel, as it were, with the latter, and is a much smaller stream, but it is also remarkable for its rapid waters, its cascades, and its encircling hills. It is in the country between these two rivers that the most valuable mineral discoveries have of late been made. Valuable mines of plumbago, unequalled in extent and richness of quality, are worked in the vicinity of Buckingham, a village of some thousand souls, picturesquely situated, and containing several stores and churches. The discovery of phosphate is on a very remarkable scale, for there appears to be no limit to its deposit all through this region. Mr. Vennor, a practical geologist of repute, has been engaged in making explorations for some time, and is of opinion that the phosphate is found in a broad belt of incalculable richness, and indefinite extent, and that it must become eventually one of the most important industries of the Ottawa valley. Already people are buying up mineral rights in all directions, and the prospector with his shovel and pick is every day seen in the most secluded spots, where the hunter or lumberman was the only visitor a few years ago. Iron exists in great quantities, and of an undoubtedly superior quality. Mica is picked up everywhere, and there are deposits of asbestos. Indications of silver have also been found, but according to Mr. Vennor, what many persons believe to be silver is nothing but mispeckel, a sort of fool's silver. If it is found at all, according to him, it will only be in unremunerative quantities. But it is just possible he may be mistaken—just as he is, so often, in his weather speculations; for the writer recalls to mind the fact that even so eminent an authority as Dr. Dawson had no idea of the existence of gold in Nova Scotia, where he and other geologists had long been engaged in geological researches; and it was left to a thirsty wayfarer to see the precious metal glittering from the pebbly bed of a little brook, as he knelt down to drink of the crystal water.

The country beyond the river in the Désert has been very little explored, and the tide of settlement has stopped at the village, with a description of which I may appropriately close this desultory sketch. From the moment you leave the Six Portages on the Gatineau, some 70 miles from Ottawa, you lose sight of a rapid river and picturesque country, and pass over a comparatively level tract, covered for the most part with unsightly stumps and gaunt trunks of dead pines, and only brightened at distant intervals by a glimpse of a little lake, around which a young growth of hardwood and poplars has sprung up since the fires which have devastated the whole of this section. It was a piercing cold day when we reached the top of the ridge overlooking the valley where the Désert and Gatineau Rivers mingle their waters. As we drove rapidly along the smooth icy road there floated over the wind a sound as welcome as that which Whittier tells us delights the ears of the Red River voyageurs as they draw near the end of their bleak journey over the plains of the far North-West:

> Hark! Is it the clang of wild geese;
> Is it the Indian's yell;
> That gives to the voice of the north wind
> The sound of a far-off bell?

Then as we rounded a hill we saw for the first time the massive stone church of Notre Dame du Désert, whose gilded image crowns the tower and watches over that wide expanse of country of which she has been elected the guardian angel. Adjoining the chapel is a building for the accommodation of the priests and *religieuses*, engaged in the education of the Indians of this mission. The village itself is small, but many of the buildings are neat frame structures, which were built in more prosperous times when the lumber trade was more actively carried on than at present. Close to the river side, but

at some distance from the village, is a block of buildings belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, whose posts are now found scattered at distant intervals all through the north and west as far as the Rocky Mountains. Their next nearest station is at Lake Kakebonga, and the farthest north at James's Bay, many hundreds of miles distant from the Désert. The post at the latter point is now or will soon be deserted, as the traffic in furs is not sufficient to pay all its expenses. The country around the Désert is cultivated on a very limited scale, by some of the lumbermen and a few Indians. For the most part the land is poor, and the lumber becomes more inferior the further north you go.

The Désert village is the last outpost of commerce and civilization in the country north of the Ottawa. A vast wilderness of picturesque lakes, hills, and barrens, with limited tracts of arable land, stretches to the waters of the distant Hudson's Bay. A country of silence, except when the Indian or voyageur dips his paddle to some monotonous chant. The Kakebonga Lake is the limit of the lumberman's operations in this region. If you follow the map, you will notice that the Désert River takes a sudden curve, a few miles from its junction with the Gatineau, runs parellel with it for a considerable distance, and then merges at last in the Lake of the Désert, into which flows a chain of streams and lakes, all connected with Lake Kakebonga, and finally with the river Ottawa itself. In fact all the rivers and lakes of the upper Ottawa country form a series of water-stretches, remarkable for their erratic courses, and it is quite possible to ascend the Ottawa to Lake Temiscamingue in a canoe, and, after passing over a few "carries" to avoid the rapids and falls, to descend at last into the Gatineau at the Désert.

The village of Our Lady of the Désert—in the Algonquin tongue, Maniwaki or Land of Mary—is the centre of the Indian missions for a large tract of wilderness. Here, some years ago, under the old Government of Canada, many thousands of acres of land were set apart for the Indians of the Désert. The situation is favourable for bringing together the Indians of Grand Lac, Temiscamingue, St. Maurice, and Abbitibbi. It is from this point that the Indian missionaries set out periodically in canoes for the distant missions of Wassinippi, the furthest post of the St. Maurice district; and of Makiskaw, on the height of land whence the descent is to Hudson's Bay. The Roman Catholic missionary was, up to a year or two, the only professor of the Christian faith to be seen in this cheerless savage region. Even now, his church alone dominates the surrounding country and calls the people to worship. Neither the colds of winter nor the heats of summer retard his progress among the Indians, scattered over the face of this country. Differ from him we may, but we must always admire that fidelity to his purpose which, for ages, has taken him into the most remote corners of the earth. Here, on the verge of the wilderness, he has built a noble church, for the sole use of the Indian tribes; and one cannot but wonder at a zeal and devotion which Protestant sects might well imitate.

The Indians of this region are somewhat numerous, and belong to the Algonquin family, who have always occupied the north. Some of the more remote tribes speak a dialect—for instance, the Indians of Wassinippi—which approaches nearer the Cree. Many of them are industrious and cultivate small farms, on which they have built snug log cabins or frame cottages; but the majority continue to subsist by hunting and fishing. In the Désert district, the Indians are civilized, and are outwardly very devout, if one may judge from their behaviour in church. They are very fond of processions, and the priests, who understand them well, do not fail to please them in this way on the feasts of the Epiphany, and on other occasions. The interior of the large chapel is very bare at present, as the priests have not yet succeeded in raising money sufficient to plaster and decorate it. The choir is composed of two violins and four Indian voices, generally led by one of the "Sisters" in charge of the educational establishment. The airs are generally low, monotonous chants, suited to the Indian voice. It was a very blustering day when the writer entered the chapel, during the afternoon service, and certainly no one could do otherwise than be impressed with the seeming harmony of the Indian voices with the wild north wind as it sighed around that lonely church on the bleak hills of the Désert.

In the remote parts of the wilderness of this section, the missionaries have a difficult work to cure the Indians of the superstitions

and juggleries which they have been wont to practice for centuries. Some of them are still said to practice what they call the Kasabandjakerin or La Cabane, in which the Indian conjuror proves himself the prototype of the Davenport Brothers. He builds a conical lodge of upright sticks and bark, under which he is carried when he has been firmly tied with cords. Once inside, the jugglery commences. The awestruck audience, who are awaiting revelations around the lodge, are soon rewarded by the most frightful groans and invocations to the Evil Spirit, who at last makes his appearance in the shape of a little ugly black man, who liberates the conjuror from his bonds and gives him all the information he requires. A similar trick was practised in Champlain's time, and shows that the so-called Spiritualistic magicians of modern times are only mere imitators of the aborigines.

What is to be the future of the vast wilderness which stretches from the headwaters of the Gatineau and St. Maurice to the lonely shores of Hudson's Bay? What I have seen of the country, and what I have learned of its topographical features from surveyors who have, at one time or other, travelled over its rocky surface, cannot lead one to form a very hopeful opinion. The lumber is poor and scraggy, and the land is unfit for settlement, according as you go further north. Even game is scarce, and the valuable fur-bearing animals will soon be hunted off the face of the region. Wolves prowl among the hills, and ever and anon pounce down on the settlements within twenty miles of the capital. No farming population is likely to be attracted to a region which only offers a great variety of rocks, and water-stretches of rare beauty. The Désert village is likely to remain the last settlement of importance to the north of Ottawa, and it, we know, owes its existence to the enterprise of the missionary and lumberman. Silence and shadow will always rest upon this wilderness, unless, indeed, valuable economic minerals can be found amid the rocky hills which rise in all directions. Perhaps it may become vast grazing grounds for flocks of sheep, though the long, expensive winters must always stand in the way even of that enterprise. The fact that mineral deposits are being constantly unearthed in the country towards Ottawa, leads one to hope that the rocks which stretch from the Désert for many days' journey, may eventually be found to have some value. But until such discoveries are made, the region beyond this little village of the North must always remain a Désert in fact as well as in name.

J. G. Bourinot.

LORD MACAULAY AND THE LIBERAL PARTY.

IT is the misfortune of great writers and great artists that they must be responsible, in some measure at least, to Fame and Posterity for the development of their doctrines, and the offshoots of their style. Long after they have ceased to live, their followers and disciples continue to appeal to their authority for logical results they would never have admitted, and for meretricious imitations and adaptations which they would never have approved. It would be interesting to know what St. Paul, for instance, would have to say to Mr. Matthew Arnold concerning the meanings which that learned and too ingenious gentleman has found in his words. Plato is made the foster-father of such nonsense as his great soul would have revolted from in deepest indignation. Montaigne has been made, even within a year or so, responsible for religious views which he would never have admitted to be his own, or to be logically deducible from his writings. Savonarola has been made to figure as a heretic to the Roman Catholic faith, to which no man was more enthusiastically devoted. Rubens has to bear the blame of much of the excesses of the fleshly style or school of painting, in an age when art has ceased almost to have any of its old divine instincts, and when artists have forsaken the contemplation of the angels and their Heaven, God and his saints, for the contemplation of

barn-yard "interiors" and the beasts of the field. Dr. Johnson's well-known foibles with regard to the Cock Lane Ghost and the superstitions of the Hebrides and kindred subjects, have been made to cover a host of puerilities in these more "enlightened" days. In fact, it may be said of the acknowledged founder of any sort of school, that if he could return to earth for a season, he would be shocked beyond measure at the developments of his teaching, and would institute such a sweeping reformation as would leave seven-eighths of his followers screaming in chorus against the destruction of their rock and the condemnation of their theories. In the higher Politics, this would be particularly true. Even Voltaire would refuse to be responsible for the excesses of the revolutionary period. Charles Fox would repudiate the Dilkes, Chamberlains, and Jenkinses with fiery scorn. I doubt extremely if even Mr. Cobden would permit his Free Trade theories to cover a changed condition of commerce under which British goods are met everywhere by hostile tariffs, while foreign goods of the same kind are admitted free to English markets, destroying the industry of the British workman, whose tea, tobacco, liquors, and medicines are taxed almost beyond endurance.

It appears to the present writer that no man has suffered more from the unwarranted assumptions of his followers than Lord Macaulay. And the references made to him by Mr. Laurier, in his famous lecture of some months ago, and by Sir Francis Hincks at a very recent period, induce me to pen a few observations which occurred to me on a second perusal of Mr. Trevelyan's noble "Life." Stated broadly, the conclusion I have come to is this, that from the date of Macaulay's re-entry into public life, after his return from India, there was a continued and ever-increasing divergence of opinion between him and the bulk of the Liberal Party. And from this point of view it seems not only impossible, but a little ridiculous to try to make the Whig historian the foster-father of a Colonial Liberalism which contains few, if any, of the prime postulates of Lord Macaulay's political beliefs. If any curious reader of his "Life" will take it up and peruse the second volume carefully, I think evidences of the divergence I have referred to can be found, if not as thick as blackberries, at least in numbers sufficient to support the theory I have advanced. It should never be forgotten of Lord Macaulay that his Liberalism was largely of a purely literary character. It seems as if his mental attitude towards Liberalism was like what many people imagine Dr. Newman's mental attitude to be towards Roman Catholicism. His Liberalism was in truth Whiggism of the Queen Anne period. Montague and Somers, not Lord Russell and Earl Grey, were the gods of his idolatry; and his admiration for the revolution was a warmer feeling than his regard for the Reform Bill. Nor should it be forgotten that he started as a Tory. And to the last and from the first his personal attitude towards the people as a people was one more characteristic of an Edinburgh Tory than of a Clapham or London Liberal. He had not one of the "points" of a Liberal leader. He was not fond of appealing to the masses; he was not fond of public speaking, he was not genial, he was not popular; he neglected his correspondents; he snubbed delegations. He thought he was doing the people of Edinburgh an honour in representing them, and that in re-electing him they did but make an act of "reparation" which was due from them to him. This was not the conventional Liberal note of personal conduct. But it is of his party relations that I wish more particularly to speak. Almost at the outset of his career he learned to have a hearty hatred for Lord Brougham, the great Liberal Champion, and this hatred never ceased. It was probably mutual, as a reference to Brougham's autobiography might reveal, but for that there is no occasion. Just here it may be interesting to notice Lord Brougham's views on Lord Durham's report, about which Sir Francis Hincks has had so much to say. "It was," Brougham said, "a second-rate article for the *Edinburgh Review*. The matter came from a swindler, the style from a coxcomb, and the Dictator furnished only six letters—D-U-R-H-A-M." (*See Macaulay's Life*, vol. II. p. 49.) Macaulay's peculiar views concerning parties began, as has been said, almost immediately after his return from India. The Whigs were not in good odour, and indeed were on the down grade to the break-up of 1841. Macaulay saw at once their unwisdom and their weakness. In 1838 he wrote: "My own suspicion is that the Tories in the House of Lords will lose reputation, though I do not imagine that the Government will gain

any. As to Brougham, he has reached that happy point at which it is equally impossible for him to gain character or lose it."

Indeed it was not very possible for Macaulay, with his high sense of the nature of Whig principles, to view with pleasure the Whig policy and practices of the period, when, as Praed wrote, a Whig minister

> "Has seen distrust in every look;
> Has heard in every voice rebuke;
> Exulting yet, as home he goes
> From sneering friends and pitying foes,
> That, shun him, hate him if they will,
> He keeps the seals and salary still."

His very first effort in Parliament was an effort to justify the privilege claimed by the Government, of permitting some of the ministers to vote against ministerial measures; and it is curious to notice that the defence was made altogether from the literary point of view, and without ever once discussing the *principle* of the thing. His next was to defend Lord Cardigan for practices for which in these days his lordship would not be permitted to remain in the British service, at least in high command, for twenty-four hours; and Mr. Trevelyan admits that this heavy duty was "quite sufficient occupation for one minister." In 1843, Macaulay's distaste for Whig policy was so marked, that a letter of that period will be quite justifiable even in a short article:—

ALBANY, Feb'y, 1843.

DEAR ELLIS:—I never thought that I should live to sympathise with Brougham's abuse of the Whigs; but I must own that we deserve it all. I suppose that you have heard of the stupid and disgraceful course which our leaders have resolved to take. I really cannot speak or write of it with patience. They are going to vote thanks to Ellenborough in direct opposition to their opinion, and with an unanswerable case against him on their hands, only that they may save Auckland from recrimination. They will not save him, however. Cowardice is a mighty poor defence against malice, and to sacrifice the whole weight and respectability of our party to the feelings of one man is—but the thing is too bad to talk about. I cannot avert the disgrace of our party; but I do not choose to share it. I shall therefore go to Clapham quietly, and leave those who have cooked this dirt-pie for us, to eat it. I did not think that any political matter would have excited me so much as this has done. I fought a very hard battle, but had nobody except Lord Minto and Lord Clanricarde to stand by me. I could easily get up a mutiny among our rank and file if I chose, but an internal dissension is the single calamity from which the Whigs are at present exempt. I will not add it to all their other plagues.

Ever yours,
T. B. MACAULAY.

In 1845, after having poured on Peel all the vials of his indignant rhetoric, we find Macaulay writing thus to his sister Hannah: "If, which is not absolutely impossible, though improbable, Peel should still try to patch up a Conservative administration, and should, as the head of that administration, propose the repeal of the Corn Laws, my course is clear. I must support him with all the energy I have till the question is carried. Then I am free to oppose him." And in the same letter he writes, "If Lord John should undertake to form a Whig ministry, and should ask my assistance, I cannot in honour refuse it. But I shall distinctly tell him, and tell my colleagues and constituents, that I will not again go through what I went through in Lord Melbourne's administration."

In 1845 again, December 20th, we find Macaulay indicting his party leaders to his sister Hannah. He writes as follows:—"I have no disposition to complain of the loss of office. On the contrary, my escape from the slavery of a placeman is my only consolation. But I feel that we are in an ignominious position as a party." It was after Lord Grey's disagreement had prevented Lord John from forming a cabinet, and the public interests were temporarily sacrificed to personal considerations. I pass over the quarrel with his constituency and his defeat at Edinburgh in 1847. In that case his language and conduct were such as to mark with the greatest emphasis his departure from Whig principles and his own eloquent professions, even in his history, of the reverence which popular judgment should always receive at the hands of the people's representatives. At page 178 of the "Life," after his enforced retirement from political life, we read:—"Sometimes he would recast his thoughts and give them over again in the shape of an epigram. You 'call me a Liberal,' he said, 'but I don't know that in these days I deserve the name. I am opposed to the abolition of standing armies. I am opposed to the abrogation of capital punishment. I am opposed to the destruction of the National Church. In short, I am in favour of war, hanging, and church establishments.'"

During the period that elapsed between his defeat at Edinburgh and his re-election in 1852, his mind had been losing its purely partisan bent, and on the occasion of his first speech to the electors of his constituency we read that he reviewed the events of the past five years "in a strain of lofty impartiality"—although he did, in the course of it, "change his tone," but only for a little while, to give them a taste of his old "rattling party quality." There was an absence of asperity in the speech, which, considering the relations of parties was rather striking in a man who was looked upon, and with justice, as a great party champion. In the same year we read in his diary a tribute to the "practical ability" of Mr. Disraeli. And again we read, during the progress of the formation of Lord John's Government in 1852, of "the sympathy, not unmingled with amusement, with which he listened to the confidences of his old Whig colleagues;" sympathy and amusement being queer feelings for an old political colleague to entertain for the men at whose side he had fought his way to fame, and from whose admiring support he had received his first advances and his greatest fortune. In November, 1852, he writes: "Joe Hume talked to me earnestly about the necessity for a union with the Liberals. He said much about the ballot and the franchise. I told him that I could easily come to some compromise with some of his friends on these matters, but that there were other questions about which I feared there was an irreconcilable difference, particularly the vital question of national defence. He seemed quite confounded, and had absolutely nothing to say. I am fully determined to make them eat their words on that point or to have no political connection with them." At the outbreak of the Crimean war we find Macaulay sneering at the popular attacks on Prince Albert; and a little later we find him partially withdrawing his admiration from even Lord Brougham, in whom he always reposed an admiring confidence. He was a strong supporter of the anti-Russian policy, and afterwards wrote the inscription for a national monument to the soldiers and sailors who in this war "died in the defence of the liberties of Europe." And let me conclude these references and citations by one last quotation from the "Life," of the date 1857:

"Macaulay's indifference to the vicissitudes of party politics had by this time grown into a confirmed habit of mind. His correspondence during the Spring of 1857, contains but few and brief allusions to even catastrophes as striking as the ministerial defeat upon the China war, and the overwhelming reverse of fortune which ensued when the question was referred to the polling booths. 'Was there ever anything,' he writes, 'since the fall of the rebel angels like the smash of the Anti-corn-law league? How art thou fallen from Heaven, O Lucifer!' Macaulay's opinion on the matter, so far as he had any opinion, was in favour of the Government, and against the Coalition. 'I am glad,' he wrote, on the eve of the debate, 'that I have done with politics. I should not have been able to avoid a pretty sharp encounter with Lord John.'"

Hear we may finish. It seems pretty clear that during the most eminent portion of his career, even while the Whigs and Liberals were looking to him with pride and confidence, he was looking away from them, and gradually growing in beliefs on public questions that in their due logical consequences would in time have compelled him towards, if not into, the Conservative camp. In our day, short as is the time that has elapsed since his death, is it not more likely that he would be found supporting the Government and party that have reformed the representation, improved the sanitary condition of the people, protected the national honour, extended the territory of the empire by bloodless conquests, consolidated the colonies under a British form of government, and preserved the peace of Europe in the face of insane Liberal agitations, rather than following in the train of those who carry their "burning" questions and "blazing" principles—the entire secularization of schools in a country with a national Church, and the destruction of that Church in a country in which, as Newman said, "it is the great bulwark against infidelity"—at the head of an army of agitators and radicals, with whom the great Whig historian would have nothing in common? And by parity of reasoning, what hope is there to find in Lord Macaulay a sponsor for a misty programme of Liberalism, in which he could not find one principle, not common to all parties, of which he could approve?

MARTIN. J. GRIFFIN.

BUDDHA AND BUDDHISM.

I. THE MAN.

IF "nothing human is foreign" to any man, and if we believe, with Max Müller, that the history of religion is the history of the "divine education of the human race," then that system of belief which has stood for a religion during thousands of years, to a third of that race, must be one of no little interest to all who care to trace the higher development of humanity. And he who, as its founder, has so mightily influenced the lives and destinies of countless millions, deserves a larger share of attention than many who now usurp a much larger portion of it. Place beside his influence on mankind that of any military hero of ancient or modern history, and the latter sinks into insignificance; and yet, for hundreds who are familiar with the deeds of a Cæsar or a Napoleon, there are, perhaps, a few here and there, who have any but the vaguest ideas to associate with the name of Gautama Buddha. Mr. Morley most reasonably objects to Dr. Draper's "fundamental axiom of history that human progress depends upon increase of our knowledge of the conditions of material phenomena," as if, says Mr. Morley, "moral advance, the progressive elevation of types of character and ethical ideals, were not, at least, an equally important cause of improvement in civilization." To those who think thus, and their number must include all who appreciate the higher issues of man's complex life, the life of the founder of Buddhism must be one of the most important landmarks in the history of mankind, second only in its character and effects to that of the infinitely greater light, the founder of Christianity Himself. For, to those who feel to how great an extent the spiritual history of the present is the outcome of the spiritual history of the past, the passionate yearnings and aspirations of the race towards the mystery of the Infinite, its partial success in groping after a knowledge that ever eludes the human faculties, its ineffectual attempts to solve the old, old problem of human life and the unknown future, and the relation of man to a dimly conceived "Power that makes for righteousness,"—must be charged, even in an age of deification of science, with a far deeper and intenser interest than the unconscious growth of Bathybius or Amœba in ocean depths, or the development of Mollusc or Ascidian in some remote geological period.

Within the last half century, during which, contemporaneously with a growing materialism, there has grown up also, on the other hand, a growing appreciation of the spiritual history of the human race, Buddha and Buddhism have been exciting more and more attention, and have attracted to themselves the careful study of many of the best minds of Europe. Formerly, indeed, all distinct knowledge of either seemed hopelessly enshrouded in myth and mist, and the ideas current even among learned men, were vague in the extreme; as may be seen in the fact that the Manichæans believed Buddha, Christ, and Mani, to be one and the same person, and that, even in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, books were written to prove Buddha identical with the Egyptian Thoth, or with Mercury, or Wodan, or Zoroaster, or Pythagoras; while even so recent and so profound an Orientalist as Sir William Jones identified him, first with Odin, and afterwards with Shishak, "who, either in person or by a colony from Egypt, imported into India the mild heresy of the ancient Buddhas." The discovery, however, in 1824, by Mr. Hodgson, English Resident at Nepaul, of the original Buddhist Canon in Sanskrit, preserved in the monasteries there, followed immediately by the discoveries of the Hungarian traveller Csoma de Körös in Thibet, and the researches of Mr. Turnour among the Pali originals of Buddhist sacred literature in Ceylon, gave a new impetus to the study of Buddhism. Among the vigorous and cultivated minds that have given time and labour to the work of disentangling from ancient myths and piles of oriental MSS. some definite solution of a problem so interesting, we find not only French savants and academicians—notably Eugéne Burnouf and M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire — and patient German philologists, but also British travellers and

officials, and Christian missionaries, including at least two Roman Catholic Bishops; and by their combined labours it has come to pass that the vague heroic form which had loomed through the mists of ages and the enshrouding folds of myth and fable, as less human than divine, has grown, in the clearer light of the nineteenth century, into something better than a legendary demi-god, a true, living, self-devoted man, full of the "enthusiam of humanity," and, despite his strange missing of the knowledge of God, one of the greatest and purest of uninspired teachers and reformers.

The various names by which Gautama Buddha has been called have been rather puzzling to ordinary readers, who have been hardly able to make out whether there was not more than one historical Buddha. The name Buddha is a generic one, meaning Enlightened, from the root *budh*, to know, answering somewhat to the Hebrew "Prophet." According to the Buddhist belief, one world has succeeded another from all eternity, following the earliest system of Evolution, and in each of these countless worlds and cycles of time, there have been Buddhas "enlightened" to teach mankind. In the present mundane system they believe that there have been seven great Buddhas, the last and greatest being the Buddha of history, Sakya-muni, Gautama Buddha. The first name, meaning monk or hermit of the Sakyas, was probably given to him in later life, as of course was the appellation of Buddha. The name Gautama he took from his clan, and another name, Siddhartha, is said to have been given to him in childhood, though its significance, "he whose desires are accomplished," seems to indicate a later origin. According to Buddhist legend, Gautama was born on the earth at least 550 times before he was born a Buddha, passing from the very lowest forms of existence up to the highest, by the force of unswerving moral purity, love, and charity. When, at last, he was to be born a Buddha, he is said to have selected his own parentage and place of birth. Oriental legend, always prodigal of its marvels towards heroes and saints, has surrounded his birth with every circumstance that could give it dignity and impressiveness in oriental eyes. Flowers lavishly blooming on all sides, ecstatic songs of miraculous birds, sweet strains of musical instruments played without hands, magical banquets undiminished by being freely partaken of, splendours of gold and silver, and of an unearthly glory, brighter than sun or moon, were among the portents that glorified the palace and heralded the birth of the Buddha. How to disentangle the real history of the man from the accretion of myth and marvel has been a work of no small difficulty and delicacy. As Max Müller remarks, it is by no means a safe process to "distil history out of legend by simply straining the legendary through the sieve of physical possibility," since many things which are physically possible, may be invention, while others, which seemed impossible, "have been reclaimed as historical, after removing from them the thin film of mythological phraseology." The very existence of such a man as Gautama Sakya Muni has been supposed to be mythical, and the significance of the names of himself, his family, and his birth-place, been brought forward in proof of this hypothesis. Probably, we shall best approximate the truth as to the personal history of the recluse of Kapilavastu, by following mainly Max Müller in the brief and rational sketch he has given of the life of this wonderful man, as handed down by tradition, and committed to writing before the close of the First Century.*

The time which Max Müller holds to be the most probable date of the death of the Buddha is 477 B. C., which would place his birth about 556 B. C. It was a time when a splendid cluster of great minds shone together in the intellectual sky. Confucius, in China, and Pythagoras, Xenophanes, and Heraclitus, in Greece, were contemporaneous, or nearly so, with Gautama; while in Western Asia the Hebrew prophets, Daniel, Ezra, Nehemiah, Habakkuk, Obadiah, and Zephaniah lived and taught, during some part of the life of the great Indian reformer. Kapilavastu, his birth-place, was the capital of a province of the same name at the foot of the mountains of Nepaul, north of the present Oude. Its site and ruins were visited by Fahian in the fifth century, and by Hiouen Thsang, the great Chinese Buddhist, two centuries later. Suddhodana, the father of Gautama, was King of Kapilavastu,

* In the sketch which follows, the writer has followed—as well as Max Müller—the interesting life of Buddha given by Mr. C. D. Mills, an American writer, in his "Buddha and Buddhism," as this is in some respects fuller.

and of the family of the Sakyas, which belonged to the clan of the Gautamas—a part of the great Solar race—very famous in the early annals of India. Mâyâdêvî, his mother, was a king's daughter, extremely beautiful in person, and highly endowed in mind and soul. She died seven days after the birth of the young prince, who was entrusted to the care of a maternal aunt, also the wife of his father. His childhood as well as his birth were, according to tradition, marked by marvellous events. The old Brahmin Asita, dwelling in Himavat, came down to greet the child, and declared that he bore the marks which should distinguish the coming Buddha. This much appears to be certain, that great personal beauty and high intellectual power early marked him out for distinction. His masters soon declared that he knew more than they could teach him ; and, true to the instinct of all contemplative minds, he was wont to escape frequently from the luxurious splendour of his father's court to meditate alone in the leafy solitudes of a neighbouring forest. Here, on one occasion, after a prolonged absence, he was found by his anxious friends sitting under the shade of a bamboo tree, lost in meditation.

Apprehensive lest this irrepressible tendency to contemplation should make a mere dreamer of the lad, Suddhodana resolved to secure his early marriage. When this was proposed to him, Gautama demanded seven days for reflection, after which, being convinced that even marriage could not disturb his mental tranquillity, he consented that a wife should be sought for him, on the single condition that, whatever might be her caste, to which he was indifferent, she should be noble in mind and pure in heart. The beautiful Gopa, daughter of King Dandapani, also of the family of the Sakyas, was selected as the worthy bride. In order to win her from her father, and remove the impression that too much thought had made him effeminate and unfit for active life, the beautiful youth with eastern eyes and raven curly hair, showed himself as accomplished in all athletic exercises as distinguished in intellectual qualities. The marriage was happily consummated, the bridegroom being but sixteen years of age ; and life seemed to offer the fullest happiness to the beautiful and youthful pair.

Amidst all the luxurious enjoyments of an oriental palace, and the new delights of connubial happiness, it might well have been thought that Gautama's troublesome tendency to solitary meditation would have passed away. But the "divine unrest" of a noble nature was too strong for the blandishments of a court, which seems to have offered all that could minister to the gratification of every sense and taste. Gautama's was not one of those natures that can sink the burden of thought in the sense of present satisfaction—can lose the sense of the mystery and travail of human life as a whole in its own little sparkling pool of transient happiness ; nor yet of those that, acutely sensitive to the woes of others, can still throw off the otherwise overburdening weight in the active pursuit of worthy objects. This latter type, indeed, is born rather of the energetic West than of the dreamy, contemplative East. Gautama was still haunted by the insoluble mysteries of life and death, by the oppressive sense of the transitoriness and the miseries of life, and by the feeling that *somewhere*—could he only find it—there must lie a path to rest and relief. In words which recall the recorded language of a king of ancient Britain, and express what must have been the voiceless feeling of uncounted millions, he was wont to say: "Nothing is stable on earth—nothing is real. Life is like the spark produced by the friction of wood. It is lighted and is extinguished—we know not whence it came or whither it goes. It is like the sound of a lyre, and the wise man asks in vain from whence it came and whither it goes. There must be some supreme intelligence where we could find rest. If I attained it, I could bring light to man ; if I were free myself, I could deliver the world."

While still pursuing this train of thought in his lonely forest meditations, three very commonplace incidents, as they might well have seemed, proved, in connexion with another which immediately followed them, the turning point in his life. Driving out of the city one day on a pleasure excursion to one of the royal parks, he met an aged man, shrunken, bowed, and decrepit, covered with wrinkles, with veins and muscles prominently visible, bald head, chattering teeth, and leaning with trembling joints on the staff that supported his tottering limbs.

"Who is that man ?" said the Prince to his coachman. "He is small and weak, his flesh and his blood are dried up, his muscles stick to his skin, his head is white, his teeth

chatter, his body is wasted away; leaning on his stick he is hardly able to walk, stumbling at every step. Is there something peculiar in his family, or is this the common lot of all created beings?" "Sir," replied the coachman, "that man is sinking under old age, his senses have become obtuse, suffering has destroyed his strength, and he is despised by his relations. He is without support and useless, and people have abandoned him, like a dead tree in a forest. But this is not peculiar to his family. In every creature youth is defeated by old age. Your father, your mother, all your relations, all your friends, will come to the same state; this is the appointed end of all creatures." "Alas!" replied the Prince, "are creatures so ignorant, so weak and foolish, as to be proud of the youth by which they are intoxicated, not seeing the old age which awaits them? As for me, I go away. Coachman, turn my chariot quickly. What have I—the future prey of old age—what have I to do with pleasure?" And he returned at once to the palace.

On another occasion, as Gautama was proceeding to his beautiful pleasure-garden of Lumbini, he encountered a poor fever-stricken wretch lying alone, parched, wasted, covered with mud—hardly able to breathe, and expecting with terror the approach of death. This sight, also, sent him back with sadness to his palace, with the exclamation, "Where is the wise man who, having seen what he is, could any longer think of joy and pleasure?"

Once again, he was met on his way by the sight of a dead body borne on a bier by sobbing and lamenting friends. Finding this also to be the common lot of humanity, he broke out into the exclamation—"Oh! woe to the youth that must be destroyed by old age! Woe to health, which must be destroyed by so many diseases! Woe to this life where a man remains so short a time! If there were no old age, no disease, no death! If these could be made captive for ever! Let us turn back," he added. "I must think how to accomplish deliverance."

The course he was to pursue was determined by another meeting. This time it was a religious mendicant who, calm, restful, and dignified in his bearing, as, clad in his distinguishing robe, he plodded on his way, attracted the attention of the Prince. "Who is this man?" he asked. "Sir," replied the coachman, "this man is one of those who are called *bhikshus*, or mendicants. He has renounced all pleasures, all desires, and leads a life of austerity. He tries to conquer himself. He has become a devotee. Without passion, without envy, he walks about asking for alms." "This is good and well said," replied the Prince. "The life of a devotee has always been praised by the wise. It will be my refuge, and the refuge of other creatures; it will lead us to a real life, to happiness and immortality."

Gautama's resolve was taken. His wife, to whom he first communicated it, finding dissuasion impossible, sorrowfully acquiesced. His father tried every means to turn him from his purpose—would have bribed him with promises of immediate and unlimited power. But one thing he could not give—the one thing Gautama sought. "Give me," he said, "that I may know the method of exemption from old age, disease, death; or give me, at least, that I shall know no transmigration in the world beyond, and I will cheerfully remain with thee ever." But such assurance was beyond the king's power to give; he was subject himself to the common doom.* Seeing that persuasion was fruitless, he sought by force to prevent Gautama from carrying out his purpose. Guards were set at the gates of the town, and the king himself, with five hundred young Sakyas, watched the palace. But one night, when sleep had overcome the watchers, Gautama bade his coachman saddle his horse. Taking one last look at his sleeping wife and child, he did not venture—says the legend—to remove the young mother's hand from the baby's face, lest by his awaking, his resolution might be weakened. "After I have become Buddha," he is reported to have said, "I will see the child;" and the boy, as well as his mother, were afterwards numbered among his followers. Taking a last look at the palace and the town, he said, sadly and tenderly, "Never shall I return again to this city of Kapila, until I shall have attained the cessation of birth and death, exemption from old age and decay, and reached the pure intelligence." The saying was so far realized that he did not again see his birth-place until he returned, twelve years after, to preach the new faith. At twelve leagues from Kapila he dismissed his coachman with his horse and all his per-

* Some accounts say that the immediate cause of Gautama's abrupt flight was the disgust awakened by the exhibition of a troop of dancing girls, sent to entertain him in his apartments.

sonal ornaments, and set out upon his course as a travelling mendicant, a character as familiar in the East as was a mendicant monk in mediæval Europe. He is said to have been just twenty-nine when he thus broke with his old life. On the spot where he dismissed his favourite horse and his faithful attendant a monument was afterwards erected, which the Chinese pilgrim Hiouen Thsang found still standing in the seventh century of our era.

Having shorn his flowing black locks—symbol of his royal caste—and exchanged his silken robes for the yellow stag-skin of a hunter—the origin of the *yellow* robes worn by Buddhist priests to this day—Gautama first sought the Brahman teacher Arata, who taught some three hundred disciples near the city of Vaisâli. Here his beauty and wisdom excited the utmost admiration, and the Brahman teacher besought him to remain with him as his colleague. But he did not find what he sought, and went away unsatisfied. Passing on to the city of Râjagriha, where a son of his father's friend was king, and became his friend and protector, he sought the instruction of a still more celebrated Brahman, Rudraka, who had seven hundred disciples. Here he was received as before. But, still failing in finding the way to salvation and peace, he withdrew, with five disciples, to the seclusion of the forest of Uruvilvâ. There for six years he remained alone, and for some time practised with the utmost severity the ascetic austerities of the Brahmans; but finally, being convinced that not in these lay the way to deliverance and peace, he renounced them, and was deserted by his disciples as an apostate from the true faith. Left alone, he pursued his solitary meditations, plied, say the legends, by the fiercest assaults of evil spirits, whom he fought and overcame. Gradually, the great idea of the NIRVANA dawned upon his thoughts. Was there not some end to be found, somewhere, to the burden and pain of existence; to the dizzying, terrible round of birth and death, birth and death, which the Brahman doctrine of transmigration pitilessly taught? But this burden and misery of existence—did it not arise from the cravings of desire, with its despotic power, over the ever unsatisfied heart of man? Eradicate this tyrant desire. *Conquer thyself.* Here, surely, must be the only path to perfect peace, in the absolute extinction of all desire, all self-conscious longing! From the moment when he clearly grasped this thought—as he believed—this true knowledge of deliverance, he claimed the appellation of the Buddha, the "Enlightened." Inanimate nature rejoiced, say the legends, over this discovery, as they had done over Gautama's birth. Rocks were rent, trees blossomed, mountains shone with unearthly radiance, the sea became fresh, the blind saw, the deaf heard, and the prisoners were set free. Every extravagance of oriental imagery is used to celebrate the momentous crisis in the history of humanity. The place itself where he first arrived at this conception was called Bodhimanda—the seat of intelligence; and the tree under which he sat while meditating it became an object of veneration, and even of worship.

But Gautama seems still to have hesitated whether he should teach this high doctrine to a possibly uncomprehending, insensible world, who might reject the doctrine and insult the teacher. But the needs of the weak and the perishing prevailed. Going to Benares, he first communicated his new light to his former disciples, who received it with all the enthusiasm of the teacher. They were the first of many converts at Benares. But, while crowds gathered to hear his earnest and burning words, others, turning away, scornful and offended, declared, "The son of the king has lost his reason!" A rich young layman of Benares, sick with the *ennui* of sensuous delights, was one of the first of many young men who embraced his teaching. When the number of his disciples had reached sixty, he sent them abroad to expound "the law," as he called his teachings, to all men without exception. "Go ye now," he is reported to have said, "and preach the most excellent law, expounding every point thereof and unfolding it with care. Explain the beginning and middle and end of the law *to all men without exception.* You will meet, doubtless, with a great number of mortals, not as yet hopelessly given up to their passions, who will avail themselves of your preaching for reconquering their hitherto forfeited liberty, and freeing themselves from the thraldom of passion." In this charge Buddha set at nought the whole Brahmanical teaching of exclusive and rigid caste, and proclaimed his mission *to entire humanity.* It was no wonder that the enmity of the Brahmans was deeply stirred, and that they left no means untried to crush this new and formidable heresy.

From place to place, however, undaunted by their bitterest hostility, the Buddha journeyed, preaching in groves, from mountain tops; making many converts, and calling all men alike to hear his doctrine of deliverance. In Uruvilva, in Râjagriha, in Kâsala, Buddha preached, taught, and founded monasteries for the numerous disciples and preachers of the new faith. At last, after twelve years of absence, he revisited Kapilavastu, and saw once more his father, who had repeatedly in vain implored the return of his wandering son. His teaching was speedily embraced by all the Sakyas, including his young son, Rahula; while his wife Gopa, with five hundred noble ladies, assumed the monastic robe. The last moments of his father were soothed by the exhortations of Gautama, who held him in his arms while he breathed his last, in his ninety-seventh year. Throughout all northern India, the Buddha seems to have extended his pilgrimage. There is a legend of him on the banks of the Indus, feeding a hungry tigress with the flesh of his own arm—a somewhat extravagant expression of the tenderness for the brute creation which was one of the most striking characteristics of Buddha and Buddhism. Singhalese legends say that he repeatedly visited Ceylon, and left in two spots the imprint of his sacred feet. Kindly offices of compassion, sympathy, and consolation clustered around his blameless public life, which was interrupted by occasional periods of silence and seclusion, possibly necessitated by the bitter enmity of his enemies, times which he probably used for preparing in silence the teachings which he left with his disciples, and which form part, at least, of the Buddhist scriptures.

One of the most beautiful of the stories that cluster around his life is the legend of Kisâgotami, which is given here as rendered by Max Müller from a collection of the parables of Buddhaghosha, a follower of Buddha, translated from the Burmese by Captain Rogers. It is as follows:—"Some time after this, Kisâgotami gave birth to a son. When the boy was able to walk by himself he died. The young girl, in her love for it, carried it from house to house, asking if any one would give her some medicine for it. When the neighbours saw this, they said 'Is the young girl mad that she carries about on her breast the dead body of her son?' But a wise man, thinking to himself, 'Alas! this Kisâgotami does not understand the law of death, I must comfort her,' said to her, 'My good girl, I cannot myself give medicine for it, but I know of a doctor who can attend to it.' The young girl said, 'If so, tell me who it is.' The wise man continued, 'Buddha can give medicine, you must go to him.' Kisâgotami went to Buddha, and doing homage to him said, 'Lord and master, do you know any medicine that will be good for my boy?' Buddha replied, 'I know of some.' She asked, 'What medicine do you require?' He said, 'I want a handful of mustard seed.' The girl promised to procure it for him, but Buddha continued, 'I require some mustard seed taken from a house where no son, husband, parent, or slave has died.' The girl said, 'Very good,' and went to ask for some at the different houses, carrying the dead body of her son. The people said, 'Here is some mustard-seed, take it.' Then she asked, 'In my friend's house has there died a son, a husband, a parent, a slave?' They replied, 'Lady, what is this that you say! *The living are few, but the dead are many.*' Then she went to other houses, but one said, 'I have lost a son;' another, 'I have lost my parents;' another, 'I have lost my slave.' At last, not being able to find a single house where no one had died, from which to procure the mustard seed, she began to think, 'This is a heavy task that I am engaged in, I am not the only one whose son is dead!' Thinking thus, she was seized by fear, and, putting away her affection for her child, she summoned up resolution and left the dead body in a forest; then she went to Buddha and paid him homage. He said to her, 'Have you procured the handful of mustard seed?' 'I have not,' she replied; 'the people of the village told me, "*The living are few, but the dead are many.*'" Buddha said to her, 'You thought that you alone had lost a son; the law of death is, that among all living creatures there is no permanence.' When Buddha had finished preaching the law, Kisâgotami was established in the reward of the noviciate; and all the assembly who heard the law were established in the same reward.

"Some time afterwards, when Kisâgotami was one day engaged in the performance of her religious duties, she observed the lights in the houses, now shining, now extinguished, and began to reflect, 'My state is like these lamps!' Buddha, who was then in the

Gandhakuti building, sent his sacred appearance to her, which said to her, just as if he himself was preaching, 'All living beings resemble the flame of these lamps, one moment lighted, the next extinguished; those only who have arrived at Nirvâna are at rest.' Kisâgotami, on hearing this, reached the stage of a saint possessed of intuitive feeling."

Max Müller gives these legends of Buddha as a specimen of the true Buddhism, "intelligible to the poor and suffering, which has endeared Buddhism to the hearts of millions"—"the beautiful, the tender, the humanly true, which, like pure gold, lies buried in all religions, even in the sand of the Buddhist Canon."

At last, after forty-five years of public teaching and laborious wanderings, the time drew near for his full entrance into the *Nirvâna*, which had borne so large a part in his teaching. Attended by a large number of disciples, he paid his last visits to the cities where he had taught. Near the city of Kusinagâra, he felt that the end had come. He asked to have his couch laid between two tall Sâla trees in a neighbouring forest. Having been carried thither with difficulty, he spent his last hours in giving his parting counsels. The most remarkable words ascribed to him at this time are said to have been addressed to his cousin and favourite follower, Ananda: "Be not much concerned about what shall remain of me after my Nirvâna—rather be earnest to practise the works that lead to perfection. Put on those inward dispositions that will enable you to reach the undisturbed rest of Nirvâna." "Believe not that then I shall have disappeared from existence and be no longer among you. The law contained in those sacred instructions which I have given shall be your teacher. By means of the doctrines which I have delivered to you, I will continue to remain among you." As the day broke, he passed away into the undiscovered lands his human eyes had vainly sought to explore.

No one who has studied the character and life of Buddha, in so far as we are able to disentangle it from encompassing fable, can fail to be struck by its blamelessness and beauty, which have drawn forth, alike from French academicians and German philosophers, from Roman Catholic bishops and Protestant missionaries, candid and enthusiastic admiration. Bishop Bigaudet says: "In reading the particulars of the life of the last Buddha Gaudama, it is impossible not to feel reminded of many circumstances relating to our Saviour's life, such as it has been sketched out by the Evangelists." And M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire, one of the most graphic and faithful biographers of Buddha, declares his belief that, "except Christ alone, there is not among the founders of religions a figure purer or more touching than that of Buddha. His constant heroism equals his conviction; he is the finished model of all the virtues that he preaches; his self-denial, his charity, his unalterable sweetness, seem not to fail for a moment. He silently prepares for his teaching by six years of seclusion and thought; propagates it by the sole force of persuasion during more than half a century; and when he dies in the arms of his disciples, it is with the serenity of a sage who has practised the right all his life, and who is assured of having found the true."

If such words can be written by Christian men who clearly see wherein he failed to find the true, it is no wonder that his followers venerated him with a fervour which ended in idolatry. Notwithstanding his caution to them to be little concerned as to his remains, these were honoured with the most magnificent obsequies, and his ashes, carefully collected from the funeral pyre, were divided among his friends, and afterwards distributed through the whole of India.* To this day any supposed newly-found relic of the great Buddha is honoured with a costly temple, and becomes an object of adoration to thousands of prostrate worshippers.

Concerning some of the "circumstances" which "remind us of the life of Our Saviour," however, the parallelism is far too complete and striking in all its details to be mere coincidence. According to the statements of the Buddhist Canon, there was a miraculous conception, lights beaming from Heaven to announce his birth, an acknowledgment of the child as a deliverer, by an old Brahman, a presentation in a temple, a baptism of water and fire, a temptation in the wilder-

* Over each of the eight portions of his relics was erected a *tope*—a bell-shaped building raised over relics. In Ceylon exist the most celebrated relics of Buddha—a supposed *tooth* of the Saint, and an ancient tree, said to have been a branch of the tree under which he became Buddha.

ness, a transfiguration ; a repetition, in fact, of almost every characteristic incident in that still more wonderful life which began five centuries and a half later, except only the tragedy which closed it.* This is easily accounted for, however, by the circumstance that no part of the Buddhist Canon was committed to writing till some time in the first century, A.D., while many portions of it were much more recent, and that Eastern compilers of the Buddha's life, writing after a considerable knowledge of the life of Christ had pervaded the East, by means of Nestorian missionaries and in other ways, would deem it no imposture, but simply due honour to Buddha, to supply all that other sources suggested to add to his dignity, and to the veneration with which he was regarded. "It can be proved," says Ernest J. Eitel, in his lectures on Buddhism, "that almost every single tint of this Christian colouring, which Buddhist tradition gives to the life of Buddha, is of comparatively modern origin. There is not a single Buddhist manuscript in existence which can vie, in antiquity and undoubted authenticity, with the oldest codices of the gospels. Besides, the most ancient Buddhistic classics contain scarcely any details of Buddha's life, and none whatever of those above-mentioned peculiarly Christian characteristics. Nearly all the above-given legends, which claim to refer to events that happened many centuries before Christ, cannot be proved to have been in circulation earlier than the fifth or sixth century *after* Christ."

FIDELIS.

(*To be concluded in the next number.*)

* As an instance of the parallelism which exists between some of the Buddhist legends and the Christian narratives, take the following anecdote of Ananda, Buddha's favourite disciple. "After a long walk in the country, he meets with Matangi, a woman of the low caste of the *Kandalas*, near a well and asks her for some water. She tells him what she is, and that she must not come near him. But, he replies, 'My sister, I ask not for thy caste or thy family, I ask only for a draught of water.' She afterwards becomes herself a disciple of Buddha." As the incident of asking water must have been a common one in the East, this may have been simply a coincidence.

REFLECTIONS.

A PLACID water 'tween the willow trees
Has made a mirror wherein we behold
A perfect image of the beauteous earth,
Now flushing 'neath the sunset's parting glow.
There are the water-lilies yellow, white ;
The fleecy clouds which move in silence by ;
The long lithe grasses sleeping on the wave,
Or lisping a low greeting to the wind ;
While solitary, and with kingly grace,
An aged elm o'erlooks the quiet scene.

There is a medium other than the stream ;
A light compared to which yon orb is pale ;
A beauty fairer than the lily's bloom.
Awaking it to seek the life divine
A spiritual ray illumes the soul,
Whose image is upon the ages cast,
And brightens with the steady flow of years.
O Time ! stupendous mirror of the race !
Revealer of the beautiful and true !
In Thee how clear th' eternal glory shines !

GOWAN LEA.

REGINALD HARLAND:

INCIDENTS IN A GOLD HUNTER'S LIFE.

III.

OUR mules were stolen. This fact meant that we should either have to remain where we were, or else abandon our heavy luggage—a serious consideration. "There's no use in crying over it," said the Doctor, "gone our animals are, and we must make the best of it. By Jove, our locker is not particularly well supplied though. How are we going to live?"

"We can't live here," I answered lugubriously; "that's plain enough to be seen. Our best plan, I think, would be to strike off to the north-west, where some of the miners said they were going. Very likely we shall come across the fellows with our mules, for in all probability they have gone in that direction likewise."

"If you're set upon that plan," said the Doctor, "why all right, but I don't like the idea of it. Let us shoulder our portables and go another way, instead of attempting to follow the thieves to the North Fork. They're a parcel of scamps—let them go. I vote we do a little prospecting on our own account to the southward, where nobody has thought of going. If we strike upon a rich placer, we can return, buy animals and provisions at the first town, and go back and work by ourselves."

To this I assented, and we accordingly set off due north about ten o'clock, journeying over a high table land, almost destitute of trees and covered with chaparral, through which, however, we made our way pretty rapidly.

To tell the truth, we were heartily glad of the change, for the toil of the preceding months had been long and severe—too severe for me, as I was wholly unused to physical toil, and I welcomed the respite with pleasure. The Doctor was hardier, and seemed little affected by the difficult work. Towards evening we left the table land behind us, and entered a broken country covered with a noble forest of pine and red-wood.

As it grew dark, we descended into a slight hollow, through the middle of which bubbled a little spring, and thinking the place suitable for a night's encampment, set to work and kindled a fire, and soon had a cup of tea ready to wash down our supper of dried meat and biscuit. Then we piled more wood on the fire and sat down to the frugal repast as cheerfully as if we had been in the heart of civilization. Yet, as the fire leaped up in a bright flame, reflecting the weird and solemn ranks of pondrous tree-trunks until they were lost in the dark heart of the forest, a feeling indescribably lonely came over us. What unknown dangers might lurk in the gloomy fastnesses we knew not, but none the less our fears were real enough for a time.

However, nothing disturbed us during the night, and early in the morning we started off, over a difficult road, farther to the south. The country was heavily timbered generally, though in places it was very broken and mountainous. During the day we passed many small streams, but none gave any indications of being rich in gold, and we kept on. Late in the afternoon we came to one which appeared to be an insuperable obstacle to our progress, as the cañon through which it ran was very deep and precipitous.

We stood on the edge of a sheer descent of one thousand feet or more, cut through the solid rock. The perpendicular wall offered no means of descent; only a few lichens grew here and there from crevices. Half way down was a narrow ledge of rocks, but it could not help us, for it would be impossible to get down to it, even if the remainder of the distance were easier. Far below the ledge, in the dusk, flowed the little stream, rippling over its pebbly bed on its way to the distant San Joaquin.

"It seems we are done for in this direction," remarked the Doctor lugubriously, as he crept to the edge of the gulf and peered over into its depths; "it would need a parachute to take us down to the bottom of that hole. It might almost be the doorway to the infernal regions, if that little river down there, with its pleasant chattering, didn't take away the notion."

"We can do nothing now until morning," I answered, "for it is nearly dark already; then we can examine the precipice at our leisure, and perhaps we may find a path down somewhere."

We passed the night anxiously like the preceding, minus the tea, for we had no water, and as soon as it was daylight began the search for a path down the steep sides of the cañon. We travelled some distance up-stream without finding much change in the precipitous cliff. A dark and sombre forest lined the edge of the chasm as far as the eye could reach, some trees obtaining a foothold even a few feet over the edge, where they must have obtained their substance of life from the elements of the atmosphere, for their roots had no soil from whence to derive nourishment unless solid granite be capable of imparting it. The opposite side was fringed with forest likewise, only the trees crowded farther down the steep. After skirting the edge for perhaps a mile, we came to a spot where we judged it might be practicable to get down. Here the cliff shelved slightly, and there appeared a trace for some distance down, of what might have been a zigzag path in some bygone time.

We resolved to make the attempt, though it seemed a hazardous undertaking, rather than run the risk of being obliged to go thirty or forty miles down the cañon before finding a likelier place.

Most of the rivers thereabouts have their sources high in the Sierra, from the melting of the snows, and running down the slope to the west, at length pour their clear, ice-cold waters into the fertile San Joaquin valley. Many of these have in the course of ages cut deep beds for themselves through the hard granite, forming long cañons which wind for miles down the slope, and are almost wholly impassable owing to the depth and precipitousness of the walls.

The spot we had chosen, although not quite so sheer as the rest of the cañon wall, was still very dangerous. So smooth were the rocks over which the path led, that a single slip, a false step, or a tumble would have been fatal; for once in motion down that inclined plane there was not a single impediment to stop the fearful slide straight to the bottom. The Doctor started first, jesting about the use of such fearful cracks in good old mother earth's bosom, and I followed soon after, picking my way very carefully along the remnants of the old pathway.

We made slow but steady progress, stopping at intervals to rest, until we had got probably half way, when we found slighter traces of the path and less of foothold. Sometimes I could almost feel my feet slipping down the side of the polished surface faster than was at all pleasant, yet still we kept on. The Doctor seemed, however almost as sure of himself as when we had first started. We were gradually leaving the daylight of the upper world behind us, and a strange weird feeling crept over me as cold gusts of wind came down the cañon, and fluttered my garments and hair. The babbling stream below, whose music began to be plainly audible, was the most comforting sound we could hear in the gloom, for it told us we should not have much further to go.

We went on toiling painfully over the slippery surface, in imminent danger of our lives, until the Doctor came to a dead halt, with a sharp exclamation, and looked around most pathetically.

"What's wrong?" I inquired, striving hard to retain a perpendicular position.

"We can't go down any farther," he said; "the path comes to an abrupt end, and the remainder of the distance—about thirty or thirty five feet I should say—is almost sheer. There's no help for it, we must go back."

Here was a cruel dilemma. We were then nearly a thousand feet from the upper surface, and about thirty only from the bottom, and yet unable to proceed farther. However, it was useless to waste time in deliberation; if it was impossible to descend we should have to return, if indeed it were practicable.

It did not take long to show us that if the descent thus far had been arduous, the ascent would be a thousand times more difficult. I turned and endeavoured to take an upward step, and in the act almost lost my footing. Cold drops of perspiration stood upon my forehead when the danger was over, and I then realized how hopeless a task it would be to retrace our steps to the top of the frowning cliff which towered far above us. Rendered almost desperate by our critical condition, I was about to make another attempt upward, when I was petrified by hearing a heavy fall, an exclamation, and a clatter as if a kitchen range had tumbled upon the rocks—the Doctor was gone. In attempting to turn as I had done, but less fortunately, his foot had slipped, he had tumbled

upon the slippery surface and slid to the bottom with fearful speed, the pack he had upon his shoulders producing the clattering sound as he went.

Before I had time to comprehend what had happened I felt my own feet to be yielding again, and before I could recover myself I too was down, and on the same rapid journey the Doctor had taken before me.

IV.

I ALIGHTED upon my feet, very fortunately, on a strip of gravel which ran along the margin of the tumultuous little stream, and beyond being somewhat shaken and stunned, I was little the worse for the mishap. I had fallen a little distance from the Doctor, and as soon as I recovered myself I proceeded to where he was lying, a horrid fear gathering around my heart as I observed how still and white he looked. He was lying prone upon his face—he had evidently pitched forward after he struck the bottom—with an ugly gash, from which blood was oozing, cut in his forehead. He was quite unconscious, and only for a slight fluttering around his heart I might have thought him dead.

Raising him in my arms I carried him to the edge of the stream, where I bathed and bandaged his cut temple, and then attempted, by the usual method, to bring him back to consciousness. I laboured for a long time without any result—so long that my heart sank within me for fear he was past all help. But at length my efforts proved successful, and I was overjoyed to see him slowly open his eyes. His recovery, however, was slower than I was prepared to see. He lay motionless, his head resting upon my knee hour after hour, until the afternoon was far advanced; his eyes were open, though he saw nothing, his lips moved slightly at long intervals, but I could catch no articulate sounds from them.

I had sat thus since the accident, not daring to move, fearful lest the slightest disturbance might forever extinguish the slight flickerings of life there remained to him. As the sun moved over towards the west and threw his rays against the top of the opposite wall, lighting up for a few moments the sombre granite, I was enabled to examine the character of the place into which we had so undesignedly fallen But the scrutiny failed to bring much comfort. As nearly as I could tell from where I sat, the spot we had chosen for the descent was the only accessible one in the cañon; the whole of the opposite wall within view was nearly vertical; a hundred yards below, the cañon turned abruptly to the left, and at the angle thus formed was so extremely narrow that the stream filled the entire space between the walls and became a rushing torrent; upward both walls became vertical and increased in height very perceptibly. We were in a trap, there could be no doubt about it. When this became clear there suddenly flashed across my vision an imaginary but very probable scene in the years to come, when some exploring party should light upon this cañon, and stumbling over the whitened bones of our remains, almost so to speak, in the bowels of the earth, they would carefully gather them together, bear them swiftly out of the gloomy, dismal place where they had been found, to one of the great relic repositories of the nation, where sallow-visaged savants would speedily affix labels to them, assigning my poor friend and myself as belonging to some far distant geological epoch which had been buried ages before the dawn of history.

This likely fate was not very cheering under the circumstances, though probably the precarious condition of my companion did more towards influencing the depressed and anxious feeling in my mind which afterwards succeeded. It was nearly dark down in those depths ere the Doctor showed signs of re-animation. At last he moved slightly, and spoke a word or two, inquiring what had happened? I asked him if he was in much pain? He answered by slowly moving his arm and pointing to his right side with a grimace which was very expressive.

What was to be done? The Doctor could not be moved—even if I succeeded in finding a path leading to the upper air—for many days. Our provisions were very low and would not last above a day or two, and we should be in imminent danger of starving if our stay were prolonged. I clearly saw there was no hope for us, unless we could attract the attention of some wandering miner who might be passing along the margin of the cañon above. Yet I imagined there would be little probability of that, as we were in an

almost unknown region to which the miners had not penetrated, as far as I could tell.

Raising the Doctor again in my arms, as tenderly as I could, though with all my care the movement seemed to give him infinite pain, I bore him to a little alcove which had been scooped out from the side of the wall, evidently by the action of water, and laid him down, covering his body with my serape to protect him from the dampness and chill air, and then left him for a few moments to gather some drift-wood which I had perceived deposited along the edge of the water, as I had resolved to kindle a fire to dispel the gloom and impart some warmth to our chilled limbs. Before I was half through with the task I heard the Doctor's voice over the sounds of the waters, calling me. Dropping quickly the wood I had collected, I hurried to his side, under the impression that he had missed me and was wondering where I had gone. Bending over him, I inquired if he wanted me? Not heeding in the least, rolling impatiently to and fro, he continued at short intervals to call in a low, mournful cadence, which, in the impenetrable gloom of the alcove, sounded inexpressibly sad. I knew at once the injuries he had received had affected his brain. Abandoning now the idea of the fire, I sank down by the side of my poor friend, taking his burning hands within my own, trying as best I could to quiet his ravings, which were violent at times, and praying that the hours might fly quickly until morning.

I felt sad and helpless; I would willingly have risked my own life to have afforded him relief, but what relief could I bring? What sacrifice could I make? Penned up a thousand feet below the surface, miles from human aid, I was utterly and absolutely helpless. Indeed had San Francisco been within half a mile of the cañon's brink it could have made little difference, for without wings nothing human could rise out of that abyss to the world above. Yet I felt dissatisfied and ill at ease to enact so inconsiderable a part as I was obliged to do. During that vigil in the lonely cañon a revelation was made to me—a revelation so unexpected and strange as to cause me almost to doubt its actual occurrence and attribute it to some vagary of my own mind under the influence of approaching illness rather than to veritable reality. Yet the events of its disclosure are too deeply graven upon my memory for me to entertain a doubt about its having taken place, though the very character of it might well cause me to question the evidence of my senses.

For some hours the Doctor had talked incessantly, though not intelligibly as a rule, often jumbling words of the most opposite meanings together so that no sense could be made of them whatever; at other times he had intermingled some episode of our camp life with other scenes of which I knew nothing, making a curious medley. At length, however, it suddenly occurred to me that his disjointed sentences were approaching a coherency as strange as it was inexplicable.

In order to give you a complete understanding of what the nature of this was, I shall be obliged to revert to an incident which took place many years ago in Bristol, some time before I came to this country.

My father had but two children, myself and my brother Henry, who was some eight years my junior and as wild a lad as could be found, though withal generous and good-natured. Our mother having died shortly after Henry's birth, we were sent to an aunt who resided at Glastonbury, to be taken care of, and the homestead at Bristol was given up. Our father visited us once a month, though rarely staying above a day or so, owing to the pressing requirements of his business in Bristol. Our aunt being an easy-going, good-hearted soul, with far more affection than brains, allowed us to do pretty much as we pleased, and, I suppose, thoroughly spoiled us, for when our father again married, and we were recalled home, one of us was eternally in some scrape or another. Henry, being younger and of a livelier disposition than myself, was the more frequent delinquent. One day, Henry, by some foolishness or other, brought upon himself from our father a severe reproof which he thought was undeserved, and he consequently retorted in a sufficiently rash and inconsiderate tone, I fear, whereupon he was instantly ejected from the house, and told never to show his face there again.

Henry, being a proud, high-spirited boy, did go, and thenceforward never showed his face within the precincts of home. A few weeks after, we heard he had taken passage for New York in a vessel from Liverpool, and a year afterwards a letter came from that

city, penned by a stranger, telling that my brother had met with an untoward death—had been shot at a brawl in a saloon.

Soon after Henry's departure my step-mother died without issue, and my father soon followed her, after the receipt of the news respecting Henry, and I thought I was left alone in the world without kith or kin, as my aunt was then dead too.

So minutely and truthfully did the Doctor detail the part which Henry had taken in this domestic drama, that I could scarcely believe my ears, and was petrified with astonishment. From whom had he heard this? Not from me, for I had not breathed it to living soul. Surely not from Henry himself, for he was not a likely one to tell of his disgrace. Then from whom? I was lost in wonder and could not conjecture farther—it was an enigma beyond my powers to solve. The Doctor had obtained the history from some source or another, and had related it in his delirium, that was an indisputable fact, and one that staggered me. However, a few moments after, the injured man wandered off to another theme, which appeared to be, although somewhat confused, a reminiscence of some bygone painful period of his life. He pictured at first an angry sea, whose high, storm-crested waves rose on every side to the horizon; then came the terrors of a wreck—the insane rush for the boats, the tumultuous crowding and shouting while the boats were being manned and loaded with their terror-stricken freight; then the tossing in the over-laden boat with the breakers dashing over it; then a long pause; then again, in a softened, pitiful tone, he called a woman's name—called it over and over again with a pathos that drew the tears from my eyes. Then another pause and some uneasy turning before taking a fresh start, which began in an entirely different tone—a sort of self-congratulatory chuckle. "Who will know Henry Harland? Ha, ha! Do they think of him at home? I guess not—he was always a wild dog—it was good riddance you know—but he will go back some day—rich! With Marie and plenty of money. Then they'll wish they hadn't turned him away—poor Marie! she must be very lonely," and he came to a halt with almost a sob. What was this? Henry Harland? What reason had the poor wandering wretch beside me to laugh and chuckle over my poor brother's disgrace? And who was this Marie? Doubtless some lady, I thought, for whose favours my brother and the Doctor were rivals—hence the eagerness to have a pick at him? But stay! might not my brother and the Doctor be one and the same individual? If so, he must have been addressing himself in the third person. Still the inference had good grounds. I thought this, however, too good to be true. To have made a mistake would have been terrible.

All doubt upon the point, was, however, soon swept away by what followed—every word I shall remember all my life, for they are carved on my memory with letters of fire. They were the last my brother had spoken to me before he left England. Turning again, slightly and painfully, the injured man clearly and distinctly articulated the following words: "Reginald, never grieve for me when I am gone, for I shall do better away from home, but do not forget me." These words had been ringing in my ears for ten years, mournfully enough. Great Heaven! this must be Henry himself—there could be no doubt about it. The revelation bewildered me—Henry alive and in my arms, when I had for years mourned over his imaginary remains, mouldering in the silence and gloom of the grave. Could it be true? Was I really awake? Was it only a glorious dream, fated to vanish, by and by, forever into the chill and darkness of the terrible cañon? In my great joy I scarcely knew whether it was or not.

When I had recovered from the bewilderment sufficiently to realize what had happened, I cared to hearken to nothing farther. I was filled with one exultant idea alone—Henry was alive and near me, and my heart went out to him, as hearts only can when they welcome back near friends, as from that far off and unknown shore laved by the dark river of death.

I lay upon the granite bed beside him, and enfolding him in my arms, breathed a prayer of thankfulness to God for what He had restored.

Soon after, poor Henry grew quieter, and did not move or speak for a long time. During this interval, I lay thinking over the disclosure, and planning in a feverish sort of way many schemes to scale the cañon's walls, all of which I doubt not would have proved futile upon trial.

I could not conceal from myself the painful fact that there was little chance of any other

alternative than to die together; yet hope was strong, and I eagerly awaited the dawn to make some desperate attempt for Henry's sake.

Our evil star, however, was still in the ascendant, and the almost hopelessness of our position was to be still further increased.

Several times during the preceding twenty-four hours I had been admonished by certain signs, of approaching illness, but trusting it would pass by I had paid little heed. Towards morning, however, I grew rapidly worse, and before the sun rose over the outer world, fever had seized me in its burning folds, and I writhed upon my hard bed in agony. After bearing this excruciating torment until I could bear it no longer, nature happily relieved me, and to the throbbing temple, fierce thirst, and racking pains, there succeeded an interval of quiet, in which the gurgle of the river and gloom of the cañon were intermingled with the sunshine and pleasant voices of home. At length these too faded away, and I knew no more.

V.

WHEN I came back to consciousness, it was a long time ere I could muster sufficient energy to think. The world and all its sorrows and cares seemed to be an infinite distance away, buried in the forgotten past, and from which I was forever alienated. In a dreamy, half-stupid languor, begotten of extreme weakness, I lay for hours revelling with fancies ethereally light, which came and departed without an effort of volition. I existed, and I was conscious of the fact, but it was a mere passive existence, expressive of neither pain nor pleasure. Sometimes dim forms hovered over or near me, but I possessed no interest in them—I did not desire a nearer acquaintance; I was all in all to myself—I only wanted to lie quiet.

Often, in severe struggles for the mastery with disease, the physical powers are left so inert and exhausted, that the patient lies midway between life and death, so that the mere weight of a feather almost, of advantage, will turn the scale either one way or the other. I was left by the fever in just that condition. For the time being it was a drawn battle, neither side having won the victory. Gradually, however, my naturally sound constitution prevailed, and I drifted slowly back once more to the world.

Towards evening of the day of my convalescence, I opened my eyes, and became for the first time during a fortnight, cognizant of things mundane. The first object that met my view was a mild, benignant-looking, elderly lady clad in dark garments, who stood close by my couch, watching me. As she saw I was conscious, she said gently, with a slight Spanish accent: "You feel better, Señor. I am very glad;" and signing me not to answer, she turned and silently left the apartment.

I did not recollect then the circumstances which had happened in the cañon, nor had I the remotest idea as to where I was, or how I had been succoured.

My eyes, with weary lassitude, wandered from object to object which the room contained, but as everything was strange and unfamiliar, I was fain to close them again. I knew nothing of those heavy, black, queerly carved pieces of furniture placed about the room, nor of that effigy of the dead Christ with the crucifix beneath it, nor of the dark, rich hangings at the end of the apartment — no, these were not old acquaintances, but were part of a long dream that would close by and by, and leave me where it began.

Everything the room contained was old and sombre, and had evidently seen better days. The apartment itself was low, void of ornament, and lighted from one window, which opened to the west and let in the last melancholy glory of sunset.

The hangings parted after a short space, and the ladya gain appeared. She said, in her broken English and gentle manner, I was not to talk or disturb myself, and I would soon be better. I had been very ill, she went on, and for two days she had despaired of my life; but the fever took a turn then, and henceforth I began to mend. After saying this, she continued silent until she again departed.

I was attended all through my illness by this lady—the widow of a Spanish gentleman as I afterward learned—and had I been her brother, rather than a forlorn, helpless stranger, she could not have been more kind, or more attentive to my wants. When I was sufficiently recovered to bear the recital, she informed me that I was then at a ranche on the banks of one of the tribu-

taries of the San Joaquin River, and that I had been carried thither by a party of rough miners, who entreated that I should be cared for and have medical attendance, or the fever would soon carry me off, offering to pay any price if consent would only be given. She promised them she would do all she could for me, stating at the same time, that the only medical attendant I could have was herself, for the only doctor in the neighbourhood had gone to the diggings. This kindness on her part seemed to give them vast relief, and one man as he was leaving, in his gratitude, threw down a heavy bag of gold-dust, saying it was for my expenses.

She could tell me, however, little about them ; they had not told her where they belonged, or when they would return—they only mentioned that they had come a long way down the mountains.

Although eager to be gone, to revisit the cañon, and ascertain, if possible, what had become of Henry, I bade farewell to my kind hostess with regret. She had fulfilled her promise well.

I went first to Grizzly Bear Mines, where Henry and I had worked for nearly a year, unsuspecting our close relationship, and then started alone over the same tract of country we had traversed in company two months previously, until I arrived at the cañon into which we had fallen. Retracing our track along the margin, I soon came to the spot where we had commenced our descent, and looking over the brink, I saw no signs of the miners, or indeed anything living. There were the same gloomy depths–the same quiet gurgle of the stream below, as if the dark abyss had never been disturbed since the creation. Knowing that there must of necessity be an easy path somewhere, leading down to its bottom, or I could never have been carried from thence, I proceeded farther up the slope towards the mountains, for some distance, until I reached a lateral cañon, which entered the one I had been following, at right angles. The mystery was solved.

Turning to the left, and following the new one for about half a mile up, I came to a spot where it was practicable to get down. The lateral cañon, although just as deep and abrupt at the point of confluence with the other, was here not more than two hundred feet in depth, with gently sloping sides. Going eagerly to the bottom, I found evidences enough that a party of miners had been at work there, and had turned over the bottom of a dry river-bed for nearly two hundred yards.

It was very probable that some of these miners, when prospecting, had wandered down the lateral cañon to the main one, and entering that, and following its windings some distance, had lighted upon Henry and myself at a most critical moment. But where were these miners now, and where was Henry ? I searched the neighbourhood in every direction, but could obtain no tidings of them—they had all departed.

After leaving this spot, unsuccessful in my search, I visited every mining camp, I believe, in California, in succession, without hearing aught of Henry or those who had so opportunely come to our assistance. They had disappeared as utterly as if the earth had swallowed them up.

* * * *

When I saw that farther search was useless, I started once more to digging, and being very successful, lighting upon several very rich placers, I felt myself, in a comparatively short time, to be in a position to return home. While on my way—as you know I returned *via* Panama and New York—I searched Sacramento and San Francisco, very loth to leave the country without learning something of Henry. But it was all futile, and I gave up the quest, and went on board the steamer which was to carry me away.

In due time I learned what God had in store for me, and, with almost a broken heart, I proceeded to fulfil the duty which I had deemed urgent enough to cause me in the beginning to start for the land of gold ; and then I purchased this property on the banks of the river, far away from the bustle and noise and tumult of the busy town, and taking you, my child, we have lived a peaceful and quiet life since.

Nothing farther was heard of my brother Henry as the years rolled on, and I was almost beginning to believe the episode of the cañon to have been a mere chimera, when you directed my attention to a Dr. Henry Harland's advertisement in a St. Louis paper, which your husband had received. I felt at once that Henry was found. The answer which came to my letter of inquiry corroborated this, and my long-lost brother will be here, thank God, to-night or to-morrow.

The old man ceased, and remained for

some time without speaking. Doubtless, the resuscitation of by-gone scenes gave him pain. His two companions were silent likewise.

This lull within the room made the fury of the storm outside more apparent. The wind howled, the trees groaned louder, the snow fell in blinding drifts.

In a few moments, over the noise of the tempest, came startlingly clear, the sound of sleigh bells. Nearer and nearer they came, jingling gaily, until the sounds were nearly opposite the dwelling, when they suddenly stopped.

"There's Joseph," exclaimed Mrs. Kirby, running to open the street door, to be the first to welcome her long lost uncle.

A few moments after, the bells ring out again, as the sleigh is driven around by the serving-man to the stables, and two muffled, white figures hurry up the garden walk, shake the snow from their garments on the steps, and briskly enter the house.

Henry Harland and his wife find a cordial reception awaiting them, and that night, while the storm raves and moans itself to rest in the darkness, lights could be seen gleaming brightly from the windows of the house upon the hill until a very late hour.

We shall anticipate what the doctor related to his brother the following day after his arrival, and give the substance in as few words as may be.

Filled with resentment at what he considered his father's injustice, he had left his native city for the New World, by the first outward-bound steamer. Arriving in New York without means, he picked up a precarious livelihood, sometimes in one way, sometimes in another, but latterly as a billiard marker in one of the large saloons, for nearly a year, when one night, entering a rival establishment kept by a passing acquaintance, he discovered therein a friend who had given him assistance at various times, sadly intoxicated, and recklessly playing Faro. He soon perceived his friend was being fleeced by as arrant a set of black-legs as ever fingered the ace of spades, and he angrily interfered and endeavoured to get his friend away. Before he knew what had happened, there was a sudden flash in his face and a loud report, immediately succeeded by a burning pain in his shoulder from a pistol bullet; and he knew nothing further.

The friend for whom he had risked his life, now thoroughly sobered, could do nothing (as the villians had decamped) but have the wounded man conveyed to his own home, and being himself a young medical practitioner, he sedulously attended upon him until he recovered.

In the meantime the lodging-house keeper with whom Henry had been staying, hearing a much exaggerated account of the fracas, and seeing no more of his boarder, concluded that Henry was defunct; and as there happened to be a small balance for lodging in his favour, he took charge of the deceased's effects in lieu thereof, quieting his conscience by writing to the missing man's friends in England informing them of the untoward event. To do this, he had doubtless found Mr. Harland's address in an old waste-book which was in Henry's trunk. Howbeit, Henry could account in no other way for the letter having been sent. After he recovered from the effects of the wound, his friend advised him not to return to his former vocation, nor to go near his former haunts at all, and in his gratitude offered to pay his expenses if he would enter college and study medicine. Henry consented, and soon after began the course. In due time he received his diploma and left the college with bright prospects before him. He soon received an appointment to accompany a scientific expedition to South America. After some months' struggling with a sickly climate, he was taken seriously ill, and was advised to return by the first steamer, as the only chance to save his life. Sadly disheartened he complied, and sailed for New York a few days after. Once on the sea, he speedily recovered, and all went well until the vessel encountered a storm in the gulf stream. The steamer became a wreck, the passengers and crew being obliged to take to the boats. Only one of these arrived safely to shore, the remainder having succumbed to the violence of the cyclone, and gone down with all on board. Among the passengers of the remaining boat was a singularly beautiful girl of seventeen, the daughter and only child of a Cuban planter, who had been separated by some fatality from her father when the first rush was made for the boats. This young maiden fascinated Henry Harland, and after they landed, learning from her own lips that now her father was dead she was left alone in the world, he brought her to New York, winning her gratitude by his kindness and delicacy. Here, his

means being low, he was obliged to place her under his friend's protection, who was then married and had forsaken his evil ways; and as the quickest way to better his own fortune he bade her good-bye, promising to return within a year and a half, and left for California.

How he fell in with his brother Reginald at Independence, and accompanied him across the plains, and mined with him through the following fall and winter, leaving with him on their ill-starred prospecting tour which ended in their falling into the cañon, we already know. It remains to be told, how, after lying at the bottom of the cañon nearly twenty-four hours, a couple of red-shirted miners had passed that way by chance, wandering down the cañon looking for gold, and finding them and being unable alone to give them succour, one hurried back to camp to bring help, while the other remained until his companion returned. An hour after, a numerous party of miners arrived on the scene, and carefully lifting them from the alcove where they were lying, conveyed them up the cañon, whose lofty walls grew loftier as they proceeded, until they came to a halt where a lateral cañon opened its tremendous jaws upon them. Then, fording the little stream which emptied into the main cañon, they slowly moved up the slope until the walls decreased in height and gradually fell away until a little valley opened out before them, covered with a carpet of variegated flowers, where two or three white tents could be seen, forming the miners' camp. The next day, after a consultation had been held, it was agreed that one of the two who had been discovered under such peculiar circumstances, should be taken to the nearest ranche, or he would certainly soon die. And so Reginald was carried down the mountains by three stalwart men, who had kindly volunteered for the duty, and Henry was left to take his chances in the camp.

Assisted by a good constitution, he gradually got round again, but it was very long ere he recovered his usual strength. The miners were very kind to him, for these men, rough and uncouth and wild as many of them were, had hearts as tender as their brothers of civilization. As soon as Henry was able to be moved they changed their camp, going about ten miles to the eastward, where they had discovered a very rich gulch, and here they remained until Henry was well. After fully recovering he entered with zest into the absorbing work of digging like the rest, remembering his promise to be home by a certain time, which he resolved should be kept to the letter.

He was very successful, and before the time was ready to return to the States. Not forgetting his companion, however, and wishing to see him ere he returned, he inquired the position of the ranche to which he had been taken. He easily found it, but learned to his regret that Reginald had started off as soon as he got better, and had never returned.

Thinking it a hopeless task to attempt to find him, he left the country for good, and returned to New York, where he arrived safely with sufficient wealth to enable him to marry Marie, for whom he had so early forsaken the land of gold, and to buy a respectable practice in the city of St. Louis, where he lived comfortable and happy until his brother Reginald's letter reached him from Canada. Filled with wonder, he immediately set off, accompanied by his wife, although it was midwinter, arriving at his brother's home, as we have seen, late one night in the midst of a snow-storm.

After remaining two weeks with Reginald in Canada, the Doctor was obliged to return home, but he was accompanied by his brother, who spent the remaining years of his life alternately between Brantford and St. Louis.

R. W. DOUGLAS.

THE WITCHES OF WARBOYS.

ABOUT four miles from the monastic town of Ramsey, in Huntingdonshire, at the northern edge of the fen district, stands the pretty village of Warboys. With its ancient church, and its clay-built and reed-thatched houses, its general appearance, notwithstanding the existence of a few modern dwellings, is probably much the same as when Sir Henry Cromwell, the uncle of the Protector, used to pass through it on those stately progresses between his mansion of Hinchinbrook House and Ramsey Abbey, which earned for him the title of the Golden Knight.

In 1589, there lived in Warboys a wealthy landowner of ancient family, named Throckmorton, who, with Sir Henry Cromwell, the lord of the manor, owned nearly the whole of the parish. About fifty years before, the manor of Warboys, with possessions of the rich Abbey of St. Mary, Ramsey, had been granted to Sir Richard Williams, nephew of Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, whose name he took on inheriting such portions of the plunder of the monasteries as escaped the greedy clutch of Henry and his ministers, when his uncle paid with his head for the homely face and too portly figure of the King's German bride. Sir Henry Cromwell, grandson of Sir Richard Cromwell, or Williams, appears to have been on friendly and intimate terms with his neighbour Throckmorton, whose family at the date of our story consisted of his wife, five daughters—of ages from ten to eighteen—and about a dozen servants. In the same parish there also lived John Samuel, an old man, who, with his wife and daughter, Alice and Agnes Samuel, cultivated a small farm.

Into the minds of this quiet rural community there entered, on November 10th, 1589, a cruel delusion which resulted in the frenzied terror of two households, and the shameful death on the scaffold of an entire family.

We cannot introduce the subject to our readers in better words than those of the pamphlet before us, which was published in 1593, and is entitled "The moast Straange and Admirable Discovery of the Three Witches of Warboys, arraigned, convicted and executed at the last Assizes, at Huntingdon, for the Bewitching of Five Daughters of Robert Throckmorton, Esquire, and divers other persons with sundrie Divellish and Grievous Torments; and also for the Bewitching and Death of the Ladie Cromwell. The like hath not been heard of in this Age! London, 1593."

After giving some particulars of the family history of the Throckmortons, we are told, that "About the 10th November, 1589, Mistress Jane, one of the daughters of the said Master Throckmorton, being neere the age of ten years, fell upon the sodaine [sudden] into a strange kind of Sickness, the manner whereof was as followeth: Sometimes she would neese [sneeze] very lowde and thicke for the space of halfe an houre, and presently, as one in a great Trance and Swoune, lay quietly as long. Soone after she would begin to toss about her Limbs and Body, so as none was able to keep her down: Sometimes she would shake one Leg and no other Part of her, as if the Paulsie had been in it: Sometimes the other or one of her Armes: and soone after her Head, as if she had been inflicted with the running Paulsie."

In this way she had continued to be affected for several months, without any witchcraft being suspected, when old Alice Samuel called to pay a visit of neighbourly inquiry, and was taken into the room where the sick child lay. The old woman wore a black knit worsted cap, and the child, observing it, said to her grandmother, who was present, "Grandmother, looke where the old witch sitteth: did you ever see one more like a witch than she is? Take off her black thrumbed cap, for I cannot abide to looke on her."

This foolish fancy of a child, rendered irritable by illness and long confinement, was the first germ of the monstrous suspicion which was to cost three innocent lives. However, for the present it passed unnoticed; and it was not till after Dr. Barrow of Cambridge, "a man well known to be excellent skilful in Phisick," had been consulted re-

specting the child's disease that her parents remembered her words. This gentleman, finding that the various medicines prescribed by him had no effect, attempted to conceal his ignorance of the disease and its remedy, by suggesting "that he had had some experience of the malice of some witches, and that he verily thought there was some kind of sorcerie and witchcraft wrought towards this child.". For the age in which they lived the Throckmortons do not seem to have been superstitiously inclined, for even this suggestion of the doctor made very little impression till, "one month after, at the very same day and house," two more of their daughters were seized with the same malady, and complained in the same manner of Mother Samuel. Soon afterwards the youngest daughter was seized, and then the oldest, whose sufferings were much more severe than those of her sisters. The disease then attacked the female servants, six of whom were at different periods afflicted in the same way. All agreed in declaring that the painful and violent symptoms were greatly increased by the presence of old Alice, to whose malign influence they ascribed all their sufferings. Such a concurrence of testimony could not fail, in that age, to convince the most sceptical, and the parents—and indeed the whole neighbourhood—became seriously alarmed.

In the following February, Gilbert Pickering, Esq., a brother of Mrs. Throckmorton, visited his Warboys relatives. The particulars of the mysterious illness were soon communicated to him, as well as the charges made by his nieces and the servants against Mother Samuel. Mr. Throckmorton, who was evidently a just and kind-hearted man, was reluctant, even then, to believe a charge so foul against his poor old neighbour. But he yielded at last, and consented that his brother-in-law should go to her house and persuade or compel her to visit the sick-room, so that his guest, in whose opinion he placed much confidence, might be able to judge of the truth of the circumstances.

The old woman at first refused to go, but gave in to a threat of compulsion, and, accompanied by her daughter Agnes and one Cicely Rawder, a suspected confederate, entered the hall. No sooner had she done so than three of the sisters, who had been affected but had quite recovered, "fell down on the ground, strangely tormented, so that if they had been let lie upon the ground they would have leaped and sprung like a quick [living] pickerel, newly taken out of the water." Then one of them—Jane—having been taken up-stairs and laid on a bed, began to scratch the counterpane, repeatedly crying, "Oh, that I had her! Oh, that I had her!" On this her uncle Pickering fetched poor old Alice, "who came as willingly as a beare to the stake," to the child's bedside, and desired her to put her hand to Jane's, which, however, she steadfastly refused to do, though he and others set her the example, whose hands "the child would scarce touch, much less scratch."

The terrified old woman was not, however, allowed to evade this crucial test of her guilt. "Without any malice to the woman, but only to taste by this experiment, whereto the child's words would tend, Master Pickering did take forcibly Mother Samuel's hand and did thrust it into the child's hand, who no sooner felt the same but presently she scratched her with such vehemence that her nayles brake into pieces with the force and earnest desire she had for revenge." Mr. Pickering then covered the old woman's hand with his own, yet the child would not scratch his hand, "but felt eagerly for that which she missed, and mourned bitterly at the disappointment." All this time her eyes were closed, and her face turned from Mr. Pickering and the old woman, and pressed against the bosom of a servant who held her down on the bed. "How then," our author triumphantly asks, "could she possibly distinguish the hands presented to her except by the directions of the evil spirit which possessed her?" A dull prosaic person might reply that even a child of ten could tell by touch alone the shrivelled fingers of an old woman from the smooth, plump palm of her elder sister, or the masculine hand of her uncle.

But this was far from being the only proof given by the evil spirit of its presence and agency. As might be expected it was especially rampant at prayer-time, or when grace was said or the Bible read. It was evidently a spirit of a bold and daring nature, and, unlike most of its congeners, who disappeared at the invocation of a holy name or the making of a sacred sign, it scorned to fly even from a long sixteenth century sermon. It was not afraid of being catechised, and answered readily, by signs, all the ques-

tions put to it. When Jane was asked, "Love you the Word of God? she became so excited that two women could hardly hold her; but at, Love you witchcraft? she seemed pleased. Love you the Bible? again it shook her. Love you papistrie? it was quiet. Love you prayer? it raged. Love you the masse? it was still. So that whatsoever good thing you named it misliked; but at whatsoever concerned the Pope it seemed pleased and pacified."

We are not surprised at the intimate connection between the Pope and Satan in the minds of these honest people, when we remember the date. Little more than a year had elapsed since the Armada, equipped by the most powerful monarch on earth, and blessed by the Pope, had sailed from Spain to re-enact if possible on our English shores those truly satanic deeds, which sixteen years before had dyed French soil with the blood of thousands of her noblest sons. No wonder that in small matters as well as great ones our ancestors of that generation were apt to suspect a close friendship between Pope and Belial, and to think that where one was present he would surely speak a kind word for his absent friend. In French and Spanish witchcraft trials of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, we find the compliment returned. The Devil is always represented as the chief ally and supporter of heresy, and the victories of Drake, Hawkins, and Raleigh over the soldiers of the true faith, are invariably ascribed by contemporary Spanish historians to his direct assistance.

When the extraordinary occurrences in the Throckmorton household had been for some months the talk of the neighbourhood, Sir Henry Cromwell and his family returned from London, and in due course Lady Cromwell visited her Warboys friends. "She had not been long in the room when, *as they were wont to do when any came to see them*, they all fell into their fits and were so grievously tormented that it pitied that good ladie's heart to see them, whereupon she caused Mother Samuel to be sent for; taking her aside, she charged her deeply with this witchcraft, using also some hard speeches to her, but she stoutly denied them all, saying 'that Master Throckmorton and his wife did her much wrong so to blame her without cause.' Ladie Cromwell, unable to prevail with her by good speeches, sodainly pulled off her kerchief and taking a pair of sheeres clipped off a locke of her hair and gave it privily to Mistress Throckmorton, willing her to burn them. Whereupon the witch, perceiving herself so ill-used, said to the ladie, 'Madam, why do you use me thus? I never did you any harm *as yet*.' The same night Ladie Cromwell was strangely tormented in her sleep by a cat, which cat Mother Samuel had sent unto her, which cat offered to plucke off all the skin and flesh from her arms and bodie." Considering how the lady had been engaged during the day the real wonder would have been for her to have passed a dreamless night. But events graver than troubled dreams were to follow the meeting, memorable both for Lady Cromwell and Mother Samuel. "Not long after the Ladie fell very strangely sicke, and so continued until her dying day which befell in the space of a year and quarter after her being at Warboyse. The manner of her fits being much like to the children's, and that saying of Mother Samuel, 'Madam I never hurt you as yet' would never out of her mind."

The fits of the girls still increasing in violence and frequency, the Throckmorton family began to urge the old woman to confess herself guilty. This she steadfastly refused to do, though the girls said the spirits told them that by this means alone could they be restored to perfect health, and although their parents promised forgiveness and threatened prosecution if she remained obstinate. "Also Master Donington, Doctor of Divinity, and parson of the parish of Warboyse, did moast lovinglie and painfullie entreat her to have mercie upon her soule and bodie, now in danger of moast grievous punishment in this life and after death." All was in vain. The poor old creature's only answer was, "That she would do for the children all the good she could, but for confession of this matter she would not, for it was a thing she never knew of nor consented thereto."

The inevitable catastrophe of this miserable medley of superstition, ignorance, and imposture was now at hand. The girls were tired of playing a part which, while it gratified to the fullest extent their love of deception and notoriety, must have been a constant physical and mental strain of the most wearisome character; while the poor old victim of their wickedness, harassed by solicitations, alternately soothed by promises and alarmed by threats, at length gave way, and fell on her knees, entreating Mr.

Throckmorton to forgive her, and confessing that she was the cause of his daughters' sufferings. Scarcely had she uttered the words when three of them, "who were then in their fit, and had so continued for the space of three weeks, wiped their eyes and instantly stood upon their legges, being as well as ever they were in their lives."

The next day, being Sunday, the old woman repeated this confession publicly in Warboys church. Here the matter might have ended, for Mr. Throckmorton appears to have been a humane man, and by no means desirous of imbruing his hands in the blood of his old neighbour—aggrieved though he must have been by the thought of his daughters' sufferings for the last three years—had she not given fresh cause of offence and released him from his promise by retracting her confession next morning. He immediately went to her and threatened her with arrest if she did not renew her confession. Threats and entreaties were alike unavailing, and he at last, with much reluctance, gave the two Samuels, mother and daughter, in charge to the constable, to be taken before the Bishop of Lincoln, in whose diocese Warboys was then situated, and who was then residing a few miles from Huntingdon.

They were examined by the Bishop and two justices, but poor old Alice, being now thoroughly alarmed, told a strange story about a spirit called Langland, who had no dwelling, but was then "beyond sea," confessing that he appeared to her in the form of a dun chicken. After this she was committed for trial at Huntingdon Assizes.

The two women remained in prison, without being admitted to bail, till January 9th, when Mr. Throckmorton, entertaining doubts as to the guilt of the daughter, applied to the quarter sessions for permission "to baile out the maide, and to have her home to his house, to see if such evidences of wicked dealings with evil spirits would appear against her as had before appeared against her mother."

After some demur his request was granted, and Agnes Samuel accompanied him home. A few days later the girls "fell all of them afresh into their fits, and then the spirits did begin as plainly to accuse the daughter as ever they did the mother, and did tell the children that the old woman had sent over her spirits to her daughter, and that so she had bewitched them all over agayne."

In one respect poor Agnes was treated worse than her mother, being subjected to severe scratchings from each of her supposed victims. This was considered an indubitable proof of supernatural agency, but for which we might find a more commonplace explanation. These scratchings were always foretold by those who inflicted them. The eldest girl also predicted that the fits would cease whenever Agnes Samuel should say, "I charge thee divel, as I love thee, I am a witch and guiltie of this matter, that thou suffer this child to be well at present." This, we are told, was repeatedly tried before a variety of witnesses, and was always attended with instant success, though the words had no effect when spoken by any other person.

Agnes appears to have been induced to confess with much less difficulty than her mother. Probably the experience she had had of the scratching powers of six vigorous young vixens assisted greatly in overcoming any obstinacy. By employing the same arguments, they persuaded her to confess, not only that she was a "worser witch than her mother," but that since her mother's confession she had bewitched Mrs. Pickering of Ellington, a married sister of Mr. Throckmorton.

Last of all the spirits began to accuse John Samuel, the father. Precisely the same charges were made against him; but, in his case, no amount of scratching, threats, or cajolery could wring a confession from him.

On April 5th, 1593, John, Alice, and Agnes Samuel were arraigned before Mr. Justice Fennel "for bewitching of the Ladie Cromwell to her death, and for bewitching of Mistress Joane Throckmorton and others." Against them appeared as witnesses, Dr. Donington, parson of Warboys, Thomas Nut, M.A., Vicar of Ellington, the father, uncle, and aunt of the Throckmorton girls, several female servants, and one or two neighbours. Truly a cloud of witnesses by whom, says our author, "the before related proofs, presumptions, circumstances, and reasons, with many others too long to write, were at large delivered, until both the judge, justices, and jury said openly that the cause was most apparent, and that their consciences were well satisfied that the sayd witches were guiltie and deserved death."

As to John Samuel, ocular proof of his guilt was exhibited in court, "For Joane Throckmorton, happening at the time of his

trial to be seized with a fit, she was brought into court and set before the Judge, who was told that there was a charm, which if old Samuel would but speake, the sayd Joane would presently be well." The prisoner was therefore ordered by the judge to repeat the charm, but this he positively refused to do, till threatened that if he persisted in his obstinacy, the court would hold him guiltie of the crimes whereof he was accused." In other words, after being permitted by law to plead "not guilty," he was compelled by the judge to confess his guilt.

Seeing it useless to contend against this determination to convict him, the poor old man at last complied, and repeated the formula, "As I am a witch, &c., which words were no sooner spoken by Samuel than the said Joane, as was her wont, wiped her eyes and came out of her fit. The judge immediately observed, you see, all, she is now well, but not with the musicke of David's harpe."

We must not forget that the spirit had previously told Jane Throckmorton that she should have this fit in court, and that she should not come out of it until old father Samuel had pronounced these words.

At the place of execution Alice Samuel confessed her guilt, and that her husband had assisted her in the invocation of the spirits. Agnes warmly asserted her own innocence, which her mother stoutly maintained, though seemingly quite indifferent to her own and her husband's fate. John Samuel resolutely denied all complicity in the crimes laid to his charge, and showed much indignation against his persecutors, saying that his wife "was an olde simple woman, and that one might make her by fayre or foule words confess what they would." Posterity will agree with this stout-hearted victim of the ignorance and credulity of bishops and judges

As lord of the manor of Warboys, the goods and chattels of the Samuels were forfeited to Sir Henry Cromwell. They amounted in value to £40., a considerable sum at that time for persons of their rank. But Sir Henry, dreading possibly the existence of some diabolical infection in the property of such felons, and forgetful of the good old maxim, "Non olet nummus," gave them to the corporation of Huntingdon, on condition "that they should pay forty shillings yearly to a Doctor or Bachelor in Divinity, of Queen's College, Cambridge, to preach a sermon against witchcraft, in the All Saints' Church, Huntingdon, on the Annunciation of the blessed Virgin, and to teach the people how to discover and frustrate the machinations of witches and dealers with evil spirits"

This sermon continued to be preached till within the last fifty years; but for more than a century before its discontinuance, as the belief in witchcraft died out among the educated classes, it became an address against superstition and credulity.

Such are the particulars of three of the most cruel murders ever perpetrated under legal forms in any country. We cannot recall another instance in our own history of a whole family being put to death for this imaginary crime.

What cannot but strike a nineteenth century observer is, the deliberate manner in which all the rules of evidence were constantly violated by all concerned in these trials. In all ordinary cases, these rules were probably as well understood and practiced then as now. Had the crime of which the Samuels were accused been larceny or burglary, they would, no doubt, have found as just and careful judges under Elizabeth as under Victoria. But as soon as this imaginary offence is imputed to them, the silliest tests, the most absurd presumptions, and the most malicious and self-contradictory statements are accepted as evidence; and to crown all, a judge on the bench compels a man being tried for his life to repeat a confession of his guilt. What a hold must this absurd belief have had on all classes when men of judicial habits of thought, and accustomed all their lives to weigh evidence and balance probabilities, could not see that a crime, demanding from its investigators such a constant suspension and perversion of the usual tests, and evidences of guilt, could from the very nature of things have no existence.

A. SPENCER JONES.

SUCH A GOOD MAN.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE.

Authors of 'Ready-Money Mortiboy,' 'The Golden Butterfly,' 'By Celia's Arbour,' etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE CITY DINNER.

THE Master and his two Wardens are in the anteroom receiving the guests. They are surrounded by a Court consisting of officers, chaplain, and the Livery. It is not an ordinary Company dinner, but one of their great banquets. A foreign ambassador is present; a cabinet minister, who will give the dinner a political significance, and perhaps drop a hint in the matter of Eastern politics; there is the latest thing we have to show in the way of a soldier who has seen service, and actually commanded an army; there is one of the oldest extant specimens of the ancient British admiral, bluff and hearty; there is a bishop of pronounced Evangelical opinions, he of Bamborough; and there is a dean, who is declared by his enemies to have no opinions at all. There are also two or three of the City clergy, who perhaps rejoice to make of these banquets an occasion for fasting and mortification of the flesh. There is a man of science, on whom the clergy look askance, because he has lately uttered opinions which as yet they do not see their way out of; there are many rich men; there are no artists and no representatives of literature, because the Lord Mayor works off both these classes of humans in two dinners, which is, the Lord knows, sufficient honour for them, and City Companies know nothing about literature or art. There is a full gathering of the Livery; there are servants in gorgeous costumes; there is a lavish abundance of costly flowers; there is the brightness of innumerable gas-jets, playing in wood carvings on picture frames, losing itself in massive furniture and heavy carpets of triple pile. Everything is solid, magnificent, and rich. To be one of the guests standing in the semicircle round the Master and Wardens is to feel for the time that you have hitherto lived in a dream, that your balance at the bank, whose supposed exiguity has frequently given you so much anxiety, is in reality a splendid sum of five figures at least—else, how could you be in such company? that the suburban villa has no existence, and the pre-matrimonial dinginess of Gray's Inn, never, in plain fact, existed; that your whole life has always been spent in and naturally belongs to such palaces as this abode of the City Company; that your every-day dinner, your plain cut of mutton with a glass of thin claret, as you have always supposed it, has really been from the very beginning such a banquet as you are about to assist at; and that doubt, insecurity, anxiety, necessity for work have no real existence at all in the order of things. Because the air that you breathe, the aspect of the guests, the sonorous names which ring like massive gold coins, and the place you are in fill you with the sense of the fatness which is stable and abiding.

Guest after guest, they come crowding in singly and in pairs. His Highness of Hyderabad, Ek Rupiya Dao, ablaze with diamonds. His Excellency the Minister for the Republic of El Dorado: did his smiling and courteous Excellency, in his own tropical retreat beneath the palms of that much borrowing country, ever dream in his wildest moments of such a dinner as he is about to put away? and does he feel that his presence, recorded in the daily papers, will assist the new loan? The Ambassador of Two Eagle Land, said to be the most courteous minister ever sent to London—also said to be the greatest of—but that is calumny. The Archbishop of Kensington: doth monseigneur seek for new converts, or doth he desire to make up for the rigours of Lent, now happily finished and got through? and would he mind repeating for the general benefit that capital story which he told his companion just before his carriage stopped, its last smile still playing round lips too solid for austerity? The Lord Bishop of

Bamborough, our own prop, stay, and comfort in matters spiritual, regards his Roman Catholic Brother-Father (is that quite a correct way of putting the relationship?) with eyes of distrust, as if he feared to be converted on the spot by some Papistic trick and so be disgraced for ever. The Rev. Cyprian Chancel, who is about to suffer martyrdom through the new Act. He has prepared his face already, walks with his head on one side and his hands up, like a figure out of a church window, and looks as if he was about to go straight to a red-hot fire and blaze cheerfully, though slowly, round an iron stake. "I remember when they plucked Chancel at Cambridge for classical honours," whispers a voice at my right. His Reverence hears the remark and he winces. Touch a Ritualist on the subject of intellectual distinction, and you revive many old griefs of pluckings sore, which many times he bore, and a lowly degree taken ignobly among the common herd. This is a sad memory for one who has become a leader of—women, old and young. Mr. Gabriel Cassilis. The figure seems familiar to me. He is tall and rather bent; he carries a gold *pince-nez*, with which he taps his knuckles. The great financier, said to be worth, in the delightful metaphor of the last century, a couple of Plums at least. Happy Gabriel Cassilis! Was there not some talk about his wife and a man named Lawrence Colquhoun? To be sure there was; and she married the old man after all, and now Lawrence has come back again to London. Wonder if there will be any scandal? Who is that with him? Mr. Gilead P. Beck——hush—sh—sh! thin tall man, with lanky legs, shrewd face, full of curiosity. Lucky American who struck "ile" in Canada: owner of Petroleaville: said to be worth a thousand pounds a day: goes where he likes: does what he likes: might marry whom he likes: some nonsense about selling himself to the devil for a lucky butterfly. What a thing—of course without the bargain with the Evil One, which no well-regulated mind would approve of or consent to—to have a thousand pounds a day! If nothing else, it makes a man a law unto himself: he can do what he likes. Wonder why it can't do away with the laws of nature? With a thousand pounds a day, a man ought to be able to live, in youth and vigour, till he grew quite tired of things and became ready to revisit the dead and gone generations of his early centuries. Think how delightful it must have been for Methusalem to see again in the Champs Elysées the friends of his youth, remembered after so many hundred years. Even Old Parr must have had some such strange welcoming of long-forgotten friends and playmates who had been turned into dust, ere he began to feel old. Three hundred and sixty-five thousand pounds a year! And all got out of "ile," you said? Dear, dear! Really the atmosphere of this Hall is Celestial—Olympian. We are among pinnacles—Alps—of Greatness.

A buzz of expectation: a whispering among the guests: a murmur which at the slightest provocation would turn into applause and shouts of acclamation: a craning forward of necks: a standing up on tip-toe of short-legged guests in the background: a putting up of eye-glasses. Hush! here he comes.

Sir Jacob Escomb.

The Master and the Wardens bow low: lower than when they received the Secretary of State for Internal Navigation: lower than for the Ambassador of Two Eagle Land: lower than for him of El Dorado: a great deal lower than for any bishop or clergyman: lower even than to that light and glory of the earth, the successful striker of Canadian "ile."

Sir Jacob Escomb!

He is a man of a commanding presence, tall, portly, dignified in bearing; he is about fifty-five years of age, a time when dignity is at its best; he has a large head, held a little back; hair still abundant, though streaked with grey; a big and prominent nose, great lips, and a long square chin. His eyes, you might say, did you not know him to be such a good man, are rather hard. Altogether, it is the face of a successful man, and of a man who knows how to get on in the world. The secret of that man is the secret which that other philanthropist, Voltaire, discovered pretty early in life and published for the benefit of humanity—it is that some men are anvils and some hammers, that it is better to be a hammer than an anvil; or, leaving the metaphorical method, that those who make money cannot pile it up fast unless they make it out of the labours of other men.

Sir Jacob knows everybody of any distinction. He shakes hands not only with the Bishop of Bamborough, but also with

him of Kensington; he is acquainted with Mr. Cassilis and already knows Mr. Gilead P. Beck. Sir John Sells, Sir Solomon Goldbeater, Sir Samuel Ingot, the Indian prince, Ek Rupiya Dao, and the Rajah Jeldee Ag Lao are all known to him, and the clergy are to a man reckoned as his private and intimate friends. Therefore, for the brief space which remains before dinner is announced, there is a general press to shake hands with this greatest of great men. Those who cannot do so feel small; I am one of the small.

Dinner! Welcome announcement.

I am placed at the lower end of the hall, the end where those sit who have least money. Sir Jacob, naturally, is near the Master. In the open space between the two ends of the great horse-shoe table is a piano—a Grand, of course. In the corner of the hall separated from Us, the aristocratic diners, is a screen behind which you may hear, perhaps, the sounds of more plates and the voices of other guests. They are, in fact, the four singers and the pianoforte-player, who are, after dinner, to give us a small selection of ballad and glee music (printed for us in a little book in green and gold) between the speeches. They dine at the same time as ourselves, that is allowed; but not, if you please, in our sight. We all draw the line somewhere. In the City the line is drawn at professional musicians, people who play and sing for hire.

Grace, with a gratitude almost unctuous, from the chaplain.

Turtle, with punch. My next-door neighbour is a thin, tall man. From his general appearance, which suggests insatiable hunger, I am convinced that he is going to make a noble, an Enormous dinner. He does. He begins magnificently with three plates of turtle soup one after the other, and three glasses of iced punch. He has eaten and drunk enough at the very commencement of his dinner to keep an English labourer going the whole of one day, an Italian for two days, a Syrian for an entire week. What a great country this is where the power of eating expands with the means of procuring food! After the third plate of turtle he turns to me, and begins talking about Sir Jacob Escomb. "There is a man, sir," he says, "of whom we have reason to be proud. Don't talk to me of your lords—hereditary legislators: your bishops—ah! backstairs influence: and your foreign counts and excellencies—counts and excellencies! A beggarly lot at home, no doubt. Our great men, sir, the backbone of wealthy England, are such men as Sir Jacob Escomb. Self-made, practical, with an eye always open for the main chance, full of energy, the director of a dozen different concerns."

"What are they, then?" I asked in my innocence, for though I had heard of this man, I knew not what soldiers call "his record."

"He is an ironmaster at Dolmen-in-Ravendale, he has the principal share in a coal-mine, he has a great office in the City, he is a gigantic contractor, he has built railways over half Europe."

"Pardon," said a foreigner opposite; "you are speaking of Sir Jacob Escomb? Would you point him out to me, this great man?"

We indicate the distinguished Englishman with not unnatural pride in our country. "A—ha!" said the foreigner, putting up his glasses. "That is the Sir Jacob Escomb who made our railways for us. *C'est très remarquable.*"

"Good railways, sir, no doubt," said the thin man. "You were very glad, I suppose, to get the great Sir Jacob?"

"Good? I do not know." The foreigner shrugged his shoulders "They carry our troops, which was what we wanted. The cost was not many millions above the contract price. We borrowed all the millions for those railways from England. It is good of England to lend the world money to help carry troops, very good. I am glad to have seen this man—great in England."

"And with all his wealth," the thin man went on, helping himself largely to salmon, "such a good man!" He shook his head with an expression of envy. Who could aspire to so much goodness? It was more than one man's share.

I got no more conversation out of that thin man, because for two hours and a half he continued to eat steadily, which gave him no time for talk. And to drink! Let us do him justice. He drank with as much zeal as he ate, and with equal impartiality put down champagne—the Hammerers' champagne is not too dry—sauterne. chablis, madeira, hock, and sherry—they gave us manzanilla. A glass of port with the cheese—the port at the Hammerers' is generous and

fruity. More port with the desert: claret after that. Then more claret. He was indeed a truly zealous defender of City privileges, and ate and drank enough for twenty. I thought of poor old Ebenezer Grumbelow (whose history I have already narrated elsewhere), and how he would have envied this great and splendid appetite.

Presently the end of dinner actually arrived. Then the harmonious Four came out from behind their screen, having also well eaten and much drunken, and began to tootle, and we all talked together. The thin man on my left looked much thinner after his enormous dinner than before. This is a physiological peculiarity with thin men which has never been explained. Fat men expand with dinner. Thin men contract. He seized a decanter of port, and, with a big bunch of grapes, settled down to quiet enjoyment. The foreign person with the eyeglasses looked about him and asked who the illustrious guests were and what each had done.

"The Queen." There is no doubt about the Hammerers' loyalty. We are ready to die for our Sovereign to a man.

The harmonious Four chant "God save the Queen."

"The Army and the Navy," There is no doubt about the efficiency of both, because both the General, who has commanded an army, and the Admiral, who has hoisted his flag in the Mediterranean, both say so, and we receive their assurances with acclamation. "But your army is so very small," urges the person of foreign extraction, "and as for your fleet—why there are torpedoes. When you can put 500,000 men into the field, we shall begin to be a little afraid of you again. But, pardon me, nobody is afraid of England's little toy which she calls an army." Very odd that some foreign persons think so much of large armies and have such small belief in money.

"Her Majesty's Government." Cabinet Minister—Secretary of State for Internal Navigation—in reply, assures us that all is going on perfectly with the best of all possible Governments. Never anybody so able as the Chief, never any man so adroit as the Foreign Office man, never anything managed with such diplomatic skill as the Eastern Question. War, unfortunately, could not be prevented, but we are out of it—so far. British interests will be maintained with a strong hand. Of that we may be quite sure. Meantime, we are preparing for the worst. Should the worst occur, which Heaven forbid!—he is perhaps revealing a State secret, but he may tell us that the forces are to be strengthened by five hundred men, and two new gunboats are now upon the stocks. (Rapturous applause.) We hammer the table, sure of our country. Says the foreign person, "The British interests mean, I think, whatever you can get people to give you without going to war. How long will you keep what you have got unless you fight for them. Two gunboats. Bah! Five hundred men. Bah!" The odd thing about foreigners is that they never appreciate the British belief in the honesty and generosity of their neighbours. That comes of being too civilised, perhaps. Other nations have to be educated up to the English level.

"Our illustrious guest, the Ambassador for Two Eagle Land." Nothing, it appears, is more certain than the firm friendship which exists between England and the illustrious guest's own country. That is most reassuring. "Friendship between two nations," says the absurd foreign critic opposite me, whose name is surely Machiavelli, "means that neither thinks itself strong enough to crush the other. You English," he goes on, "will always continue to be the friend of everybody, so long as you kindly submit everything to arbitration, because the arbitrators will always decide against you." It is very disagreeable, after dinner too, to hear such things spoken of one's country.

The musicians give us, "All among the Barley."

"The Church." The Bishop of Kensington bows courteously to him of Bamborough, as to an enemy whom one respects. The Bishop of Bamborough assures us of the surprising increase in the national love for the Church of England. We are overjoyed. This is a facer for Monseigneur of Kensington. Foreign person listens admiringly. "He is what you call 'Ritualist?'" he asks. "No; he is Evangelical." Ah! he does not understand these little distinctions. The Church does not interest him.

"The industries of England." Applause is rapturous, when Sir Jacob Escomb slowly rises to reply, and solemnly looks round the hall.

"So rich a man," says my friend on the left, who has eaten his grapes, cleared off a

plateful of early peaches, and is now tackling a dish of strawberries with his second decanter of port. He is thinner than ever. "So rich: and such a good man!"

"England," begins Sir Jacob, after a preamble of modesty, "is deservedly proud, not only of her industries, but also, if I, an employer of labour, be permitted to say so, of the men who have built up the edifice of British wealth. And if this is so, what, I ask, is England's duty? To civilise, by means of that wealth; to use that gold in doing GOOD." (Hear, hear!) "And how can the rich men of England do GOOD?" He lays tremendous emphasis on the word *good*, so much emphasis that it must be printed in capitals. "Are they, for instance, to go up and down the lanes and by-ways seeking for fit objects of relief? No. That, my lords and gentlemen, were to make an ironclad do the work of the captain's gig. Their business is, as I take it, to distribute cheques. Are people, anywhere, in suffering? Send a cheque. Are soldiers lying wounded on a field of battle? Shall we go to war with the lying and hypocritical Power which has caused the war, and prevent, if we can, a recurrence of the wickedness? No; that is not the mission of England. Send a cheque. Is a society started for the Advancement of Humanity? I am glad to say that such a society is about to start, as I read in the papers,—for I have not myself any personal connection, as yet, with it,—under the presidency of that distinguished philanthropist, Lord Addlehede, whom I am proud to call my friend—send a cheque. The actual work of charity, philanthropy, and general civilisation is carried out for us, by proper officers, by the army of paid workmen, the secretaries, the curates, the surgeons, and such people. The man of wealth directs. Like the general, he does not lead the troops himself; he sends them into battle. I go even farther," Sir Jacob leans forward very solemnly, "I say that the actual sight of suffering, disease, poverty, sorrow, brutality, wickedness, hunger, dirt, want of civilization generally, is revolting—simply revolting—to the man of wealth. His position must, and should, secure him from unpleasant sights. Let him hear of them; and let him alleviate—it is his mission and his privilege—by means of his cheque."

There is so much benevolence in this assemblage that Sir Jacob's philanthropic speech is loudly applauded. Only the dreadful foreign person lifts his hands and shakes his head.

"By his cheque!" he repeats in admiration. "He will advance humanity—by his cheque. He will prevent wars—by his cheque. He will make us all good—by his cheque. He will convert nations—by his cheque. He will reconcile parties—by his cheque. He will make the priest love the Voltairean—by his cheque. *Enfin*, he will go to heaven—by his cheque. He is very great, Sir Jacob Escomb—a very, very great man."

"Sir," said the thin man on my left, who had now entered into the full enjoyment of his third decanter—this wine is really very generous and fruity, as I said before—probably wine of fifty-one—"he is more than great. There is no philanthropic, religious, or benevolent movement which is complete without Sir Jacob's name. There are many Englishmen of whom we are proud, because they have made so much money; but there is none of whom it may be said, as is said of Sir Jacob, not only that he is so rich, but that he is SUCH a good man."

CHAPTER II.

GLORY AND GREATNESS.

THE breakfast-room of Sir Jacob Escomb's town house, one of the great houses on Campden Hill which stand in their own gardens, set about with trees, like houses a hundred miles away from the City, was a large and cheerful apartment, whose windows had a south aspect, while a conservatory on the east side intercepted the wind from that hateful quarter. It was furnished, like the whole of the house, with solidity. No new-fashioned gewgaws littered the rooms in Sir Jacob's house; nor did the pseudo-antique rubbish carry the imagination back to the straight-backed times of Queen Anne. There were heavy carpets, heavy chairs, heavy tables, very heavy pictures of game and fruit, a massive mirror, in an immense and richly-chased gold frame, and a sideboard which looked like one mass of solid mahogany, built up out of a giant trunk

cut down in the forests of that Republican synonym for financial solidity and moral strength, Honduras.

Although the furniture is heavy, the sunshine of May—actually a fine day in May, without any east wind—streaming through the windows, the bright colours of painted glass and exotic flowers dazzling enough to be painted too, the small clear fire in the grate, and the white breakfast cloth, make the room cheerful by itself. It would be cheerful, you feel, even if it were weighted by the presence, the solitary presence, of the great Sir Jacob himself, portly, important, self-sufficient.

It is nine o'clock in the morning, and there are already two in the breakfast-room, Julian Carteret, Sir Jacob's ward, and Rose Escomb, Sir Jacob's niece. Stay; not two people; only one, as yet. Only Julian Carteret, reading the paper at one of the three windows.

There were once two Escomb brothers. The name of the elder was Jacob, that of the younger Peter. They were the children of a factory hand; they were put into the mill as soon as they could be of any use. They were, by some accident, a little better educated than most of the children round them. There was not much book-learning for them, to be sure, but they learned something; perhaps their father was a man with ambitious tendencies, whose development was checked by drink; perhaps they had a mother who cared for her boys beyond the care of most Lancashire factory women; this point in the history of the two Escombs is obscure, and has never been cleared up by any voluntary revelations on the part of Sir Jacob. "I have made my own way in the world," he is not ashamed to own. "I began with nothing, not even a good education. My father was a poor man; my grandfather and all before him are unknown to me." That was the general confession which any Christian might make. To go into particular confession, to poke about in one's memory for the details of forgotten poverty, the squalid house, one of a row of wretched red brick monotonous houses; the evenings, when the men were in drink and the women all speaking together on the curbstone, in that Shrews' Parliament, or Viragos' Convention, which met on every fine evening; the days in the factory, where

> "All day the wheels are droning,
> Their wind comes in our faces,
> Till our hearts turn—our heads with pulses burning,
> And the walls turn in their places."

The absence of education, the rough words, rough food, harsh treatment—it is not pleasant even for a wealthy and respected baronet to recall these things. Therefore, and not, I believe, with any desire to hide his former poverty and its depths, which indeed only enhanced his present greatness, Sir Jacob did not go into details when he spoke of his childhood.

The most important thing about their education was, they both learned a lesson which our boys are more and more in all classes of society learning. Forty or fifty years ago it was not even understood. Consider the importance of it. It was the great, the precious, the never-to-be-sufficiently-impressed-upon-a-child Duty of Discontent. That the present position was a hard one; that it might be improved; that in this fair realm of England there is a career open to every one provided he is discontented with his lot—that was the lesson which the two brothers learned. It stimulated one to study, to work, to invention, to enterprise, as he grew older; it only fell upon the other like a dull clog round his neck, making him uneasy under his burdens, and unable to shake them off. In a word, the elder, Jacob, advanced in life; the younger, Peter, save that he became a foreman, remained where he was. That is generally the way with things; the same teaching produces entirely different effects. What made Jacob rich, only made his brother unhappy.

Both brothers married. Peter led to the altar a woman in the same station of life as himself. He imparted to her his grand secret of discontent, and they both lived in great unhappiness together for twenty years. They had several children, but what with bad smells and bad milk, the infants all died except one, a girl, whom they named Rose. Rose was a bright, healthy girl, who at thirteen or so was rather a hoyden, which mattered little in those circles; fond of playing with John Gower, who was two or three years older than herself, whenever John could find time to play with her; not plagued with much learning, but sharp and clever. Before she was fourteen, something—say those bad smells—carried off both her pa-

rents, besides a whole batch of friends. In fact, half the street migrated to the other world as if with one consent. Those smells were really too overpowering. Anything was better than a continuation of such a nuisance; so they all went away, leaving their children, husbands, wives, and friends behind. Old and young went away together. Among those who stayed behind was little Rose Escomb, whose uncle, the grand and prosperous Jacob, sent for her to be educated under his own superintendence, and to be adopted by him. Jacob, now exalted to the rank of baronet, married a good deal later than his brother Peter. In fact, it was not till he was past forty that he began to think of the step at all. He was already a wealthy and well-considered man, with plenty of that Discontent hanging about him still. He chose his wife for prudential rather than for amatory considerations. He found a certain widow with a property, all her own, of thirty thousand pounds in the Funds. She was his own age, of good family connections, of good temper, with an extremely high opinion of herself, and with excellent manners; just the woman to put at the head of his table. The money was all settled upon herself.

Lady Escomb took a great fancy to her niece, this half wild uneducated girl from Lancashire. She sent her to school, the best school she could find. She was kind to her in the vacations; and had the good sense when she died, which unhappy event took place a year or two before the time of my story (that is, about the year 1874), to leave all her money to Rose, on the sole condition that she married with the consent of Sir Jacob. If she failed to keep that condition, the thirty thousand pounds were all to go back to her husband.

All this brings me back to the breakfast-room on Campden Hill, and we will take the opportunity, Julian Carteret being there alone, of looking at him.

A strong face, you would say; a face with regular features, and those not weak; clear-cut nostrils, square forehead, firm lips, and a square chin, which is perhaps a little too long; the hair curly and short, after the fashion of the time, a heavy moustache and shaven chin, with short, square whiskers; dressed in the regulation style, which is that of the last year of grace, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-six. A good-natured face, too, brimming over with peace and contentment, and just now full of *malice*, which is French for fun, because the owner hears steps in the room, and knows whose the steps are, and waits for what acrostic readers call more light, that is to say, for information of what the owner of the steps has done, where she has been, and what she thinks about things in general. The steps are, in fact, those of Rose. She wears a riding-habit, because she has just returned from her early ride in the Park. A pretty girl, a very pretty girl, indeed; a girl calculated to make the hearts of young men to dance, and the pulses of fogies to quicken; a girl of nineteen, the age when womanhood and girlhood meet, and one feels the charms of both; the innocence and freshness of the one, with the assurance and self-reliance of the other.

It is Rose Escomb's second season. I do not know what hearts she broke in her first campaign, but I do know that she came out of it scatheless herself. Perhaps Julian Carteret, who went through it with her, knows the secret of her escape. Not that they are lovers; not at all; but they have been a good deal together for the last year and a half or thereabouts. Julian belongs to the house, in a way; it is a great thing for him to sleep in the house when he pleases, to dine there if he pleases, to feel that luncheon is spread for him as well as for Rose and Mrs. Sampson, who is Rose's chaperon in ordinary; also, it is not unpleasant to feel a kind of protectorate over the girl, acquired by this constant companionship. But in love? Rose would be the first to laugh at such a notion; to laugh first, and to become a little thoughtful afterwards, because, when you come really to think of it, Julian is very nice, much nicer and cleverer than most young men. But then Julian is—well, nobody at Campden Hill even looks on Julian Carteret as a marrying man. He is Sir Jacob's ward, too; and it matters nothing, of course, to Rose whether he marries or whether he does not.

Julian became Sir Jacob's ward through a second-cousinship, or something of that kind, with Lady Escomb. He is, like Rose, an orphan, and Sir Jacob is his guardian and sole trustee. By the terms of an uncle's will he has an allowance of five hundred pounds a year until his twenty-fifth birthday, when he is to come into full possession of the very handsome fortune of seventy thousand pounds which his father was good enough

to save up for him. The extension of the period of wardship until five-and-twenty is explained in the will. "And whereas it is my desire that my nephew and heir, Julian Carteret, shall not have the excuse of extreme youth to plead should he waste his patrimony in debauchery or folly, and because I hope he will use the four years between twenty-one and twenty-five in the acquisition of sound and useful knowledge in gaining experience and prudence, and in laying down a plan for the future conduct of his life, I will that his fortune should be held in trust for him by Sir Jacob Escomb, Baronet, and shall not be handed over to him until the day when he arrives at his twenty-fifth birthday. And until that date he shall receive the sum of five hundred pounds a year, paid quarterly, from the said Sir Jacob Escomb, Baronet."

As a student, perhaps, Julian Carteret has not been an unqualified success. He went through Cambridge quietly and without any kind of distinction: he was called to the bar two years after taking his degree, but he did not propose to practise, and had but a limited acquaintance with the English law: he had travelled a good deal: he had a great many friends, and very few enemies, which is the general rule with good-natured men: his aims, if he had any, lay in the direction of personal ease and comfort: he abhorred trouble or worry: he despised benevolence as he saw it in Sir Jacob Escomb: and he would fain have lived in a land where there were no poor people, no noisy people, no canting people, no active people: where the servants should move noiselessly: where there should be plenty of Art accessible: and where he could set up his lathe and work quietly. For the one thing this young man cared for in the way of work was mechanism. He was a born mechanic. Reuben Gower, Sir Jacob's secretary, often compared his hand, which was broad and strong, with his own. Both, he said, were the hands of mechanics. And he could do cunning things with his lathe.

Rose sees him sitting in the window, and steals softly so that he shall not see her—but he does see her, or rather feels that she is in the room and near him—and throws her handkerchief over his eyes. "I know that is Rose," said Julian, lazily, behind the handkerchief. "No one but Rose could have the impudence to blind my eyes."

"Tell me, blindfold, what you have been reading," says Rose. "Repeat the leading article by heart."

"That is very easy, because, in this paper, it is always the same thing. England is to be swallowed up by the Russians first, the Germans next, and the French afterwards. What little remains of us will be taken by the Japanese.

"That is rubbish," said Rose, taking the handkerchief from his eyes. "Do you like this rose? I just picked it in the conservatory."

"The manliness is gone out of Englishmen," Julian went on in a sing-song tone, "the honesty out of English merchants, the enterprise out of English brains, the fair day's work for a good day's pay can no longer be got out of English workmen, and—ah! this is more dreadful than anything else—the beauty of English girls is a thing of the past."

"I wonder if it pays to write that kind of thing?" said Rose; "because, you know, it is too desperately silly. And yet some people must believe it; otherwise, I suppose, the very clever men who write for newspapers would not have written it. Tell me, sir, is the beauty gone away from—me?"

There was no need to reply. If there was any exception wanted by which to prove the rule of the pessimist paper, Rose Escomb would have furnished that exception. She has thrown off her hat, and her light hair, blue eyes, sunny face, and slender figure are well set off by the black riding-habit, which becomes her so well. In her hand she carries a rose-bud, which she is "trying on" in her hair, at her neck, in her waist, wherever a girl can stick a rose.

Julian rises slowly—he is a very lazy young man—and surveys his guardian's niece with indolent gratification. Perhaps if he did not see her every day there might be a little more vivacity in his tone:

"For a picture, Rose," he says, "for a single picture of a young lady, I don't know where to find a better study than you. You would do for one of those things which they sell in shops—young lady—you know—coloured photograph. You might be tapping at a door with a letter in your hand; or standing on a chair, with gracefully trailing skirt, to feed a bird; or musing in a garden, also with a letter in your hand—'Yes, or no?' or in a field, blowing off the petals of a daisy—'Is it he?' or in any of the attitudes

which you see in the shop-windows. A girl might win fainter praise than that, Rose. You would look well in a picture, but I like you out of a picture best."

"Thank you for so much," said Rose. "How is it you are up so early, Lazy Lawrence?"

"Woke," he replied, with a faint yawn. "Remembered, all of a sudden, that you would be going for your morning canter; thought I would go too—sunny day—breezy in the Park—freshen a man; got up—came down. Thought better of it when I was down—thought of the fatigue. Been reading the paper instead."

"You are really a Lazy Lawrence. What are you going to do all day—sit on the sofa and think about what the paper says?"

"Fulfil the condition of my uncle's will," he replied solemnly—"I am going to study."

She laughed.

"His uncle gives him all his fortune on the condition that he studies until he is five and twenty."

"And he does study."

"In order that he may choose his career at a comparatively mature age."

"He has chosen his career," says Julian, sitting down again.

"Have you really, Julian?" She is surprised by the announcement. "What is it? Are you going to be a great statesman, I wonder, or a great lawyer, or a great—no, you can't be a great theologian!"

"No," said Julian, "no; I do not think I shall be a great theologian."

"A great philanthropist, perhaps, like——"

"Like your uncle, Sir Jacob? No, no; I hardly think I should look well on a platform spouting to the waxy faces of Exeter Hall. Why are good people always wax-and-putty-faced? You shall guess my career, Rose."

"I cannot, Julian. Give it me by weekly instalments in double acrostics, with a prize at the end of the quarter, and a big dictionary to guess the words with, and I will try."

"Listen, then; maiden, hear my tale." Julian sat as dramatically as the position allows. "I was to prolong my studies till twenty-five. It wants three weeks to my twenty-fifth birthday—you know how hard I have studied—then I come into my fortune—which does not look, by the way, nearly so big now as it did when one was further off—and I choose my career."

"What studies!" laughed Rose. "Oh, wicked pretender!"

"My uncle did not specify my studies, so I chose them to please myself. From eighteen to twenty-one I studied at Cambridge: there I learned how men look at things, and how they talk about them; also I learned how to play whist, racquets, tennis, and loo—all athletic and valuable games; learned to row—a most useful accomplishment; learned to bet—a safeguard against rogues and turf-sharpers; and forgot what I had learned at school, down to examination-point—that was a good deal of useless information well got rid of. I also learned how to get into debt."

"Go on, most industrious of students."

"At twenty-one I came up to town. I have since learned very little, because the University of Cambridge, rightly and intelligently used, as I used it, really does, as they say, finish one's education. After three years there, I had no more to learn. But one can put into practice what one has learned. To satisfy the clauses of the will I became a law-student, and have never since opened a law-book; and, to get through the time, I have been globe-trotting—all round the world in a hundred and twenty days. Now the time has come, and with it the career—the Time, the Man, and the Career."

"Well?"

"The Career, Rose, is—to do nothing—a Nothing-doer—a Waster of the golden years—an Idler by profession. Other men may become members of Parliament, and sit up all night listening to dreary talk, and for their pains get abused by the papers—not Julian Carteret; other men may waste their time writing books, and for their pains get down-cried and misrepresented by the critics—not Julian Carteret; other men may wade through dull law-books and wrangle in courts of law, and for their pains scrape money together to spend after the time of enjoyment has gone by—not Julian Carteret; others may work and pile up money in trade for their children to spend—not Julian Carteret. And then, there is the new profession—that of the man who goes about doing good——"

"Julian, you must not sneer at philanthropy."

"Doing good: standing on a platform to talk; getting up after dinner to talk; giving money and supporting societies; mixing

with the snuffy women who want to 'hellup,' as they call it; talking their cant with the broken-down adventurers who live on the charitable world; content to enjoy such a reputation as that kind of thing can give—pah! the unreality of it, my dear Rose, the unreality of it!"

"But there are exceptions, Julian—my uncle, for instance——"

"Oh, your uncle, of course." Julian laughs a little short laugh. "Everybody knows what a good man he is. But I cannot follow him, even at a distance. No, Rose; my career will be, to do good to myself alone. I shall have a town house—not a very big one—one of the houses, say, in Chester Square; and I shall go away every winter to Sicily, to Southern Italy, to some of the places where there is no winter, but, instead, a season where the sun is only pleasantly warm and the flowers are sweetest. There I shall live undisturbed by cackle, cant, or care, amid such art as I can afford, and such artistic people as one can get together, and so by their help gather from every hour its one supreme rapture. I shall live for pleasure, Rose; all the rest is a flam—a humbug—a windbag—whatever you like!"

"Julian, that is a selfish life. You must not forget the duties. I won't say anything about doing good, Julian, if you dislike the phrase; but there are the poor, whom we have always with us."

"Yes," he replied irreverently, "that is just what I dislike. The poor! They belong to a different world: *they* work, *we* play; they wake up tired and go to bed more tired, we wake up refreshed and go to bed happy; they toil for their masters, we neither toil nor spin. We are like the lilies of the field. There is but one life in this world for all of us, rich or poor. Make the most of it: you who are rich, get what you can out of every moment; let there be no single day unremembered for lack of its distinctive joy; keep your heart shut to the suffering which you do not see and did not cause; never think of the future——"

"Oh, Julian," Rose interrupted him, "is that the creed of a Christian?"

Julian shrugged his shoulders.

"*Je suis philosophe*," he said. "Well—but there is one thing wanting in my life, Rose. I have planned it all out, and I find that it won't do without one little alteration. You see, Rose—you see—you see, it never does do to live alone—not good for man, as you have often read—and I want, to complete the ideal life—a partner!"

Rose was startled.

"I must go and take off my riding-habit," she said.

"Not for a moment, dear Rose. How long have you been staying with your uncle? Six years since you came here—wild-eyed, timid Lancashire lass of fourteen; and since your last home-coming from school a year and a half. We have been together, you and I, pretty well all that time. Do you think you know me well enough, Rose—well enough for me to put one more question to you?"

She was silent, and he took her hand.

"One more question, dear Rose. You know what it is going to be. Could you be my partner in that ideal life?"

She hesitated; then she looked at him with frank, clear eyes, which went straight to his heart.

"Julian, I *could* not live that life that you have sketched—a life without either sympathy or duty."

"You would not be happy with me—and with love? Speak, dear; tell me the truth."

"I should be—O Julian!"—he drew her gently to himself, and her head fell upon his breast—"I should be too happy; I should forget the people from whom I sprang. You know who my father was, Julian—a poor mill-hand once, and never more than a foreman. I belong to the poor: I must do what I can for my own class. I am only a jay dressed in borrowed plumes—only half a lady."

"Is that all, dear Rose? You are afraid of the ideal life? Why, you could never, never go back to the old Lancashire days; you have grown out of them; you no more belong to the people now than I do."

"But still I am afraid of your ideal life—all enjoyment."

"Then I give up my ideal life. Let it all go—art, pictures, sunny slopes of Sicily, vineyards, villagers dancing, flowers, and *contadine*. Rose and love are worth them all. We will live in England if you like, even through the east wind, and I will give you a cheque for your poor people every day. That is what Sir Jacob says is the only way to practise

charity. See, here is his speech at the dinner last night of the Hammerers' Company, with a leading article on the subject."

But she shook her head.

"You may give them money, and ruin their self-respect. What you must give them, if you want to help them, is—yourself."

"Dear Rose! I will even do that, if you will give—yourself—to me."

She made no reply, but she made no resistance when he drew her closer and touched her face with his lips.

Then he let her go, and they started asunder guiltily.

Ten o'clock strikes as a big footman brings in breakfast. They are not early people at this town-house, but they are punctual. At a quarter to ten, prayers, read by Sir Jacob to all the household; at ten, breakfast.

Steps outside: Lovers like a peaceful solitude. When they hear steps they start asunder, like a couple of spooning turtle-doves.

Ten o'clock is striking as a footman brings in breakfast. He is a very big footman, and of majestic deportment. We are not early people at Sir Jacob Escomb's, because there is so much to do at night that we get to bed, as a rule, late. But we are punctual. Prayers at a quarter to ten, conducted by the chief, no other; breakfast at ten.

Perhaps, when Charles Plush, the big and solemn footman, opened the door, he saw something which awakened his suspicions; perhaps it was an accident. In either case, the fact remains that the fall and smash of a cup and saucer caused that couple to separate hastily. Rose thought she had been discovered, when Charles opened the door, arranging flowers in a vase; Julian, that he had been found reading the morning paper. The best of us are but purblind mortals.

In a certain hotel in a certain watering-place, whither newly-engaged and newly-married couples do much resort, and where, such is the contagion of the atmosphere, people often get engaged, it is said that the waiters have strict orders *always, and without any exception whatever*, to announce their presence outside the door, and before opening it, by dropping a plate. It is a thoughtful rule, and has saved many a blush to the cheek of the young person. Perhaps Charles had been a waiter at that establishment. If not, the expedient did equal credit to his head and to his heart. The damage done to the crockery in the hotel of which I speak is always charged in the bill, and no objection has ever been raised to the item, except once, by a Scotchman, who was dining with an aged aunt. He paid it, however, after grumbling, with the remark that it was "just too rideeculous."

Breakfast brought in, Sir Jacob and Mrs. Sampson followed.

"Not at prayers, Rose?" says the good man severely, as she salutes him.

"Not at prayers my love?" echoes Mrs. Sampson, her companion and chaperon.

"No, uncle, I came in from my ride, found Julian here, and did not know it was so late."

"Good morning, Julian. You, too, might have remembered the hour for family worship."

Julian said nothing.

Sir Jacob looked through the papers during breakfast often, to see whether his own speeches were properly reported. This morning he was gratified in finding his remarks at the Hammerers' Dinner reported in full, with a leading article on "English Benevolence." There were no debates, and the columns were open to philanthropic outpourings, to correspondence, and to general palaver. The papers despatched, he turned to the letters, of which a pile of thirty or forty lay at his elbow. Those which related to business he laid aside, to be taken into the City; those which were concerned with the "doing of good," he kept before him, and read one by one, with verbal comments.

"We take holiday, Mrs. Sampson," he says—"thank you, a slice of toast—but the good work never ceases. Always demands for money—money—money. Lady Small-beer, her Nursing Institute. General Screw-loose, his Home for the Healthy. A lady once in easy circumstances, a new church, new organ for old church, surplices for choristers. Pensions for Evangelical Parish Clerks' Society; the Beadles' Benevolent Building Society; Protest of the Aborigines Protection Act against the thrashing of a Fantee by a serjeant, during the late Ashantee War——. Well, well, these are the daily letters of a philanthropist. The luxury of doing good is tempered by its labours. I have a platform at twelve, a luncheon at two, a committee at four, a dinner, unless I can get off it, at seven."

"We all know, Sir Jacob, the enormous, the incalculable claims upon the time of a public man, who is also a philanthropist."

"It is true, Mrs. Sampson," said Sir Jacob, laying his hand heavily on the table, partly, perhaps, to attract the attention of Rose and Julian, who were talking in low tones at the other side of the table, "most true, Mrs. Sampson; and yet, you would hardly believe it, madam, I was yesterday solicited to stand for Parliament."

"Nay, Sir Jacob," said Mrs. Sampson, "not the Lower House? I trust you know your own worth too well to become a member of the Commons."

The compliment went home. The Baronet bowed, because he had nothing to say, and was, indeed, too much pleased to find immediate words. He returned to his tea and toast and letters. The Lower House! The Upper House! Why not? Sir Jacob Escomb, Baronet, owner, nay, creator, of the great works of Dolmen, in Ravendale. Why should he not become Baron Dolmen of Ravendale? The thought was new, and for the moment bewildering. Jacob, first Baron Dolmen of Ravendale! with, unfortunately, no sons to inherit. But the title might be passed on to Rose and her husband, and their children.

He looked at Julia Carteret and smiled.

"Your speech of last night, Sir Jacob," said Mrs. Sampson, glancing through the paper, "has given rise to much comment."

"Ay, ay; and yet a simple speech."

"There is a leading article upon it here, I see. Respectful in its tone, even if hardy, or rather, audacious, in its criticism. For the kind of thing, Sir Jacob, perhaps it might amuse you."

Mrs. Sampson spoke as if the paper which would venture to criticise Sir Jacob was presumptuous beyond expression, and as if the only right thing was for writers of leading articles to receive humbly the crumbs of wisdom which might fall from such a great man, and to go lowly, upon hands and knees, before this Golden Calf and other Golden Calves.

Sir Jacob took the paper from her, and read the article.

Mrs. Sampson, the lady who occupied the position of—not housekeeper, not matron—say, President of the Domestic Department to Sir Jacob, was a person apparently about forty years of age, young-looking for her years, with a soft voice, bright eyes, and a full, comfortable figure. She was doubly a widow, having lost two husbands, and she looked as if she was ready to imperil the life of a third. A pleasant, good-natured, happy-tempered widow. She thought, quite honestly, that Sir Jacob was the best and wisest man in all the world.

Before breakfast was finished, a card was brought to Sir Jacob.

"'Mr. Bodkin,'" he read, through his double eye-glasses; "'Mr. Theophilus Bodkin.'" He laid wondering emphasis on the Christian name.

"Henry Theophilus Bodkin, Sir Jacob," said Mrs. Sampson, with a sigh. "You have seen my old friend, Henry Bodkin—his second name is Theophilus—an admirer, from a distance, of your philanthropic devotion."

"Henry Bodkin? I believe I do remember him. Charles, I will see Mr. Bodkin here."

If any one, that morning, had been asked to describe Mr. Bodkin, he would begin by comparing his face with that of Swift's mute, who, the more his master raised his wages, the jollier he looked. There was an enforced and compulsory gravity, battling with a strong, natural disposition to laugh and be happy, which showed that something good, something unexpected had happened to the man. He was dressed in a suit of solemn black, of almost clerical cut, and looked a clergyman very nearly, save that he wore a black tie. He was apparently between forty and fifty; his face was clean shaven, and his hair was turning a little grey.

He made a deep bow to the philanthropist.

"Sir Jacob Escomb," he began, with a voice of great solemnity, "I have come thus early in the hope of seeing you without wasting your time." Then he saw Mrs. Sampson. "Lav——, I mean, Mrs. Sampson, I hope you are well. Miss Rose, I am your most humble servant. Mr. Carteret, I trust you, too, are in good health."

"Have you taken orders, Bodkin?" asked Julian. "The last time I saw you, I think you were——"

Mr. Bodkin waved his hand with a deprecatory gesture.

"Never mind the last time, Mr. Carteret; we must not waste Sir Jacob's moments. He is not interested in the circumstances of that interview."

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Sampson. "Let me give you another cup of tea, Sir Jacob."

"I come here, Sir Jacob," Mr. Bodkin began again, "as a delegate. I am, in fact, commissioned by Lord Addlehede—you know his lordship?"

"Surely; we all know that excellent nobleman."

"He is the President of our new society—my new society," he looked at Mrs. Sampson with something like a wink, "for the General Advancement of Humanity. Of this noble society I have the honour to be the secretary. Lord Addlehede came to the office early this morning—in fact, before canonical—I mean, office hours. Fortunately I was there. He held in his hand, Sir Jacob, a copy of this morning's paper, in which is reported your speech at the Hammerers' Company."

"Ay, ay?" asked Sir Jacob. "Yes: they are reported. And yet my words were hardly intended to go beyond the circle of their hearers."

"Sir Jacob's words," murmured Mrs. Sampson, "are too precious to be lightly heard and tossed away. They must be treasured up."

"You are very good to say so, Mrs. Sampson. Pray go on, Mr. Bodkin. Will you not take a chair?"

"Thank you, Sir Jacob. As a Delegate or Deputation, it is perhaps more fitting that I should stand. Lord Addlehede called my attention to the startling fact that you had actually alluded to the newly-formed Society. 'You must instantly, Bodkin,' said his lordship, 'secure Sir Jacob. Go to him with my compliments. Catch him before he starts for the City. He must be had before we move a step further.' So, Sir Jacob, I am here ——"

"Yes," Sir Jacob spoke slowly. "To give the weight of my name, if indeed it has any weight"—here he smiled, while Mrs. Sampson and Mr. Bodkin murmured. Julian and Rose, breakfast finished, were standing among the flowers in the conservatory—"since, then, it *has* some weight, is a serious and even a solemn thing. You propose a Society for the General Advance of Humanity—an advance along the whole line, I suppose. But you will have to select points at which to commence."

"Lord Addlehede has suggested the British Cabman. We are to begin the improvement of humanity by improving the cabman."

"Yes." Sir Jacob still spoke thoughtfully. "Who are on your committee?"

"At present, Lord Addlehede only; but here is the general prospectus, with a few suggested names." Mr. Bodkin drew a paper out of a well-stuffed pocket-book.

"Yes—yes. The Bishop of Cackle and Mull—a good man. Sir Chirpington Babble, a sound speaker. The Hon. Gushington Gatheral—I have frequently stood on the same platform with Mr. Gatheral. Major Borington—I think you have made a mistake here, Mr. Bodkin," said Sir Jacob. "Major Borington is a man who uses, I fear, philanthropy for purposes of self-advancement. He has pushed himself into a—a certain kind of notoriety by platform oratory."

"Indeed, Sir Jacob—really—had Lord Addlehede only known it. But it is not yet too late. The Major has not been formally invited. Lord Addlehede thought he was a leader among the philanthropic world."

"It is not too late," said Sir Jacob, thoughtfully. "There are many men, I am afraid, like Major Borington, who climb the ladder of reputation by an assumption of benevolence."

"Surely, Sir Jacob," Mrs. Sampson expostulated, "there cannot exist such men. Pray take another cup of tea."

"Ladies, madam, are not versed, naturally, in the arts of ambitious men." He spoke as if his own reputation for philanthropy were founded on a solid and disinterested basis quite beyond suspicion of selfish ends. "However—about the management of the Society, Mr. Bodkin."

"We have secured a first floor in a commanding position in Queen Victoria Street. Lord Addlehede has signed the agreement. We have furnished our two rooms solidly. Lord Addlehede has bought the furniture. We have had our brass plate put up at the door. Our prospectus is in the press. We begin with a hundred thousand, and keep the type standing: and while I am here five-and-twenty girls are writing addresses for us on wrappers at sixpence a hundred."

"That looks well. And what will your own salary be?"

"I am to begin with—ahem!—with five hundred a year, paid quarterly, in advance. Lord Addlehede has advanced the first quarter's stipend."

Mr. Bodkin slapped his pocket with a

cheerfulness which was undignified, but which he could not wholly subdue.

"Ah! It is moderate for an energetic man. And are there any other—advantages in the position?"

"We *have* agreed, Lord Addlehede and myself," Mr. Bodkin replied, with a little hesitation, "on a commission—merely nominal—of seven and a half per cent. on all donations. We expect very large support. It is nothing less, Sir Jacob, than an organized attempt to civilise the world. Nothing like organisation in all charitable and benevolent attempts. As you yourself said, Sir Jacob, in your admirable speech of last night, 'Let the men of wealth assist the good cause—with a cheque.' To you, no doubt, it would be revolting to witness the depths from which we propose to rescue the British cabman. You, Sir Jacob, could not be expected, as our agents will have to do, to follow the cabman from the mud of the rank to the —the mire of the mews: from the mire of the mews to—alas!—to the public-house: from the public-house to his stably home above the mews."

"Certainly not," said Sir Jacob, with dignity.

"And therefore, Sir Jacob, I am deputed by Lord Addlehede to invite you to join him in forwarding the Society."

"You may put down my name, Mr. Bodkin."

"Certainly, Sir Jacob." The secretary produced his notebook and pencil. "Certainly, Sir Jacob. For how much?"

"As one of the Vice-Presidents, Mr. Bodkin." Sir Jacob gathered up his papers. "I shall perhaps not return to dinner, Mrs. Sampson, unless I can escape my engagement. Good-morning, madam. Good-morning to you, Mr. Bodkin."

"Lavinia!" escaped from the impassioned lips of the secretary, almost before the door was closed.

"Henry, is this real?"

"Real, Lavinia! Is this prospectus real? Is this cheque—pay to the order of Theophilus Bodkin, Esq., one hundred pounds—on Coutts and Co.—signed Addlehede—is that real? Look at the cheque. Observe the Coutts and Co.—Coutts and Co.—Coutts and Co. in small writing all over this delicious and artistic piece of paper."

"Oh, Henry!" There was a languishing softness in Mrs. Sampson's tones which suggested bygone passages.

"You look younger, Lavinia"—Mr. Bodkin stood a little way off, looking at the lady with a critical air—"younger than ever. There are some women who improve, like Stilton cheese, by keeping Others, again, go off like—like beer kept standing in a mug."

"And there are some men, Henry——"

"You think so, Lavinia? Do you really think so? To be sure, I am not getting bald, like some young fellows of five-and-forty. And I'm not very grey, considering."

"Henry Bodkin, you are looking better and stronger than you did ten years ago when I saw you just before I——" Here she put her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Before you married your second, Lavinia. It was a cruel blow. I always looked forward to being your second."

"We must blame fortune, Henry. It was just then that you failed in the coal agency line."

Mr. Bodkin shook his head.

"Pardon, Lavinia. The coal failure was before you married your first. On the last occasion, if you remember, I had just become bankrupt in my select Commercial Academy. Ah! that scholastic institution. There, indeed, the corporal punishments were like Cook's Tours, because they were personally conducted, and always by the principal. It is an ennobling thought. But it is all real, Lavinia. The Society is as safe as the Bank. Lord Addlehede is good for the salary and the rent. Ritol de rol——. If need be, I will hire a cabman, the most profligate of cabmen that can be found, aud pay him by results, as he improves. We shall have the gratitude of all the Bishops on the Bench. And now, Lavinia, the obstacles are removed. For the first time in my career there is a permanent income before me. The first and the second are both gone—pardon my abruptness. Sensitive being! My Lavinia weeps. We will take a cottage on the banks of the silver Surrey Canal. There will our lives glide away——"

Mrs. Sampson rose to meet the ardour of her glowing love, and fell, hiding her blushes, upon his shoulder.

"Do you remember," he said, "when you heard my first declaration of love—when I was twenty-four and you were twenty-two!"

"Eighteen, Henry. You are thinking of the second."

"We were sitting by the edge of the canal, near the coal wharf of your late lamented papa, and the setting sun was streaking with rays of red and gold, like a mixture of beetroot and yellow lettuce, the cordage and sails of your papa's fleet, five splendid barges lying at anchor on the bosom of the pellucid stream."

"I remember," murmured Mrs. Sampson. By this time she had resumed her seat and wonted tranquillity, though she allowed her lover to hold her hand. "It was the sweetest moment of my life."

"We compared the barges to the Spanish Armada. It was when I was beginning life, after a romantic and agitated youth, as travelling agent for Pipkin's Compound Patent Pills. 'Pipkin,' I said, when we parted—Pipkin was in temper, I remember. 'Pipkin,' the worst your worst enemy can wish for you is that you may take a box of your own pills.'"

"I thought you were in the self-opening umbrella business at the time?"

"Afterwards, my dear Lavinia. At the moment I was saturated with pills; I breathed pills; I dreamed of pills. If I made poetry, it was in praise of Pipkin's pills. You had to throw me over—your faithful Bodkin—and accept old Mr. Chiltern, with his five hundred a year—took the Chiltern Hundreds."

Mrs. Sampson sighed gently, and wiped away a tear to the memory of the defunct.

"Poor dear Mr. Chiltern! He was the best, the gentlest of souls. We always helped him to bed, the cook and I, every night, after his fourth tumbler of gin and water. I shall never see such a man again."

"I hope not, my dear. And when he was gone, when I was manager of the company for making new bricks out of old, you pledged me your hand again—and again the cup was dashed from my lips—for the company smashed up, and you married—Sampson."

Again the pocket-handkerchief.

"Poor Augustus!" she sighed. "He had bad temper, it is true. We all have our faults."

"Temper!" echoed Mr. Bodkin. "Was there a chair with four legs left when he broke a bloodvessel in a rage and went off? Did a week ever pass without his being summoned for assaulting somebody, or breaking the peace somehow? But we will not talk of Augustus Sampson, Lavvy; we will name the day—the blushing morn—that makes you mine."

"Always the same—impetuous—eager—Henry. Shall we say—when your Society is established and your position secure?"

Love in a woman who has been twice a widow is never superior to prudential considerations. I believe that is a maxim held by all who know the sex.

"That is already secure, Lavinia," he said.

But she shook her head.

"With my own two hundred settled on me by thoughtful Mr. Chiltern," she said, "and your five hundred, we could live in a fairly comfortable way, though the change from this abode of luxury would be a great loss at first. Still, for your sake, Henry—And, besides, our dear Rose might marry—indeed, I think that Mr. Carteret is here too often unless he means honourable proposals."

Phrase of the more *banales*, as the French would say. But then Mrs. Sampson was not by birth, education, or marriage lifted above the phrases of vulgarity. And, indeed, Julian Carteret and Rose returned just then to the morning-room. It is well known that the gardens on Campden Hill are like the gardens of country-houses for extent and beauty. No doubt they had been talking botany among the flowers. That is a science, it is well known, which brightens the eyes, puts colour in the cheeks, and lights the smiles that lie in dimples round girlish lips. At least it had that effect upon Rose.

"He's gone," said Julian, irreverently. "How did you get on with him, Bodkin? Screwed a ten-pound note out of him for a new Society, Rose?"

"Mr. Bodkin was just beginning when we went into the garden."

"You see before you," Julian went on, "the secretary of the new Society for the General Advance of Humanity. Formerly ——"

"Never mind the formerly, Mr. Carteret," interposed Mr. Bodkin, hastily. "We all of us have our ups and downs. This is an up. Yes, Miss Rose, behold the secretary—at your feet, metaphorically—of the new Society, of which Sir Jacob is one of the vice-presidents. Fellowship open to ladies—one guinea per annum. Will you become a Fel-

low? You can write on your cards, Miss Escomb, F.S.A.H., or at full length, Fellow of the Society for the Advancement of Humanity. The letters will be much coveted; Sir Jacob Escomb, Baronet, V.P.S.A.H., will look well, I think."

"If my uncle is a vice-president," said Rose, laughing, "the least I can do is to become a Fellow. One guinea?" She took out her purse. "Will you take the money now, Mr. Bodkin?"

Out came note-book and pencil.

"Certainly, Miss Escomb, certainly; with the greatest pleasure. Lord Addlehede will be much gratified. One guinea, Miss Escomb—commission seven and a half per cent.—one shilling and sixpence three farthings. There have been days with Bodkin when that sum would have represented his dinner bill. Those days are gone by, happily; and yet their uncertainties were not without a charm. Thank you, Miss Escomb. Receipt—signed, H. Theophilus Bodkin."

"Theophilus!" said Julian; "it used to be plain Henry. Why have you changed your name with your trade? When I knew you before——"

"Never mind before, Mr. Carteret; we live in the present. What is the past? Gone—phew!—blown away. Let it be forgotten. We live entirely in the present. To be sure, Lav—I mean Mrs. Sampson—remembers me as Henry; that is a name of childhood. We grew up together, Miss Escomb, Mrs. Sampson and I, among the violets and primroses of the Surrey Canal. I was Henry—she was Lavinia. I was Paul—she was Virginia. Excuse these early romantic recollections." He looked at his watch. "Half-past twelve; and I have to meet Lord Addlehede at a quarter past one at the office—*our* office—the new office in Queen Victoria Street, where five and twenty girls, all of them young, some of them beautiful, are at present addressing our wrappers at sixpence a hundred. I sit among them like the Sultan in his seraglio."

"Henry!"

"Lav—I mean Mrs. Sampson."

"Remember that you are a Christian."

"I do; I always shall, now that the Society is started. Good-morning, Miss Rose, lately elected Fellow—F.S.A.H. Good morning." He bowed cheerily. "Mrs. Sampson—Lavinia," he whispered, "I may see you again—when?"

"I will walk with you, Bodkin," said Julian. "Au revoir, Rose; I shall see you this afternoon—at five?"

"Were I a married man, Mr. Carteret," said Bodkin, outside, "I would not bring a boy up as I was brought up; I would make him learn a trade or profession. I grew up, sir, a gentleman of general intelligence; I have lived on my general intelligence ever since. Sometimes I have gone bankrupt on it. I should have shone, I believe, as a lawyer or a divine. My talents have been frittered away in coal offices, wine agencies, travelling on commission, commercial academies, and such vanities, which hold out delusive hopes of large and permanent income. However, I am landed—I believe for life—and, if I may be allowed to impart a profound secret to you, Mr. Carteret, I think I may say that I have landed on the island of Conjugal Felicity. Mrs. Sampson——"

"Say no more, Bodkin; but come and let me drink your happiness at the nearest bar, and over a glass of bitter beer."

(To be continued.)

FALLEN IDOLS.

BY M. E. MUCHALL.

"FOND Mother, an idol surely reigns
Secure in that heart of thine."
"Come with me quickly," she whispered low,
"And you shall look upon mine."

She led me up to a darkened room ;
 Quietly, softly we trod,
Till I stood by a sweet child coldly fair,
 Whose spirit had flown to God.

" There lies my idol," she sadly said,
 " No other my heart has known ;
Lifeless and cold in the stillness of death,
 While I am left childless alone."

" What idol is thine ? " I asked a bride,
 With flowers on her radiant brow ;
The loving eyes, turned on her bridegroom's face,
 Said, " He is my idol now."

The years rolled o'er and we met once more,
 But her sunny eyes were dim,
And her brow so fair was stamp'd with care ;—
 Her idol, " Oh ! what of him ? "

Living, alas, in the sunny past,
 A memory of long ago,
His light love changed with the tide of time ;
 Her idol had fallen low.

" What is thy idol ? " I asked a man,
 In manhood's proudest hour ;
" My idol," he answered, " is glittering gold,
 For all things bow down to its power."

I saw him again when his laboured breath
 Spake loudly of Death's solemn hour,
And he wail'd in despair, for the Angel of Death
 Now mocked at his gold idol's power.

Idols of earth that spring to the birth,
 Wherever man's footstep hath trod,
Let us humbly pray to thrust them away,
 As usurping the true rights of God.

SOME RAMBLING NOTES OF AN IDLE EXCURSION.

IV.

THE early twilight of a Sunday evening in Hamilton, Bermuda, is an alluring time. There is just enough of whispering breeze, fragrance of flowers, and sense of repose to raise one's thoughts heavenward; and just enough amateur piano music to keep him reminded of the other place. There are many venerable pianos in Hamilton, and they all play at twilight. Age enlarges and enriches the powers of some musical instruments,—notably those of the violin,—but it seems to set a piano's teeth on edge. Most of the music in vogue there is the same that those pianos prattled in their innocent infancy; and there is something very pathetic about it when they go over it now, in their asthmatic second childhood, dropping a note here and there, where a tooth is gone.

We attended evening service at the stately Episcopal church on the hill, where were five or six hundred people, half of them white and the other half black, according to the usual Bermudian proportions; and all well dressed—a thing which is also usual in Bermuda, and to be confidently expected. There was good music, which we heard, and doubtless a good sermon, but there was a wonderful deal of coughing, and so only the high parts of the argument carried over it. As we came out, after service, I overheard one young girl say to another,—

"Why, you don't mean to say that you pay duty on gloves and laces! I only pay postage; have them done up and sent in the Boston Advertiser."

There are those who believe that the most difficult thing to create is a woman who can comprehend that it is wrong to smuggle; and that an impossible thing to create is a woman who will not smuggle, whether or no, when she gets a chance. But these may be errors.

We went wandering off toward the country, and were soon far down in the lonely black depths of a road that was roofed over with the dense foliage of a double rank of great cedars. There was no sound of any kind, there; it was perfectly still. And it was so dark that one could detect nothing but sombre outlines. We strode farther and farther down this tunnel, cheering the way with chat.

Presently the chat took this shape: "How insensibly the character of a people and of a government makes its impress upon a stranger, and gives him a sense of security or of insecurity without his taking deliberate thought upon the matter or asking anybody a question! We have been in this land half a day; we have seen none but honest faces; we have noted the British flag flying, which means efficient government and good order; so without inquiry we plunge unarmed and with perfect confidence into this dismal place, which in almost any other country would swarm with thugs and garroters"—

'Sh! What was that? Stealthy footsteps! Low voices! We gasp, we close up together, and wait. A vague shape glides out of the dusk and confronts us. A voice speaks—demands money!

"A shilling, gentlemen, if you please, to help to build the new Methodist church."

Blessed sound! Holy sound! We contribute with thankful avidity to the new Methodist church, and are happy to think how lucky it was that those little coloured Sunday-school scholars did not seize upon everything we had with violence, before we recovered from our momentary helpless condition. By the light of cigars we write down the names of weightier philanthropists than ourselves on the contribution-cards, and then pass on into the farther darkness, saying, What sort of a government do they call this, where they allow little black pious children, with contribution-cards, to plunge out upon peaceable strangers in the dark and scare them to death?

We prowled on several hours, sometimes by the sea-side, sometimes inland, and finally managed to get lost, which is a feat that requires talent in Bermuda. I had on new shoes. They were number 7's when I started, but were not more than 5's now, and still diminishing. I walked two hours in those shoes after that, before we reached home. Doubtless I could have the reader's sympathy for the asking. Many people have never had the headache or the toothache, and I am one of those myself; but everybody has worn

tight shoes for two or three hours, and known the luxury of taking them off in a retired place and seeing his feet swell up and obscure the firmament. Few of us will ever forget the exquisite hour we were married. Once when I was a callow, bashful cub, I took a plain, unsentimental country girl to a comedy one night. I had known her a day; she seemed divine; I wore my new boots. At the end of the first half hour she said, "Why do you fidget so with your feet?" I said, "Did I?" Then I put my attention there and kept still. At the end of another half hour she said, "Why do you say, 'Yes, oh yes!' and 'Ha, ha, oh, certainly! very true!' to everything I say, when half the time those are entirely irrelevant answers?" I blushed, and explained that I had been a little absent-minded. At the end of another half hour she said, "Please, why do you grin so steadfastly at vacancy, and yet look so sad?" I explained that I always did that when I was reflecting. An hour passed, and then she turned and contemplated me with her earnest eyes and said, "Why do you cry all the time?" I explained that very funny comedies always made me cry. At last human nature surrendered, and I secretly slipped my boots off. This was a mistake. I was not able to get them on any more. It was a rainy night; there were no omnibuses going our way; and as I walked home, burning up with shame, with the girl on one arm and my boots under the other, I was an object worthy of some compassion—especially in those moments of martyrdom when I had to pass through the glare that fell upon the pavement from street lamps. Finally, this child of the forest said, "Where are your boots?" and being taken unprepared, I put a fitting finish to the follies of the evening with the stupid remark, "The higher classes do not wear them to the theatre."

The Reverend had been an army chaplain during the war, and while we were hunting for a road that would lead to Hamilton he told a story about two dying soldiers which interested me in spite of my feet. He said that in the Potomac hospitals rough pine coffins were furnished by government, but that it was not always possible to keep up with the demand; so, when a man died, if there was no coffin at hand he was buried without one. One night late, two soldiers lay dying in a ward. A man came in with a coffin on his shoulder, and stood trying to make up his mind which of these two poor fellows would be likely to need it first. Both of them begged for it with their fading eyes—they were past talking. Then one of them protruded a wasted hand from his blankets and made a feeble beckoning sign with the fingers, to signify, "Be a good fellow; put it under my bed, please." The man did it, and left. The lucky soldier painfully turned himself in his bed until he faced the other warrior, raised himself partly on his elbow, and began to work up a mysterious expression of some kind in his face. Gradually, irksomely, but surely and steadily, it developed, and at last it took definite form as a pretty successful wink. The sufferer fell back exhausted with his labour, but bathed in glory. Now entered a personal friend of No. 2, the despoiled soldier. No. 2 pleaded with him with eloquent eyes, till presently he understood, and removed the coffin from under No. 1's bed and put it under No. 2's. No. 2 indicated his joy and made some more signs; the friend understood again, and put his arm under No. 2's shoulders and lifted him partly up. Then the dying hero turned the dim exultation of his eye upon No. 1, and began a slow and laboured work with his hands; gradually he lifted one hand up toward his face; it grew weak and dropped back again; once more he made the effort, but failed again. He took a rest; he gathered all the remnant of his strength, and this time he slowly but surely carried his thumb to the side of his nose, spread the gaunt fingers wide in triumph, and dropped back dead. That picture sticks to me yet. The "situation" is unique.

The next morning, at what seemed a very early hour, the little white table-waiter appeared suddenly in my room and shot a single word out of himself: "Breakfast!"

This was a remarkable boy in many ways. He was about eleven years old; he had alert, intent black eyes; he was quick of movement; there was no hesitation, no uncertainty about him anywhere; there was a military decision in his lip, his manner, his speech, that was an astonishing thing to see in a little chap like him; he wasted no words; his answers always came so quick and brief that they seemed to be part of the question that had been asked instead of a reply to it. When he stood at table with his fly-brush, rigid, erect, his face set in a cast-iron gravity,

he was a statue till he detected a dawning want in somebody's eye; then he pounced down, supplied it, and was instantly a statue again. When he was sent to the kitchen for anything, he marched upright till he got to the door; he turned hand-springs the rest of the way.

"Breakfast!"

I thought I would make one more effort to get some conversation out of this being.

"Have you called the Reverend, or are"—

"Yes s'r!"

"Is it early, or is" —

"Eight-five!"

"Do you have to do all the 'chores,' or is there somebody to give you a l—"

"Coloured girl!"

"Is there only one parish in this island, or are there" —

"Eight!"

"Is the big church on the hill a parish church, or is it" —

"Chapel-of-ease!"

"Is taxation here classified into poll, parish, town, and" —

"Don't know!"

Before I could cudgel another question out of my head, he was below, hand-springing across the back yard. He had slid down the balusters, head-first. I gave up trying to provoke a discussion with him. The essential element of discussion had been left out of him; his answers were so final and exact that they did not leave a doubt to hang conversation on. I suspect that there is the making of a mighty man or a mighty rascal in this boy,—according to circumstances,—but they are going to apprentice him to a carpenter. It is the way the world uses its opportunities.

During this day and the next we took carriage drives about the island and over the town of St. George's, fifteen or twenty miles away. Such hard, excellent roads to drive over are not to be found elsewhere out of Europe. An intelligent young coloured man drove us, and acted as guide-book. In the edge of town we saw five or six mountain-cabbage palms (atrocious name!) standing in a straight row, and equidistant from each other. These were not the largest or the tallest trees I have ever seen, but they were the stateliest, the most majestic. That row of them must be the nearest that nature has ever come to counterfeiting a colonnade. These trees are all the same height, say sixty feet; the trunks as gray as granite, with a very gradual and perfect taper; without sign of branch or knot or flaw; the surface not looking like bark, but like granite that has been dressed and not polished. Thus all the way up the diminishing shaft for fifty feet; then it begins to take the appearance of being closely wrapped, spool-fashion, with grey cord, or of having been turned in a lathe. Above this point there is an outward swell, and thence upwards, for six feet or more, the cylinder is a bright, fresh green, and is formed of wrappings like those of an ear of Indian corn. Then comes the great, spraying palm plume, also green. Other palm-trees always lean out of the perpendicular, or have a curve in them. But the plumb-line could not detect a deflection in any individual of this stately row; they stand as straight as the colonnade of Baalbec; they have its great height, they have its gracefulness, they have its dignity; in moonlight or twilight, and shorn of their plumes, they would duplicate it.

The birds we came across in the country were singularly tame; even that wild creature, the quail, would pick around in the grass at ease while we inspected it and talked about it at leisure. A small bird of the canary species had to be stirred up with the butt end of the whip before it would move, and then it moved only a couple of feet. It is said that even the suspicious flea is tame and sociable in Bermuda, and will allow himself to be caught and caressed without misgivings. This should be taken with allowance, for doubtless there is more or less brag about it. In San Francisco they used to claim that their native flea could kick a child over, as if it were a merit in a flea to be able to do that; as if the knowledge of it trumpeted abroad ought to entice immigration. Such a thing in nine cases out of ten would be almost sure to deter a thinking man from coming.

We saw no bugs or reptiles to speak of, and so I was thinking of saying in print, in a general way, that there were none at all; but one night after I had gone to bed, the Reverend came into my room carrying something, and asked, "Is this your boot?" I said it was, and he said he had met a spider going off with it. Next morning he stated that just at dawn the same spider raised his window and was coming in to get a shirt, but saw him and fled.

I inquired, "Did he get the shirt?"

"No."

"How did you know it was a shirt he was after?"

"I could see it in his eye."

We inquired around, but could hear of no Bermudian spider capable of doing these things. Citizens said that their largest spiders could not more than spread their legs over an ordinary saucer, and that they had always been considered honest. Here was testimony of a clergyman against the testimony of mere worldlings,—interested ones, too. On the whole, I judged it best to lock up my things.

Here and there on the country roads we found lemon, papaia, orange, lime, and fig trees; also several sorts of palms, among among them the cocoa, the date, and the palmetto. We saw some bamboos forty feet high, with stems as thick as a man's arm. Jungles of the mangrove-tree stood up out of swamps, propped on their interlacing roots as upon a tangle of stilts. In dryer places the noble tamarind sent down its grateful cloud of shade. Here and there the blossomy tamarisk adorned the roadside. There was a curious gnarled and twisted black tree, without a single leaf on it. It might have passed itself off for a dead apple-tree but for the fact that it had a star-like, red-hot flower sprinkled sparsely over its person. It had the scattery red glow that a constellation might have when glimpsed through smoked glass. It is possible that our constellations have been so constructed as to be invisible through smoked glass; if this is so it is a great mistake.

We saw a tree that bears grapes, and just as calmly and unostentatiously as a vine would do it. We saw an india-rubber tree, but out of season, possibly, so there were no shoes on it, nor suspenders, nor anything that a person would properly expect to find there. This gave it an impressively fraudulent look. There was exactly one mahogany-tree on the island. I know this to be reliable, because I saw a man who said he had counted it many a time and could not be mistaken. He was a man with a hare lip and a pure heart, and everybody said he was as true as steel. Such men are all too few.

One's eye caught near and far the pink cloud of the oleander and the red blaze of the pomegranate blossom. In one piece of wild wood the morning-glory vines had wrapped the trees to their very tops, and decorated them all over with couples and clusters of great blue bells,—a fine and striking spectacle, at a little distance. But the dull cedar is everywhere, and it is the prevailing foliage. One does not appreciate how dull it is until the varnished, bright green attire of the infrequent lemon-tree pleasantly intrudes its contrast. In one thing, Bermuda is eminently tropical,—was in May, at least,—the unbrilliant, slightly faded, unrejoicing look of the landscape. For forests arrayed in a blemishless magnificence of glowing green foliage that seems to exult in its own existence, and can move the beholder to an enthusiasm that will make him either shout or cry, one must go to countries that have malignant winters.

We saw scores of coloured farmers digging their crops of potatoes and onions, their wives and children helping,—entirely contented and comfortable, if looks go for anything. We never met a man, or woman, or child, anywhere in this sunny island, who seemed to be unprosperous or discontented, or sorry about anything. This sort of monotony became very tiresome presently, and even something worse. The spectacle of an entire nation groveling in contentment is an infuriating thing. We felt the lack of something in this community,—a vague, an undefinable, an elusive something, and yet a lack. But after considerable thought we made out what it was—tramps. Let them go there, right now, in a body. It is utterly virgin soil. Passage is cheap. Every true patriot in America will help buy tickets. Whole armies of these excellent beings can be spared from our midst and our polls; they will find a delicious climate and a green, kind-hearted people. There are potatoes and onions for all, and a generous welcome for the first batch that arrives, and elegant graves for the second.

It was the Early Rose potato the people were digging. Later in the year they have another crop, which they call the Garnet. We buy their potatoes (retail) at fifteen dollars a barrel; and those coloured farmers buy ours for a song, and live on them. Havana might exchange cigars with Connecticut in the same advantageous way, if she thought of it.

We passed a roadside grocery with a sign up, "Potatoes Wanted." An ignorant stranger, doubtless. He could not have gone

thirty steps from his place without finding plenty of them.

In several fields the arrowroot crop was already sprouting. Bermuda used to make a vast annual profit out of this staple before fire-arms came into such general use.

The island is not large. Somewhere in the interior a man ahead of us had a very slow horse. I suggested that we had better go by him; but the driver said the man had but a little way to go. I waited to see, wondering how he could know. Presently the man did turn down another road. I asked, "How did you know he would?"

"Because I knew the man, and where he lived."

I asked him, satirically, if he knew everybody in the island; he answered, very simply, that he did. This gives a body's mind a good substantial grip on the dimensions of the place.

At the principal hotel in St. George's, a young girl, with a sweet, serious face, said we could not be furnished with dinner, because we had not been expected, and no preparation had been made. Yet it was still an hour before dinner time. We argued, she yielded not; we supplicated, she was serene. The hotel had not been expecting an inundation of two people, and so it seemed that we should have to go home dinnerless. I said we were not very hungry; a fish would do. My little maid answered, it was not the market-day for fish. This began to look serious; but presently the boarder who sustained the hotel came, and when the case was laid before him he was cheerfully willing to divide. So we had much pleasant chat at table about St. George's chief industry, the repairing of damaged ships; and in between we had a soup that had something in it that seemed to taste like the hereafter, but proved to be only pepper of a particularly vivacious kind. And we had an iron-clad chicken that was deliciously cooked, but not in the right way. Baking was not the thing to convince his sort. He ought to have been put through a quartz mill until the "tuck" was taken out of him, and then boiled till we came again. We got a good deal of sport out of him, but not enough sustenance to leave the victory on our side. No matter; we had potatoes and a pie and a sociable good time. Then a ramble through the town, which is a quaint one, with interesting, crooked streets, and narrow, crooked lanes, with here and there a grain of dust. Here, as in Hamilton, the dwellings had Venetian blinds of a very sensible pattern. They were not double shutters, hinged at the sides, but a single board shutter, hinged at the top; you push it outward, from the bottom, and fasten it at any angle required by the sun or desired by yourself.

All about the island one sees great white scars on the hill-slopes. These are dished spaces where the soil has been scraped off and the coral exposed and glazed with hard whitewash. Some of these are a quarter-acre in size. They catch and carry the rainfall to reservoirs; for the wells are few and poor, and there are no natural springs and no brooks.

They say that the Bermuda climate is mild and equable, with never any snow or ice, and that one may be very comfortable in spring clothing the year round, there. We had delightful and decided summer weather in May, with a flaming sun that permitted the thinnest of raiment, and yet there was a constant breeze; consequently we were never discomforted by heat. At four or five in the afternoon the mercury began to go down, and then it became necessary to change to thick garments. I went to St. George's in the morning clothed in the thinnest of linen, and reached home at five in the afternoon with two overcoats on. The nights are said to be always cool and bracing. We had mosquito nets, and the Reverend said the mosquitoes persecuted him a good deal. I often heard him slapping and banging at these imaginary creatures with as much zeal as if they had been real. There are no mosquitoes in the Bermudas in May.

The poet Thomas Moore spent seven months in Bermuda more than seventy years ago. He was sent out to be registrar of the admiralty. I am not quite clear as to the function of a registrar of the admiralty of Bermuda, but I think it is his duty to keep a record of all the admirals born there. I will inquire into this. There was not much doing in admirals, and Moore got tired and went away. A reverently preserved souvenir of him is still one of the treasures of the islands. I gathered the idea, vaguely, that it was a jug, but was persistently thwarted in the twenty-two efforts I made to visit it. However, it was no matter, for I found afterwards that it was only a chair.

There are several "sights" in the Bermu-

das, of course, but they are easily avoided. This is a great advantage,—one cannot have it in Europe. Bermuda is the right country for a jaded man to "loaf" in. There are no harassments; the deep peace and quiet of the country sink into one's body and bones and give his conscience a rest, and chloroform the legion of invisible small devils that are always trying to whitewash his hair. A good many Americans go there about the first of March and remain till the early spring weeks have finished their villainies at home.

The Bermudians are hoping soon to have telegraphic communication with the world. But even after they shall have acquired this curse it will still be a good country to go to for a vacation, for there are charming little islets scattered about the inclosed sea where one could live secure from interruption. The telegraph boy would have to come in a boat, and one could easily kill him while he was making his landing.

We had spent four days in Bermuda,—three bright ones out of doors and one rainy one in the house, we being disappointed about getting a yacht for a sail; and now our furlough was ended.

We made the run home to New York quarantine in three days and five hours, and could have gone right along up to the city if we had had a health permit. But health permits are not granted after seven in the evening, partly because a ship cannot be inspected and overhauled with exhaustive thoroughness except in day light, and partly because health officers are liable to catch cold if they expose themselves to the night air. Still you can *buy* a permit after hours for five dollars extra, and the officer will do the inspecting next week. Our ship and passengers lay under expense and in humiliating captivity all night, under the very nose of the little official reptile who is supposed to protect New York from pestilence by his vigilant "inspections." This imposing rigour gave everybody a solemn and awful idea of the beneficent watchfulness of our government, and there were some who wondered if anything finer could be found in other countries.

In the morning we were all a-tiptoe to witness the intricate ceremony of inspecting the ship. But it was a disappointing thing. The health officer's tug ranged alongside for a moment, our purser handed the lawful three-dollar permit fee to the health officer's boot-black, who passed us a folded paper in a forked stick, and away we went. The entire "inspection" did not occupy thirteen seconds.

The health officer's place is worth a hundred thousand dollars a year to him. His system of inspection is perfect, and therefore cannot be improved on; but it seems to me that his system of collecting his fees might be amended. For a great ship to lie idle all night is a costly loss of time; for her passengers to have to do the same thing works to them the same damage, with the addition of an amount of exasperation and bitterness of soul that the spectacle of the health-offi[1] could hardly sweeten. Now why should it not be better and simpler to let the ship pass in unmolested, and the fees and permits be exchanged once a year by post?

MARK TWAIN.

1 When the proof of this article came to me I saw that "The Atlantic" had condemned the words which occupied the place where is now a vacancy. I can invent no figure worthy to stand in the shoes of the lurid colossus which a too decent respect for the opinions of mankind has thus ruthlessly banished from his due and rightful pedestal in the world's literature. Let the blank remain a blank; and let it suggest to the reader that he has sustained a precious loss which can never be made good to him.
M. T.

ODIUM THEOLOGICUM:

A REPLY TO SORDELLO.

IN the CANADIAN MONTHLY for December there was an article which began by putting this question—"*Odium theologicum* or charity; which?" "Bear and forbear," it proceeds, "should be the motto on both sides, nor can a national magazine like the CANADIAN MONTHLY engage in a holier work than that of using whatever influence it may possess to disseminate the spirit inculcated by that maxim, and to discountenance its opposite."

Let us examine how that "holy work" is carried out in that article.

It is for the reader of the CANADIAN MONTHLY to consider whether the writer of it has not fallen—much to their lamentation—into the opposite extreme; whether such an article as that does not in fact turn the CANADIAN MONTHLY—not the organ of any religious body—into an arena of theological strife. It surely will not take long to determine whether such phrases as, "absolutely reeking with *odium theologicum* of the most malignant type," applied to a book—the *corpus delicti* in the case—written by a Methodist missionary; "that ineffable air of lofty spiritual pride which sits so easily on certain self-sufficient preachers of the gospel of humility," applied to the editor of what is called "a mushroom religious journal;" "for a journal such as this to be putting on *ex cathedra* infallible airs, setting itself up as an infallible judge of divine truth and an infallible interpreter of divine revelation, and dealing round cheap imitation thunder stolen from the Vatican" (is the thunder of the Vatican then cheap imitation?) "when all the while it is merely showing its own ignorance of the commonest facts of ecclesiastical history, is a spectacle for the mirth of the gods—one to make the angels expire in peals of laughter." (We do not quite follow the association of "gods" and "angels," and do not feel altogether satisfied about angels breaking out into peals of laughter, and expiring). "It is too supremely ridiculous." "Once upon a time a frog tried to swell itself out to the size of an ox. The frog burst;"—whether such language as this is the best suited of all to carry out that "holy work." There may be added the following—"a church" (without a capital C, immediately following Church with one) "or rather a Provincial section of a church which is but a thing of yesterday." (Christianity was once "a thing of yesterday.")

Again the writer of that article asks, "Is there any adequate plea to be urged in justification of the Methodist publisher who has disinterred that work from the limbo of obsolete rubbish where it was buried, and brought it to light in this country, where of all places it is calculated, by inflaming the sectarian hatred which perennially smoulders among us, to do most harm?" One would hardly have expected then to find, reprinted in that article and scattered broadcast through the Dominion for general readers, no less than twenty-five (if correctly counted) of the worst specimens of the style of that book, occupying more than a whole column of the CANADIAN MONTHLY. It is to be feared that, if little Jack Horner were permitted to put his thumb into the *Christmas* pie of this writer, he could pull out some more plums than those already tasted, by no means more deficient in flavour. But if he had pulled them out *before baking*, he might have said with good truth, and we would all pat him on the head, "*What* a good boy am I!" They could be reproduced here, but it is an example not tempting to follow.

It would appear from the general tenor of SORDELLO'S article that he holds but one sole thing worthy of consideration—that is authority (a very good thing indeed if we have only not too much of it); the authority of individuals, of numbers, of duration of time, and so on. He says, "There is something which appeals to the imagination, something imposing in its grandeur, in the claim to infallibility by a Church hoar with antiquity, and hallowed by the stirring memories of nearly two thousand years; a Church which, during that time, has been the solace in this life, and the guide to that be-

yond the grave, to thousands of millions of human souls." Then, in contrast to this, "A church, or rather a provincial section of a church, which is but a thing of yesterday, a little over a hundred years old, itself a creation of dissent, of the right of private judgment, and which, to-day, numbers as adherents the world over, only ten to twelve millions, all told——" (has SORDELLO had the curiosity to calculate that at the same rate of increase during another like period, they will amount to 121,000,000,000,000?) Then his pages bristle with authorities, and there are no less than twenty-eight foot-notes citing them, in support of transubstantiation. And yet, lo! after all, all this authority goes for nothing! The writer of all this declares himself a disbeliever in transubstantiation; asserts "the right of private judgment"; and says, "My belief respecting the Last Supper is, I fancy, the same as that of the editor of the *Guardian*. It is that of Zwingli, namely, that Christ instituted the sacrament simply as a memorial, and intended the bread and wine to be mere symbols." It is a little droll to find the *authority* of Zwingli adduced in support of a belief so indisputably true. Another fable here forces itself upon the memory; but, as that of the frog and the ox can scarcely be approved of in its application by SORDELLO, I will not quote it.

SORDELLO is a good deal excited over the phrase, "a piece of dough." It is hard to say what else it could be called, unless indeed it is baked (as to which I am not informed), when it would become a piece of bread. Does it undergo transubstantiation? Does it become anything else but a piece of dough or bread? "The change of water into wine, in the miracle at Cana," is cited as a case in point. With submission, there is no similarity. There, the water did undergo transubstantiation; it was changed into veritable wine; it looked like veritable wine; was drank as veritable wine; tasted like veritable wine; and was remarked upon with reference to its qualities as veritable wine. Now, does any one imagine that the bread and wine, which Christ took at the table and gave to His disciples, underwent a transubstantiation into actual, veritable flesh and blood?—that the disciples did—nay, I will go farther—could have eaten and drank them if they had been, as the guests at Cana drank the wine? Here is the one question:—was there at that time—at the Last Supper—a like miracle performed, or was there not? And, if not then, *a fortiori* not now. Nor is it a little remarkable that the words uttered by Christ, on which alone any such modern miracles could be founded, are recorded by only one of the four Evangelists. This fact does not impugn the authority of those words, but it does exhibit the degree of importance attached to them by those other three writers who were present, who were witnesses of what took place, and from whom alone we must receive our impressions of what they saw and heard. The miracle at Cana is circumstantially related, and the evidence of it is of course quite sufficient; but it is found in one of the gospels only, which shows that the other three Evangelists did not look upon it as an event of any especial significance or importance. There is no circumstantial relation of any miracle at the Last Supper. In comparison with such evidence as this, direct and indirect, positive and negative, of the very disciples of Christ, who sat at the table with Him, eat from the same dish and drank from the same cup, what is any other "authority" worth?

"But," says SORDELLO's imaginary Roman Catholic, "Christ says, 'except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man and drink his blood, ye have no life in you,' and who am I that I should dare to give any other meaning to God's word than that which it naturally bears?" Now, unless I am misinformed, Roman Catholics do not take wine, bread only; how is this to be reconciled with the above?

SORDELLO makes his imaginary Roman Catholic behave with a saintly moderation; I have no objection to that, except by contrast with the editor of the *Guardian*, who is made what has been already repeated, and is represented as speaking "with an aspect of thunder" (the cheap imitation thunder of the Vatican) "and the voice of a Boanerges." But I have not found all Roman Catholics blessed with a saintly moderation any more than all Protestants. It happened to this present writer, a short time ago, to find a Roman Catholic priest publishing the following in a newspaper (proof, with the paper itself, is at hand)—"If Christ purposely used words which He foresaw would lead astray, in a matter of the last importance, the whole Christian world for fifteen hundred years, and the large majority of Christians for three

hundred years more, then this conclusion, blasphemous as it is, is unavoidable: Jesus Christ was a false teacher, Christianity is a fraud, its priesthood a sham." (!!) Which is simply saying that all those who do not interpret Christ's words as this priest interprets them, including SORDELLO, according to what he has himself told us, and the present writer, are guilty of that horrible blasphemy. This is hardly saintly moderation. The present writer had the honour of accepting this audacious challenge, and of unhorsing his opponent; he never spoke again (of which fact also proof is at hand).

SORDELLO says: "A question here suggests itself which, simple as it is, seems never to have occurred to Luther. If he worshipped God when present in the flesh, why not when present in the bread?" When did Luther worship God when present in the flesh? When did any body? Then why worship Him in the flesh now, when He is not in the flesh?

SORDELLO tells us that Lord Cobham's belief was similar to Luther's. He expressed it thus: "I believe that in the sacrament of the altar is Christ's own body in form of bread; that it is Christ's own body *and* [it is] bread, the former being concealed under the latter, as the invisible Godhead was veiled under the visible Manhood." It will be perceived that since it is veritable bread to the sight, the smell, the taste, this is at least an ingenious—as it is perhaps the only—way of getting out of the difficulty. One would have thought at least a pardonable one. Not so. We are further informed that, "In England, in 1417, this did not go far enough in the direction of transubstantiation, and under the statute *De Hæretico Comburendo*" (has the Church the honour of having originated the punishment of torture and death by fire, and that for crimes not of deed but of thought only?) "Cobham was found guilty of heresy, and roasted alive over a slow fire—tolerably conclusive evidence as to what the doctrine of the Church of England was in those days." *We should rather think so, indeed.* But let us be historically correct. Let us make one small emendation, but one that, happily for England, makes a world of difference. For "of" read "in;" the Church *in* England. The Church *of* England had yet no existence, nor for another hundred years or more. If this was a slip of the pen, enough. If it was intentional, we had rather not attempt the task of dealing with it. We all know that the Church of England is not free from the infamy of the faggot and the stake; it is a matter of history with every school-boy; still, if it was my place to advocate the Church which preceded it, I think that the last subject I should allude to would be the faggot—and that a green faggot—and the stake.

Then we find in the article under examination, a Mahommedan and a Unitarian (perhaps the association is not quite in the conciliatory spirit of which we hear so much) appear on the scene, and turning to him (the editor of the *Guardian*) say, "Your language, in calling Catholics idolaters, and worshippers of a piece of dough, besides being coarse, vulgar, and abusive [alas, for the poor Mahommedan and Unitarian!] is utterly inconsistent. By your own showing, you also must be an idolater, for you worship Christ, a man composed of flesh and blood and bones like yourself." The editor of the *Guardian* (with his permission) does not "worship Christ, a man composed of flesh and blood and bones," like himself. He never did. Nobody ever did. He worships Christ, when he is no longer "a man composed of flesh and blood and bones," like himself. Here would seem the astonishing inconsistency of the advocates of the dogma of Transubstantiation.

Then follows an "imaginary conversation" (perhaps not very Landor-like, but that is "neither here nor there") between the editor of the *Guardian* and a Roman Catholic. It is well for the editor that it *is* imaginary, for he is sorely buffeted—by SORDELLO. Still another fable which, as it has nothing offensive in its application, may be told at length. A man pointed out to a lion a marble group of a man strangling the king of beasts. "Aye," says the lion, "but if a lion had been the sculptor——."

SORDELLO speaks of the "steady increase of the numbers of Roman Catholics." No doubt of it. But is it *proportionate* to that of Protestants? There's the rub. We can only speak as we find. Facts are very stubborn things. In the township (a very small one) in which I live there have been built five churches, four Protestant and one Roman Catholic (a very small one). In an adjoining township there is only one Roman Catholic church that I know of (also a very small one), and there must be, by this

time, at least ten or twelve Protestant churches, some of them large.

As SORDELLO has told us what he is not and what he believes, I will do the same. I am not a member of the Methodist Church, but I rejoice that such a grand bulwark exists against the errors of Rome, and that it is making its way—the way of pure Christianity—all over the world, wherever the English language is spoken or can penetrate. I believe, with SORDELLO, if he will excuse the liberty, that "Christ instituted the sacrament simply as a memorial, and intended the bread and wine to be mere symbols." But, in my ideas of what constitutes conciliation between Protestants and Roman Catholics, I differ from him *toto cœlo*, I cannot do better than quote the example of an intimate friend, with whom I entirely agree. He is strongly—nay, I am afraid he is bitterly—opposed to the whole Roman Catholic system, and he always says that he uses the word "system" advisedly. But, when he was school-superintendent in former years he never permitted any sectional or denominational favouritism. He has many Roman Catholic neighbours, and he lives on perfectly good terms with all of them; and he would be perfectly content to leave his character for Christian charity in their hands. When they built a church he made a donation to it, and received a letter from the priest thanking him for his "generous charity;" and he was told that the priest spoke of it "at the altar." He receives, every autumn, a visit from some ladies, who wear a conventual dress, but who are not, he believes, actually nuns—that is, they are not "cloistered nuns"—and who are on a collecting tour for Roman Catholic charities. He was told the other day by a Roman Catholic neighbour that the constant prayer of these ladies is "that he may die a good Catholic." When he was mainly instrumental in building a church, all the Roman Catholics who were applied to subscribed towards the cost of it, and some without being solicited. He is not an Orangeman, but he fears that the institution is necessary. When the Orangemen of his township signified to him their desire to pay him a complimentary visit on the 5th of November, he begged to be permitted to decline the honour, taking good care to write a studiously civil letter, to be read at the next lodge-meeting, and to ask the pleasure of their company at dinner—at least, the officers and non-commissioned officers of the township company of loyal volunteers, which came to almost exactly the same thing—a week or two afterwards. Some persons were of opinion that he was overly scrupulous in this matter.

So much as between him and his Roman Catholic neighbours. If SORDELLO can improve upon it, he will, I am sure, from what I know of him, be most happy to take any hint.

When the Methodist Church was built he subscribed liberally towards it, and, by very particular request from the minister himself, he consented to preside at a large tea meeting, which was held about the time of the opening of the church, though feeling very uncomfortably out of his element in that position, being a shy man and a miserably bad speaker.

He is on the best of terms with the Presbyterian minister.

For all this I can vouch, from personal observation. I should be most ready and glad to hear of an equally good record of conciliatory Christian charity and forbearance from SORDELLO, and to congratulate him upon it.

C. E.

A REJOINDER.

THE foregoing criticism on my article of last month evinces so much misapprehension of the spirit and intent of that article as to call for some explanation from me, which the editor has permitted me to make now, in order that the discussion may not be dragged over to another month. Had my critic been as anxious to ascertain my meaning and purpose as he has been to find fault, he would most likely have saved himself the trouble of writing the greater portion if not the whole of his remarks. Very much of what he says is a notable example of that common logical fallacy known as the *ignoratio elenchi*. Few persons, I fancy, care less than I do for mere authority in matters of religious belief. On questions of doctrine, and their truth or falsity, authority is of secondary moment; on questions of fact it is all-important. The authorities referred to by me last month, were cited, not, as my critic absurdly supposes, to prove that transubstantiation is true, but to shew the wide extent and the antiquity of the belief in it. When a certain form of worship is stigmatized as "the most diabolical idolatry that ever appeared among men," and language is used which implies that every one who professes a belief of which that worship is the logical outcome, must be either a knave or a fool, it really does appear to me—my critic to the contrary, notwithstanding—to be a matter of relevance in estimating the worth of such utterances, to enquire as to the number and the intellectual and moral character of those who have held and who hold that belief, and who have practiced and who practice the worship so stigmatized.

It also seems to me that, in estimating the magnitude of an offence of this kind, it is an eminently relevant consideration, whether language, such as that animadverted upon, is addressed to one man or to a million men, and those our fellow-countrymen, with whom it is of the last importance to our national well-being to live on terms of peace and good-will. I firmly believe that, if language such as that used by Gideon Ouseley in his "Old Christianity," were to be adopted in this country by Protestants generally, towards Roman Catholics, civil war, with a reproduction of the horrors enacted in Ireland in 1798, would be a mere question of time. A slight foretaste of what we might expect was given in Montreal in July last.

But to return to my critic's misapprehensions: "The change of water into wine, in the miracle of Cana" was *not* "cited as a case in point" on the question of the truth or falsity of transubstantiation. It was cited simply to show, *as a matter of fact*, what the belief of a great Christian father—St. Cyril of Jerusalem—was on the subject in the fourth century; and the extracts from the other Christian fathers were cited for a similar purpose. As I had plainly indicated my disbelief in transubstantiation, it does argue some lack of intellectual apprehension not to have seen that I was not engaged in the suicidal, self-stultifying, and consequently idiotic task of attempting to prove a doctrine which I disbelieve in. The truth or falsity of transubstantiation was not really in question at all, for the simple reason that the *Christian Guardian* and myself are in agreement on that point. My contention was, not that the Roman Catholic belief is true, but that, whether true or false, no one—least of all a Christian missionary or a Christian journal—has any right to use grossly insulting language with regard to it or towards those who have held it and who hold it; especially so, when their vast number, and the high intellectual and moral character of very many of them, are taken into account. My contention was, further, that as no man or body of men is infallible, no one—certainly not a journal which has been in existence but a few years, nor a Church (that is, a body of men) which is but a little over a hundred years old, and itself the offspring of private judgment—has any right to assume, or to use language implying, that Roman Catholics are *infallibly* wrong in believing transubstantiation, and he is *infallibly* right in disbelieving it; the logical conclusion being, that Roman Catholics have as good a right to believe in it, if it appears to them to be

true, as others have to disbelieve in it. The like considerations, of course, apply equally to the interpretation of Christ's language, upon which Roman Catholics, *as a matter of fact*, base their belief. Roman Catholics have as good a right to use *their* private judgment in interpreting that language as Protestants have to use *theirs*.

The remark as to my being a good deal excited over the phrase, 'a piece of dough," indicates a further misapprehension. My objection was not so much that a person should assert that the sacrificial bread is mere "dough"—which any one is at liberty to do if it pleases him to state his belief in a form as offensive as possible—but that Roman Catholics should be insulted, and their most sacred feelings outraged by being called "idolaters," and "*worshippers* of a piece of dough." Were the charge true, the language in which it is clothed could have no other effect than to engender bitter hatred. But, strictly speaking, the charge is false. Roman Catholics do not worship "dough;" they worship *God*, whom they believe to be present in the form *(species)* of "dough." My critic ought to be able to appreciate the feelings with which Roman Catholics must listen to such charges, when he himself gets "a good deal excited" and indignant at my very harmless assertion that Protestants "worship Christ, a man composed of flesh and blood and bones like themselves." In saying this I fancied that I was merely uttering a truism, and using it as a perfectly legitimate *argumentum ad hominem*. The argument was substantially this. To the outward senses of the Roman Catholic, the bread in the mass is nothing but bread. To the outward senses of the Protestant (or rather of the disciples, whose evidence Protestants accept), Christ was a mere man composed of flesh and blood. The belief that God is present in or under the form of bread, and the belief that God was present in or under the form of man, are both *inferences of faith*, resting upon a precisely analogous foundation. The charge of idolatry made by the Protestant then either falls to the ground or recoils on his own head. The *Guardian* attempted to meet this argument by assuming infallibility. It said the question between the two inferences was one of truth and falsity; as though God had not given to Roman Catholics reason and faith wherewith to judge as to questions of truth and falsity. It said, in effect: The Protestant's inference is infallibly true; the Catholic's is infallibly false. My critic attempts to break the force of the analogy in another fashion. He dogmatically asserts that neither Luther nor anybody else ever worshipped Christ, "a man composed of flesh and blood and bones." With regard to Luther, the objection is merely verbal. There can be little doubt that had Luther, holding the views which he did, lived contemporaneously with Christ, and come into contact with Him while on earth, he would have worshipped Him. If, furthermore, my critic means to assert that no one worshipped Christ when on earth, I am afraid his knowledge of his New Testament is hardly as full as it might be. Out of a number of passages which might be cited, one will suffice: "Jesus . . . said unto him, Dost thou believe on the Son of God? He answered and said, Who is he, Lord, that I might believe on him? And Jesus said unto him, Thou hast both seen him, and it is he that talketh with thee. And he said Lord, I believe. *And he worshipped him*" (John ix. 35-38). There is nothing in the context to show that the worshipper *saw* before him anything but a man composed of flesh and blood like himself. The words, "I believe," show that the worship was founded upon an inference of faith. Nor are the other assertions of my critic, that Christ "is not in the flesh" now, and that Protestants consequently worship Christ, "when he is no longer a man composed of flesh and blood and bones," by any means so indisputable as he appears to imagine. He needs here also to be reminded of the language of the New Testament. After His resurrection, Christ, speaking to the eleven, said: "Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself: handle me, and see; *for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have.* And when he had thus spoken he showed them his hands and his feet. . . And they gave him a piece of broiled fish and of an honeycomb. And he took it and did eat before them. . . And he led them out as far as Bethany, *and he lifted up his hands*, and blessed them. And it came to pass, *while he blessed them*, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven. *And they worshipped him.*" (Luke xxiv. 39-52.) See also John xx. 20, 25, 27; and compare these citations with Acts i. 9, 11:—"And when *he had spoken* these things, while they beheld, he was taken up; and a

cloud received him out of their sight. . . This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, *shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven.*" Is it not an inevitable deduction from these passages, that Christ was taken up into heaven as "flesh and bones," bearing the marks of the wounds in His hands and feet, and in His side, and that He will so reappear. If so, will my critic assert that his belief is infallibly true, that Christ does not exist in that shape now? Is not the natural inference altogether the other way.

The upshot of the whole question is this: Protestants, being fallible mortals like the rest of mankind, may *possibly* be wrong in rejecting transubstantiation, and Roman Catholics may *possibly* be right in accepting it. Should it turn out that, after all, the Roman Catholic *is* right, what would become of the charge of idolatry? Is it not obvious that the worship of the host may really be worship of the true God? When will theologians learn, not merely to acknowledge verbally their fallibility, but to have such a living and operative sense of it as will give a modest colour to the language which they use towards opposing beliefs. My critic himself needs a lesson on this point, from which to learn how absurd is his own claim to infallibility, when he speaks of his view of the Eucharist as *indisputably* true, A belief "so indisputably true" as to be *disputed* by nine-tenths of Christendom, is a pleasing novelty. Has my critic forgotten that I pointed out last month that this belief which he considers to be "so indisputably true," was "held in abhorrence" by Luther, Calvin, and the Protestant world generally at the time of the Reformation, and that Luther in particular regarded it with greater aversion than even transubstantiation, and refused to hold communion with those who professed it?

When, in denouncing the explicit or implicit assumption of infallibility, I alluded to the comparatively small number of Methodists, and the youthfulness of their Church, I candidly confess that it never entered into my head to make any preposterous and wholly irrelevant calculations as to how many Methodists there might, could, would, or should be in the world in a hundred years from this time. Any one whose taste lies in that direction could, no doubt, easily prove, *on paper*, that in a few generations Mormons and Spiritualists will in number be like unto the sands of the sea-shore, and that the earth will be so crowded with them that they will be obliged to stand on each others heads. My business was not with any such fanciful speculations with regard to the future, but with existing facts; and when an organ of a certain religious denomination seemed inclined to arrogate to itself the right to lay down the law to the rest of Christendom as to what is true and what is false in religious doctrine, it was perfectly in order to remind the adherents of that denomination that they number only something like one in forty of Christians generally. Still, as the subject of possible future increase has been referred to, I have no objection to state my own opinion. It is, that, in a hundred years' time, Methodism, along with a good many other "isms," will have ceased to exist as a distinctive Christian creed, or will have become so utterly transformed, that its best friends will scarcely recognize it. That Methodism is in any practical sense "a grand bulwark . . . against the errors of Rome," I altogether disbelieve. Protestantism itself is no longer such a bulwark. At least, it would be equally true to say that Roman Catholicism is "a grand bulwark" against "the errors" of Protestantism. The two rivals advance nearly *pari passu*. The line of demarcation between them remains about the same as it was at the close of the Thirty Years' War, in 1649. Countries which were Protestant then are Protestant now; those which were Roman Catholic then remain Roman Catholic still. Conversions from Romanism to Methodism or any other Protestant creed are rare—certainly not more numerous than conversions from Protestantism to Romanism. To cite a township of Ontario—and a very small one at that—as evidence of the relative rates of increase of the rival creeds is a rather innocent proceeding. Parts of the world might be referred to where Catholic churches are to Protestant ones as a hundred to one. If Protestanism is advancing at a greater rate in Canada—no doubt because the immigration is mainly Protestant—the reverse process seems to be taking place in the United States. There the Irish immigration is mainly Catholic; and Catholics, exultant at the rapid advance of their religion, openly boast that, before the year 1900, they will elect the President of the Union. If my critic will turn to an article, written by Mr.

Francis E. Abbott, an American Protestant, entitled "The Catholic Peril in America," which appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* for March, 1876, he will find this statement borne out. Everything seems to point to the conclusion, that as a force to make any headway against Romanism, the virtue has long since departed from Protestantism. But lovers of religious freedom need not therefore despair. The intellectual portion of Christendom is in the throes of a new and greater Reformation than that of the sixteenth century. A stronger power than either Romanism or Protestantism is making its unseen presence felt. Science is the mighty solvent which is dissolving out *the dogmatic elements* of both; and both are crumbling to pieces under the process. In the last number (December) of the *Fortnightly Review*, in a remarkable article on "Hell and the Divine Veracity," Mr. Lionel Tollemache very aptly and forcibly says: "I expect the various orthodox sects, with their chronic civil war, to continue in a state of heedlessness not wholly unlike that which the Gospel attributes to the antediluvian world; they will preach, they will write, they will cavil, they will give into cavils, till science comes and destroys them all. Wherefore, of the Catholic and the orthodox Protestant it may be said, as of Lausus and Pallas, that neither is destined to overwhelm the other, but that *mox illos sua fata manent majore sub hoste.*"

With regard to the tone of my last month's article, I differ from my critic *toto cœlo*. The occasion would have justified even stronger language than was there used. To hint that my practise violated my own precepts is another misapprehension. It is one thing to gratuitously insult the religious belief of nearly half your fellow-countrymen; it is a totally different thing to use fitting language in denouncing that insult. The one is without the shadow of an excuse; the other is not only justifiable, but may be a very urgent necessity, though, I admit, a very unpleasant one. Nor is there any country where the necessity is greater than in Canada. Moreover, abuse and insult are far more repugnant to any man of right feeling when adopted in his behalf than when used against him. When applied to himself he can treat them with the contempt which they deserve. When used on behalf of those who believe with him, not to protest against them is in a manner to become *particeps criminis*. As my critic apparently believes that strong language is never justifiable, perhaps I may be permitted to refer him once more to the New Testament, and to remind him that Christ himself administered many a scathing rebuke when the occasion demanded it, being especially severe against the spiritual pride and intolerance of the Pharisees of his day. The following extract from Prof. Tyndall's recent Birmingham Address, on "Science and Man," seems to me as applicable on this side of the Atlantic as on the other, and it is certainly not deficient in force: "Most heartily do I recognise and admire the spiritual radiance, if I may use the term, shed by religion on the minds and lives of many known to me. At the same time I cannot but observe how signally, as regards the production of anything beautiful, religion fails in other cases. Its professor and defender is sometimes at bottom a brawler and a clown. These differences depend on primary distinctions of character which religion does not remove. It may comfort some to know that there are among us many whom the gladiators of the pulpit would call 'atheists' and 'materialists,' whose lives, nevertheless, as tested by any accessible standard of morality, would contrast more than favourably with the lives of those who seek to stamp them with this offensive brand."

My article was essentially a plea for religious liberty. To me it seems axiomatic that any one shall be at liberty to believe in transubstantiation, if to him it appears to be true. To deny this right is to cut away at a blow the whole foundation upon which freedom of conscience and the right of private judgment repose. The only justification for the claim of any one to worship God in *his* way, is that he shall concede to all others their claim to worship God in *their* way. If Protestants wish to enjoy perfect freedom of religious worship, they must accord the same freedom to Roman Catholics; if they wish Roman Catholics to respect their religion, they must respect the religion of Roman Catholics. The only ground upon which any one can claim that others shall refrain from insulting his religion, is that he shall refrain from insulting theirs.

SORDELLO.

ROUND THE TABLE.

"EVERY person," says Gibbon, "has two educations—one which he receives from others, and one, more important, which he gives himself"—and he never spoke a truer word. But the question sometimes occurs to us, whether this self-education is more or less of an advantage This is a point I have often heard ably discussed, and always without arriving at a satisfactory conclusion. It is argued that it is a mistake so far as the happiness of the individual is concerned, and there is certainly much truth in this. Self-culture is, of course, a synonymous term for self-education, viz., the elevation of one's mental self to the highest point, and it seems to me that much of the advantage or disadvantage of this elevation must depend upon the position in which the individual is placed. For a poor man to try to raise himself is, in nine cases out of ten, to make him discontented with his surroundings, and, consequently, unhappy.

To apply this, however, to another rank in life, to the upper ten, vulgarly so called—how does this self-cultivation benefit them? Do they not sometimes educate themselves above the desirable point, and create wishes and desires impossible of gratification without large means, and even then, in many respects, out of the reach of those on this side of the water. For at the present high rate of pressure the best of everything, of course, commands the highest prices, and goes to the best markets, which are certainly not in a new and rising country. Superior acting, superior singing, superior music, superior pictures, are only very exceptionally enjoyed. When a Neilson, a Patti, or a Rubenstein appears among us, to leave us in darkness, intensified only by the light that has shone upon it, does not the soul educated to appreciate only such, either pine in the desert of absolute sterility, or groan hopelessly in the sloughs of mediocrity. If taste is cultivated, how small the opportunity of gratifying it, how often are the eye and ear assailed and wounded in their most delicate perceptions at every turn. Undoubtedly the man who is unsusceptible to trivial external influences must be saved a great deal. In the towns, even, of a new country, there is necessarily much that is rough and unsightly; in the country itself, until the primeval forest is attained, nature suffers grievously at the hand of man. Witness the hundreds of acres of newly cleared land, outraging the eye with their scarred and blackened stumps, and the endless lines of angular snake fences, and all the well-known signs of early cultivation, testifying, it is true, to the progress of the country, but carrying little solace to the unpatriotic mind of the self-cultivated one. We are presuming, of course, that the individual has been aided in his attempts at cultivation, that he has travelled and seen something of the world, and is able, therefore, to compare one thing with another, and discriminate the good from the bad, the very essence, so to speak, of cultivation. His mind, on these occasions, will infallibly revert to other lands and other scenes, and he will find himself thinking this would be pretty—if I only could get rid of the stumps, and if that square rough cottage and those hideous pumpkins were only out of the way; but they, alas, spoil it all. Again, he drives up to some country house, through park-like meadows and fine old trees; but the place is not well kept; cattle and horses wander over it at will, the road is full of grass and weeds, and an occasional log is an ugly blot upon the foreground. He has been told this is a pretty place, and knows it is so considered; looked at with impartial eyes, it undoubtedly possesses much natural beauty, but the old adage of comparisons being odious proves none the less true in this case, for the mind at once travels thousands of miles across the sea, and a vision rises before the eyes, of some old English home, with its miles of park land, its magnificent timber, its bracken and underbrush, with rabbits scudding across the road, or a pheasant whirring overhead, while down a distant glade is a herd of red deer quietly browsing—and Canada suffers by the contrast.

The same thing is applicable to theatres, concerts, exhibitions of all kinds, and it probably ends in the self cultivated man shutting himself snail-like in his shell, and lead-

ing a kind of hermit life, of communion with himself alone. So far as society goes, he is equally at a disadvantage, for there is no doubt that ordinary people are largely in excess of the extraordinary, and he will meet ninety-nine who are uncongenial to the one hundreth who is really acceptable.

Thus he has become an epicure, and, unable to command what he really enjoys, prefers a void to mediocrity. Literature is probably the only field in which his over-cultivated taste can find lawful gratification; there his soul can take its ease, for in this nineteenth century books are within reach of every one, and they become the apple of his eye, the sole mistress of his heart.

On the whole, I cannot honestly recommend self-cultivation to our young friends, though undoubtedly a mind is a great implement, and will make a garden out of which others would find a desert. Do not encourage self-cultivation; believe me, the oysters of the world have a great deal the best of it in the long ran; if they have not the capacity for enjoyment, neither have they the capacity for suffering, and as the pain of this life greatly preponderates over its pleasures, that is in itself a recommendation. I cannot help believing that many self-cultivated men and women, looking down the vista of a long life, must acknowledge that their mental elevation has been rather a curse than a blessing, and that they have envied their dull neighbours, who, requiring less, have been satisfied with less, and with their hands in those of husband or wife, are going calmly and quietly down the shady side of the hill, which they are treading alone, in the barren solitude of old maiden or old bachelor-hood.

—As a rule clergymen refrain from giving counsel to men in the matter of their duty to the country. They excuse themselves on the ground that they "have no business with politics," it being assumed that politics and sanctity are not consistent with each other. But there is no reason why clergymen should not be interested in politics, although from *party* politics they had better keep aloof. A moment's consideration will show that our duty to the State should be as much a subject of importance to our moral guides as any other of the duties of social beings; and that ministers of the gospel should not hesitate to instil right principles of citizenship into the minds of those whom they are able to influence. And they may do this without running any risk of being suspected of a desire to interfere in elections, or of trying to control men's judgments on the merits of the two parties, who, I admit, do a good deal to discredit the noble calling of politics in Canada. I am led to speak this way by observing that we have one Canadian minister of high standing who does not consider that the duty of patriotism is something beyond his sphere. The Reverend Principal Grant, in some of his late public utterances, has shewn himself to possess what is unfortunately rare in theologians, an ardent interest in what are called the "secular" affairs of the country, and is exerting his powerful influence in a way best calculated in my humble opinion, to promote the public welfare, by the warm and earnest advocacy of what may best be called "Canadianism." And what I mean by "Canadianism" will be seen from the following passages of a recent speech of Mr. Grant's, delivered in this city:—

"What does a 'home' mean? It brings back to us visions of the old roof-tree, the lowly kitchen, and the mother's knee. He had spoken to a rich Scotsman once on this subject. The party in question, after informing him that he had now a dozen servants to wait on him, added: 'I am no half sae weel off as when seven o' us lived in the same house wi' only yae little lassie to attend to us.' He would be a miserable creature indeed who would not think more of his home than of any other place. As one gets older the word 'home' takes a wider significance; it gradually extends over the parish, and then to the adjoining city. But, however far one leaves home behind, one cannot forget the dear spot. It is because of this love of home that there are so many of the inhabitants of Scotland who, when they die, leave endowments to their native parish or town, as the case may be, in order to keep their memory green in it. There is plenty of evidence of this love of home among Canadians. When away in distant parts this country gets to be very dear to them. This is evidenced in the fact that in South America and in the Old Country Canadian Societies are being formed. The man who does not have this feeling for his native land ought to be pitied. Such a man must be looked upon as a sort of maniac—

a moral idiot—a man without a healthy mind. What would be thought of a Scotsman who said that he had no love for his home? In this connection there occurred to him the words of Burns—

> A wish I had, I felt its power—
> A wish that to my latest hour
> Will strongly move my heart;
> That I for poor old Scotland's sake
> Some useful plan or book might make,
> Or sing a sang at least.

If such feelings dwelt in the breasts of Scotsmen, what of Canadians? He would be a very flunkey in spirit who would not cherish such sentiments for the land which gave him birth. If Canadians have not this feeling it certainly is not for want of a glorious country to inspire it."

—The climate of Canada is often abused for its severity, but that of England also has its drawbacks, amusingly illustrated in the following extract from a letter lately received from a Canadian lady, describing her first experience of English autumn weather. She writes in a house in the vicinity of Bath, overlooking the Valley of the Avon, and the time of year is November:

"Monday, 13th.—To-day is nice and bright, the river is what they call 'out,' it looks so pretty; the meadows are partly flooded and Annie says they look like a great lake. All Sunday the rain came down in a good honest way and the wind blew with a steady howl. The papers are full of disasters on the coast and floods on shore.

"Wednesday.—Last night we read 'Rosa's pill' in the 19th century fairy tale. I am sure I wish English people were a little more lively; they have their little jokes in a business-like manner (I don't mean the book, that is grand), but of regular fun I have heard nothing. I opened my window this morning while dressing, and think the rollicking fun of our book last night must have done me good, for I got up to breakfast, and—oh horrors! to the English mind—I, who have not dared to look at an open door, and only once been outside the house for a fortnight—dressed with my window open. I feel that I cannot hope ever to be English in my ways, for they are an eminently reasonable race, and if I had their clear, cool sense, so delightful to those who have it and so supremely aggravating to those who haven't, my cough would be worse instead of better. When Harriet came to my room she said the morning was cold and frosty, and as soon as her back was turned I opened my window and looked out; I saw the sun—who hardly ever gets a good look at England—making a little attempt to shine. The air was nice and frosty, and the sun was doing his best, but I had to retire and dress as quickly as possible, for there was a little mist. Will there ever be a bright, crisp day, or must I wait till I see Canada again?

"Thursday.—I cannot go out to-day as the rain is coming down in a mild but determined way. If it were not for the aggravating, self-sufficient pertinacity of this gentle rain, one might fancy the clouds were broken-hearted at being driven so far north and were crying their eyes out over England. If this country could only be hung up somewhere to dry it would be charming, and then if some arrangement could be made to let in a little more sun and air, nothing would be wanting; the people would unconsciously be a little more frolicsome and jolly and not so terribly business-like in their mirth.

"Nothing has impressed upon me the difference between the two countries more than the calm and indifferent way in which four cats are meandering about the garden in the rain. There is a rusty black kitten—when dry there could not be a more fluffy, ragged little kit—walking in that consciously unconscious way, peculiar to cats, with her tail perfectly erect, in the wettest part of the wettest path, looking up at the clouds with a critical air and the rain pattering upon her face,—fancy a Canadian cat walking for pleasure in the rain,—and she has been out so long that the poor little neglected thing looks almost sleek."

—The season for those public plagues, those ever untimely nuisances, Bazaars and Fancy Sales, is upon us.

Out of season, to our inclinations, they always are, for we feel at the very mention of their name that now we are going to be "taken in" and mulcted to any extent, under the pretence of furthering some just and holy cause. I cannot but believe that this mode of extorting money from good-natured friends and relatives is rotten at the core. It certainly has none of the elements of true almsgiving in it, none of the simplicity, none of the self-abnegation, none of the "doing good by stealth and blushing to find it

fame," which belong to properly administered charity. It is a sort of compromise with our consciences :—"Come now," say these bazaar promoters, "give a dollar to God with one hand, and you shall have the privilege of taking back at least twenty-five cents with the other." Thus saying, they secretly acknowledge that giving to God's work is really a dead loss, and that some little compensation is needed to encourage the donor. So, benevolent ladies, when a bazaar looms in the dim future and promoters become pressing, begin to think of some chair that would be all the better for an antimaccassar, or a vase that would look nicer if placed on a wool mat. They are contented to give three times the value of the article they buy so long as they get a little something for their pains, and they go home with a comfortable sort of feeling that though they have been cheated, yet it was for a good cause, and "one ought to do what one can for the poorer brethren." As for men, a bazaar seems to them neither more nor less than an extortion practised on them by their young lady friends, and their principal concern is to plan how cheaply they can get off, and on the whole they would rather not have the bead watch-pockets and pin-cushions they are informed they have purchased. Do these good people really think they are promoting charitable feelings and enlarging the sympathies of those whose help they ask.

There are other considerations to be thought of, too, with reference to these sales—the taking away money from those who get their living by selling fancy articles, the immense waste of time in preparing for the bazaars, and the cultivating (where such cultivation is certainly most unnecessary) a greater love for those numerous detestable and unartistic knick-knacks that at present crowd our sitting and drawing-rooms to the exclusion of books and pictures, a taste for which is seldom developed in those houses where every shelf and table is loaded with useless work. But to people who are entangled in the network and meshes of this kind of fancy-work, reproof is idle and expostulation is vain. No doubt the devotees of the needle have often failed to find any sarcastic meaning in George Eliot's passage on the subject: "When a man is happy enough to win the affections of a sweet girl, who can soothe his cares with crochet, and respond to all his most cherished ideas with beaded urn-rugs and chair-covers in German wool, he has, at least, a guarantee of domestic comfort, whatever trials may await him out of doors. What a resource it is under fatigue and irritation to have your drawing-room well supplied with small mats, which would always be ready if you ever wanted to set anything on them! And what styptic for a bleeding heart can equal copious squares of crochet, which are useful for slipping down the moment you touch them?"

—I am inclined to break a lance with my metrical friend who made a "Big push" at slang last month. Purity of language is all very well, but when driven to a fine point of "dictionary writing," the result is as colourless and insipid as distilled water, and very different from the well of English undefiled! Why, to the larger half of the English nation Chaucer was full of the worst kind of Norman-French slang, and to the refined portion of his contemporaries his Anglo-Saxon brutalities were simply disgusting! Chaucer had an inveterate habit of calling a spade a spade, which is, in effect, adopting the expressive and curt term of the vulgar in place of the polite and roundabout definitions that grammarians of every age are so ready to offer in place of that offensive instrument. I am inclined to think that the cutting allusion to the "Frenche of Stratford-atte-Bowe," was current chaff of the period, and that the purists of the day discoursed round the table with many a prosy period over the degrading tendency of poets to "pick up" (I beg pardon, assimilate) vernacular vulgarisms. Little did they think that Chaucer was welding the conflicting elements of our speech into one vigorous whole, and that his works would in time become a standard authority. Little, too, did Chaucer imagine that bloodless authors would arise to copy him and his language, with as much success as awaited those classical revivalists who out-Ciceroed Cicero by denying themselves the use of a single word, or the turn of a single expression, however felicitous, which had not been sanctioned by Cicero's tongue or pen.

So long as a language develops slang it is alive. If I might venture on a metaphor, I would compare my slang-detesting friend to those benefactors of the race who, attacking the warning symptom instead of the hidden disease, offer their sick neighbour a specific

"Pain-killer." Such men should form an "Association for the Abolition of Danger Signals on Railways," based on a profound analysis of the intimate connection of red lamps and collisions. Slang is a painful evidence of growth. Some slang is unendurable; do not be afraid, it will pass away and be forgotten, like the pimples and blotches upon the face of a growing boy. But oftener it will harden, and take place and form; becoming, in time, the life and the sparkle of the pure well water of the future (if we *must* return to that temperate simile). Read over Henry IV., and you will find that plenty of the slang of Shakspere's time has died a natural death. But if *none* of the slang of Shakspere's time had ever been breathed over pottles of sack or bandied across the green-room, I trow our language would be the poorer now a-days! "J'aimerais mieux que mon fils apprinst aux tavernes á parler," says Montaigne, "qu' aux escholes de la parlerie." Rabelais has *rather* more slang in him than Racine; life and vigour are present in the two authors in a similar ratio. Dickens had wonderful opportunities in this line, which he did not neglect, and the literature which he enriched will recompense him by declaring much of his slang classical. If any of our guests want to hear a sound lecture upon slang, and are open to receive some timely hints as to the risk of denouncing a word as a new coinage, without first exhaustively studying old English literature, let them turn up Lowell's Introduction to his second series of the "Biglow Papers." There they will learn that the slang that we should really strive to avoid is that highly correct style of journalistic writing, which is the reverse of the slang I have been striving to defend, and which turns such a sentence as "The man fell off the frightened horse", into "The individual was precipitated from the infuriated animal." Ten to one if you came across such a sentence in a paper, it would go on to say, with a plenitude of inverted commas, "again he hurried on his mad career," instead of "the horse trotted round the corner;" for free quotation and quotation marks are a sure symptom of this kind of slang. I will close with a delightful specimen I culled the other day, delightful alike in its "superior" language and the charming *naïveté* with which it couples greediness and the approval of Providence: "Bishop Stevens invoked the Divine Blessing, and an hour and a half were consumed in discussing the edible attractions on the festive board!"

—One who sat with us last month was pleased to comment rather severely upon the Hon. Mr. Vice-Chancellor Blake's lecture on Professional Ethics, using it as a peg upon which to hang a little discourse concerning law and lawyers generally. I do not propose to argue the matter with him, for the principles of our law and the reputation of our lawyers are too well established to suffer from the strictures of one who does not seem to be intimately acquainted with the subject whereof he speaks. I freely admit, however, that there is much truth in the remarks made, and that there is much to be done for the science of law, and more for its practice, before that degree of completeness and utility can be reached which we all so earnestly desire. *A propos* of the lecture I am compelled, reluctantly enough, to make one or two observations of a nature other than I would like. On reading the report of it in the *Globe* of the 15th November (the accuracy of which I presume), I was struck with the presence in abundance of moral and and religious principles, and the entire absence of any acknowledgement to the Hon. George Sharswood LL.D., of Philadelphia, for the essential part which his "Essay on Professional Ethics" played in the entertainment. That the lecture from beginning to end was an almost wholesale appropriation from Judge Sharswood's book, anyone who will take the trouble to compare the two can easily establish, even if the learned Vice-Chancellor's allusion to certain amazing advice to counsel and clients (see Sharswood's "Legal Ethics," 4th Ed., p. 66) which he had "found in an American writer recently" did not set the coincidence beyond a peradventure. If this be a "course of conduct honest and fair" from a lawyer's point of view—to say nothing of an Equity Judge—I think the less said in public about "elevating the professional standard" the better. Apart from this I was astounded to find the notorious breach of faith of the Council of Girard College commended to the student as a worthy example of "seeking earnestly to faithfully carry out the wishes of the generous donor." The council well knew the religious views of Girard, and that his plain intention was to exclude the Bible and all

sectarian teaching from the institution; yet the introduction of both was sanctioned. The members did not even think it dishonourable to accept the permission to pray and preach there on occasions, under the flimsy disguise of lay brethren, though clergymen were expressly excluded by name. To such men and to those who indorse their conduct I would say with the learned lecturer: "Beware lest your example deteriorate your fellow men."

—I suppose that no one will question the right of our friend who made so valorous an attack upon law and lawyers at the Table last month to dislike law-studies if he will. But I wonder if the law is really to blame if he fails to see any "nobility" about it; if he does not find the study thereof "mentally profitable or morally improving;" if he is unable to acquire "a due reverence for it all!" I remember to have held just such gloomy views once about chemistry. It seemed to me a farrago of barbarous names and symbols, quite unprofitable mentally or morally, and unworthy of any reverence. But experience has led me to believe that chemistry cannot rightly be held responsible for such a judgment.

If the lecturer whom my friend takes to task took care to remind his hearers that they belonged to a "noble" profession, I do not feel inclined to carp at him for doing so. The more a lawyer is impressed with the dignity and nobility of his calling, the more likely is he to be scrupulously honourable in his dealings; and if I thought a lawyer incapable of being so impressed, I should be slow indeed to trust him. The fact is, the law *is* a "noble" profession, whether we consider the duties with which its members are charged, or the way in which those duties have for the most part been performed by the men who are reverenced as the great names of the profession; whether we consider the principles of liberty and order of which the law is the exponent and guardian, or the firmness with which those principles have been maintained by lawyers in evil times. I think one has only to read Coke's arguments in Parliament on the constitutional rights of the subject, Lord Mansfield's judgment in that case where he lays down the principle that "the air of England is too free to be breathed by a slave," Sir Alexander Cockburn's charge in the Governor Eyre case, Erskine's and Curran's speeches at the bar, and such like legal literature, to admit the claim of law to be considered a "noble" profession. Whether or not the study of law is in itself "noble or elevating to a man as a rational being," my experience hardly enables me to say. I know a number of able and honest lawyers whom I would hardly call "noble," or "elevated" in character; but, on the other hand, there are many who seem to have drawn from their law books the most lofty ideas of rectitude and humanity, and a passionate love of liberty. There are mean lawyers as well as noble ones; but then there are mean geologists, astronomers, poets, and even philosophers, as well as noble ones. Perhaps after all the particular pursuit has very little to do with the character of the man. I should like to know, however, what sort of special study it is which, in my friend's judgment, has the effect of ennobling and elevating the mind, if law has not. Is it botany, theology, pure mathematics, or what is it? For my own part I incline to think that any of these subjects, if pursued *exclusively*, and with the sense that it contains in itself the sum of all useful knowledge, and therefore pursued *improperly*, would have the effect of narrowing and lowering the mind; and the same may be admitted of law. I do not suppose that the learned lecturer meant to recommend the study of law in this blind and ignorant way. Each of the subjects I have mentioned would properly enter into a liberal education, and whether we intend to make law our business or not, whether we choose to think it noble and elevating or not, I believe that it also is an essential branch of a liberal education. Burke thought so, and his mind was certainly not cramped, nor his usefulness impaired by his careful study of Blackstone, now looked upon as a somewhat antiquated optimist. The law enters into almost every detail of life, from the highest to the lowest; it governs almost every action whereby the interests of others may be affected; it binds the whole social system together; and on the whole keeps pace with the growing needs of society. I do not see how any one can claim to be educated, looking at the true end and aim of education, who is not familiar at least with the general principles of law, as set forth in text-books and commentaries; and I con-

fess I am quite unable to understand how any one can assert that in this study there is nothing "intrinsically beneficial," nothing "mentally profitable or morally improving."

My friend, however, though he takes this position, does not attempt to sustain it by argument or example. What he does, as he proceeds, is to point out that there are *some* branches of the law which are defective, and that law, as studied by *some* people, does not seem to improve the mind. There can be no difference of opinion on these points. Neither our Real Property Law nor our Common Law Procedure is perfect, though, by comparison with what they were, they might be considered well nigh perfect. But I must say that it is quite unwarrantable to assail these departments of the law, where there is so much that is admirable, and so much on which no one has been able to suggest improvements, with such sweeping charges as those of my law-condemning friend. Unless some one is ready with something like feasible and better rules to substitute for those in which we see defects, nothing can be gained by indulging in transports of indignation against the whole system, and everything connected with it. It is equally ridiculous to fall foul of the "oligarchy of lawyers" because defects still exist, and to charge them with keeping the law abstruse and irrational for the sake of profit. What does "downright Professor Blackie" know about it? Has he ever tried his hand at improving the law, that it seems to him so simple a matter to substitute a new system, "which he who runs may read," for the long accumulation of centuries? If my friend who protests against "authority" so urgently, is going to rely on authority for his own purposes, he might choose authority which has something more than downrightness to recommend it. Any one who asserts that the profession generally is opposed to law-reform, if he speaks honestly, speaks ignorantly. With the exception of Bentham and one or two others, all the vast work of law-reform in England in the last century, has been done by practical lawyers; in our own country it has been done entirely by them. Both in England and in Canada the men who are the most respected by their professional brethren are those who take the lead in advancing the reform of the laws in those points where experience shows the need and the *mode* of amendment. Any one who, like "downright Professor Blackie," accuses lawyers as a body, of a design to impede progress in adapting the law to our constantly changing circumstances, simply echoes the vulgar cry, that there is some mysterious association between the administration of justice and the Prince of Evil, and that a man, no matter how high-minded and enlightened he may previously be, as soon as he enters these unholy ranks, becomes an enemy of his kind, and sets about "strangling" their rights instead of advocating them. And this talk about codifying the law and thereby making it so plain and simple that every yokel may read, and read rightly, is really very idle talk. Does it render laws less liable to the necessity of interpretation, less open to different constructions, less difficult to apply to a particular state of circumstances because they are found in a code instead of in judgments. Have the imperfections of language no place in a code? Are there fewer lawsuits where there is a code? I am not aware that these questions can be answered in the affirmative, but if downright Professor Blackie, or any one of those who accept his authority in these matters, has a plan for making the law so simple that the ingenuous layman may understand it without special training, and may be able to ascertain his rights without reference to the selfish "oligarchy of lawyers," I am sure every one would be glad to hear about it.

I hope my friend does not assume that the few text-books prescribed for students, which are simply intended to afford some guarantee that clients shall not suffer through the ignorance of practitioners, are the only ones of the "regular Canadian course." Our successful lawyers pursue a course which embraces a good deal more than these very necessary primers. As to my friend's opinion of the general effects of a legal education, I suppose, as I have said, that a man may study law in such a way that while his faculties are rendered more acute, they became narrower in range, but in such a case he must blame himself and not the law. But the fact is that lawyers, instead of being the most narrow-minded of men, have, as far as my experience goes, more of general culture than any other class, except perhaps journalists; though for that matter the journalists of London are said to be mostly barristers. It was Dr. Johnson who said that he found lawyers the most entertaining of men; why?

Because there is hardly any subject in which they are as a rule not ready to take a sympathetic interest, and hardly any about which, from the very nature of their reading and practice, they do not know at least a little. Have doctors, clergymen, merchants, bankers minds better stored with ideas, and more open to impressions than lawyers? Can any one seriously contend in the face of the facts, that the man who has specially applied his powers to acquiring legal knowledge, assuming him to have mental capacity, is likely to be "on general questions utterly at sea, capable only of half views, and holding to them with bigoted tenacity?" A whole host of great names, of names great in law, but great also in statesmanship, philosophy, letters, oratory, philanthropy rise to refute so wild an assertion. And are the laws under which we live so bad that we should condemn lawyers as legislators? The most important part of the statute law will be found to have been placed upon the statute-book by lawyers, both in Canada and the United States. Is this consistent with the assertion that on general questions well-trained lawyers are at sea? Perhaps so, but if it is, why do not the people of these countries commit the initiative in legislation to their philosophers, artists, littérateurs, farmers, or merchants, instead of these bigoted, narrow-minded, unprogressive, and designing lawyers.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE Local Legislature of Ontario has been summoned to meet on the 9th of January, and the Dominion Parliament on the 9th of the month following. As yet there has been no foreshadowing of measures to be introduced by either Government, although presumably each of them has already prepared what it deems a list of tempting, if not substantial, viands to be paraded in the *carte* "from the Throne." It is, no doubt, a difficult task to draw up the bill of fare for a Barmecide feast, and it can only be hoped that, in the sequel, our legislators and the country may be as well served as the beggar of Bagdad. It is much to be regretted that Mr. Mowat will persist in consulting his own convenience, rather than that of the public, as to the period of convening the House. This is certainly no party question. The chief organ of his own party, and the leading politicians most strongly attached to it in the counties, have constantly urged an early session; and still, either from reluctance to enter the conflict, or from unreadiness to face the Legislature, he continues the practice of late meetings at the most inconvenient possible period. Not to speak of the awkward division of public attention between Local and Dominion matters of interest, the beginning of January, or the middle of it, is the worst possible time that could be selected. It deranges municipal business, when councils are in the agony of organization, by presenting to them the double duty of settling their arrangements for the year at home, and looking after their wants at Toronto simultaneously. Surely the Government cannot fail to recognize the plain and obvious result of this procrastination; why is it perversely repeated year after year? There seems no reason why the Ontario House should not meet and despatch all its business before the Christmas Holidays; it would suit the people much better and, at the same time, enable ministers to "eat their meal" without fear, and sleep not "in the affliction of those dreams that shake them nightly," at the near prospect of a session. They are not, as a rule, fat men, yet they love good fare and secure enjoyment of it at a festive season, as well as their fellows; why not so arrange it that the shadows of approaching foes should be impossible or ridiculous at the Christmas board, because all the hurly-burly is over and done, and the battle lost or won?

There is one subject upon which the people of Ontario will no longer be put off with evasive answers or delusive palliatives in the shape of half-and-half legislation. If the Government proposes to deal with tax exemptions, it must do the work thoroughly, or had better refuse to deal with it at all. Any attempt to deceive the people by a pretended

compliance with their clearly expressed wishes, by an Act which "keeps the word of promise to the ear and breaks it to the hope," will most assuredly seal the fate of Ministers when they come to give in their account to the electorate, as they must shortly do. The menace of extrusion from office by defeat at the polls is the only legitimate form of intimidation; and now, when the portentous apparition of a general election gains form and substance as it is approached, a regard for consequences, as well as a gentle warning about them, may not be without effect. It is needless to repeat the overwhelming arguments against the system it is sought to destroy. Exemption from the payment of a fair share towards the expenses of municipal government is merely the relic of a practice which vexed our forefathers and precipitated France into the jaws of revolution. No one has attempted a defence of it, save as classes and castes have always sought to maintain it by appeals to precedent or to sentiment. And now when the attempt is made, not only to perpetuate the existing system, but to extend it beyond the obvious purpose of the law, on false and frivolous pretences, and when rich corporations, religious and secular, defy the assessor by the meanest of subterfuges, the reasons for a clean sweep in these dusty and cobwebbed corners of our governmental system acquire overwhelming force and cogency. It is not enough that clergymen with their thousands a year should plead *in formâ pauperis* for immunity, or that congregations should occupy whole squares, free from taxation, in our crowded centres of population, or that capitalists should receive large dividends, and governments own large estates in realty without paying aught to the municipal treasury,—all that is as unjust and indefensible as any species of inequality and unfairness can be. But when it is positively claimed that all the hangers-on of churches who have the title of "reverend," publishing newspapers or keeping book-shops, shall be allowed to defraud Cæsar of what is Cæsar's, it is surely time that such an obsolete system were at once brought to an end.

In Canada, we boast ourselves to be freer, if not better, than our English sires. We have no State Church, and yet by a process of "levelling up," which would delight Lord Beaconsfield, every church, denomination, and sect is at this moment endowed by the State to the precise amount of its exemption. What they do in England, is now known from the courteous replies of Sir Stafford Northcote to Mr. Potter's interrogatories. The Income-Tax, which is there an Imperial impost, is levied upon all, save the Queen; and she, with an honourable regard for justice, pays it of her own free will. Churches are exempt from local taxation, but not church property; so also is Government property, but then in that case, as in all other cases where exemptions are made, the amount is paid to the local authorities by the Imperial Parliament. So that in Old England, where there is an Established Church, an ecclesiastical caste, an aristocracy, and an expensive Government, the claims of even-handed justice are more firmly asserted and more equitably adjusted than they are in this free and enlightened Canada of ours. The question is one of those —and they are many—in which parties are not to be trusted; the people must soon have the solution of the problem in their own hands, and they will be themselves to blame, as they will be the sufferers, if they permit this remnant of privilege and immunity to be maintained. It will be for them to decide whether any set of individuals or corporations, either on the plea of sanctity, divine right, prescriptive right, or otherwise, shall continue to shift the burdens they ought in equity and in conscience to bear themselves, upon the shoulders of the community at large. It is impossible yet to determine what attitude the parties, as such, may choose to assume touching this vital question; but it cannot be amiss to urge the people to watch them narrowly. They are not above suspicion in the matter, and it must be remembered that "eternal vigilance" is not only the price, but the safeguard also by which alone equal rights and impartial legislation can be secured and maintained. The entire system of taxation requires thorough revision and reconstruction; for that the electors must look to the wisest and best of their public men; but the exemption question is one they can judge for themselves, since it is one of justice and fair dealing between class and class, man and man, rich and poor—one which every man, not blinded by the film of prejudice or interest is competent to answer at the polls.

So far as the Dominion Parliament is concerned, the outlook is not encouraging. No doubt the old stories of jobbery and corrup-

tion, which proved so effective at the pic-nics, will be revamped and made more presentable, in compliment to the *genius loci*. One party will strive to show that the other has broken every principle it struggled for while on Mr. Speaker's left hand, and it will meet with the retort that the other side never had any principles at all worth speaking about. Charges and counter-charges will be hurled to and fro with that sort of energy we usually associate with Billingsgate or Donnybrook Fair. To prove that its opponents are as black as itself is the highest ambition of the hour,—the *tu quoque* argument its only logic. What better can be anticipated of parties which have run to seed? Nationalists are not the only people who deprecate the prevailing tactics of the parties. In the press or on the platform, whenever men disclose their honest convictions, the fact that we so often strive to urge upon the public mind is candidly admitted and deplored. Certainly, nothing more severe has been said in these pages than the following from the *Journal of Commerce*, in an article written to reprove the MONTHLY for abusing parties:—"To us it seems inevitable that the next Canadian political contest must turn on the fiscal policy to be adopted, and if the consequence should be a disruption of the present political parties, it would probably be a fortunate circumstance, inasmuch as it would tend to eliminate from our politics the violent personal bitterness which has been the most marked feature of the recent political pic-nics." Our contemporary, as might have been expected from so able and thoughtful a journalist, acknowledges the evil and desires its elimination, and yet he seems afraid of the remedy he himself perceives to be the only radical and effective one. The disintegration of parties may possibly occur, and it would "probably" be a good thing, because it might "tend" to accomplish a cure. Why this half-hearted fluttering between an honest hope and a half-disclosed aversion? Simply because the latter lurks deeper and has a firmer hold, not consciously, perhaps, upon the partisan's feelings and prejudices than he is prepared to avow. Why should the *Journal* desire to wait for a reform in political manners until after a general election, conducted under the auspices of these very parties, with their passions more warmly aroused and their better feelings more completely stifled? So far from believing that parties could edify the public mind or elevate the tone of political morality, by a tardy repentance when in the throes of dissolution, it is our conviction that they would still further defile the atmosphere and sow the seeds of slander and calumny to fructify through the entire life of another Parliament.

Now is the time to arouse the nobler feelings and to goad the dormant conscience. It will be too late after a general election, when the hopes or fears of each party have been realized, and they are at liberty, like Richard, to return to their "holy work again." And why should any one view the prospect of party dissolution with regret, much less with apprehension? The evils wrought by party conflict are written in broad characters on almost every page of this country's history, during the last half century at least. Those alone who have had ampler opportunities of breathing the political atmosphere than we can boast—and this writer in the *Journal* is perhaps of the number—can tell how foul and pestilential it has been. But even outsiders know something of its baneful influences. Its victims lie thick upon the path of progress, and mark it at every step of the way. If a complete narrative could be given of all the wrecked reputations, all the embittered lives, all the sinister results of party passion in blunted moral perceptions, unscrupulous trickery, reckless calumny, and baseless vituperation, we should possess a history, from which Louis XI., Machiavelli, Napoleon, or any other master of craft, duplicity, and falsehood might have profited. The last decade has been redolent of nothing but the miasma referred to. We shall be told that up to the coalition of 1864 there were great principles at stake, and that as men necessarily, and for the most part honestly, differ, parties must exist to bring the matter to an issue. Let us ask if that is the lesson taught by the events of the period from 1854 to 1864? Far otherwise. It was found at last, and candidly enough confessed, that partyism, as a means of settling disputed questions of principle, was a failure; and that the only remedy was a breaking up of parties and the fusion of their best elements.

The solution was Confederation—a scheme which Sir Alex. Galt propounded with singular power and clearness in 1858, without convincing either side. Parties are in fact seldom, if ever, convinced of any principle

now-a-days, unless they fight until they are exhausted, and the combat ends in a deadlock. The period of eighteen months or so, during which the Hon. Geo. Brown was the colleague of Sir Geo. Cartier and Sir John Macdonald, was like a brief millennium—a little heaven below. There were no lambs in those days; but the wolf, the jackal, and the hyena—by which we do not mean the three gentlemen named, except tropically—lay down together, or rather stood up, and ate something better than straw at the government crib. Setting aside the trope, however, what conclusion should be drawn from the eminently wise and patriotic course of the party leaders? Certainly not that we owed Confederation to party; for, if the factions had possessed sufficient vigour, the fight might have been in progress to this day. It is only when politicians come to see that they are fighting windmills that they cease to be quixotic, and become at once sane, good-natured, forgiving *sub modo*, and practical. During that halcyon time, all vexed questions were left open. Legislators could act according to their honest convictions touching Separate Schools, Ecclesiastical Corporations, money grants to sectarian charities, and all the other little questions which had sprung up like thorns and briars, during the strict party *régime;* and this without fearing the lash of the whipper-in, or endangering, not the cause of country, but of the popular fetish—party. That happy state of things, however, was too good, as well as too tame, to endure long. Carnivorous animals do not relish grain or herbage as a general thing, and get rid of it *quam primum*, in favour of something better adapted to their dental and digestive systems. Fierce war broke out once more, and twelve years after the renewed struggle is still in progress. It may be said that Canada has gained Confederation at all events; true, but in spite of parties, not through their instrumentality.

In 1873 again there was a change in the attitude and relative position of parties; but it was merely episodical. By what was a lucky chance for one belligerent, and a fatal disaster to the other, the former succeeded in getting at the latter's flank and rear and displacing him altogether. The "king of the castle" became the "dirty rascal,"—as the boys would say,—and *vice versâ*. The exposure of the Pacific Scandal was not only a god-send to the Opposition, but the outburst of moral indignation which ensued so far as the electorate gave expression to it, was honest and unfeigned. Whether it was fully justified or not need scarcely be discussed here; at all events, it was another proof that the people may err in their opinions, but in their moral sentiments, never. Now, whether the Government of the day were right or wrong, whether the Opposition were altogether actuated by conscientious rage, or whether there was not a *soupçon* of pretence in it, makes no difference; party zeal, party scheming, party tactics stand alike condemned on any view which can be taken. The cause of offence was a natural result of the demoralized condition into which parties had sunk; there was no principle at stake—and if there had been it would have fallen a sacrifice—so the necessary consequence of a scramble for office appeared in wholesale bribery. After all, the cure was not applied by party effort, but by party disruption. Whether those who deserted Sir John Macdonald did so on strictly moral grounds, in hope of ulterior gain, or from fear of their constituents, is beside the question. They did change their allegiance, and a revolution of a mild type was the consequence; so that, whatever view may be taken of the matter, party must receive all the blame and no credit whatever for its beginning and progress—including the sinister management of the case—and its issue. Now that is all over, the old system is again in working order; the Government is being systematically worried, because it is a Government; and the Opposition, of course, discharges eagerly, and not with too much delicacy or scrupulousness, the normal functions of an Opposition under the party system.

That principles of supreme importance do, when they are to be found, divide men into parties is unquestionable; but they are seldom originated, or looked upon with favour, by those who end in embracing them. Party leaders are seldom leaders of men; "shepherds of the people" they may be in a sense, but they follow the flock merely, instead of guiding and directing it. Partyism espouses principles, only to retard their adoption and mutilate their fair proportions. Conceding its full value to the give-and-take or compromise principle—and we do not favour root-and-branch reform—it still remains true that principles nearly always suffer under party manipulation. On the other hand, parties

suffer also by the encounter. The Ithuriel touch of a principle, be it as light as the angel's in Milton, not only transforms, but weakens and destroys those who meddle with it, in party array. Great measures in England have always been taken up as a *pis aller* by governments, and party shipwreck has been the issue. The Emancipation Act of 1829 drove the first wedge into the Tory party, and the Free Trade measures of 1846 shivered it to atoms. The first Reform Act was fatal to its Whig authors, and the second to Mr. Disraeli, who framed it to out-bid the Liberals. Mr. Gladstone fairly bristled with "burning questions," and his party were sent into political Coventry for many a year. In like manner, the Republican party in the United States had no sooner achieved the success of the cause it had espoused and brought a desperate internecine conflict to a triumphant issue, than it lost its first estate and sank deep down into the same slough the Democrats had wallowed in before. At this moment President Hayes, who is making an honest effort on behalf of sound principles, finds himself deserted by three-fourths of his party, and substantially dependent, for support in Congress, upon the precarious favour of his opponents. It is not too much to say that the distribution of Government patronage, by and for the party, is the real bone of contention, not the Southern policy or the remonetization of silver. The success or failure of Mr. Hayes clearly depends upon the question, whether country is to triumph over party or party over principle, honesty, and impartial government. As a permanent agent in a well-balanced constitutional system partyism has failed there as it has failed here, and was foredoomed to fail. It is not a question of growth, maturity, and decay merely, as partizans would put it; there is nothing in the life of a party resembling ordinary organic life. Principles no doubt promote its formation; but, in the progress of time, either it strangles the principles, or the principles disappear as an original element of its vitality. As a party, in the proper sense of the term, it ceases to be; but during many years the wretched thing may subsist upon departed worth or desert, and linger on with spasmodic strength and spiteful temper, until it is cut down as a cumberer of the ground. If there be any analogy at all between the individual life and a collective career of this kind, it must be sought in the domain of pathology, not in that of healthful, vigorous, and active existence.

Disregarding the commonplaces with which independents are pelted by partizans, what inference should be drawn from an analysis of the relations between principle and party? Not certainly that organized efforts to secure a desirable end are to be condemned; on the contrary, we believe that they are essentially necessary when such an end is clearly in view. Individualism, like its opposite extreme, multitudinism, is a foe to success in any good work. Man is a gregarious animal, and must associate with his fellows to achieve any purpose; and he should therefore seize, at whatever risk, the advantages flowing from association. Still ought he none the less to acknowledge the fallibility of his instrument, know how to fling it aside when it has served its purpose, and be careful lest, at last, the means become the end. Whenever political parties have fulfilled their mission, they should cease to be, not be perverted from their original purpose into mere agents for disseminating slander, with office for their aim, and vituperation as their method. In Canada, there are two parties so-called, which have a name to live by, though they are dead. The *soi-disant* Reformer denies that his opponent has any title to be called Liberal or Conservative, and asserts that he unites both qualities in his own person. *Per contra*, the "Liberal-Conservative" parades a list of "Reform" principles, and taunts the dominant party with having abandoned them all. There is much to be said on both sides. The names mean nothing, and principles form the appanage of an Opposition; when office is attained they are flung aside with as much ease and as naturally as a snake leaves his slough behind him.

"What are the 'really party questions?'" has been asked repeatedly in these pages; but no answer is forthcoming, for the best of all reasons, that no such questions exist. Neither Reformer nor Conservative has one shred of principle he can distinctively call his own. Both parties have been living for years, each on the sins and shortcomings of the other. No one denies that to the late Government, as well as the present, the country is indebted for many important measures of practical utility—indeed, no Administration could survive its first session

which did not show some zeal in the public interests. Nor will it be asserted by a non-partizan that this zeal has been simulated or that the measures referred to have been "springes to catch woodcocks." On the other hand, valuable as these have been—notably those of Mr. Blake and the Premier—they have been made the most of by the journals on the Government side. Admitting all the positive merits of both parties, and eliminating all the sewage of calumny, it still remains true that, as parties, distinct the one from the other, they have no claim to continued existence. They are banded together, as parties always are at such a juncture, in close phalanx. Dissent from the *dicta* of the leaders or the mass of the party is heresy, and this, be it observed, at a time when there is no justification for crushing individual conviction and enforcing party discipline with a rod of iron. As already stated, this is never done when principles are really at stake; because then the fountains of the great deep are broken up and party lines suffer gradual but sure effacement. In such a state of things as now obtains, parties are so fluid and incohesive that unless the cordon were tightly drawn they would inevitably fall to pieces. The necessary consequence is, that when a principle chances to obtrude itself upon public attention, it does not obtain a fair hearing or an honest and thorough consideration upon its merits.

It has been said that the fiscal question is "a party question," and that upon it the next election will almost certainly turn. Admitting the second assertion, we most emphatically deny the first. That the "ins," but especially the "outs," have endeavoured to use it *ad captandum vulgus* may be at once conceded; yet it would be an easy task to prove that in so far as they have meddled with it, the subject has suffered. Here is a question which, above all others, ought to be decided upon its merits. Is any pretence of independent and intelligent discussion so much as affected? Let us look at the attitude of each party in turn. The leaders on the Government side, who have spoken most pronouncedly on the subject—Messrs. Cartwright and Mills—early committed themselves to doctrinairism, without regard to the circumstances or surroundings of Canada. The books "had said it and it must be so." But there were many able and intelligent Liberals, in and out of Parliament, and many editors of the same political stripe, who, holding different opinions, did not hesitate to express them. It would be invidious to mention names, but it may fairly be asked, where are they now? Silenced, or forced to recant by the irresistible tyranny of party. How many more Reformers have never dared to whisper their dissent for fear of breaking up the party—a matter to them of infinitely greater concern than any principle—cannot be known until that party is dissolved. All we may certainly affirm is, that if a free expression of opinion were safe, from the party stand-point, the Parliamentary majority would be divided, and the national policy might have fair play. That Ministers and their "organs" are well aware of this division in the camp, suppressed but ready to break out, is evident from the fallacious plea that they are the true Protectionists, because, under diverse circumstances, their predecessors reduced duties to 15 per cent., whilst they have raised them again to 17½ per cent.

Having thus seen how the Reform party has dealt with, or rather endeavoured to stifle this test question, it may be well to review the tactics of its opponents. In the first place, the National policy, as they call it with refreshing coolness, considering the real purpose before them, is somewhat new as a "plank" in the Opposition platform. This would not of itself be an objection, since the subject has only recently acquired prominence, if the party had only possessed it long enough to know what it wanted. To demand that Sir John Macdonald, who now figures as the coryphæus of the principle, should at once lay down the basis of a tariff would be absurd; but the people have a right to some tangible definition of that principle, if only to show that he had thoroughly grasped it himself. As it is, he and his chief spokesmen use the fiscal principle merely as an engine of war. Some of them favour a moderate degree of incidental protection, whilst others are never weary of chanting the praises of the American system. No one gives any solution to the inquiry, within what limits would it be judicious to concede it and where a line must be drawn. There are those who would be content to accept the "modified Free Trade" of Mr. Bright and the new school, of Sir Alexander Galt and Mr. Goldwin Smith; others again would seem, sup-

posing their promises to be construed *au sérieux*, as if nothing would be satisfactory short of giving protection to every one who asks it. Sir John himself has made promises enough to send any statesman into political insolvency when pay-day arrives. The farmer, the ship-builder, the miner, the refiner, together with every other species of manufacture or skilled industry, are all to be protected. The hon. gentleman, in fact, has been so zealous in the cause that his promises must have already depreciated in value by reason of the over-issue. He now stands somewhat in the position of a teacher who should propose to divide his single cake amongst sixteen pupils, and promise at the outset that each should have a quarter of it. If every claimant for protection is to receive it, who is to protect every body else from protection? All this appears to be party strategy, not "the National policy," since a true regard for the interests of the country, as a whole, would not promise what it cannot perform and what it certainly cannot defend. But not only is the Conservative party as a unit unable to state any definite policy, but, like its opponents, it is divided. Conservatism on the sea-board is a very different thing from the same creed at Montreal or Toronto, on this test question. There are Free Traders in the Reform ranks who cloak their convictions, and Conservatives who are not Protectionists in Sir John's acceptation of the word. Party leaders are quite careless about the fact; and why? Because the principle is only a means and not an end, and therefore must be treated, as they now treat the fiscal question, merely as a weapon of attack or defence, not as a matter of supreme importance to be contended about earnestly and for its own sake. In short, there is that apparent want of sincere conviction and that hazy conception of the subject which are the usual concomitants of reckless and unsteady aims. There is no use in being conscientious, precise, or zealous, when you merely want to use a principle, as you would a missile, for a temporary purpose. *Ex fumo dare lucem* is the object of the earnest man, not of the partizan; for the latter, the more of dust, cloud, and darkness there are, the better.

Without anticipating the pleas in extenuation, which anyone may suggest for himself, without prompting, enough surely has been urged to show why the fiscal policy is not "a party question." Nor is it desirable that it should be, when we reflect upon the danger which threatens any principle when it is made the stalking-horse to party. Either the people must shake adrift the chains of the system, "like Samson his green withes," or they must be content to see the tariff readjusted, not from a patriotic, but from a partizan, point of view. It is, at all events, irrational to commit so vital a subject to the keeping of parties confessedly in the last stage of decay. The precedent of Confederation alone clearly refutes the notion that "the instrumentality of party is required." The true foundation for the honest construction of any measure required by the country, must be laid upon the ruins of partyism, with its shams, its ragged and tattered robes of false pretence, its calumnies, its shifts and delusions. But even were it otherwise, the existing factions are incompetent to discharge a national duty; they stand condemned from their own lips, and Canada's immediate business must be to bury her dead parties out of her sight.

It is the purpose of Nationalists to assert principles, not to set up a rival party. They desire to infuse a patriotic spirit into the people and, by so doing, to aid in the dissolution of political combinations which are hurtful, because they are barren and effete. It is their conviction that so soon as the public mind is thoroughly permeated with national feeling, strictly partizan aims and motives will cease to sway the politics of the Dominion; that the ephemeral objects of existing parties will cease to excite attention and as a necessary consequence, the parties themselves will disappear with the passions and prejudices which have so long extended to them a life at once unnatural and factitious. The sneers which the *Journal of Commerce*, in the true spirit of party, hurls at Nationalism fall short of their purpose. As for "organic changes" we know nothing of them, unless an effort to draw closer the ties binding together the members of the Empire be such a change; in which case our opinions have been frankly avowed, and are not left to be "understood" or suspected. On the other hand, it is quite conceivable that many Nationalists, including, as our contemporary suggests, Sir Alexander Galt, Ald. Stephens, and our Montreal allies, are not prepared to advocate Imperial

Confederation. If so they have a right to their views, as we desire to vindicate a right to ours. Nationalism, as remarked before, is not a party, but a united effort of all who are weary of party cavil and scandal, irrespective of theoretical views upon which they can agree to differ.

It is of the essence of party to fancy that association is impossible without an iron discipline which fetters the thoughts, insults the intelligence, and wounds the conscience of those who unite. So far from that being true of Nationalism, the very reverse is the case. It numbers amongst its ranks men of both parties, as well as men of neither. Within a comparatively short period it has reaped the fruit of its conscientious labours in more directions than one. It has loosened, even though it has not yet riven, the shackles of party by exposing its inherent rottenness. People have become accustomed to view the prospect of party dissolution with equanimity and even with satisfaction. The party press is more independent in its utterances; legislators have ceased to be amenable to the whip and are learning to regard their country as the supreme object of their solicitude—the sole end for which Parliaments enact laws or indeed have any right to exist at all. The *Journal* confesses that "if by Nationalism is meant the promotion of the best interests of Canada, there would not be a dissenting voice against it." If so, why do strong partizans pursue it with such rancour? Why, moreover, if it is so insignificant as they affect to believe, assail it with such determined malice and misrepresentation? Whoever proposed, for instance, "another party formed from the Nationalists," or suggested Sir Alexander Galt as the leader of any such party? It was certainly not suggested in these pages. The ex-Finance Minister was spoken of as "especially entitled to gratitude because he represents the true National feeling of Canada." He commends himself to us and we believe to a very large number of the men of both parties, because he is independent, because he stands aloof from parties, has a manly hatred of shams, and honestly labours for the interests of the country. He is exactly the stuff of which popular, as distinguished from party, leaders are made. Some twenty years ago he introduced the Federation scheme in a luminous speech in this city from the cross-benches; the politicians listened with almost pitying impatience, and yet his labour was not thrown away. The parties would have none of the scheme—the one was full of "some joint authority" and the other determined to maintain the existing order of things. Yet the leaven worked effectually, and the measure passed after a total disruption of the parties. Such a man needs no "followers" in the party sense; moral force and cogent reasoning are his weapons and they are sure to win the battle in the long run. It is the worst of all party fallacies that principles assert themselves, not by their own force, but according to the number of men who blindly follow a party leader. The entire history of the world, religious, moral, scientific, and political, disproves the notion. Until the axe is laid to the root of the tree, the wedge driven into its heart, no great result can be expected. Principles and their ultimate triumph, in short, are secured by blasting, not by patchwork and cement.

The radical evil of partyism, as it obtains amongst us, is not that its chief advocates are destitute of patriotic feeling or impulse, but that they invariably mistake their fetish for a real deity. They worship something politically sacred in trees, stones, books, and the running brooks, as other heathens do, but in the end, the outward and visible sign of divinity becomes to them a thing of inward and spiritual grace. The country, to drop the metaphor, is honestly and sincerely *facilè princeps* at the outset; but as parties deteriorate, the purpose of party disappears, and it becomes, according as it is viewed, the *summum bonum* or *malum* of political action. A political history, on the model of Cicero, would perhaps be more instructive now-a-days than any moral treatise *De Finibus*. The principle of Nationalism may be expounded succinctly in a few words. It opposes itself to party, because party has ceased to be an aid and become a manifest obstruction. With its scandals, its false pretences, and its dissimulations, it is at once an immorality and a foe to political progress. Party is a natural enemy to all classes. Its system of caucuses and conventions—borrowed from neighbours, amongst whom partyism has been almost perfected and popular control over government has almost ceased to be—are all devised with the evident purpose of drilling not only the legislators but their constituents into line, giving none of them the right to think for himself, permitting no trans-

gression of the limits fixed by the wire-pullers, and only surrendering to each man the liberty of silencing, defying, or compromising with conscience, as he may. What that system really means, and the resolute resistance it has always met with from honesty, intelligence, and ability, may be gathered from Burke's Bristol addresses, as well as from the reply of Sir F. Hincks to the *soi-disant* Reform Convention of Oxford. To it we appear to be at present the slaves in Canada; and the yoke must be broken. Nationalism proposes, therefore, an emancipation of the conscience, a security for freedom of will, and ample scope for individual judgment. The system which will do that, by persistent hammering at the public mind, will have done more for the progress of our common country than the partizans, with their glittering generalities, their tricksome shifts, and the ballast of scandals with which they are weighted, all put together. What Canadians want at present is not so much a "platform," much less a parade of good deeds, past or to come, as a bold assault upon the hypocrisies, the shams, the Pharisaic pretences of the parties. They should desire first a demolition of the fortresses which frown upon the political landscape, and then an honest adherence to the interests of country, when the petty shifts and artifices of party strategy shall have been swept out of the way. Nationalism is not a party; but it is the Warwick of parties, the arbiter of their destiny, with no Barnet to mar its success. It is the nucleus of an effort to relieve the country from an incubus, and to strive with and for it, on behalf of good government—government without chicanery, guile, or slander. And inasmuch as it seeks not its own profit, but the country's welfare, we believe that the people are at heart with it, and will be more distinctly and decidedly with it as the years pass by. The factions contend for place and pelf—and they are fit for little else—they are well organised and can promise such rewards as tempt the trading politician; yet, without being a party, without leaders, with only right on their side, Nationalists are prepared to enter the lists, confident that the sound heart of Canada will prove upon their side.

An attempt is made by our Montreal contemporary to magnify such differences of opinion as may exist between members of the Canadian National Society of that city and the MONTHLY. We have no means of knowing what views Alderman Stephens, Mr. MacMaster, or any of the enlightened and courageous band of Montreal Nationalists may hold upon Imperial Federation; if we had, we should certainly treat those views with sincere respect and consideration. But, as already remarked, Nationalism is not a party: it requires no profession of faith in a set of political dogmas. It only seeks so to mould public opinion as to produce a healthier political air about us. It is an influence and a method, not a creed. It does not deal in "platforms," which any apprentice in political carpentering can make in five minutes, and demolish in an equally brief space of time. The Canadian National Society expressly repudiates any attempt to fetter independent opinion. Taking for its motto, "*Avant tout, soyons Canadiens*," which is merely "Canada First" in French dress—the bogey of our commercial critic—it simply urges union for the promotion of national, as distinguished from party, sectarian, or sectional aims. If its scheme of "objects" fails at all, it is by reason of its liberality and catholic spirit. It is possible that our remarks in a previous issue were open to misconstruction. Certainly no Ontario Nationalist would desire to assume, for a moment, an attitude of *quasi* hostility to the new Society. Its formation was a bold and honest move in the right direction, and it speaks volumes for the intellectual vigour and stout moral fibre of the commercial capital, that, in spite of timid friends and ill-concealed foes, it has already achieved so large a measure of success. In this Province certainly, the effort has been watched with deep solicitude, even by many party-men, because it gives the earnest and promise of energetic reform where it is most wanted, and was—to tell the truth—not over-confidently expected. If the National Society be faithful to its programme, its influence on Quebec public opinion may prove invaluable. We, at any rate, hail the new movement as an omen of success to Nationalism throughout the Dominion, and wish those upon whose energy its vitality depends the amplest success.

There are two points touched upon by the *Journal* to which we are compelled briefly to refer, simply because it is unpleasant to be misrepresented, and intolerable to be misunderstood. Why a remark about the

low pulse of political life in Quebec should have been lugged in without regard to its connection, is not at first sight clear. Evidently, however, it is merely a joint in the pro-party tail. "Political principle," was the remark, "has no existence in Quebec" —the reference being, as our readers know, to the shameless bidding for votes by the Dominion and Local authorities, each for its own candidate. If there was any principle in the contest, it would be well to let us know where and what it was. But no; all the answer was a sneer, which had as much to do with the point under discussion as the treatise on snakes in Iceland. The sentence meant "that the Nationalists alone have any principles." It certainly meant nothing of of the sort; but the real question is, not what it meant, but was it true? The *Journal* also gleaned from these pages "that our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects will not be permitted to join the ranks of the Nationalists." We are accused of "waging war with the hierarchy," and calling the aggressive spirit of sacerdotalism in Quebec by the name of Ultramontanism, instead of employing, with Mr. Bray, the more opprobrious one of Jesuitry. All this is written for the purpose of driving Liberal Catholics, or Catholic Liberals—which ever is the orthodox phrase just now—out of the National Society. The writer need not put himself to so much trouble. Intelligent Roman Catholics, from M. Laurier down, know a great deal more by knowledge and experience about Ultramontanism than we or he can tell them. The only object to be served by attacks of this sort upon Nationalism are to call down ecclesiastical thunder upon it—an operation at which parties are peculiarly apt, when clerical interference will make or force votes upon the side they wish. No war is waged upon the hierarchy; it is the hierarchy which, during the last seven years, has made war persistently upon the State, upon the laws, and the rights and liberties of the people. If the *Journal* is prepared to justify the crusade of Mgr. Bourget's "New School;" if it will declare the judgment of the Supreme Court wrong, and defend the whole scheme by which it was hoped to subjugate the State, so be it; but it must speak out boldly, or else confess that it is only coquetting with sacerdotalism in the hope that Quebec may be swept by the Conservative party at the next general election. Such war as we wage is purely defensive, and involves no assault upon the liberties of Roman Catholics in the slightest degree; there is no *arrière pensée*, no ulterior object in the position taken up in these columns. For the rights of the dominant church in Quebec we shall always contend as warmly as for our own. Polemical theology has no part in the warnings uttered by Sir Alex. Galt, Mr. Goldwin Smith, or Mr. Charles Lindsey. It is not a creed against which they have contended, but a wanton aggression upon the supremacy of the law, freedom of voting, liberty of speech and the press; and against these they and the Courts have uttered a firm, but temperate protest. If, as seems probable, through the intervention of Mgr. Conroy, this indefensible system is brought to an end, no one will rejoice more heartily and sincerely than those who are at once the foes of theological acerbity on the one hand, and sacerdotal pretence on the other. The true friends of "our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects" are not the party manipulators who are ready to wink at priestly assumptions, provided only they may profit by them; but those who, whilst forced to resist encroachment, will be found upon the day of trial disinterested friends of the legitimate liberties of the Church as guaranteed by the law, and the earnest advocates of union for National purposes amongst men of every origin, faith, or political opinion. No intelligent Roman Catholic, whatever his party views, can fail to have gleamed from Canadian history the clear and indisputable fact that partyism has been the flatterer and the betrayer in turn of his and every other creed; and whenever politicians are peculiarly attentive to the Church, he may rely upon it that the cloven foot is not far to seek.

The late date at which we go to press this month enables us to insert a paragraph on the Speech of His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario. Many barren and unfruitful utterances have been put into the mouths of Governors; but this is, so far as that worthless sort of literature has lingered in our memory, the most trifling and inane of them all. His Honour was not advised to survey humanity from China to Peru; but the next best thing was reserved for him, a review of men and things from Bobcaygeon to Brantford. Nor is that all, for amongst general matters coming under his purview

are the Rine movement, sewage, charity, the boundary question, the Provincial arbitration, bonuses, immigration, lumber, and so forth. Never was there a Speech from the Throne so full—and so full of nothing. *De omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis* would constitute an inadequate summary of a programme which says everything and "anything but to the purpose." The measures announced, or as the *Globe* delicately observes, "foreshadowed," are so limp and impalpable that they have no right to a shadow at all. The trump card appears to be a reform in the Civil Service. Those who have been puzzling themselves about the problem of Ministerial doings and intentions will be relieved to learn that they are not going to do anything "violent" even on this subject. Something mild in the matter of educational requirements—the three R's at least—is to be demanded of political nominees. Supporters of the party must be supported henceforth as heretofore; but the importunity of these hungry claimants upon public patronage is to receive a check, sufficient to give Ministers some relief, without giving the people any relief at all. It will be a curious task to dissect this bantling so soon as it has chipped the shell; meanwhile it must be gratifying for professional politicians to be assured that no root-and-branch reform is contemplated. That, however, they might have conjectured in advance, It is peculiarly agreeable to those who always dread party approaches to a great principle to find that the Government has left the exemption question, not only severely, but contemptuously, alone. The joint-stock companies, landlord and tenant—not to speak of the Civil Service, where "how to do nothing" is the puzzle—have taxed the Ministerial energies to the uttermost. Considering what a plethora of pic-nics overweighted them to boot, it is wonderful how our rulers have managed to survive the vacation. If, as we may now reasonably hope, the question of tax exemptions is to be an open one, the public interests will have a better chance than they could possibly have, were it made the shuttlecock of parties. At least members may act as they think fit, provided they think at all: and vote conscientiously, supposing them to possess a conscience. The people have the matter now in their own hands; neither party obligations nor invincible ignorance, which follows its leaders, can be pleaded in extenuation of a bad vote in so grave a matter. It is the duty of the municipal committees to be on the alert and mark out for reprobation next autumn at the polls the recreants. Whatever Ministers may think about it, the subject which they are too careless or too timid to touch will make or mar them when the House is dissolved.

In Canada, we have had an ecclesiastical breeze concerning eternal punishment, and whether heresy is propagated zymotically or not, there seems both in England and the United States to be a pestilent time of it. It is not our intention to comment upon Canon Farrar's lectures in the Abbey, or the frothy utterances of Mr. Beecher and his associates. The former, as a learned man, with a well-balanced mind, only proclaimed what Frederick Denison Maurice suffered for proclaiming a quarter of a century ago. Our present purpose is the humble, and not over-valuable one of expressing surprise—surprise at a singular outcrop of orthodoxy which has recently obtruded itself upon the "religious world" in Toronto and elsewhere. It is stated—and the account is taken from the *Globe*, which is incapable of inventing it—that the Rev. Dr. Monod, the leader of the French Evangelicals, whilst attending the great Presbyterian Council in Edinburgh, remarked: "I come here to Scotland and find you convulsed over the question whether you shall sing hymns or not. In France we are absorbed with the question, whether there is a God or not." There is a touch of delicate irony in this sentence peculiarly French, although probably nine out of ten who heard of it would consider it a felicitous compliment. Our surprise, which this anecdote comes by chance to illustrate, arises from the obvious indifference of religious men here to the ominous rising of the tide—doubt rippling up over difficulty, and a bold and defiant unbelief surging over all—to find them contending about the sea-weed and the shells, while danger threatens them on every side. There is a world lying in wickedness, though that is nothing new; there is also an aggressive science, positive in its facts, and dogmatical in its theories; and side by side, as its right and left flanks, are a destructive and remorseless criticism here and a gloomy nihilism over yonder. Yet all that our theological guides can find to fight about is the use of instrumental music

in divine worship, and the hymn question referred to by Monod.

It may be necessary to explain to some of our readers that hymns are violently opposed, on the ground that they are not psalms. The latter only are "inspired hymns." And yet the collection of lyrics—for the most part sublime and thrilling—known as the Psalms of David, are not fairly treated even by their self-constituted champions. They are not Christian hymns at all, and with the exception of a number which might be culled out with advantage, completely unfit for the worship, not merely of our time, but for any Christian worship whatever. Take Psalm xc., for instance, as one of the best known, which tradition has attributed to Moses. It is grand and dignified, and might appropriately find a place in the hymnody of the church; yet it is not distinctively Christian, as the general body of lyrics for Christian worship should be: again, that plaintive wail from captivity (cxxxvii) which has so often haunted the fancy of the poet and touched lowlier souls with its tender pathos, is admirable as a poem; but how can it serve a Christian's devotional needs, not to speak of the vindictive inhumanity which breathes through its closing lines? Besides the rolling burst of praises in the classic Old Hundred, there are many others, as almost the entire series from the one hundred and twenty-first to the one hundred and thirty-third, nearly all of them grand or sweet in turn: yet they are not Christian hymns. Take the first eight lines of cxxvii for example and look at the pathos of the rest. Many of the Psalms, including those distinctively comminatory, are not devotional at all, and what shall be said of these stanzas: —

> "Moab's my washing-pot; my shoe
> I'll over Edom throw;
> Over the land of Palestine
> I will in triumph go."

And again—

> "Sihon, the Am'rites' king;
> For his grace lasteth ever:
> Og also, who did reign
> The land of Bashan over."

But the Scottish version, to which we have exclusively referred, by its rugged literality, has emasculated Hebrew poetry, as even the attempts at rhyme in the last quotation suffice to show. Never was poesy—so eminently characteristic of a race—treated as, under the blighting influence of dogmatic views on inspiration, these unique, and on the whole, unapproachable remnants of the yearnings of a struggling and suffering nation have been. There is no record that they were ever used as hymns by the Jewish race. Certainly the "hymn" which that little choir—the Saviour and His humble band—sang before retiring to the Mount, was not one of them. The "Psalms" spoken of in the epistle, with "hymns and spiritual songs," are, as most readers know, not what we were accustomed to call the Psalms of David. The Saviour, as well as His apostles, had other work before them than the Judaizing of the world. Their music must have been rude, and the rhythm of their simple hymn would read strangely to us now. Nowhere is there a hint that any injunction as to the form or matter of sacred song was contemplated. The very name of "Psalms" shows that it was accompanied by an instrument—the cithara, or such rude appliances as were in use. On that branch of the subject, however, there is no room to dilate at present.

There is a clamour about the principles involved in the use of organs and hymns which most of us might respect, if we could only understand it. Unhappily men often talk of principle when they only mean inherited prejudice, and their unreasoning adherence to it would ordinarily pass by the old-fashioned name of ingrained obstinacy. But granted that there is a valid and substantial principle at stake, although without basis or warranty in Scripture, why not follow it to its logical consequences? If it be wrong to sing "uninspired" hymns, it is equally forbidden to make hymns out of Psalms, as is done in all metrical versions. Long, common, short, and all other measures or any form of rhymed verse must go by the board. Moreover, our system of music, which is only about four centuries old, is as uninspired as the words to which our tunes are adapted. The nearest approach to Apostolic music is to be found in Ambrose's adaptations of the Greek scales and Gregory's improvement upon them. Extremes would thus meet; and our sensitive Presbyterian friends would find themselves in company with Archbishop Lynch and the Rev. Mr. Tooth; for, clearly, plain prose, with the Gregorian tones, is much nearer the Scriptural model than metrical psalms and four-part tunes. Surely that

hymnology and that type of music which belong to any age and breathe its keenest and purest spiritual feelings are the best and fittest for the worship of that age. The same instrumentality, inspired and uninspired, which Luther used so potently, and with which the Wesleys and all the long line of kindred souls stirred the masses, is not to be brushed aside by a breeze from the skirts of our modern Pharisee, to whom, like his exemplar of yore, the mint and anise and cummin are at least as important as the weightier matters of the law. There are "trashy" hymns in vogue now-a-days, it is said. True; and there are trashy sermons also, in superabundance; yet we never heard of a homily being foregone, or a gusty pulpit harangue being challenged on that account. If "uninspired" hymns are objectionable, so are prayers, which, as Chesterfield remarked, appear to be sermons preached *at* the people, and sermons themselves, which are as uninspired as the prayers or the hymns. It does seem strange that men who object to the use of a liturgy because it is inelastic and unfitted as a vehicle for the needs of the time, should desire to cramp the feelings and chill the spirituality of the age in that very department of worship where the emotional element demands the amplest freedom. The Rev. Mr. Macdonnell only sought a carefully-selected hymnal containing two hundred lyrics; and shall it be said that in an age when the devotional muse has proved unusually fervent and spiritual, that there could be any difficulty in making such a collection? But our sacred anthology is not so limited. Through all the Christian centuries, from the Ambrosian period, to which we owe the rhythmical prose of the majestic *Te Deum Laudamus*, until now, there seems a rippling current of poetic praise, confession, and aspiration, some of whose eddies remain to the Christian world as an everlasting possession. From so vast a range surely Dr. Robb might find something which, if not inspired in his sense of the word, is full of religious fervour, and might even impart warmth and vitality to the wasting frame of his emaciated orthodoxy.

The efforts being made by well-drilled partyism in the States to vindicate its right to patronage and pelf in the teeth of a reforming President, compare most unfavourably with the *dénouement* of a drama in another Republic, where the nation, determined and patient, has triumphed over its ruler. Perhaps the distinction between struggles for party and struggles for principle were never more clearly put in contrast than they are by looking first at the United States and then at France at the present moment. It was long since asserted, and the elections verified the statement, that the French nation had accepted the Republic *ex animo*, and would adhere to it at all risks and in spite of the machinery of constraint and oppression employed by an usurping oligarchy. But the world was not prepared for the wondrous patience and sorely-tried long suffering of the people. Never since the great cataclysm of 1789, has France had so much cause of complaint, never would insurrection been half so justifiable as since the 16th of May. Yet she has submitted to be gagged, bullied, and trodden under foot, without turning upon the miserable band of conspirators who maltreated her. And now the reward is hers. The Marshal, after intriguing during two entire months, has deliberately chosen, or rather been forced to choose, one of Gambetta's alternatives—"submission." The immediate cause of the Marshal's surrender was the defection of the Orleanist Senators. So soon as he had learned that a second dissolution was out of the question, he yielded to the tide, though not without a struggle. M. Dufaure was taken in at first only to be insulted by the preposterous demand that three portifolios should be at the command of the Marshal. Then M. Bathie made a final attempt on the basis of Dissolution, and the game was up. M. Pouyer Quertier performed "a surgical operation on the Marshal's brain and let a ray of good contitutional sense into it;" the result was a *carte blanche* to Dufaure, with whom McMahon knew he could trifle no more. The new Premier is a cold, hard-headed man, singularly indifferent to parties, and has never been popular, because he never coveted or cared for popularity. Of his Cabinet the best known are De Marcère of the Interior, Léon Say, Finance Minister and M. Waddington, a Protestant of English parentage and education, who takes the important portfolio of Foreign affairs. It seemed almost cruel to put so strongly constitutional an Address in the Marshal's mouth, after the course he madly pursued from the 16th of

May till the 14th of December. Still it was necessary, and he submitted not ungracefully to his fate, protesting his attachment to the Republic as warmly as if the preceding seven months were blotted out of memory or had never been. At once, the evil work of DeBroglie and Fourtou was undone. An amnesty covered all political offences; the gag was removed from the press; and the local instruments of despotism were cashiered. Of the entire number of prefects, one was transferred and only four retained, whilst eighty-one new ones were installed under the new *régime*. France has awakened from her nightmare, trade has revived, confidence is restored, and all without the firing of a shot, or the construction of a barricade. Surely the noblest results are to be hoped for in the future, now that the noble nation, which for nearly a century has writhed under the harrow of revolution, has by a calm and resolute appeal to moral force, asserted its claim to peace, order, and free government.

Pius the Ninth still lives, whilst Victor Emmanuel, the "robber of the Church," though thirty years his junior, is no more. *Il Rè galantuomo* appears to have succumbed to a disease not necessarily dangerous, except on an impaired constitution—the legacy of excesses in the past. At any rate, he died at the age of fifty-seven, in the odour of sanctity, although he had been excommunicated times without number. His Holiness "had pardoned him," he says, with a magnanimity of Christian forgiveness which was certainly not affected, and it may be presumed that the prayers for the King's soul which are to ascend from "the prisoner of the Vatican" will avail for the sacrilegious plunderer of the Quirinal. On the 23rd of March, 1849, the ill-advised assault of Charles Albert upon the Austrian power in Italy proved fatal to him. He was on the road to Milan, and encountered Radetzky in overwhelming force at Novara, within his own territories. On the Lombard side of the Ticino lay Magenta, which became famous ten years afterwards, under other circumstances and with different results. Italy's hour had not yet arrived; Charles Albert and Sardinia were worsted at Novara; the King abdicated, and Victor Emmanuel, his son, reigned in his stead. It is not likely that Charles Albert had any higher object in view than the aggrandizement of the House of Savoy, though he may be credited with all an Italian's hatred of the foreign tyrants. Perhaps neither he nor his successor had any rational theory of an united Italy, and if the dream was realized under the latter, the credit belongs very partially to him. The two heroes of this fruitful era were Cavour, the man of thought, and Garibaldi, the man of action—the one far-seeing, cautious, and plodding, the other, brave, chivalrous, rash, visionary, and impetuous. The events of the period from 1859 to 1870 are too fresh in the memory to need any review; Italy is now a great united nation, and Rome is its capital. That dangers and perplexities beset its path must be admitted. Military ambition, vast expenditures upon public works, and, more than all, a restless substratum of communistic republicanism together cause a heaping up of debt and of trouble. Radicalism has lately been at the helm, and has made fearful havoc by its *dilletante* experiments in every direction; Depretis and Nicotera are unworthy successors of Cavour, Ratazzi, or Ricasoli. King Humbert will probably follow in his father's footsteps, and it may be that with a new Pope and a new King some terms of amity will be arranged by which the Vatican and the Quirinal may live together peacefully in the Eternal City. If so, the intrigues of Ultramontanism would no longer supplement the conspiracies of secret communistic societies.

The events of the war have passed by so rapidly of late, that he who has mastered authentic details of each in succession, deserves credit for his discriminating industry. Kars, Plevna, Sofia, Nisch, and Antivari have for the present been crowned by the brilliant exploits of Generals Radetzky and Skobeleff in the Shipka Pass. Roumelia now lies open to the victorious Muscovite up to the gates of Adrianople. There, immediately below the Balkans, lies the district of the atrocities of May, 1876. Batak and Philippopolis appeal mutely to the conquerors and the world from their peaceful nests in the valley. War has now done, let us hope, all its awful work in that sore-oppressed and outraged region. It now remains to deal with the turbaned culprit who still rules on the Bosphorus. The rumours regarding England's action are not worthy of notice, not merely because they are contradictory,

but because, whether the Premier likes it or not, his Government stands pledged through Lords Derby and Salisbury, Sir Stafford Northcote and Mr. Cross, to absolute neutrality, so long as Engish interests are not imperilled. Though, to borrow a phrase from Sir Henry Havelock, who has recently returned from the East, that "theatrically-minded man who is at present in possession of power" should desire to involve England in a dishonourable contest on behalf of wrong, he is too wary to attempt it. His own friends, and the Duke of Westminster is one of the chief of them, the Chambers of Commerce, the manufacturing districts, the City of London, and the large towns everywhere have given fair warning of the result. The reason for summoning Parliament on the 17th will appear in a few days; meanwhile it is certains that whether a war vote is asked for or not, nothing is contemplated except an assertion of England's dignity and the taking of unobjectionable precautions—certainly nothing so mad as a crusade for the Asiatic ruffians who have desolated the fairest regions of Southern Europe.

January 12th, 1878.

BOOK REVIEWS.

ROME IN CANADA. The Ultramontane struggle for supremacy over the Civil Authority. By Charles Lindsey. Toronto: Lovell Bros., 1877.

It is singular that, notwithstanding all evidence to the contrary, men are to be found—and they are chiefly party politicians—who not only deny that the Roman Catholic hierarchy has made, and is making, serious attacks upon the State and upon the liberties of the people, but attempt to meet fact with ridicule. It is of course a necessity, so far as parties are concerned, that the assumptions of sacerdotalism should be overlooked. In view of a general election, they desire to stand well in the neighbouring Province, and it is because they know that the Church is all-powerful there; because they are perfectly aware of the truth of the statements published by Sir Alexander Galt, and now in a more complete and elaborate form by Mr. Lindsey, that they ignore them to the public, and even impeach their truth. The politicians are not deceived, and although they desire to deceive their Ontario followers, that is no reason why the latter should consent to be deceived. To those who desire to know the truth upon a subject of pressing moment to Quebec in particular, and only in a slightly inferior degree to the entire Dominion, we heartily commend this able and trustworthy volume. If after doing so, they are prepared to acquit the Ultramontanes at the bidding of party leaders, that is their own affair. *Qui vult decipi, decipeatur.*

One of the cries raised by those who propound the ostrich policy, of not seeing what is before one's eyes, like most of its kind, endeavours to enlist an amiable feeling in the service of untruth. It is urged that the gentlemen named above are engaged in a crusade against the Roman Catholic religion, and especially against the bishops and priests of Quebec. Certainly no one would *a priori* suspect Sir Alex. Galt or Mr. Lindsey of intolerance or even of taking the slightest interest in polemical theology. They are not in the habit of talking about "the scarlet woman" of Babylon or brawling sectarian nonsense on the 12th of July. Our author might, as Sir Alex. Galt did, in defending his pamphlet, quote the words of Mr. Gladstone on this head: "I desire to eschew not only religious bigotry, but likewise theological controversy. Indeed with theology, except in its civil bearing—with theology as such—I have here nothing to do. But it is the peculiarity of Roman theology, that by thrusting itself into the temporal domain, it naturally, and even necessarily comes to be a frequent theme of political discussion." That is exactly the feeling of those who oppose Vaticanism in Canada; but their reasons for that opposition are ten-fold stronger than Mr. Gladstone's. No one, save a bigot, would think of assailing Ultramontanism as a theoretical system; all the absurdities of the Syllabus in a heap, with Infallibility as its apex, would cause very little uneasiness and escape without animadversion. But in the Province of Quebec, the "New School," as Bishop Bourget terms it, is not a

band of dreamers, but a crusade against the supremacy of the State, upon the independence of the bench, upon liberty of conscience, of speech, and of the press. Our attitude, therefore, is one not of attack, but of defence. It is not we who have waged war on the Church or its ministers; but they who have attempted to subjugate the Civil Power, and, so far as in them lies, have subverted the constitution. Mr. Lindsey remarks that intolerance, when rigidly maintained and carried out, where practicable, into active operation, is pregnant with effects of the most dangerous kind, and strikes at the root of civil liberty.

The second chapter of "Rome in Canada" ought of itself to startle those who feel or affect indifference on the subject. The New School, having, at least for the time, cowed and silenced the Gallicans, is now boldly claiming the right to control the State. Those who are not in the habit of studying the French journals and *brochures* have no idea of the elaborate machinery of aggression at work in the Province. "The writers," says the author, "upon whom Bishop Bourget showers his applause, form a motley crowd of journalists, pamphleteers, and authors of more pretensions, priests, Jesuits, bishops," &c; and these men have, during four years, "produced a pyramid of worthless, but not innocuous literature, which probably contains not less than one hundred separate publications." These and the journals which slavishly proclaim the doctrines of the New School are approved by the bishops and pressed upon the faithful from pulpit and altar. The independent press is denounced and starved out of existence, because Catholics dare not buy or even read these papers, when denounced, on pain of eternal damnation. Judges are denounced and threatened, as Judge Mondelet stated he had been; and even Judge Taschereau, of the Supreme Court, stated that he was afraid, as a Catholic judge, to pronounce his judgment after the fulminations heaped upon three Canadian judges already. The Bench has been plainly told that not the law, but the decrees of the Church are to inspire their judgments; and if these conflict? The Bishop of Rimouski, only a year ago, denounced Judge Casault, in unmeasured terms, for his decision in the Bonaventure case. The judgment should have been received with universal reprobation. "It sins by being in unison with several of the propositions condemned in the syllabus; and he informs all concerned that Catholic judges cannot in conscience administer civil laws such as that which controls Parliamentary elections in Quebec; if they find any difficulties about the oath of office they have taken, he is ready with authority to prove that, in such a case, *it does not bind the conscience;*" he then proceeds to bully the Legislature, and demands the repeal of the law or a declaration that it does not mean what its words clearly express (pp. 289—90.)

Most people have heard something of clerical interference at elections, and the defence set up for it by political journals in Ontario. The judgment of the Supreme Court in the Charlevoix case has set that question at rest for ever. Judge Taschereau explained the effect of these pulpit and altar methods on the people, and Judge Ritchie, after conceding to the priest every privilege as a citizen, proceeded thus:—"But he has no right in the pulpit or out, by threatening any damage, temporal or spiritual, to restrain the liberty of a voter, so as to compel or frighten him into voting, or abstaining from voting, otherwise than as he fully wills." That has a finer ring in it than the miserable special pleading of partizans in Toronto angling for clerical support in the Province of Quebec. How the system acts, the words of a single witness may serve to show: "I was afraid that if I voted for Tremblay I should be damned." Thus, on the principles of the New School, as sanctioned by the bishop, and practised by the curés, the liberty of the voter, which is one of the sheet-anchors of our representative system, is removed, and a judge, called upon to decide a contested election, has the chance of perjuring himself, under cover of an episcopal dispensation, or of being cast out of the Church.

Bishops and ecclesiastics who oppose the New School are treated no whit better than the judges. The late Archbishop of Quebec, Vicar-General Cazeau, and others in high position who have attempted to stem the torrent of Ultramontanism, were freely denounced by the *claqueurs* of the dominant party as "Gallicans and Liberals." For the time being they have yielded to the storm; but they are not, by any means, put out of the way. It is not true that all Roman Catholics in Quebec, cleric or lay, are Ultramontanes, in the intolerant sense of the word. They do not all believe with the bishops, in their Circular of 1875, that the State is included in the Church. They have not yet been convinced that it is the duty of rulers, at least in free Canada, to enact laws at the dictation of the Church, and that the Legislature ought to be—what the Quebec Legislature is rapidly becoming—a registry office for episcopal decrees. In Ontario, judging from the utterances of Archbishop Lynch, there is still some freedom for our Catholic fellow-subjects; but they must not rely upon these utterances. The long arm of the New School has reached even his Grace of Toronto, and he will repeat his letter of 1876 to Mr. Mackenzie no more. The party press—but this was before the decision of the Supreme Court—made much of this letter, as if Ontario were Quebec. Quebec, at any rate, did its duty. The Rev. Alexis Pelletier, one of the *élite* of the authorized pamphleteers of the New School, was upon his

Grace's track, as these sleuth hounds are, in every corner, on the instant. D. Lynch was trying to persuade Ontario politicians that the Catholic Liberal indicated in the Syllabus was not the French Canadian Liberal of Quebec; he met a rebuff at once from headquarters, and has held his peace on the subject from that day to this. On the other hand the *Courrier du Canada*, by advocating the most outrageous doctrines of the School—intolerance, priestly immunity, the subordination of the State to the Church, and the responsibility of Executive, Legislative, Judiciary to the latter, has been enabled to announce that, "Our Father the Pope has accorded to us in our quality of Catholic journalist, the apostolic benediction for us and our family to the third generation, with permission to read the books in the *Index* without exception" (p. 185). We suppose they can construe gifts of the sort, whence the benediction primarily comes; on earth people would in all probability have no little trouble in deciding how many people will have the right to read Darwin's *Descent of Man* in the year 1978.

A most singular feature in the tactics of the New School would at first sight appear to be the tenacity with which it clings to the dogma, so to call it, of intolerance. The Abbé Paquet, however, and his friends see deeper into the future than most of us. He is instructor of the ingenuous youth who receive their training at Laval University. A complete account of his views on liberty of conscience will be found in Mr. Lindsey's startling Chapter X., entitled, "The Apotheosis of Intolerance." Religious toleration is "a gross error, an insult to reason, a blasphemy, and an impiety." "Every where and at all times, the principle of religious or dogmatic intolerance will remain master of the position," because it is truth, and truth is indestructible and eternal—a style of syllogism it may be hoped the *élèves* of Laval are not taught to regard as valid. Then follow the sentences which give a clue to the zeal for intolerance:—"Those who reproach the Church with being intolerant of toleration, reproach her with nothing less than her right of existence." "As the Church cannot renounce her mission without renouncing her existence, she ought always to anathematize this teaching" of toleration (p. 212 *et seq.*) Father Braun, a German Jesuit, the *protégé* of the Bishop of Montreal, with the express approbation of three other bishops, ventured to say:—"It is customary to regard Protestantism as a religion which has rights. This is an error. Protestantism is not a religion. Protestantism has not a single right. It possesses the force of seduction. It is a rebellion in triumph; it is an error which flatters human nature. Error can have no rights; rebellion can have no rights," &c. (p. 216). Could Philip II. or Alva, his lieutenant, desire more?

Bishop Pinsonneault's denunciation of Liberalism is noteworthy, as it defines the intangible thing beyond possibility of mistake (pp. 197—9); but M. O'Donnell, in a sermon in presence of a Bishop, gives us some idea of what will become of all the liberties in Quebec if these gentlemen have their way: "Anarchy, intellectual, moral, and religious, seems to you the fitting complement of these diabolical doctrines. Your liberty of the press is the oppression of the mind and the heart, its weapons lies and immorality; liberty of conscience is equal liberty for truth and error; liberty of speech is anarchy, license, the right of rebellion; and your *political liberalism* (mark it well!) is the liberal theory of the relation which Church and State should bear to one another." When we recollect what the Ultramontane theory of that relation is, have we not a right to arouse the people of the Dominion to the breakers ahead?

We have given but a very inadequate review of Mr. Lindsey's book, certainly; yet should we succeed in attracting the attention of our readers to it, this notice will have served its purpose. Want of space has prevented any reference to the valuable historical chapters on Gallicanism and the attitude of the Church on marriage, education, and other matters fully treated. Mr. Lindsey's work is the only complete, comprehensive, and trustworthy treatise on the subject, and should be widely circulated.

META HOLDENIS. By Victor Cherbuliez. Collection of Foreign Authors. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

M. Cherbuliez in this capital little story indulges in a *revanche* on German manners, which very probably goes far to console him for German victories. The sarcasm is as delicate as it is pointed. Benedict Holdenis, the father of the fair Meta, is a corpulent, middle-aged German merchant of Geneva, who cultivates all the virtues both theoretically and practically among his seven children. The hero of the tale, Tony Flamerin, visits him, and the infants are at once trotted out, and placed "like organ-pipes in a row, according to age and size," while their precocious exploits are recounted. At dinner, the house-father displays an admirable appetite, so much so indeed that Tony fears that he would hurt himself, but excess of feeding does not stifle German sentiment, and "what matters it whether one lives in a palace or a hut," cried M. Holdenis, "provided one keeps a window open to a bit of blue sky?" Tony is charmed with this simplicity of living, and with the games and psalm-singing that follow, for is he not perilously in love with Meta and her two dangerously deep turquoise eyes? The family service that ends the evening is well hit off. "He opened an enormous folio Bible, and bending his patriarchal head, began to improvise a homily upon the text, 'These are the two

olive trees and the two candlesticks standing before the God of the earth.' I thought I understood him to mean that the two candlesticks represented Monsieur and Madame Holdenis; the little Holdenises were as yet only bits of candles, but with proper efforts were expected to grow into wax tapers." No wonder that after such an idyllic evening as this, Tony appears to his somewhat fast American friend Harris, who has been waiting for him at the hotel, to be rapidly becoming in his turn German and patriarchal. "Out of what holy water font do you come?" cried he; "you smell of virtue half a mile off." And taking a brush he dusts our hero from head to foot.

Tony is not without a rival. True, he has the pleasure of painting Meta's portrait, but the Baron Gruneck, a withered old bachelor who suffers from a sort of articulary rheumatism or from an ill-digested cavalry sabre, which Tony wickedly suggests he may have swallowed when young, dangles round Meta in an insufferable manner. However the fates are propitious. Out on a bench in the garden, the lovers half come to an understanding. Meta tells Tony the names of the stars as, one by one, they come shimmering out in the blue. The nightingale sings, and Meta becomes transcendental, speaks of eternity, of Paradise, "where the soul breathes God with as little effort as the plants breathe the air here below." Tony, the flippant dog, puts his arm round her waist, and is about to give a more mundane definition of *his* Paradise, when they are interrupted and explanations and formal betrothals have to stand over till the morrow. Alas, that fatal morrow! Tony enters the house, steals up to Meta unobserved, and looking over her shoulder sees that the object on which she is gazing with so much ecstasy is a sketch of a wreath of violets, of forget-me-nots, encircling the suggestive words "La Baronne de Gruneck!"

Quietly and unnoticed, Tony steals off. One souvenir he leaves behind, for he writes on the frame of the unfinished portrait the bitterly satirical words, "She worshipped the stars and Baron Gruneck," and then he makes off like a thief. Another souvenir, though, he leaves as well, in the shape of nearly all his fortune, which M. Holdenis had borrowed of him purely for his own good. Coming back to his hotel, mad at Meta's perfidy, his friend Harris greets him with the delightful news that the philanthropical German merchant has failed. Seeing Tony's despair, Harris bursts into a tone of laughter. "What, Tony my son," cried he, "sweet child of Burgundy, has this unctuous sharper found a secret way into your indigent means?" and, rolling himself on the floor, he exclaimed, "Oh, primitive candour, sweet union of souls, I adore you! Oh, patriarchal virtue! are these the tricks you play?"

Tony quits Geneva, plunges into a mud-bath of dissipation to allay the horror he had conceived of virtue, and loses his last penny in the process. His upward career again we will not disclose: it will be enough to hint that he and Meta meet again under very different circumstances, and our interest in the heroine is sustained till the very last, so carefully has M. Cherbuliez refrained from letting us be certain whether we have grasped the true clue to her character or not.

There are some delightfully expressed and incisive passages in this tale. Thus: "It is only the lazy people who complain of weariness that are blameworthy;" or again, "Whatever arithmeticians may say to the contrary, nothings added to nothings grow sometimes into somethings."

The canvass is well filled with other figures, all effective and well drawn, and the events crowd together quite rapidly towards the end of the story. By a true touch of French sentiment, one of the love scenes takes place in "the loveliest of cemeteries," flowery and grassy, with a "large weeping willow casting a soft shadow, in which the sun was making silver lace."

This is probably the most interesting story that has yet appeared in this series, the publishers of which are to be congratulated on the happiness of their selections.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

FICTIONS AND ERRORS, IN A BOOK ON "THE ORIGIN OF THE WORLD, ACCORDING TO REVELATION AND SCIENCE," by J. W. Dawson, LL.D., Principal of McGill University, Montreal. Exposed and Condemned on the authority of Divine Revelation. By John G Marshall, formerly Chief Justice, etc., in the Island of Cape Breton. Halifax, N.S., Printed at the Methodist Book Room, 125 Granville Street. 1877.

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY. A Novel. By William Black, in conjunction with an American writer. Montreal: Dawson Bros. 1878.

A HANDBOOK OF REFERENCE AND QUOTATION. MOTTOES AND APHORISMS FROM SHAKESPEARE. Arranged alphabetically, with a copious Index of Words and Ideas. Second Edition. London: John Hogg. 1877. Toronto: James Campbell & Son.

A PRACTICAL GUIDE TO ENGLISH VERSIFICATION, with a Compendious Dictionary of Rhymes, an Examination of Classical Measures, and Comments upon Burlesque and Comic Verse, *Vers de Société*, and Song-writing. By Tom Hood. A new and enlarged Edition. To which are added Bysshe's "Rules for making English Verse," etc. London: John Hogg. 1877. Toronto: James Campbell & Son.

THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN: A Christmas Yarn. By Edward Jenkins, M.P., author of Ginx's Baby, etc. Illustrated by Wallis MacKay. Montreal: Dawson Bros. 1878.

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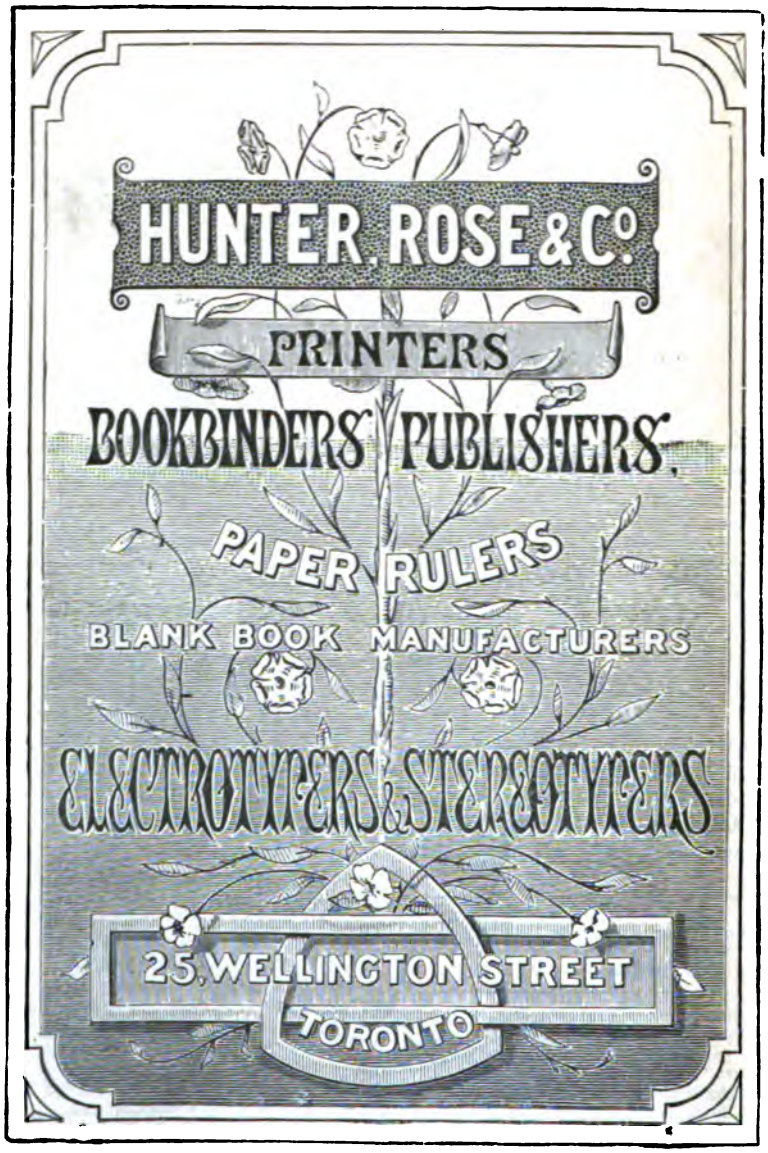
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SUCH A GOOD MAN.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE.

Authors of 'Ready-Money Mortiboy,' 'The Golden Butterfly,' 'By Celia's Arbour,' etc., etc.

CHAPTER III.

IN THE CITY.

"SIR JACOB ESCOMB." The name —by itself? no "and Company," no statement of trade or calling—was on as large a brass plate as you might see anywhere in the City. The plate was not one of those which modestly retire and seek to efface themselves from the sight of man; it did not lurk in the shadow of a dark entrance hall, or hide its presence on a staircase lighted only by windows never cleaned. Not at all. It stood well displayed facing the street, just below the level of the average human eye, so that those who ran might read, and those who read might wonder.

"SIR JACOB ESCOMB." Those who ran, those who walked, and those who lounged read the name and sighed with envy. Such as had with them country cousins or persons ignorant of the City would stop them, when they came to the spot, to point out this Plutocratic name. "Sir Jacob Escomb," they would say, in the trembling tone of reverence, "is one of those men who began life with a fourpenny-piece." All men like Sir Jacob begin life on a certain day with a definite sum which becomes historic. "He was a factory hand, and he is not ashamed of it. Now he is worth, it is said, more than a million. Ah! what a country we live in! And such a good man! Foremost in every philanthropic or charitable attempt. Did you read his speech at the Hammerers' dinner last Thursday? It showed how men of wealth who desire to do good must henceforth hand over to paid workmen the practical details of charity, and exercise for their own part a wise rule over benevolent and charitable efforts by means of cheques and donations. Such men as Sir Jacob cannot be expected to waste their time in personal investigations. As good as a sermon that speech was. A million of money, and all made out of nothing! What a man! And such a good man! Hush! There he is getting out of his carriage. Look at the bundle of papers in his hand. I *have* heard it computed that when he was constructing the railways for Two Eagle Land, he had as many as five hundred thousand men in his employ at once."

Fortunate Sir Jacob!

His offices were built up to the brass plate, so to speak. Behind such a plate ordinary offices would have been mean. Your old-fashioned firms can afford to do their work in dingy rooms. A new house ought to proclaim its prosperity by its internal fittings. Those of Sir Jacob's consisted of three stories above the ground floor. There the rooms were appropriated to clerks. On entering you found yourself opposite a mahogany counter, not intended, as in a shop, to exhibit merchandise, or, as in a bank, for the handing backwards and forwards of gold. It was solely for the reception of visitors. A clerk appeared behind the counter on your entrance: he stepped noiselessly—the whole house was carpeted with some thick and noiseless stuff—from his table, and took your card. Then he vanished, and you were left in a room fitted with one heavy table and a dozen comfortable chairs till he returned. Sometimes it happened that you had to go away, the press of previous appointments being too great; sometimes it happened that you were invited to see Mr. Reuben Gower, instead of Sir Jacob; but if you came by appointment you were asked to walk upstairs at the very moment of the time named.

Upstairs you might see Sir. Jacob himself, or you might be put off upon Mr. Gower. In the former case you were handed over to a clerk, quite a young and embryo sort of clerk, who took in your card and showed you into a waiting-room. There were three waiting-rooms round Sir Jacob Escomb's private apartment, and the clerk was a Cerberus who protected each room from the invasion of those who had no appointment. The waiting-rooms—one was large enough for a deputation, and one was small—were furnished in the same way—one table, with leather top, blotting-pad, pens, ink, and paper, and massive chairs; the windows were painted over because the view was bounded, the carpets were thick, fires were burning if the weather was cold, the chairs were like dining-room chairs in some great house, and the table was one of those regulation office tables made of strong shiny mahogany.

Suppose you had no appointment with Sir Jacob or your business was comparatively unimportant, you turned over to Mr. Reuben Gower, his Secretary. Mr. Reuben Gower was not the younger son of a noble house, but the only son of an obscure house. As his father, too, was dead long since, there might seem no reason for maintaining his Christian name. Mr. Gower, plain, might have done. But it did not. Somehow or other the name of Reuben did not die out. Everybody called Sir Jacob Escomb's secretary, manager, or right-hand man, Reuben—*tout court*. Even the clerks addressed him as Mr. Reuben. It was the custom of the office, and as Reuben was not offended, no one else had the right to complain. Reuben Gower: he was the same age as Sir Jacob, with whom he had grown up as a boy, with whom he had worked in the same factory, by the side of whom, and for whom, he had fought the battle of life. Reuben Gower, on the second floor, had only one waiting-room. It is a theory among City people—I mean, especially, City people in financial interests—that if Smith and Jones both together want to see Brown, and if Smith sees Jones, or Jones sees Smith, either will at once find out the other's business. Hence the three waiting-rooms round Sir Jacob's private office, where Smith, Jones, and Robinson would all lie hidden, each waiting his turn to see the chief.

Above Reuben Gower's, on the third floor, is the Board-room, also used by Sir Jacob and his friends as a luncheon-room. A discreet door hides what is, practically, a cellaret. There are choice wines in that cupboard, and many a bottle of chablis, sauterne, champagne, and hock have been cracked with due solemnity in the luncheon-room, preparatory to or after serious business below. But it is very well known in the City that Sir Jacob will not take wine during business hours. A glass of sherry with a sandwich for luncheon if you like; but, if you press him to have more, he will tell you with a soft, sad smile that he comes into the City on business, that he is occupied all day long on business, and that he cannot, most unfortunately, drink wine while he is attending to business. After dinner, on the other hand, it is notorious that Sir Jacob Escomb's finest speeches are sometimes made when he has put away enough wine to make a Barclay and Perkins' drayman blind drunk. His capacity for wine is not the least of those qualities for which City men envy Sir Jacob.

It was a house in which all the offices were solid and even splendid; well-lighted, well-furnished, well-fitted; provided with an

army of clerks, and surrounded with an atmosphere or halo of solidity and stability. Nor was it by any means a new office. Sir Jacob was between fifty-five and sixty; he had held the same offices for a quarter of a generation. They had not originally been so well furnished, nor had he held the whole house for that time, but a plate with his name had been on the same door for five-and-twenty years.

In his private room, Sir Jacob found that morning a mass of correspondence in addition to the letters he brought with him, open, noted, and arranged by Reuben Gower. With practised eye he ran over the letters, making a few notes as he went along. Then he leaned back in his chair, thoughtful.

Sir Jacob in his private room was not like Sir Jacob on the platform, nor like Sir Jacob at home. In the domestic circle he was an amicable demi-god, whose word was law, and whose wishes had to be anticipated. On the platform he was the cheerful expounder of a sunny philanthropy and warm-hearted Christianity, which consisted wholly in giving money himself, persuading other people to give it, and praising the glorious names of noblemen, bishops, and other illustrious men who were associated with himself—to praise your associates is to praise yourself—in what he called the Movement. People talk now of a "movement," as if it was an object or an institution. They say that they have given money to the Indian "Movement" when they mean the Indian Famine Fund. There were few "movements" in which Sir Jacob's name was not prominent either as president, vice-president, or member of the general committee. In his private room, at his office in the City, however, Sir Jacob's features sharpened, his great bushy eye-brows contracted, and his lips—they were the large and full lips which belong especially to men who habitually address audiences in great rooms—locked themselves together. There was not much benevolence left in his face after half an hour of work among his papers.

Business was plentiful—on paper. There were the construction of a railway in Central America, orders waiting execution for his ironworks at Dolmen-in-Ravendale, gasworks in a Russian city, waterworks in a Chilian town—fifty other things: all this looked well. On the other hand, there were bills to meet, claims to contest, and, worse than all, a long and bitter strike in the north, and by that morning's post—a strike in which compromise promised for the moment to be impossible. And the moment was an important one.

Sir Jacob, after a few minutes' reflection, put the matter for the moment out of his mind, and addressed himself to his correspondence. He wrote with great rapidity and ease, tossing each letter into a basket as it was written. It would be the duty of the clerk to collect and address those letters in the evening. He looked at his list of appointments. There was an hour to spare. In that interval he wrote twenty letters, all on different subjects, and every one commanding complete mastery of the matter. He read over each letter after it was written, approved it by a nod, and tossed it into the basket. It was one of the secrets of Sir Jacob's success that he could pass easily and rapidly from one subject to another, and not the least of his secrets, that while on a particular subject he could concentrate the whole of his attention to it. He was, in fact, a man who could work, and did habitually work.

Then came the appointments. One after the other the men who had to see Sir Jacob called, stated briefly their business, received a reply, and went away. There was no waste of words, nor any exchange of meaningless amenities with Sir Jacob Escomb. Everybody knew that, and even a Russian diplomatist would have found it hard to get any waste of words out of this man of business.

The morning appointments over, Sir Jacob looked at his watch. Half-past one—time for the sandwich. He took up a few papers; he would go to luncheon, and talk things over with Reuben Gower. Reuben would be able to suggest something.

He looked in at Reuben Gower's room as he went upstairs to the luncheon-room. He was engaged with a gentleman.

"When you are at leisure, Mr. Gower," said Sir Jacob, "I shall be upstairs."

"The great Sir Jacob?" asked the visitor, with awe.

"No other," said Reuben Gower, shortly; "and as I was saying ——"

The secretary was, as I have said, a man as old as himself, or a little older. He had been with Sir Jacob since the day when, side by side, boys together, they had run

through the mud and snow in the dark winter mornings to get within the gates before the factory bell ended. Then they were comrades; now they were master and servant. Then they were friends who quarrelled, fought, and made it up again; now they were chief and secretary. But all along the weaker nature looked up to and reverenced the stronger. It was Jacob who always conquered in their fights; it was Jacob who rose first to be a foreman, then had the courage, followed always by Reuben, to give up the factory and begin as a small contractor; it was Jacob who, when the small jobs multiplied and became large jobs, took pity on the less successful Reuben, and admitted him as clerk, foreman, superintendent of works, accountant—everything. A million men at least, at one time or other, now worked for the great contractor; not one of them ever worked for him so long, reverenced him so much, or worked for him so well, as his old friend Reuben Gower. No stickler for large salary was Reuben; no strict measurer of hours given to the firm; no undue estimator of his own labour. All he had, all he thought, all he knew, he threw into the affairs of the house. The three hundred a year, which Sir Jacob considered an equivalent for his experience and zeal, seemed a noble honorarium to him, the old factory boy, who had never got over his respect for hundreds. And while he was content to occupy the simple position of jackal, it never occurred to him that it was mainly by the adaptation of his own ideas, by the conveyance to his own purposes of his own surprising mastery of detail, that the great Sir Jacob prospered and grew fat. A simple, hard-working dependent, but one who had faith in his master, one who felt that there could be no higher lot than in working for a good, a noble, and a strong man; and indeed, if such be the lot of any, dear brethren, write me down that man happy.

Outside the private room they were to each other as to the rest of the world, Mr. Gower and Sir Jacob. Within the sacred apartment, whither no one could penetrate without permission, the old Lancashire habit was kept up, and one was Jacob, and the other Reuben.

Reuben looked the older, probably by reason of the careful and laborious life he led. He was thin, grown quite grey, and he stooped. His face was remarkable for a certain beauty which sprang from the possession of some of his ancient simplicity. Men who remain in their old beliefs do retain this look, and it becomes all faces, though it is unfortunately rare.

He was married, and had one son, John, who was, naturally, in the great Escomb ironworks, a mechanical engineer by trade, and a clever fellow. The father and son were excellent friends on all subjects except one: John could not share his enthusiasm for the great man who employed him.

"He is successful, father, because he has had you in the first place, and half a hundred like me in the second, to work for him."

John did not know, being a young man, that the mere fact of being able to see quite early in life that the way to success is to make other people work for you is of itself so highly creditable a perception as to amount to greatness.

"Who," continued the rebellious John, "would not be successful under such circumstances?"

His father shook his head.

"He is a strong man, John—a strong man."

"How has he shown it? Has he invented anything? Has he written well, or struck out any new idea?"

"He is a man of the highest reputation, John—not here in Lancashire only" (they were then at the works), "but in the City of London."

"Every man has the highest reputation who can command so much capital."

"And he is such a good man, John."

"Humph! Then why does not his goodness begin where it ought, at home? We should have been saved this strike if his goodness had been shown to the hands. Are his men better paid, more considered, more contented, than the men in other works? No—worse. You know that, father. His goodness wants to be proclaimed to all the world; he does good in the sight of men."

"John, Sir Jacob is a political economist. It is hard, he says, to set up private benevolence against the laws of science—as well sweep back the tide with a hearth-brush. Supply and demand, John: the men are the supply, and capitalists the demand."

But John was not to be argued into enthusiasm for Sir Jacob, and returned to the works, where the pits were banked up and the engines were silent, and men who ought

to have been assisting in the whirr-r and turmoil of wheels and steam and leathern bands were idly kicking their heels outside ; for Sir Jacob had made no sign of yielding, and they would not give way, though the children were pining away for want of sufficient food, and the sticks were going to the pawn-shop.

Reuben came presently into the luncheon-room, going slowly, and bent as one who is in some kind of trouble.

"You have read those letters, Reuben?" asks the great man, who had finished his sandwich, and was slowly sipping his sherry, with his back to the empty fire-place.

"Yes, Jacob, I've read them all."

Reuben sat down by the table, and began drumming on it with his fingers.

"And what do you think?"

"I am very anxious. If the Eldorado Railway money is not ready——"

He hesitated.

"Well, Reuben? It is not ready, and I believe it never will be. Prepare yourself for the worst. The Eldorado bubble has burst."

"We must look elsewhere, then, for money. We must borrow, Jacob, for money we must have, and immediately—you know that."

"Borrow!—that is easily said—where? Of course I know we must find money."

"I made up a statement last night, Jacob. Here it is ; this is what you have to meet in the next three weeks. I fully reckoned on the Eldorado money, which would have tided us over the difficulty. Jacob, Jacob! I told you that those Central American schemes never come to good!"

"Ay, ay. No use telling me what you prophesied, Reuben ; anybody can prophesy. Try now to see how we can face the storm—that is more to the point."

"There's the Ravendale Bank. You're chairman of the board."

"I proposed at the last meeting to borrow fifty thousand. They asked for securities, as a matter of form—— Well, I promised the securities, and I have not got them"

"There's the works."

What can be done while the hands, confound them, are out on strike?"

"How much will they let you overdraw?"

"Not much further than we have gone already."

"Jacob, seven years ago we had a bad time to face—just as bad as this—you remember, just before the French war, out of which you did so well. Then you found at one haul seventy thousand pounds. Can't you repeat that transaction?"

"The money was not mine ; it was my ward's, Julian Carteret's money."

Reuben started to his feet.

"Do you mean that you took his money to help you out of difficulties? Jacob, Jacob! And all that money gone?"

"It can't be gone, man," said the millionaire. "How can it be gone when it was invested in the works? And a safer investment could not be made."

"If the world would only think so," sighed Reuben.

"Why did we not take steps to raise money before?"

"Because you were so certain of Eldorado. Why"—(here Reuben grew more agitated still) "did you not sell out your bonds?"

"No," said Jacob gloomily. "Perhaps it will recover. I saw a note in the paper this morning that the stock would probably rise again."

"Stock you might buy, but never hold," said Reuben. "And the Columbian Canals, and the Mexican Mines, and Turks and Egyptians, all gone down together. What shall we do—what shall we do?"

"Concede what the men claim, and start the works again," said Sir Jacob, who took things more easily than his subordinate, in whom, indeed, he had full confidence. "Concede all that they ask, and when the furnaces are in full blast make a limited company of it."

Reuben shook his head.

"That cannot be done in a week. Consider, Sir Jacob, you have only a week. If we could only see a way—if we could only gain time. Perhaps I ought to have seen what was coming a little sooner."

"What is coming, Reuben?" Sir Jacob leaned across the table, and whispered the words in a frightened voice. "What is coming?"

"Ruin, Jacob—ruin!" replied Reuben sorrowfully. "If you cannot raise money, ruin. If you cannot restore Julian Carteret his fortune—worse than ruin."

"No," cried the Baronet, "not that—not that. I did my best for my ward. The world will know that I acted for the best: that the works were paying an enormous income——"

"At the time, the money staved off bank-

ruptcy. When the world knows that, what will the world say?"

"How the devil is the world to know it, Reuben?" asked Sir Jacob angrily.

"By the books, All your books will be examined. Your position can be and will be traced year after year. The transactions of every day in your business history will come to light. Man, your affairs did not begin yesterday to end to-morrow. You are too big a ship to go down without a splash. There will be too many drowned when you are wrecked for the world to sit down quiet and say: 'Poor Sir Jacob!' They will examine all your books."

"All, Reuben?" His face was white now, and the perspiration stood upon his brow. "All?"

He spoke as if he was a child learning for the first time what is done in the case of a great smash. In point of fact, he was bringing the thing home to himself, and realising what its effects would be upon him.

There were certain books known to him alone, and to no one else, not even to Reuben. These books were downstairs in his own room, locked in a fire-proof safe. Should they, too, be examined? He mentally resolved that the key of that safe should at least be kept in his own pocket. And yet, how instructive to the student in the art of rapidly piling up a fortune would be the study of these volumes! More instructive than any books kept in the office of Reuben Gower, because they showed of late years a history chiefly of wild speculation, decadence, and approaching ruin. When a man, for instance, has had extensive dealings with the Russian Public Works Department, when he obtains contracts in other foreign countries, when he provides estimates for great national works, which are afterwards largely exceeded, when he receives payment for work never done, and when he makes charges for materials never delivered, the private history of these transactions would, if put into the form of a continuous narrative, be as pleasant reading for the fortunate holder of the fortune so acquired as the true story of his own life by Cagliostro or Beaumarchais, or the faithful narrative of his own doings by a member of the great Tammany Ring. For in such a book there would be bribes—plentiful and liberal bribes—the giving and the taking of commissions, the giving shares in transactions not quite warrantable by the terms, strictly interpreted, of written covenants, and the introduction of illustrious names—grand dukes, princes, ministers, all sorts of people, whom, for the credit of their biographies, as well as that of the age in which they lived—it would be well not to mention in connection with such doings.

There is no absolute law laid down on this delicate subject; in the Decalogue it is certain that it is nowhere stated in so many words: "Thou shalt not bribe; thou shalt not take a commission; thou shalt not receive interest other than that agreed upon." Whatever is not forbidden is allowed. That is the rule on which the Ritualist clergymen always act, and if Ritualists, why not that much more respectable body—public moralists? It is a sad thing to own that the censorious world looks with disgust—affected, no doubt—on a man who has built up a fortune in such a way. Sir Jacob might have thought, when he was tempted, of a leading case. There was a man a few years ago who was greatly, implicitly trusted by his employer, and paid well for giving honest advice to a confiding public, He sold that advice; he took money right and left for the words he wrote, which mightily influenced the fortune of companies and shares, and though his friends pleaded, perhaps quite honestly, that the advice he had given was good, neither his employers nor the public accepted the plea, and the mistaken man retired into obscurity, nor was he forgiven even when, after he died, he was found to be worth a quarter of a million sterling. Actually, a rich man died, and was not respected for his wealth! Wonderful! Perhaps Sir Jacob did think of that case when he trembled to think that *all* the books might be examined.

At least those should not.

But Reuben had others. Among them, as he said, were the books of seven years ago, when the shipwreck was only averted by the timely aid of seventy thousand pounds, all Julian Carteret's fortune. There should be, Sir Jacob resolved, a break in the sequence of those books.

"Is it necessary, Reuben," he asked, mildly, "that all the books must be handed over? We might begin, say, three years back."

"No, Jacob. Some of your transactions date farther back than seven years. That year must go with the rest. There is one chance. Julian Carteret is a friend of yours,

as well as your ward. He is a good deal in your house. He rides with Miss Escomb—"

"Yes, yes," cried Jacob. "Reuben, you are my friend again. Shake hands, my chap!" he cried, in the familiar old North-country language. "Bankruptcy we can stand, Eldorado and the strike will explain that much. But what they would call abuse of trust I could not stand. We shall smash to-morrow, if you like. We *shall get up again, Reuben*, stronger than ever. The same forces that raised me before shall raise me again. I am as vigorous as when I was twenty. So are you. And we shall have the backing of all the world, with the sympathy of every one who has money to lend. Let us become insolvent, if we must. But before we do, Reuben, Julian shall be engaged to Rose."

"How will that help?" asked Reuben sadly. "I was going to say that Julian, being a friend, might be taken into confidence."

"Not at all. If Julian is to marry my niece, how can he charge me, her uncle, with using his money for my own purposes? He will only be one more to go down with me; and when I get up again, we shall all get up together. To be sure, in that case, Rose's fortune would have to go with her, to her husband. However——"

The man was a strong man, that was clear. He deserved to succeed. He had the strength of self-reliance, of belief in his own methods, of confidence in his luck. With certain insolvency staring him in the face, he saw a way of meeting his fate with a calmness which belongs to virtue, of gaining more reputation out of it, of wiping off old scores, and beginning new, and of escaping the consequences of the one action of his life which he was afraid to tell the world. He was a strong man, but, for the first time in his life, Reuben felt repulsion rather than admiration for the proof of such strength. To him, a man of more sensitive nature, who had no other reputation than his own integrity had brought him, bankruptcy was a thing so terrible as to dwarf almost all other misfortunes. And here was his master going into it almost with a light heart.

"Don't be downcast, Reuben." Sir Jacob clapped him on the shoulder. "Why, I've faced this danger scores of times when you thought all was going well, and never with such good chances as now. I shall turn it to account."

"But how will you live, Sir Jacob; how will you live meanwhile?"

"Lady Escomb, Reuben, had by pre-nuptial settlement thirty thousand pounds when she died. The interest of that money was devised to go to Rose when she marries, that is, if she marries with my consent. This money is in the Funds."

"But then you will have nothing.

"Why—no. I shall have the handling of the thirty thousand, I dare say; but it is not by that money I mean to get up again. Bankruptcy," he went on; "it is not the first time that a great contractor has smashed, and it will not be the last. Contractors, in fact, never quite know how they stand. But I think it will be an event in the City when the news is known; and there will be deep sympathy when it is learned by what an accumulation of misfortunes the disaster has been brought about. Bankruptcy! Let it come, then. Let the men go on with their strike, Reuben. We will concede nothing —nothing. Let the Eldorado Government fail to meet their engagements with me: let the Columbian Harbour and the Mexican Mines all collapse together: let Turks and Egyptians go down lower than ever: they can't go too low for me if I am to be bankrupt: misfortunes cannot come too thick."

Reuben again looked at him with forced admiration and a certain involuntary shrinking. He forgot that to a man who has once tasted it, public applause, public sympathy, public praise, publicly, noisily administered, are like a draught of cold water to a thirsty man, or the shadow of a great rock to a noontide traveller in the desert. Sir Jacob was thinking of the history he could command—of course he was not one of those who ever write themselves—in certain organs where he had secret influence unknown to the creditors. He was thinking of the speeches he would make, how he would appear before the world, not as the disgraced man, he would hope, but as the man whom the buffets of Fortune—say, rather, the chastening hand of Providence—has temporarily laid low: how his voice would rise, his figure straighten, his arms spread out as he would repeat the words, "Not disgraced, my friends, not disgraced: only beaten down—to lift my head again, and become once more a goodly tree—yea —with branches of shelter and fruits of comfort." The peroration struck him as so good

that he immediately entered it in his note-book for subsequent development. "Branches of shelter, fruits of comfort—or consolation. Query—How can trees be said to Do Good?"

"I am glad to see you take it so cheerfully, Jacob. I thought you'd a pined a bit over it," said Reuben, doubtfully.

"Pined? not I. Why?"

"And as you are so cheerful, I won't tell you what I was going to tell you about my son John."

"Your son John? Ay—ay—he is in my works, I believe. Yes, I remember. What about him?"

"Some affairs of the boy's, Jacob."

"John's affairs." Sir Jacob laughed. He was actually in good humour again, he—going to be bankrupt in less than a fortnight, and for two millions at least. "John's affairs? A ten-pound note in a savings' bank, a share in a building society, a quarrel in an Odd Fellows' lodge. Well, well, let us hear."

"It is more than that," said Reuben. "John has got an invention, and he wanted to show it to you; but his ideas are absurd, ludicrous. I told him so. Remember, Jacob, they are not mine; don't be offended with me."

"He always was a hot-headed boy, your son, Reuben. But we will see. Look here. Bring him over to dinner this evening. There will be no one there except Rose and Julian Carteret, and—yes—at the same time drop a note over to Bodkin at his new Society, and ask him to come too. And now I've got a deputation to receive in a few minutes, and we must stop this interview. Don't be downcast, Reuben. Bankruptcy? It will establish my fortune on a broader basis than ever. Telegraph to Dolmen that not the smallest concession will be made. Don't sell out a single Eldorado Bond; send a paragraph to all the papers that their Government has failed to make the regular payments to Sir Jacob Escomb, the great railway contractor: make everything as public as you can. Work, Reuben, work, We shall have our reward after the smash."

"And now," he said, "I shall have another glass of sherry. Have a glass, Reuben? Better. Send me down the books for the time when I invested Julian's money. I will take care of *them*."

A knock at the door. His own private clerk opens it, and shows a head, nothing more.

"The deputation, Sir Jacob."

"The deputation? What deputation?"

"Secretary and deputation from the council of the Friends of the Patagonians, Sir Jacob. By appointment."

"Ah! yes—I had forgotten. They are in the reception-room? I will come. Send up the porter with sherry. Two glasses each. The deputation sherry, not the dry. I will not keep them waiting long."

"Always," said Sir Jacob, addressing Reuben, "always send up sherry to your deputation, and always keep them waiting. Nothing like sherry to warm the heart, and ten minutes' patience to cool the heels. I wonder if I shall have many more deputations after the smash."

He went and received them graciously: heard what was agreed on behalf of the Patagonians, how this fine race of giants had been too long allowed to run wild without any of the benefits of civilisation and religion, and how it was proposed—and so on. And then he made his speech, which he set purposely in a frame of sadness. He said that the condition of Patagonia had long been in his mind, that when constructing a railway in Brazil many years ago he had personally visited the South American Continent, and reflected even then Lastly, that in these times of change and sudden disaster it was impossible to promise anything, but they might announce, if that would help, his own sympathy with the cause; that he would gladly become a member of their general committee; and that in the course of the year he would see in what manner he should be able to help them.

The deputation gone, other people who also had appointments began to call: beggars, promoters, all kinds of people who wanted to use the name of the great philanthropist for their own objects, and these objects, if not for their own gain, were for their own glory. Find me a man or woman in this London, the nest of societies and institutions, who promotes a cause anonymously and without the desire of gain. London consists of many cities. There are London Commercial, London Aristocratic, London Frivolous, London Ecclesiastic, London Benevolent, London Lazy, London Artistic, London Literary. London Benevolent, a field hitherto little explored, is a City whose

inhabitants ardently pant for fame; unkind fortune has generally denied them the brains or the opportunities necessary to win fame by the ordinary channels; they win it in channels of their own. Some of them, chiefly women, go a begging from door to door; some, chiefly men, get up projects of benevolence, and write letters showing how the Lord Mayor must first be approached; some make speeches on platforms; some write to the newspapers; some write pamphlets. So, with infinite pains, they rescue their names, as they fondly think, from the oblivion in which, like sheep, lie all the human race; so, when they might have led easy and pleasant lives, hopeful to their neighbours, along some cool sequestered way of life, and far from the madding crowd's ignoble way, they have preferred the trouble and labour by which notoriety is won, they have mistaken the babbling tongue of notoriety which speaks of one man this day and another the next, for the solemn trumpet of fame, and hush themselves to sleep with the fond persuasion of the poet that they will not wholly die London Benevolent has other citizens besides those who seek for glory; it has those who seek for pay or plunder; it has the crowd who live upon the generosity of England; while Sir Jacob Escomb is a type of one, Theophilus Bodkin may stand for the other.

London Benevolent! Out of such a field there yet grow so many flowers of grace, pity, charity, and love, that one would not check the fertilising streams of gold that flow into it from every quarter. But yet, if people knew; if windbags were exploded; if the true tale could be told; if the disinterested philanthropists could be pulled off their platforms; if——. I am myself about to form (anonymously and without pay) an entirely new Society. Among the rules of it shall be one that there are to be no publication of names, no payment of officer, secretary, or anything, no committee, no council, no Lord Mayor in it, no patronage by Royalty, no lists of subscribers; nothing. No one will belong to it, because in a very short time every one will. If it has a name, and I think it is better without one, it shall be called the Grand Mundane Helpful Association of All Humanity. No one will be a member who does not personally and actively assist in finding out dark corners, unclean places, vicious habitats, and resorts of crime, or that desperate poverty which makes crime. We shall not leave the discovery of such places to curates, beadles, Bible-women, and the young enthusiasts who rig themselves out like ecclesiastical tomfools in an old Morality. We shall find them for ourselves. And when they are found, we shall cure the patients, not by admonition, but by indulgence. Prisons shall be abolished; all benevolent societies shall die a natural death, and every man shall give part of the day to the help of his brother man. Of course, when that is done, all philosophies and systems will be swept away and forgotten; we may take down all the treatises on philosophy from our shelves, and give them over to the butterman. We can send away all books on social economy and law from the libraries, and make a bonfire of them; all religions will be merged into one; we may take down the theological books and toss them joyfully into the fire; we may also tell the priests that we can dispense with their sermons in future;—why, there is more than half the literature of the world gone at one swoop. What a relief! Whew!—— The dream grows too bewildering.

All the afternoon Sir Jacob continued to receive his callers, making new appointments, undertaking speeches, signing papers. No one would have guessed that the man who brought to the business of the moment such practical suggestions, and such ready sympathy was a hopelessly ruined man, who had no securities left on which money could be raised. That was impossible to guess.

CHAPTER IV.

THE NEW PARTNER.

SIR JACOB ESCOMB probably had a good many cousins, second cousins, cousins german, and cousins of every degree. Every man born of two parents, who themselves require four progenitors, who in their turn want eight, must needs have cousins by the score. These cousins, however, in the case of people whose grandfathers belong to the prehistoric period, are invisible and unknown. In Jacob Escomb's early life they would have presented themselves to the factory lad as people like himself and his

own father and mother, specimens of the class who toil hard, live hard, spend all, drink as much as they can, and die early. Later on, they might have gathered in troops round his doors, clamouring for a dole out of their rich relation's enormous wealth. But they did not. Perhaps they were unconscious that one of their own stock was doing such credit to the name: perhaps, as is often the case with poor relations—and a great comfort it is when they are so constituted—they were too proud to force themselves where they were not wanted. In any case, the only relation Sir Jacob had in the world of his own blood, was his niece Rose. Her father, who combined his brother's shrewdness without his ability, had been content, as I have said, to work quietly without an effort to rise, and died leaving a little girl thirteen years of age as a legacy to his brother.

I have explained how Sir Jacob received this legacy, I refrain from enlarging on the hopes and ambitions which Rose's beauty when she came to him after her eighteenth birthday excited in his breast. He would rise higher in the social scale by means of her. She would marry well, she would connect him with some noble House. Like all self-made men Sir Jacob thought over-much of social position, and measured the height to which he had risen by the rank of the people he could count as his friends.

That evening he walked all the way home, a common thing with him after a day of excitement and hard work, and surveyed the position. Well, the sacrifice must be made. Rose must marry Julian, if possible. Farewell all the chances of a noble alliance. He had the books of that period under his own custody now, he would take care that they should not go out of his own hands; the history of that "investment" should remain a secret between himself and Reuben. As for the blow, it must fall; he felt as if it had already fallen: he knew well enough, he had known for months that it must come, he knew that to raise more money was impossible, he had sold, mortgaged, and anticipated a great deal more extensively than his secretary knew; and the last disaster, the insolvency of the El-Doradian Government, only accelerated the ruin which strikes, the fall in stocks, and bad times generally had been working for him. His heroism or callousness, as it seemed to Reuben, was that of a man who has been contemplating the blow for so long that when it falls it is a positive relief. The agony had all been anticipated.

But there could be no more dreams of matrimonial greatness; the only thing left was retreat with honour and to carry with him in his downfall the sympathy of the world. No thought of the hundred clerks whose fall would be, so to speak, upon the hard kerbstone, while his own would be on cushions and pillows; none of the thousands of men who looked to his pay-offices for their daily bread. When had Sir Jacob ever given one thought to the welfare of his own people? As well expect a general to spare the lives of his soldiers.

Rose, at home, with no suspicion of what was impending, spent the day in a long dream. Julian was in love with her, Julian had asked her to be his wife: was that a real thing or was it a dream? No, it was real; he loved her, he had said so, and she —did she love him? It was, as yet, early to ask herself the question. Love comes upon a girl in so full a current, so impetuous a stream, that at first she is carried away, senseless almost, upon its waves. She has no breath left to ask herself what she can give in return; she has only to sit, and wait, and wonder, and be happy. Julian was in love with her. All day long there was a round red spot on either cheek where Julian had kissed her, all day long she sat with blushing brow thinking of how his arms lay round her waist, all day his voice haunted her as he spoke words sweet as honey from the honeycomb.

She avoided Mrs. Sampson because her heart was full, and when she was tired of wandering among the spring flowers in the garden, sought her own room and sat there with a book before her, trying to read, but breaking down in the attempt, and falling back upon thoughts of Julian and of love.

Love at nineteen is surely the greatest happiness that can fall to any girl. She is too young to calculate the chances, or to know the dangers of wedded life. It is all pure pleasure to fulfil so early the function for which, as her school-life has taught her, she has been brought up, that of standing, the most prominent figure in the whole ceremonial, before an altar to be married. We are not simple shepherdesses, I trow; we who have been to fashionable schools know a good deal. We do not want love in a

cottage ; not at all ; we would rather remain without love in a villa. We do not want a crust with affection, we would much rather have a salmi of partridge or a mayonnaise without. We have been educated to attract, and we live to attract ; we would wish him whom we are fated to attract to be young, good-tempered, sympathetic, artistic, and handsome, as well as rich. Of course he must be rich to begin with. The main thing is the indispensable thing. None of us dream of poverty, even as a possible chance in life, and when we speak of marriage, we mean an establishment *comme il faut.*

Happy Rose ! All these things came to her, just as they might come to a girl in a novel. Julian was handsome—who could doubt that? He was rich, as men go ; seventy thousand pounds means, because he had often told Rose, three thousand pounds a year. Now, at Campden Hill, where everything spoke of boundless resources, three thousand a year did not seem much, but Rose knew from the way in which her schoolfellows looked at things that three thousand pounds means a really good income, as incomes go ; one which allows of considerable spending and consequent enjoyment. Then Julian was young, just twenty-five, an excellent age for a lover. "Had he ever been in love before?" thought Rose. There is always that delicate question to be asked or suggested in the early days of courtship ; and always deceitful man, who is like the serpent in getting round an Eve, has to make unveracious statements and explanations that he might have fancied himself in love once or twice already, but that he never knew before what true love meant. We know what they are worth, those statements. The question, in order to elicit the exact truth, ought to be put by the young lady in the form of a public advertisement.

Thus :

"Whereas Julian Carteret, gentleman, of the Union Club, aged twenty-five, has offered his hand to Rose Escomb, of Campden Hill, the said Rose Escomb, who wishes to accept him, hereby calls upon all persons of her own sex, in any rank, to whom the said Julian has at any time, or at any place, made directly or indirectly overtures or confessions, pretence or prelude, of love, or with whom he has transgressed the legitimate bounds of flirtation, to communicate to her, in the strictest confidence, all the details and full particulars of the *amour* or *amourette.*"

There : and pretty kettles of fish there would be to fry, if this method of public advertisement were only to come into fashion.

Rose resolved on asking Julian the delicate question that very afternoon, but did not, because she found no opportunity.

At five o'clock he came again, but Mrs. Sampson was there and other people called. At half-past six she went for a drive with Mrs. Sampson. They dined as a rule, at eight. Perhaps after dinner there would be an opportunity.

The Park was full of carriages and people. "How pale the girls looked," thought Rose. Was that because they had no Julians to make love to them? And how wearisome their lives must be without some such strong arm as Julian's to lean upon. Pity is a luxury, because it implies for the most part a little superiority. We pity the poor creatures who have fallen from paths of rectitude, and at the same time we feel a little glow of satisfaction in thinking that we could not possibly so fall. Rose's pity for the listless and bored faces in the carriages, was, perhaps, not unmixed with that self-approbation. If their pulses were languid, her's was beating full and strong ; if their blood ran lazily along their veins, her's ran in a warm, swift current ; if their cheeks were pale and their looks languid, her own cheeks were bright and her face full of life and happiness."

"Home, dear?" asked Mrs. Sampson. "We dine at half-past seven to suit Mr. Gower, Sir Jacob's secretary, who is coming. Quite a dinner-party, indeed. Mr. Gower brings his son, Mr. John Gower."

"Oh, I know him," said Rose ; "I am glad he is coming, my old friend John Gower. He used to be pleasant to talk to, with his rough brusque ways. I wonder if he is pleasant still. It is seven years since I saw him last ; he has been all the time in my uncle's works. I wonder what he is like to look at."

"And Mr. Bodkin is coming too," said Mrs. Sampson, with a little demure dropping down of her eyelids. "*My* friend, Mr. Bodkin, who was here this morning on business connected with the new Society."

"I am glad he is coming," said Rose, vaguely ; "Julian Carteret is coming too."

"Oh!" Mrs. Sampson did not say what she felt, that, on the whole, she would have been glad to dispense with Mr. Carteret's company for that one evening. She had planned a little programme in which Sir Jacob should spend the after-dinner time, which was not long, with Mr. Gower, Rose with Mr. John Gower, leaving herself free to exchange pleasant things with Henry Bodkin. And now the programme was all upset by the intrusion of Julian Carteret.

Perhaps he would not come.

But he did; came before any of the rest arrived; came with a face all aglow with satisfaction half an hour before dinner; and was there to welcome the three unwonted guests before Sir Jacob appeared.

Reuben is quiet, but at his ease, in the big house, whose grandeur does not overwhelm him. He respects its owner, not the house, and he looks sad to-night because he knows that in a few days all these splendid things will pass away and become the property of some one else. Sitting at meat with a man who is to be a bankrupt in a few days is like taking a cheerful meal with a man the day before he is hanged. Wonderful, too, that Sir Jacob looks so cheerful and talks so bravely.

John Gower is a young man with a ruddy countenance, curling brown hair, strong features, and red hands marked with hard work. Late dinners and dress-coats are not his usual style of life; but he is here to-night with a definite object, and he tries to be agreeable. Picture to yourself a young man of twenty-two, who is absolutely ignorant of the tolerant carelessness of London, who is incapable of conversation, and who is always, whatever he does or says, in earnest. If you look in his face you will see lines about the eyes already; they are the lines of thought and anxiety. If you look in his eyes you will see that they are eyes which are steadfast and firm—eyes that mean success. John Gower means to succeed. John Gower is of the stuff whence England has got her greatness; he can fight; he can work; he can wait; he can be frugal; he believes in himself as strongly as any fighting man of Queen Elizabeth's time; and he believes in the might, majesty, and glory of the machinery among which he is always at work.

Mr. Bodkin has not quite put off with his secretarial garb the secretarial demeanour. He is ostentatiously respectful to Sir Jacob; he listens to his utterances as if they were proverbs to be remembered; he even repeats them softly to himself. The secret of this behavour is not a disposition to grovel on the part of Mr. Bodkin, he is no more a groveller than any other poor devil who is just a pound or two this side of nothing: it is the admiration which a man who at forty-five finds himself a complete failure has naturally conceived for a man who seems is a complete success.

The dinner is not very brilliant; Sir Jacob's seldom are; when the great man is silent, there is little conversation, and what Julian Carteret says is generally flippant, and falls on unresponsive hearts except for that of Rose. When the ladies go things are a little worse for Julian. Never, perhaps, was a more discordant group of men got together to circulate the decanter. Sir Jacob, calm in consious superiority, lays down the law, while he absorbs copiously:—it is, as I have said, a mark of this man's strength that he can, and does, drink immense quantities of wine without feeling in the slightest degree affected. It is a Princely—a Royal—quality to possess. Reuben, hanging his head, listens gravely and sadly. John listens impatiently, drinks nothing, and looks as if he would like to contradict. Mr. Bodkin listens deferentially, and looks as if he would like more talk; he also sticks manfully, like Sir Jacob, to the port. Julian listens with an air as if the whole thing was an inexpressible bore, and keeps the claret within reach.

Presently Sir Jacob asks if no one will have any more wine. No one will.

"Then, Julian," he says, "you will take Mr. Bodkin into the drawing-room with you. We have a little business to talk over here."

A good opportunity. He has Rose to himself at her piano for a whole hour; the drawing-room is large, and Mrs. Sampson with Bodkin are at the other end. "I believe, Rose," whispers Julian, "that Bodkin is making love. Isn't it shameful? and actually in our presence."

When the door was shut, the Baronet went to a sideboard, and from a drawer produced an inkstand and a packet of paper. Then he rang the bell.

"Coffee in half an hour. Do not disturb us until then. And, Charles, cigars."

Reuben Gower did not smoke; John refused a cigar because he wanted to have all his wits about him, and because he would

have preferred the little wooden pipe which was lying in his greatcoat pocket, only he did not dare ask for it. The Baronet took the largest and finest cigar in the chest, which contained twenty compartments, all filled with choice brands. Then he filled and drank a full glass of port, and then leaning contentedly back in his chair, the *vera effigies* of peace of mind, stable affluence, and benevolent comfort, instructed Reuben to open the case.

"You said, Reuben, that your son desires my help and advice, I believe. Well, John Gower, such help and advice as I can offer I am willing to give. What is it now? Is it an offer from some other works with higher salary? Are you discontented? Discontent with the young is a very, very mournful sign."

"If we were not discontented, we should always remain where we are," said John, bluntly. "Were you contented when you were a young man?"

"I was ambitious, perhaps; fired with the healthy desire of success."

"I am ambitious too," said John, roughly. "My desire of success is as healthy as yours."

"Well—well. What is it?"

"I have spent pretty well all my life about your works, Sir Jacob, as perhaps you know. If you do not know, it does not much matter. I was sent to school within the shadow of the furnaces, and it was my greatest pleasure as a boy to wander among the engine-houses and study the machinery. So that I suppose that by the time I was fourteen years old, which was when I was apprenticed to you in order to become a mechanical engineer, there was little in the place that I did not understand as well as the man who put the machinery together."

"A clever boy," murmured his father. "Always a clever boy, but self-willed."

"Naturally, when one understands a thing, one begins to try how it can be improved. Contentment won't do with machinery, Sir Jacob, whether you are old or young."

"Right," said the Baronet. "You owe, however, the best of your thoughts and all your work to your employer."

"That is the employer's theory," returned the young man, who was not in the least abashed by being in the presence of so great a man. "It is not mine. I have given you what you paid me for. Since my apprenticeship was finished, I have been one of your regular engineers, receiving the regular engineer's pay. I don't grumble at that, because it is what all get. If I were twenty years older and had a dozen children I should grumble."

"Come, John, come," said his father.

"No, father," said John. "I shall go on my own way. I came here to have my say out, and if Sir Jacob does not like to hear the truth, he may tell me so himself."

"Surely we live only in order to hear the truth ourselves, and to do Good to others by telling it," said the Baronet. "It is the truth that some of my engineers complain of their pay? Is that what you would say, John Gower?"

"All your engineers, all your clerks, all your people, from the superintendent to the youngest hand, complain of your pay, Sir Jacob. When they read your fine speeches they say that charity begins at home."

"Go on, John Gower. I am accustomed to misrepresentation, and ingratitude I can bear. Go on."

"Well—" John made a face as if he was swallowing a very nasty medicine. "It does'nt do any good, I suppose, to fire up and tell all. But I suppose you know that there is not general contentment and satisfaction at the works, Sir Jacob?"

"I know that some among you," said Sir Jacob, knocking off the ash of his cigar, "have instigated my hands to strike. And I wish I knew who had done it. Because if I knew that man he should go, even if it were the son of Reuben Gower here. You will, perhaps, go down to-morrow, John Gower. You will tell them, from me, that I will not make the smallest concession, that they must accept my terms or stay outside altogether. Pray do not forget to tell them that even if they remain I will never give in."

This was a very proper sort of stroke, because the promise was certain to be told about, and people would connect bankruptcy with principle. Few men can do more than go bankrupt on principle.

"However, you did not come here, I presume, to teach me my duty—ME—my duty." Sir Jacob spoke calmly, as if he was not in the least annoyed by the young man's plainness of speech. In fact, he was not. North-country men are practical, and their dislike to humbug makes them welcome even rude language.

"No, Sir Jacob, I did not," replied John. "My father told you, I believe, that I have made a discovery, being a discontented man" —he smiled in Sir Jacob's face—"a discovery of which you will be the first to recognize the importance. It is a mechanical discovery."

"Ay, ay—some little improvement—some alteration. Let us see if we can use it at the works."

"I have here, Sir Jacob, the specifications" —he drew out a little roll of small diagrams —"of my invention. You will see that we have to do with no little improvement, but a great one; no small alteration, but a radical change. Did my father tell you that I set a high price upon this invention?"

"He said you set an extravagant price upon it."

"Did he tell you what my price is?"

"No."

"John, John," his father rebuked him. "Don't grasp at too much. Be moderate."

"My price has risen since this morning," the young man went on. "It has doubled, father,"

"What?"—Reuben started from his chair in surprise—"doubled!—doubled!"

"Sir Jacob, this invention is an immense, a boundless fortune in itself!"

"An invention made on my own works, by a lad whom I have educated, with my own materials, by the son of my private secretary and old friend, should, I think, have been first shown to myself."

"I do show it to you first. I do more than that, sir—I offer you the refusal of it. Do not say that I am ungrateful. But, to make sure that there shall be no misunderstanding, I have registered the thing at the Patent Office, and secured my own rights."

"And this is confidence," murmured Sir Jacob sorrowfully. "This is confidence between man and man—the trust which the young man learns to repose in his elders: he invents something—it may or may not be valuable: instead of coming to me, whose advice might have helped him——"

"He goes to the Patent Office," said John, laughing. "Wonderful, isn't it, Sir Jacob? He does not even go to his father, because that dear old man would always take whatever he learned straight to his employer. This inventor actually hid his secret from his own father, so that he might himself be the one to introduce it—to Sir Jacob."

He bowed with reverence, half assumed, half real, to the man who paid him his meagre salary. John Gower felt himself so much the master of the situation that he could say or do what he pleased. Happy position! to be four-and-twenty years of age, to have hit, partly by good luck, partly after that long course of work and study without which no good luck is of any use, upon a secret which promised, nay, held out a certainty of effecting such improvement in machinery as would make the holder of the patent a man of enormous wealth. Why, then, did he offer his invention to Sir Jacob? Because, in the first place, the reputed millionaire could work it better than any financing firm, and in offering to divide profits with Sir Jacob he was probably doubling them: in the second place, because he was a lad with a little sentiment behind his rough, rude practicality, and wanted to please his father; and lastly, for another reason which he had, and which he had hitherto kept to himself.

Without a word in addition John Gower laid the plans before Sir Jacob.

He was right in his estimate of the great man's power of discernment. For years he had left the practical part of his work entirely to others; for years he had neglected the fields in which his earliest triumphs were won; but yet he had not forgotten. Sir Jacob had as good an eye for a wheel and a piston as ever—an eye which had not forgotten its early training—an eye which was as quick to seize and put together as that of any young mechanician in his workshops.

The first external evidence of appreciation which he showed was that he laid down his cigar and examined the specifications thoughtfully. Then he looked gravely across the table at the young fellow.

"All your own doing?" he asked.

"All," said John.

"Any one in the secret?"

"No one."

"Good."

Then Sir Jacob fell to examining the plans again.

Presently, the plans before him, he took a paper and pen, and began to make calculations. Feeling a little annoyed at the eyes of his guests, which were naturally fixed upon him, he took another glass of port, and pushed the decanter across to John.

"There, take some more wine, you and

your father. And don't talk—I mean, don't interrupt—don't stare ; I shall be ready in five minutes."

In ten minutes he put down the pencil and spoke, shading his eyes :

"This is a discovery, John Gower."

"It is, sir."

"Reuben, your son is a very clever man."

"A good many clever men have come out of the old place, Jacob," said his old schoolfellow.

"My word, Reuben, you're right!" They had dropped, involuntarily, into the Lancashire dialect, the pronunciation of which we need not try to reproduce. "You're right, Reuben, chap, a deal of clever men."

Then he turned to John.

"Business, young man. Name the price."

John reddened. He was going to play his highest card.

"My price——" He stammered, then recovered himself with an effort. "I might take my patent to financing people and show it to them," he said ; "I might raise a company to work it——"

"Better not," said Sir Jacob.

"I might sell it to some man like yourself, in Middlesborough or Barrow-in-Furness. I might take it over to America ; all those plans would do for me quite as well as the one I am going to propose to you. I will let you have my patent, Sir Jacob, on two conditions."

"Go on, John ; go on."

"Be moderate, John—oh, be moderate," urged his parent.

"The first is that you take me in as a half-partner in your ironworks, keeping the whole business separate from the contracts——"

"John, John!" said his father, "a half-partner!—with Sir Jacob Escomb—Sir Jacob Escomb, Baronet, F.R.G.S., Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, Black Eagle of Russia, Iron Vulture of Prussia, and Copper Hawk of Austria, besides Knight of the Holy Joseph of Brazil! Are you mad, John—are you out of your senses?"

"Not at all, father," said John ; "I am only diving below all the externals to get at the real. Half-partner in the profits of the ironworks of Sir Jacob Escomb, Baronet, Vulture, Hawk, and Eagle, as you say. My discovery against his prestige, my profits against his debts, my power of managing the men against his unpopularity, my genius against his experience. Is that a fair bargain, Sir Jacob?"

Curious to say, the Baronet took no offence at this extremely impudent and irreverent speech—no offence at all. He only laughed. To Reuben Gower's amazement—for the good secretary expected the ground to open and swallow up this new Dathan—Sir Jacob actually laughed.

"He is a well-plucked lad, this boy of yours, Reuben. Did you teach him to ruffle his feathers and swagger like this?"

"Nay, nay, Jacob ; it's pure natural devilment in the boy."

"Half-partnership, you say? Will nothing less content you?"

"Nothing, Sir Jacob."

"But there were two conditions. What is the other?"

"The other, Sir Jacob"—and here the young man blushed and hung down his head, pulling nervously at the table-cloth—"the other—the other—is this : I will sign the deed of partnership on the day when—your niece, Rose Escomb, accepts me as her husband."

"JOHN!" cried his father, "are you mad?"

Sir Jacob said nothing, but he looked steadily in the young man's face. Yes, he recognised a face which meant what it said : there was determination in it, and there was force.

"Do you know my niece?" he asked.

John answered, as they say always Orientals answer, by another question :

"How long has she been under your guardianship?"

"Seven years or so."

"Seven years. And before that she was *my* ward, Sir Jacob. While your brother lived she was my playfellow, my companion, my little sister, three years younger than I. We ran about the streets hand in hand, we went to school together, we kept holiday together. I loved her then, Sir Jacob, and I love her now."

"But suppose she does not love you? This is not a continental country. We do not arrange marriages to suit the convenience of old people as well as young. I can hardly, even though I am her uncle, go to Rose and say, 'Fall in love with John Gower.'"

"No ; I do not suppose you can do that."

"Then what am I to do?"

"What you can—what you please. Is she engaged to any one else?"

"No," said Sir Jacob, with great decision. And, indeed, how was he to know that at that very moment Julian was leaning over the girl as she sat at her piano, breathing the perfume of her hair, and whispering a thousand pretty passionate things into her coral ear? He did not know; he did not even suspect. "No," he replied, "there is no engagement."

"Marry Rose?" gasped old Reuben, in sheer inability to comprehend the impudence of his son.

"Marry Rose," said John. "If you take your eyes off these mahogany splendours, and look at things in their real light, father, you will see that there is no reason why I should not marry Rose Escomb. Her father, you, and Sir Jacob all belonged to the same level. I am as well educated as she; I am as clever; I shall be as rich. As rich? Far richer: for every pound that Sir Jacob has in his pocket to give her, I have a bill in *my* pocket of a hundred to put against it! And drawn at short dates too!"

All this was quite true, the only mistake made by the young engineer being in the statement that he was as well-educated as Rose. He was, in fact, better. Rose knew nothing of the differential and integral calculus. Rose knew nothing of machinery, nothing of German and French scientific works; Rose knew hardly anything. And yet, for a rich man's wife, her knowledge was worth everything, while for a rich man and apart from the question of getting riches, his knowledge was worth nothing.

Rose knew the great, the ineffable mystery of being pleasant. John knew the invaluable, but not the charming, Art of success. Englishmen and Scotchmen are the only people in the world who succeed greatly. They are respected for possessing this talent, but they are not loved. John Gower was, therefore, by no means so well educated as Rose.

Sir Jacob was silent again. He looked through the diagrams once more, he examined his calculations.

Then he took his cigar, which had gone out, lighted it again, drew two or three whiffs, threw it away, drank another glass of port, all in a leisurely and not at all in a fidgety manner, and then, to Reuben's intense astonishment, he said quietly:—

"I accept your offer, John Gower. There is my hand. As for Rose, I promise nothing. I shall not do more than mention the fact to her."

John said nothing. As he grasped the hand of the Baronet a soft suffusion filled his eyes. Surely his father was right when he insisted that Sir Jacob was the best as he was also the ablest of mankind.

"Reuben," said the chief, "go down to-morrow to the works. Call the men together, make them a conciliatory speech. Mind, no half measures. Say I am ready to meet them on their own ground: on their own ground. And at once. Tell them that I am coming down directly, that all their grievances shall be attended to—you hear, you young John?—and that we shall light up the furnaces next week. Promise everything. And as for our talk of this morning," he murmured, "forget it. *I have found the way.*" And now, old friend Reuben and partner John, one glass of wine to our future success. God bless you, John. You have begun as I did, with industry and audacity. They always succeed. Reuben, chap, you are happy in your son; and now—to the ladies. Rose will wonder what has become of you, John."

It was more than an hour after Julian and Mr. Bodkin had returned before the other three entered the drawing room. "What had happened?" Rose thought. "Reuben Gower upright, and laughing at some joke; Sir Jacob, without his pomposity, had got his hand on John's shoulder and was laughing too; John alone was sheepish and hung his head. What did it mean?

To Sir Jacob it meant that he would not be a bankrupt after all; to Reuben it meant that disgrace had been averted from the house; to John it meant fortune; to Rose—what did it mean to Rose?

"Rose," her uncle said, "will you play something to John Gower? I want you to be very good friends again with John Gower, your old friend of childhood."

(To be continued.)

MR. SPEAKER.

"*Mr. Secretary Wenwood*, after great silence in the House, stood up and made speech, the sum whereof was—

That the Honour of the King and the Happiness of the Subject depended upon this Parliament; but great Care should therefore be had for the Choice of Speaker—

The Speaker, the Pilot to guide the great Ship of State.

On all sides seemed great variety of Choice for the Service, but commendeth to them specially Mr. R. Crew for his Learning, Judgment, Religion.

A general voice—Mr. Crew, *nemine contradicente*.

Mr. Crew, after Silence, disableth himself by his own Infirmities, Weight of Business, by the Judgement of the House, by the Difficulty of the Negotiation between a Prudent King and Intelligent House; not inured to the Public Business.

Mr. Chancellor—That his Excuse kindleth the Desire of the House; his Modesty specially commended.

Mr. Crew, with general Applause, called upon and fetched to the Chair."

THE quotation which heads this paper is taken from the Journals of the English House of Commons of more than two centuries and a half ago, and affords an excellent illustration of the quaint phraseology as well as of the style of reporting of the "good old times." The Journals in those days not only contained, as they do now, a record of the actual proceedings, the *res gestæ*, of the Commons, but also pretended to give a brief summary of some of the debates. In this curious melange, the reader will probably detect certain phrases which he has heard or read before. Even in these more refined and intellectual times, we find orators of no very original turn of mind forced to fall back on the well-worn phrase of the "Pilot to guide the great Ship of State;" and certainly it is not seldom that we hear appeals made to "an intelligent House" or to "an intelligent country."

But whilst the phraseology of the official records is now less quaint, the procedure in the election of a Speaker is just the same to all intents and purposes that it was in the seventeenth century, when the English Commons were battling heroically for their "undoubted rights and privileges." Then, as now, the House elected its Speaker at the command of the Crown, and he was obliged to present himself formally for the approval of the Sovereign. In only one memorable instance has the reigning Monarch ever refused that approval, which constitutional usage declares a necessary form on such occasions. Every student of English history will recall the rejection of Sir Edward Seymour, who had incurred the disfavour of Charles II. The Commons deeply resented this act of the King, and passed several resolutions in vindication of their privileges, which were afterwards revived in a similar case in Canadian history. The proceedings did not appear in the journals of 1678, but Bishop Burnet tells us that the debate "lasted a week and created much anger," but "a temper was found at last." Seymour's election was allowed to fall, but the point was settled "that the right of electing was in the House and the confirmation was a matter of course." Be that as it may—for Hatsell does not see on what authority the Bishop's statement rests—from that day to this, no King or Queen in England has ever ventured to deny the right of the Commons to select whom they please for their Speaker.

The foregoing incident is recalled because it is interesting to us from its connection with an equally startling episode in our own political history. In the old days when the Assembly of Lower Canada was fighting for its rights, the Governors-General, who were too often military men, had a very ready way of asserting their prerogatives, or, at least, what they thought to be their prerogatives. In 1808 Sir James Craig was waging a lively war against everybody who did not happen to agree with his method of carrying on the Government. Among those who found disfavour in his eyes was Mr. Panet, the first Speaker of the Assembly, whom he had dismissed from the Militia on account of his connection with the *Canadien* newspaper. It was generally believed that Sir James would refuse to confirm the choice of the Assembly when the Speaker presented himself for approval; but the Governor evidently thought it wise to reconsider his first decision, and contented himself with sanctioning Mr. Panet's election in these very

cool and unusual terms, which naturally attracted much comment in those lively times:—"I am commanded by His Excellency," said the Speaker of the Legislative Council, "to say that, having filled the Chair of Speaker during four successive Parliaments, it is not on the score of insufficiency that he would admit of excuse on your part, or form objections on his. His Excellency has no reason to doubt the discretion and moderation of the present House of Assembly, and as he is at all times desirous of meeting their wishes, so he would be particularly unwilling not to do so, on an occasion in which they are themselves principally interested." This was literally snubbing both Speaker and Assembly in the genial way peculiar to the Governors of those times.

It was left to a Governor-General in later times to assert a right—if right it can be called—which an English king, more than two centuries ago, exercised, probably to his regret, and which none of his successors have ever since thought it prudent to revive. Mr. Papineau was a very imprudent politician, and often forgot the respect due to the representative of the Sovereign in his dislike of the overbearing demeanour and official obstinacy of the man. Mr. Papineau had been Speaker for several Parliaments, but in 1827 he insulted the Governor-general, Lord Dalhousie, in an address which he issued in the heat of a violent election campaign. His Excellency would, no doubt, have best consulted his own dignity by taking no notice whatever of any imprudent remarks that an impetuous politician had made in times when men's tempers were too often excited to a high pitch by the political controversies of the days of family compacts and bureaucratic rule. On the meeting of the Assembly Mr. Papineau was chosen Speaker by a large majority, and presented himself for approval in the usual way. He was informed by the Speaker of the Legislative Council that His Excellency the Governor-in-Chief "doth not approve of the choice the Assembly have made of a Speaker, and in His Majesty's name His Excellency doth accordingly now disallow and discharge the said choice." And then the members of the Assembly were instructed to "again repair to the place where the sittings of the Assembly are usually held, and there make choice of another person to be your Speaker." But the Assembly was no more prepared than the English Commons of 1678 to submit to the arbitrary exercise of the Royal prerogative. Many indignant speeches were made in vindication of the right to choose a Speaker without the interference of the Crown. The Assembly passed a series of resolutions, in which they asserted "that the presenting of the person so elected as Speaker to the King's representative for approval is founded on usage only, and such approval is and hath always been a matter of course." They also passed an Address to the Governor-General similar to the one presented to Charles the Second, in which they humbly hoped that "His Excellency, after having consulted the old precedents, would be pleased to remain satisfied with their proceedings, and not deprive them of the services of the Speaker they had chosen." Lord Dalhousie refused to receive the messengers or the Address, and, when he saw that the Assembly was resolved on adhering to their choice, immediately prorogued the two Houses. Fortunately for the quiet of the country at that time, Lord Dalhousie was soon afterwards recalled from the Province and appointed Commander-in-Chief of India. When his successor, Sir James Kempt, assumed the government of Lower Canada, he decided on adopting a conciliatory policy towards the French Canadian party, and one of his first acts was to approve of the choice of Mr. Papineau, when he again presented himself as Speaker at the opening of Parliament in 1828. For several years up to 1841 the Speakers of the Assemblies of Upper and Lower Canada continued to present themselves for approval by the representative of the Crown; but the Act of Union of 1840 being silent on this point, the practice was discontinued in the Parliament of United Canada. When a Speaker is now chosen by the House of Commons and presents himself at the bar of the Senate, he informs his Excellency that he has been elected Speaker, and expresses his doubts as to his ability to fulfil the important duties thus assigned to him. "If in the performance of these duties," he adds, "I should at any time fall into error, I pray that the fault may be imputed to me, and not to the Commons, whose servant I am." He then claims their "undoubted rights and privileges," which the Speaker of the Senate recognizes on behalf of the Governor-General, but not a word is said as to the wisdom

of the choice made by the Commons.* When a Speaker dies or resigns, and another has to be chosen during the Parliament, he also presents himself to His Excellency and makes the usual speech, merely omitting the assertion of the rights and privileges of the Commons, which is only made at the commencement of a new Parliament. On such an occasion the Governor-General will content himself with an expression of confidence in the devotion and attachment of the Commons to Her Majesty.

The title of Speaker is one which perhaps needs explaining to those who have neither opportunity nor patience to search out such things for themselves. In the old rolls of Parliament he is called, in ancient French, "Parlour." Yet we all know that now-a-days he only *speaks* when called upon to keep the House in order, or to carry out the resolutions and commands of the Commons. But like all parliamentary phrases and formulas, the title of Speaker has its historical significance. It was given to him because he is the mouth-piece, as it were, of the House, on all State occasions. The Commons could alone approach the Sovereign through him in old times. He went up with all Addresses, and presented them humbly on behalf of the Commons. When that ill-advised monarch, Charles I, came into the House of Commons to arrest the five members who had made themselves so obnoxious to him, the Speaker of that day expressed the character of his duties in a few terse phrases which are now historical: "May it please your Majesty, I have neither eyes to see nor tongue to speak in this place, but as the House is pleased to direct me, whose servant I am here, but humbly beg your Majesty's pardon that I cannot give you other answer than this." On another memorable occasion, a Speaker was forced to speak because the House was silent. In 1523, Cardinal Wolsely was deeply incensed against the Commons, for "that nothing was so soon done or spoken therein, but that it was immediately blown abroad in every ale-house." The Cardinal was very anxious that the Commons should pass a great subsidy, and with that object in view he decided to go down to the House and indulge in that bullying tone which it was long afterwards the style to adopt whenever a king or his ministers wanted money from the people. "Masters," said Sir Thomas More, the Speaker, when he heard of the Cardinal's proposed visit, "forasmuch as my lord Cardinal lately, ye wot well, laid to our charge the lightness of our tongues for things uttered out of the House, it shall not be in my mind amiss to receive him with all his pomp, with all his maces, his pillars, his poll axes, his hat, and great seal too." The Cardinal soon appeared and made his speech, but none of the Commoners answering he enquired the reason, but still they held their peace. He addressed himself to several individually, but none would speak to him—"being agreed before," says the old chronicle, "as the custom was, to give answer by their Speaker." The Cardinal was very irate at the obstinacy of these Commoners who dared assert their rights against the king and his then all powerful favourite. "Masters," said he, "unless it be the manner of your House, as of likelihood it is, by the mouth of your Speaker whom you have chosen for trusty and wise (as indeed he is), in such cases to utter your minds, here is, without doubt, a marvellously obstinate silence." And then he required answer from the Speaker, who first excused the silence of the House, and then showed by many arguments that "for them to make answer was neither expedient nor agreeable with the ancient liberty of the House." It has been well for the liberties of the English people that there were Speakers and Commoners like More, Hampden, Pym, Seymour, and many others, whose famous names the historical student will recall, always ready to vindicate the rights of the Commons of England against Sovereigns and Ministers too often labouring to overturn them for their selfish and ambitious purposes. It is not necessary, now-a-days, to dwell on these things so far as we are concerned. Happily we enjoy in the British dependencies the fruits of the courage and wisdom of those great Commoners who laid the foundations of the constitutional liberties of the British Empire.

But as we read and study the history of the struggles for parliamentary government in England, we cannot fail to sympathise with those peoples who have entered on a similar contest in these modern times. In the conflict between Marshal McMahon and the majority of the French Deputies, we see

* In the Maritime Provinces the Speakers of the Assemblies continue to receive the approval of the Lieutenant-Governors.

at stake the same principles, the success of which, in England, has made her great and prosperous above all other nations. We can remember, too, that it was not many generations since Canadians had a stern conflict with prerogative and bureaucracy. It was only a few years ago that we read of the death of Mr. Papineau, the representative of times when men were fighting for free parliamentary government. Men like Mr. Papineau committed a sad mistake when they took up arms against the Crown, for there is little doubt that, had they continued to exercise a little more patience, they would have gained what they contended for. In those times, however, there were little Wolseys always caballing against the Assembly, and scolding or lecturing them with all the irritable tone of a master haranguing his scholars. We cannot now imagine a Speaker being forced to stand patiently at the bar of the Senate, whilst a Sir James Craig closed the Session with a speech, in which he tells the Commons—"You have wasted in fruitless debates, excited by personal and private animosities, or by frivolous contests upon trivial matters of form, that time and those talents to which, within your walls, the public has an exclusive title. This abuse of your functions you have preferred to the high and most important duties which you owe to your Sovereign and to your constituents. So much of intemperate heat has been manifested in all your proceedings, and you have shown such a prolonged and disrespectful attention to matters submitted to your consideration by the other branches of the legislature that, whatever might be the forbearance and moderation exercised on their parts, a general good understanding is scarcely to be looked for without a new Assembly." This was the way in which the military Governors of old times scolded Canadian Assemblies because they did not obey their orders. It is only surprising that, like Cromwell, they did not go a little further, and turn the Assembly out of their chamber by means of a file of soldiers. The wish was certainly not wanting in their case. If they did not use force, they more than once stretched the prerogative of the Crown to the utmost, and sent the House about its business by a proclamation of dissolution. If such things were done now-a-days, the members of our Commons would probably express their dissatisfaction in loud murmurings, which would even disturb the placidity of the serene Senate Chamber. But, happily, matters are very differently managed under the admirable system of Responsible Government which is the result of the contests that lasted for some three quarters of a century, and only ended with the arrival of Lord Elgin, one of the ablest constitutional Governors this country has ever had.

But all this must be considered parenthetical; we must return to the subject-matter of this paper. We have shown that the Speaker, in old times, derived his name from the fact that he was the organ of the House in its official intercourse with the Crown, and that the Commons could only approach and speak to the Sovereign through him. In later times, it is only on rare occasions that he is called upon to exercise such functions. Addresses to the Queen or her representative are now generally taken up by such members of the House as are of the Queen's Privy Council. But on certain occasions, he is still obliged to address the Crown. First, on his election as Speaker, when he asserts the privileges of the Commons, and, again, on presenting the Supply Bill to Her Majesty, when he makes a formal speech; but it is perfectly allowable for him, at such a time, to address the Crown at some length, and review the important measures that have passed during the Session—a privilege which has only been exercised on one occasion since 1867.

It is always the practice in this country for the leader of the Government in the House of Commons to propose the candidate for the Speakership, but this is not in accordance with the British custom of modern times. In former times, when the Crown had more power than it now enjoys, the Speaker was too often inclined to be its creature, rather than the servant of the Commons. The Speaker was always nominated for a long time by a Privy Councillor; but it is said that one of the results of the conflict between the King and Commons, in 1678, was "that the Speaker might be moved for by one who was not a Privy Councillor."* At a very early date in the parliamentary history of England, the Commons found it necessary to free the Speaker from the influence of the Crown. Sir Simond Ewes, in

* Hatsell states this on the authority of the Earl of Oxford (Harley), who had been Speaker.

his "Autobiography," gives us an illustration of this influence, and of the manner in which the Commons promptly rebuked it. On the 3rd March, 1629, the Speaker was the Queen's Solicitor, Sir John Finch, and it devolved upon him to read certain papers which he believed would be displeasing to the reigning Sovereign, Queen Elizabeth, who always wanted to have her own way with Parliament as with her courtiers in the Palace. When Sir John Finch refused to do his duty, "as the House enjoined him, many members thereof fell to reproving him, others to excuse him; and the tumult and discontent of the whole House was so great, as the more grave and judicious thereof began infinitely to fear lest at the last swords should have been drawn, and the forenoon ended in blood." Selden thus addressed the Speaker on this occasion: "Dare not you, Mr. Speaker, put the question when we command you? If you will not put it, we must sit still; thus we shall never be able to do anything; they that come after you may say they have the King's command not to do it. We sit here by command of the King under the Great Seal, and you are by His Majesty sitting in his royal chair before both Houses, appointed our Speaker, and now you refuse to perform your office." But now it would be unconstitutional for a Speaker to be subject in any way whatever to the influences of the Crown. The candidate first proposed in the English Commons is always known to be a supporter of the Government of the day, but he is never proposed by a Minister, but by some independent member. On one occasion Mr. Pitt was desirous of proposing Mr. Addington himself; but Mr. Hatsell, that eminent authority, then Clerk of the House, on being consulted, said that he thought "that the choice of the Speaker should not be on the motion of the Minister." "Indeed," added Mr. Hatsell, "an invidious use might be made of it, to represent you as the friend of the Minister rather than the choice of the House;" and Mr. Pitt at at once saw the force of this objection.† No doubt the same practice will, sooner or later, obtain in the Canadian Legislatures, though it must be admitted that no one can justly give an instance where a Canadian Speaker, in these later times, has ever been influenced in his conduct in the chair by the fact that he was nominated and elected by the majority in the House. It is satisfactory to know that the moment a Canadian politician becomes the presiding officer of the Commons, he lays aside all his political prejudices, and discharges the duties of his office with fidelity to the constitution and impartiality to all parties. Now and then the party newspapers will make an assault on his fairness, but those who know anything about parliamentary practice are aware that such attacks are written too often in the excitement of the moment, before the writers have had the patience or the time to look up the authorities. The Speaker never gives his decision without deliberation or consultation with those officers of Parliament‡ who have devoted their attention to such studies; and it would be very unwise for him to give any decision which could be proved incorrect after reference to the authorities which are open to everybody. The practice which now obtains in the mother-country, of continuing the same Speaker from term to term, as long as he is willing to give his talents and experience to Parliament, has been found admirably calculated to promote the progress of public business, and preserve the order and decorum of the House on all occasions. It has been too much the custom in this country to allow the demands of party to be superior to the advantage which the Parliament must always derive from having in the chair a man of large experience in the functions and responsibilities of this high office. In England they have a Chairman of Ways and Means, who also acts as Deputy Speaker, and is accordingly enabled to obtain that knowledge of parliamentary law and procedure which only years of study and experience can give a man, however great his natural talent may be. In this country a Speaker's functions are fully as onerous whilst the Session lasts as they are in the mother-

† 1 Lord Sidmouth's Life, 78, 79.

‡ The works of Henry Elsynge and J. Hatsell, Clerks of the Parliament of Great Britain, are the old authorities on Parliamentary practice. Hatsell's work must always remain a monument of accuracy and patience; its arrangement and lucidity are admirable. Sir T. Erskine May's works, as every one knows, have given him a distinguished reputation. The first editions were printed whilst he was Assistant Clerk of the Commons, and he soon afterwards received his title in recognition of his eminent talents. Mr. Palgrave, the present Assistant Clerk, has also published several interesting minor works on cognate subjects.

country. It is safe to say that now-a-days the Commons of Canada adhere as closely to correct parliamentary law and procedure as their prototype in England itself. Not only have we our own procedure and precedents to guide us,* but there is the vast storehouse of British parliamentary lore to refer to in cases of doubt. From the very commencement of the legislative history of this country, it has been the aim of the public men to adhere closely to the parliamentary practice of the mother-country; and what difference of procedure exists has necessarily arisen from the difference of circumstances, and the necessities of the situation of a young country. The result has been that the Commons of Canada, in its adherence to correct procedure, and in the decorum of its debates, need not fear comparison with the English House; and it is safe to say that the authority of the Chair is more frequently called upon in the latter body to interpose in cases of disorder and unseemly language than it is now in the younger legislature. If this be the case—and the writer is not penning this inadvisedly—it is justifiable to infer that the Speakers of the different Parliaments of Canada have had much to do in establishing a correct procedure, and preserving a proper tone in the parliamentary debates. In the discharge of his duty, the Speaker has to contend with difficulties which can only be overcome by the exercise of much patience, and the display of great tact and judgment. On the one hand, he has constantly to deal with the want of knowledge and experience among the younger members, who are at times too ready to undervalue the importance of rules. On the other hand, he has sometimes to guard against the tendency which older politicians will show in the direction of overriding useful rules, or stretching them beyond their true meaning or intention. Fortunately, in every House there are men like Mr. Holton, who have accumulated a large store of knowledge, and who, understanding the value of a correct parliamentary procedure, will always come to his assistance in cases of perplexity, and enable him to arrive at that decision which is most consonant with those principles of common-sense which underlie all the practice and rules of a British Parliament.

The popular idea is to invest the Speaker with a great deal more power and authority than he really possesses. If a member infringes the order of the House, the Speaker may "name him"—which is a parliamentary mode of telling him that he has divested himself, for the moment, of his privileges as a member of Parliament. But the Speaker cannot proceed further, and order him to be taken into custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms, or reprimand him unless the House sustains the chair. It will be for a member, properly the leader of the House, in all such cases to move that the offender be reprimanded, or otherwise censured and punished. The House must listen respectfully to his decision on any disputed point, but it may be immediately reversed afterwards. It is a very old rule that in matters of doubt he is to explain but not to sway, neither ought he to argue, or draw conclusions from the authorities he may cite on such occasions. A member may weary the House for hours with his dreary platitudes, but as long as he is in order the Speaker must preserve order, and give him every opportunity to be heard. Fortunately there is no rule which prevents him from taking a nap on these sleepy occasions, and more than once during the night of a lengthened sitting it will be difficult to "catch the eye" of Mr. Speaker. He cannot leave the chair of his own motion and adjourn the House, but must wait patiently until some considerate member rises and relieves him in proper form. In those old times of English history when there was constant wrangling between the Court and the Parliament, a Speaker who was inclined to favour the former, wished on one occasion to declare the adjournment of the House and to leave the chair, but he was made to resume his seat and kept there by force, one of the members saying, "God's wounds! Mr. Speaker, you shall sit there till it please the House to rise." From that day to this, he has been obliged on many an occasion to suffer a patient martyrdom. It is not unusual for the House, during an exciting debate, to sit till three or four o'clock in the morning, but one of the longest sittings in Canada was in 1859, when the Seigniorial Tenure question was under discussion, and the House sat for thirty-nine hours. The most exhausting sitting for a great many years in the English Commons occurred last year, when the South Africa Bill was under

* "The House of Commons in Session," CANADIAN MONTHLY, March, 1877.

consideration, and a few Irish members wasted the time and patience of all parties by an interminable series of frivolous motions, but the House was in Committee of the Whole, and the Chairman of Ways and Means had consequently to suffer all the weariness and annoyance.

The Speaker in the Canadian House has at times to face a little difficulty which can never arise in the English Commons. It often occurs that he is not sufficiently conversant with the French language to interrupt a French member when he happens to infringe a point of order. In such a contingency he must depend on the translation of another member, who may not always catch the actual purport of the words, and it almost invariably results that a dispute arises and the Speaker is considerably perplexed how to decide. All motions, however, are translated at the table, for the French members have always clung with great tenacity to the use of their language in the official proceedings of the House. When the first Speaker of the Assembly of Lower Canada was proposed, in 1792, a question arose as to the necessity of a member knowing the two languages. The brother of Mr. J. A. Panet, who was then elected, expressed his opinion "that there is an absolute necessity that the Canadians, in the course of time, adopt the English language as the only means of dissipating the repugnance and suspicions which the differences of language would keep up between two peoples united by circumstances and obliged to live together," and in expectation "of the accomplishment of that happy revolution," he thought it "but decent" that the Speaker on whom they might fix choice "be one who could express himself in English when he went to address the representative of the Sovereign." This Mr. Panet, it appears, could only speak a few words of English. The old journals record his speech to the Governor-General as follows: "I humbly pray your Excellency to consider that I cannot express myself but in the primitive language of my native country, and to accept the translation in English of what I have the honour to say. My incapacity being as evident as my zeal is ardent to see that so important a duty as the Speaker of the First Assembly of the Representatives of Lower Canada be fulfilled, I most respectfully implore the excuse and command of your Excellency in the name of our Sovereign Lord the King." In those days the Governor-General delivered the speech to both Houses in English, and a translation thereof was read by the Speaker of the Legislative Council; and it was not till the time of Lord Elgin that the representative of the Crown read it in the two languages to the assembled Houses.

Whilst the Speaker is in the chair, his emblem of authority must always rest on the table in front of him. Most persons probably look upon the mace as a very unmeaning piece of metal, more ornamental than useful; but when we come to consider its uses, we find that it too has its significance like all other forms connected with parliamentary proceedings. It is a rule of the Commons that "when the mace lies upon the table, it is a House; when it is under the table, it is a Committee. When it is out of the House, no business can be done; when from the table, and upon the Sergeant's shoulders, the Speaker alone manages." Cromwell's contemptuous treatment of this ensign of authority is familiar to every one. Cromwell came into the House, according to Algernon Sydney, clad in plain black clothes, with gray worsted stockings, and sat down as he was used to do in an ordinary place. After a while he burst out into a tirade of abuse against the Parliament. Sir Peter Wentworth answered him, but Cromwell would not listen and called in the musqueteers who were outside awaiting his orders. Sir Henry Vane, observing this from his place, said aloud: "This is not honest, yea, it is against morality and common honesty." Then Cromwell "fell a-railing of him and cried with a loud voice: 'O, Sir Henry Vane, Sir Henry Vane, the Lord deliver me from Sir Henry Vane.' Then looking upon one of the members he said, 'there sits a drunkard;' and giving much reviling language to others, he commanded the mace to be taken away, saying, 'here, take away that fool's bauble.'" But the mace of the Canadian Parliament has also had to undergo equal contumely, not, however, at the hands of a statesman, but of a mob during a very exciting episode of Canadian history. The inexcusable riots that occurred in the city of Montreal on the 25th April, 1849, will be still fresh in the recollection of many persons. The excitement against the Rebellion Losses Bill culminated on that day, when Lord Elgin came

down to the Council and formally assented to that measure. When the rioters broke into the Parliament Building, the House of Assembly was in Committee of the Whole on a Bill to amend the laws relative to the Courts of original civil jurisdiction in Lower Canada. We find the following entry in the Journals of the proceedings that broke up the Committee: "Mr. Johnson took the chair of the Committee, and after some time spent therein the proceedings of the Committee were interrupted by continued volleys of stones and other missiles thrown from the streets through the windows into the Legislative Assembly Hall, which caused the Committee to rise, and the members withdraw into the adjacent passages for safety, from whence Mr. Speaker and the other members were almost immediately compelled to retire and leave the building; which had been set fire to outside." When the members left the Chamber, a number of rioters entered and proceeded to destroy the desks and gas globes, while one of them ascended the Speaker's chair and mockingly dissolved the Parliament. The mace was then lying under the table and caught the eye of one of the rioters who took possession of it and proceeded to carry it out of the Chamber. The Sergeant-at-Arms witnessed this daring act from the doorway leading into the library, and attempted to wrest it from the fellow as he was passing out; but several other rioters came up to their comrade's assistance and the sergeant was forced to relinquish his hold of the crown, which was nearly torn off in the struggle. It appears, however, that the mace was returned on the next day to the officers of the House; for an account of the proceedings on the 26th April, in Bonsecours Market, informs us that it was then lying on one side of the hall. I have not been able to find any printed account of the way it was returned to the Speaker, but the generally received story is that some of the rioters sent it to Sir Allan McNab, who, whatever might be his sentiments as to the cause of the riot, was far too wily a politician to keep possession of so dangerous a witness, and accordingly took prompt measures to have it returned to its proper custodians. One of the little beavers, which surround the mace, was wrested off by one of the rioters, and was afterwards seen in the possession of a person in Montreal who probably would have liked, had he dared, to hang it to his watch guard. The same mace still remains in the possession of the Commons of Canada, though it is said a demand was made for it by the late Mr. Sandfield Macdonald, when Premier of Ontario, on the ground that it had originally belonged to the Province of Upper Canada previous to the Union of 1840; but Mr. Macdonald was disappointed and obliged to order another on that economical scale which was in conformity with his ideas of carrying on the government. Consequently, whilst the mace of the Ontario Assembly appears to the eye as brilliant an ensign of authority as the mace of the House of Commons, it is intrinsically very much less valuable, as it is only made of some cheap material, whilst the other is all silver, richly gilded. The mace of the Commons always remains in the possession of the Speaker, and is kept in his chambers whilst the House is not sitting and during the recess. It accompanies him on all State occasions where the House is supposed to be present. It will be remembered that the House passed a resolution in 1873, to give a State funeral to the late Sir George Etienne Cartier, and that Mr. Speaker Cockburn, dressed in his official robes, and preceded by the Sergeant-at-Arms with the mace, had a prominent place in the cortege. Whenever the Speaker enters the House, the mace must be carried in front of him; at the hour of rising it is removed from the soft cushion on which it reposes and precedes him into his adjoining chambers. And now, in closing this paper, we may suppose that the proper motion for the adjournment has been made and carried, that the genial Sergeant has shouldered the gilded ensign of legislative power, and that the Speaker has followed him out of the House to seek that repose which he too often sadly needs.

J. G. BOURINOT.

"THE FAIR OPHELIA."

"The young, the beautiful, the harmless, and the pious."—DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

PERHAPS it may be asserted, without fear of contradiction, that more has been written about Hamlet, the luckless Prince of Denmark, than about any other of those immortal existences with which Shakspere's creative genius has peopled the world of imagination. Every earnest student of drama in life and literature puts a different interpretation on one phase or another of this enigmatical hero's character, and every year some new solution of its fascinating problems is offered to the public.

And either by the perfect skill of the great dramatist, or the subtle intuition of genius which seems to transcend art and better nature, but is in truth that supreme art which nature makes,* Ophelia, in this respect as in others, shares the lot of her mysterious lover. The timid, voiceless reticence veiling her inner life, which is the most stringent law of her being, and in which the true key to her character and conduct must be found, has puzzled the critics as much as Hamlet's dreamy speculations and indecisive utterances; and scarcely one has had sufficient insight to penetrate the delicate veil so subtly woven round her, and discern the pale beautiful hues, the soft opaline tints, the pearly lights and shades in which the great artist has painted this exquisite portrait of a most rare and lovely type of womanhood.

Still, in spite of all misapprehensions, this white rose of Denmark, while seldom if ever fitly appreciated, has generally had an irresistible attraction for all lovers of dramatic art, or art in any form. A list of the painters —English, French, and German—who have painted her in her pathetic madness or mournful death, would be a long one. *The Death of Ophelia* is one of Millais' early masterpieces, and the well-known French artist, M. Bertrand, has painted a picture on the same theme, which has been much admired. But of all the pictures her sad story has inspired, *La Triste Rivage*, the work of M. Hamon, another French painter, is the most fanciful and original in its *motif*, which represents her consoled by Love while with other parted spirits she waits for Charon's boat beside the doleful river. A crowd of disembodied souls, still wearing the semblance of earthly life, are grouped among the gloomy rocks and caverns through which the dark water glides. Princes in royal robes, poets crowned with laurel, young mothers clasping their babes, lovers whispering together, are there, and a shadowy form holding a branch of olive beckons them onward. Ophelia, clad in robes of gleaming white, lies beside the slumberous, leaden-hued river as if asleep and dreaming; her "honey-coloured hair" flows over her shoulders and breast; two maidens with burning lamps lie at her feet, while Eros with white dove-like wings hovers over her head, filling her dream-like reverie with inspired promises of future bliss.†

"If thou marry," Hamlet says to Ophelia, 'I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry: be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny." Strangely enough his words have been fulfilled, for, though only the bride of Death, calumny has been her portion. Tieck, with a want of poetic insight curiously opposed to the romantic spiritualism his poetry assumed to represent, and equally at variance with the plainly implied meaning of Hamlet's words, "as chaste as ice, as pure as snow," supposed her to have been Hamlet's mistress; not in the high and pure sense attached to the title in the days of chivalry, but in that ignoble one into which it degenerated in a coarser age. But all who recognise the deep pathos which lies in the cruel contrast between her character and its surroundings, so finely and delicately worked out by the master mind which conceived, and the master hand which formed this matchless image of fair unhappy girlhood perishing innocently in her helpless grief and distraction, and feel the mute appeal of her

* Winter's Tale, Act IV, Scene ii.

† Athenæum, June 7th, 1873.

silent and suppressed anguish, more persuasive of pity to those who can comprehend its language than the most eloquent words, will thoroughly sympathise with that chivalrous English gentleman who sent a challenge to the German poet for having so foully slandered her fair and unpolluted innocence. Goethe, though he did not go quite so far as Tieck in misreading Shakspere, accused her of wishes and longings and proneness to dally with the mysteries of love incompatible with virgin modesty. Even Mr. Ruskin is so insensible to the sad, sweet pathos of her character that he reproaches her with being the weakest of all Shakspere's heroines, and lays upon her delicate head the heavy burden of Hamlet's failure.

True it is that the fair Ophelia is not a strong-minded woman in any sense, either noble or ignoble. She is no more a Portia than she is a Lady Macbeth. She belongs to that order of women to which Scott's Lucy Ashton belongs; gentle, undemonstrative, timid, docile, with a depth of hidden feeling which she has no power of expressing, and a speechless tenacity of affection so persistent and clinging that it cannot be torn from the object round which it twines without injury to all the finer fibres of her being. Fitted for the loved and loving woman's place in happy domestic life, made for peace and tranquillity, not for tempest and strife, formed for submission, not for sway, she has no proud, impassioned self-assertion, no strength or energy of will to conquer opposing circumstances or combat fate. Wanting all those active elements of resistance and defiance which make the true tragic heroine, she becomes one only by being the helpless victim of a tragic destiny. And here again there is that subtle adaptation to Hamlet before alluded to. He is as little of a true hero as Ophelia of a heroine, and sinks beneath the burden too great for his strength which fate has imposed upon him: the only difference is that the man struggles in the toils which he clearly sees, but is powerless to break through, while the woman yields blindly as well as helplessly, unaware of the meshes fate and circumstance are weaving round her feet.

This "rose of May," this "kind sister," this "sweet Ophelia," is, as it appears, motherless and sisterless, the sole daughter and lady of the house. That she was tenderly loved by her father, the pompous and politic old Polonius, and her brother, the gay and impetuous Laertes, we need not doubt; but their love was clearly of that selfish, unsympathetic, despotic kind, which inferior men generally bestow on the women under their control; a love which even in its most refined and tender form only prizes and protects those fair delicate flowers of humanity as sweet and lovely appendages to the larger and fuller lives of the men for whose solace and delight they were born, and with no other excuse for being. We see that Polonius and Laertes never for a moment conceive it possible that she can have any will or opinion contrary to or even independent of theirs, nor dream that, beneath her gentle reticence and that docile obedience with which timid and dutiful natures surrender all they most cherish to the claims of authority, hopes and wishes, altogether at variance with those they expect her to feel, may lie hidden.

Without mother, without sister, without any loving companion to cheer her solitude, the lonely girl sits "sewing in her closet," working at her tapestry, or embroidering garments for her father, her brother, or herself after the fashion of her time, and while she plies her needle, weaving with her threads sweet or bitter fancies as the feeling of the moment prompts, and singing snatches of old songs, sad or joyous, according to her varying moods. Her chamber, where Laertes takes leave of her before he goes to France, and where Hamlet afterwards bids all the love he had felt for her a strangely passionate, though mute and fantastic farewell, we know to have been very unlike a modern lady's boudoir. A lady's bower in those days was simply the upper chamber of the house; we must therefore picture Ophelia's bower or closet, as the upper room of her father's roughly built log house, one of many similar rough dwellings inhabited by the courtiers and retainers of the chieftain or king, lying within the royal borg and protected by the royal fort or castle, which was also built of logs, and was at once the king's stronghold and palace. The floor of Ophelia's chamber is strewn with fresh tufts of pine or sprays of cedar, giving out a pleasant aromatic odour to the tread; the windows are open to the sea-breezes except when closed by shutters to keep out the rain or snow, and the sharp winds force their way through many chinks

and crevices and wave the tapestry hangings which cover the log walls. There is little furniture, except the couch with its silken coverlet and embroidered cushions which served as a bed by night, a seat by day; a harp or lute, and an embroidery frame; one or two gold cups and silver-hilted knives; and the jewels and rich dresses in which so much of the wealth of those days consisted; to which we may, perhaps, add such pretty adornings as female taste and skill in that rude age could create from feathers and flowers and similar simple materials. It is amidst such surroundings, and not amidst a maze of mirrors and pictures and old china, we must imagine the fair Ophelia, seated at her embroidery, while the clash of arms, the words of martial command, and the shouts of the soldiers with their noisy wassails, mingle with the dashing of the waves on the wild and stormy steep of Elsinore. A pearl of the true and tender North, this sweet Ophelia is fair as the sea-foam, with sapphire blue eyes, and abundant tresses of pale, golden hair, with slender, delicate limbs, and small harmonious features, sweet, serene, and a little pensive, not sad. She wears a red silken kirtle and a mantle of blue, her girdle is embroidered with gold, and her shoes are clasped with the same precious metal; her fair hair falls in shining tresses to her waist, and is drawn back from her brow by a silken bandeau* wrought with gold and pearls, the badge of maidenhood worn of old by Northern maidens till marriage or the loss of virgin innocence forced them to lay it aside, to knot up their long tresses and cover them with coif or kerchief.

Even at Elsinore it is not always stormy, and on the day that Laertes goes to bid his sister farewell before setting out for France, the sky may have been blue and bright, the air soft and balmy, and the waves breaking with gentle ripples and placid murmurs on the gray steep rocks that met and stopped their career. Sitting at her open casement, pausing now and then as

> "She weaves the sleided silk
> With fingers long, small, white as milk,"

to watch the happy sea-birds in their play, and half unconsciously drinking in the beauty and brightness in which all nature seemed to rejoice, she may have been thinking of love and happy lovers, of Hamlet and his passionate words hid in "her excellent white bosom," while before her dazzled fancy flit visions of bliss so vague and intangible that she dare not look at them long enough to give them shape or name, lest they should suddenly vanish.

But Laertes rudely wakes her from her day-dreams, and as he pours into her startled and bewildered ears terrible words of warning against Prince Hamlet and his love-songs, and she hears the cherished secrets of her heart, which she had scarcely dared to whisper to herself, much less to any other, dragged from their sanctuary and turned into a deformed and distorted travesty of the beautiful visions on which she had looked with timid joy as at a sacred mystery of wonder and delight, must she not have felt like the horror-stricken mother who sees a misshapen miserable changeling in the cradle instead of her beautiful and beloved darling, or that unhappy wretch who finds the fairy gifts in which he has been secretly exulting suddenly turned into dead and withered leaves? As if a canopy of cloud had suddenly darkened the heavens and turned day into night, we see her grow pale and shiver, as if with a presentiment of coming woe. Too much absorbed in the prospect of enjoying his liberty in France to pay much attention to such slight signs as betray emotion in Ophelia's restrained and reticent nature, Laertes, eager to be off, returns to his own affairs, and, as he bids her farewell, tells her to let him hear from her while he is away.

"Do you doubt that?" she asks in her gentle, undemonstrative way. And then something of suppressed pain and agitation in her voice or manner seems to have forced its way through Laertes's dull egotism and easy assumptions. Can it be possible, he asks himself, that she has been more moved by Hamlet's unmeaning gallantries than he had believed? and he delays his departure to repeat and enforce his previous warnings.

* The Scottish snood, the Scandinavian and German garland, crantz, or crown.
"Torn is the garland, the fair blossoms strewed," says poor Margaret, as she laments her sin and shame in the prison cell. And Mr. Millais in his picture of Effie Deans touchingly depicts the poor lily of St. Leonard's, soon to be a mother, though no wife, holding with nerveless, drooping arm the blue, silken snood which she has just taken off as she appeals to her lover for the help and protection she so much needs.

"For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting;
The perfume and suppliance of a minute;
No more."

And then she ventures a faint and timid remonstrance, a pathetic appeal against the doom he has pronounced, which in so reserved and undemonstrative a nature shows deeper emotion than volumes of supplication in those whose feelings find ready and fluent expression:

"No more but so?"

"Think it no more," Laertes replies as lightly as if he were merely destroying a stray weed in a garden of flowers, not trampling down the buds of love and hope and trust in his sister's heart; and he hastens to clinch his moral with such words of wisdom as might have been expected from the well-instructed son of Polonius. Venturing no farther expostulation, she receives his lessons with quiet submission and with harmless will, which in other circumstances might provoke a smile, but which now has an echo of stifled pain more fit to move our tears; she tries to hide the wound she has received and ward off any more cruel stabs by turning the tables on Laertes, and repeating some of the wise saws learned from their father's sapient lips in answer to the word-wisdom he had bestowed on her. But she cannot thus escape from her doom. She has to endure another course of counsels and commands from her father, and as she sees every fragment of the veil of celestial warp and woof which her fancy had woven round Hamlet's love torn away, she begins to comprehend that if it was indeed only a dream and no reality, she is the most wretched and most disconsolate of women, and, plucking up a desperate courage from the very extremity of her fears, she tries to assure herself and convince her father of her lover's truth and sincerity:

"My lord, he hath importuned me with love
In honourable fashion, ...
And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,
With almost all the holy vows of heaven."

But Polonius, far too worldly-wise after his fashion to believe easily in a prince's disinterested affection, mocks at her simple faith and girlish innocence, tells her with many set phrases that Hamlet's vows are only meant to beguile and betray, and imperiously commands her to listen to them no more. And what can poor Ophelia do but dutifully promise obedience?

In the next scene in which she appears, we see her rushing suddenly into her father's presence, terrified out of all her reticence and self-control, and in her excitement vividly describing the strange appearance and behaviour of Hamlet which had so much agitated her:

"O, my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted!"

"With what, in the name of heaven?"

"My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbraced;
No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle;
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;
And with a look so piteous in purport
As if he had been loosed out of hell,
To speak of horrors;—he comes before me."

"Mad for thy love"

"My lord, I do not know;
But, truly, I do fear it."

"What said he?"

"He took me by the wrist, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face
As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so;
At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—
He raised a sigh so piteous and profound,
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
And end his being: that done, he lets me go;
And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seemed to find his way without his eyes;
For out o' doors he went without their help,
And, to the last, bended their light on me."

Polonius is now convinced that Hamlet's love for Ophelia is no trifling or evanescent fancy, but a violent passion stung into madness by her rejection.

"This is the very ecstacy of love!" he exclaims, and, full to overflowing with word-wisdom and lip-lore, he speculates on the power of such a passion to lead the will to desperate undertakings, and, we may conclude, calculates that through his politic management the King and Queen will be led to desire Hamlet's marriage with Ophelia as the only means of saving him from some wild outbreak, dangerous to the state as well

as to himself. With as little consideration for his daughter's feelings now as when he told her to look on the Lord Hamlet as a prince out of her sphere, and commanded her to repel his visits and reject his letters, he exults in the certainty of the prince's violent love, and, pondering ambitious hopes and projects of which she is to be the docile instrument, he hastens to the king. Having in his prolix fashion unfolded his tale, thus at any rate, as he hopes, proving his loyalty and disinterestedness and that astute discernment which could find truth though hid "within the centre," he produces Hamlet's letter "to the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia," in which some prosaic critics have seen only the hyperbolical extravagance of euphuistic gallantry, while more romantic readers accept it and its most Hamlet-like conclusion —"Thine evermore, whilst this machine is to him, Hamlet"—as the fervid, impassioned language of a youthful lover who is "of imagination all compact." The king and queen certainly seem to regard it as a genuine love-letter. To them, however, any explanation of Hamlet's morbid moods and mysterious behaviour, besides that which their guilty consciences whispered, could not fail to be welcome, and any course of action that might occupy him with other matters than his father's death, his mother's marriage, and his uncle's usurpation, and make him contented with the new condition of things in Denmark, must have been acceptable. Still, the king's suspicions that something of more dangerous import than love was brooding in Hamlet's soul were not to be quieted without further proof, and this Polonius readily undertakes to give. Ophelia's conduct, in submitting to be the instrument of her father's plot, has been denounced as heartless treachery to her lover, but this is only one of the many calumnies of which she has been the victim. Though, after she has told her father of Hamlet's distracted conduct, he says, "Come, go we to the king," Shakspere takes care that she is not present when Polonius expounds the cause of the prince's lunacy, and promises to confirm the truth of his assertions by means of his daughter. We have no scene to show us how the plot was first presented to her, but we may be very sure she regarded it in no other light than as the means of restoring Hamlet to health and sanity. The queen's speech to her before she is left alone to wait for Hamlet's entrance puts this beyond question:

"And, for your part, Ophelia, I do wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness; so shall I hope your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours."

What wonder that such delicate flattery should inspire her with the hope of securing her lover's happiness and her own by obeying the directions of her father and of the royal pair whose commands she would have thought it sacrilege to resist, and in whose professions of affection for Hamlet she would naturally put implicit trust. But with characteristic reserve, she simply answers the queen's gracious speech with the brief words,

"Madam, I wish it may."

While she waits and watches for her lover, she reads, or seems to read, the book her father put into her hands—a book of prayers, as we learn from Polonius's sapient moralising, and Hamlet's first address to her. As he enters, he dreamily utters his immortal soliloquy; then, suddenly becoming conscious of Ophelia's presence, he starts a little in surprise:

"Soft you, now!
The fair Ophelia.—Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd."

But though he at first addresses her in this complimentary strain, he quickly proceeds to show her, with what seems the most callous cruelty, but is in reality the reckless bitterness born of despair, that cynicism and scorn have taken the place of faith and love in his heart, and, when she timidly ventures on a kind answer to his greeting—

"Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?"

he replies with cold and mocking courtesy,

"I humbly thank you, well."

Ophelia, innocently thinking herself the sole cause of his disordered mind, gently tries to lead his thoughts back to the happy days when he had first sought her love:

"My lord, I have remembrances of yours,

That I have longed long to redeliver :
I pray you, now receive them."

Lightly he answers,

"No, not I ;
I never gave you aught."

She still persists in her gentle efforts to appease the anger she thinks she has deserved:

"My honour'd lord, you know right well you did ;
And with them words of so sweet breath composed
As made the things more rich : their perfume lost,
Take these again ; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind."

But her lover, once so passionately tender and adoring, has apparently grown hard as the nether millstone, and treats her with that cold and cutting irony with which such natures as Hamlet's, over-refined and speculative, and withal somewhat weak and selfish, so often try to lessen the pain they cannot bear by inflicting it on the innocent cause of their sufferings.

"Ha ! ha !" he roughly exclaims, "are you honest ?
. Are you fair ?"

"What means your lordship ?"

"That if you be honest and fair, your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty," &c., &c.,

thus signifying his conviction that the love her words and manner timidly imply is only seeming and pretence, and warning her what the results of playing with men's hearts after such a fashion must be. And then comes the pathetic touch :

"*I did love you once.*"

"Indeed, my lord," she answers, "you made me believe so."

But he instantly hardens himself again, throwing the blame of his fickleness, not only on her feminine credulity, but on destiny, and that evil vein in his blood which had come as his heritage :

"You should not have believed me ; for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it. I loved you not."

And then, unsoftened by her simple and touching reply—

"I was the more deceived —"

he breaks out into a fierce tirade against human nature, and especially woman's nature, in language which serves satirists as well in our own days as in those of Hamlet to ridicule the vanities and frivolities of womankind :

"God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another ; you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to ; I'll no more of it ; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages ; those that are married already, all but one, shall live ; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go."

And so he leaves her, while she remains,

"Of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,"

lamenting the

"sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh ;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth
Blasted with ecstacy. O, woe is me,
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see."

Mr. Ruskin tells us that it is because Ophelia in her weakness fails Hamlet at the critical moment, and is not and cannot in her nature be a guide to him when he needs her most, that the bitter catastrophe follows. But those who accept the key which to us seems to unlock all the secret recesses of her character, namely, that inwardness and reticence of nature which made it impossible for her to break through the bonds of timid reserve which chained the expression of her feelings, and formed the unconscious mystery of her being, can by no means allow that any blame of neglected responsibility, or failure in womanly love and duty was ever intended to rest on her by Shakspere. She acts all through as such an ideal of timid, submissive, gentle girlhood as Shakspere had in his imagination, must inevitably have acted. Her function was obedience, not guidance, and Hamlet must certainly have known that it was in obedience to her father's commands that she had refused to receive his visits. In truth, it was Hamlet who failed Ophelia, and his weakness which destroyed both himself and her. Had he been true to himself, he would have been true to her, and had he boldly confronted his destiny, as heroes do, he might have sustained her womanly weakness with his manly strength, and

have either carried his fortunes to a triumphant issue, or nobly fallen in a fair and open combat with "inauspicious stars," or fate, or whatsoever dark, mysterious Powers he burdens with the responsibility he tries to shirk, and which Mr. Ruskin throws on the hapless and innocent Ophelia.*

As we have said before, Hamlet is no hero. Dreamy, speculative, indolent, and fanciful, his nature was all disordered and unstrung by the terrible revelations which had confirmed the previsions of his prophetic soul, and bent his haughty spirit beneath what he calls "the yoke of inauspicious stars." His faith in human truth and virtue was at once destroyed, and over all womanhood especially the guilt of his "most seeming virtuous" mother had cast its dark reflection. Called, as he believed, to give up his love for Ophelia, along with every other trivial fond record of the heart, that he might devote himself to the sacrifice his father's ghost had laid upon him, he had not the generosity and manliness to make the sacrifice bravely. He plunged at once into the dark waters of moral scepticism, and made himself drunk with them as with an opiate which, however poisonous, yet blunted his pain. Why should he regret the loss of his love? There was no genuine truth or lasting purity in woman. And why should he pity Ophelia for having lost her lover? Let her take refuge from the world and its corruptions in a nunnery, the only place in which she could be kept innocent and harmless. When he bursts in on her with disordered dress and distraught demeanour, as she sits sewing in her closet, he simply seeks some relief for his over-wrought emotions, by taking, in this fantastic fashion, an eternal farewell of the love he had resolved to renounce. When he finds her where she has been placed by her father to await his approach, the lessons of cynicism he has been learning are more thoroughly mastered, and it is not necessary to believe that he has seen the king and Polonius in their hiding-place, and thinks Ophelia their willing instrument in a plot to surprise his secrets, to account for the rude and insolent behaviour with which he tries to drive away all tenderness, all relenting, to trample on all the finer fibres of his heart, and make the death of their mutual love a sacrifice of cruel torture to both. Still more revolting is his treatment of her at the play, where, in accordance with his vow of sweeping from his memory "all trivial fond records," he seems bent on showing how slight and worthless a thing he deemed a woman. "He plays the madman most," says that tender-hearted old autocrat, Samuel Johnson, "when he treats Ophelia—the young, the beautiful, the harmless, and the pious—with rudeness which seems to be wanton cruelty."

In a wholly different spirit from that of Johnson, some critics labour to clear Hamlet from all stains of morbid weakness and selfish cruelty by blackening the fame of poor Ophelia; and tell us that the light and unfeeling manner in which she receives his odious speeches at the play proves her want of self-respect and modesty. But under any circumstances an exhibition of insulted dignity or injured virtue would have been wholly incompatible with Ophelia's timid and reticent nature; the more deeply she felt the outrage offered to her purity and her love the less able would she be to give utterance to her pain. It must be considered, also, as some excuse for Hamlet's repulsive language, that in those days there was much greater license of speech than at present. Coarse jokes and indelicate allusions were the fashion of his time, repeated and laughed at by prince and peasant, milk-maid and fine lady. The divine inspiration of Shakspere made his works purity itself compared with those of his contemporaries, yet, with reverence to the great master be it said, even he sometimes allows certain words and phrases to drop from the lips of high-bred lord or lovely lady so repugnant to the greater refinement of manners, if not morals, in these latter days, that they jar on us like harsh discords suddenly coming in the midst of harmonious music, blows from the fair hand of a bride, or any other most painful and perplexing incongruity. Our modern refinements and reticences were then unknown, and the wild licence of Hamlet's gross insults to modesty and womanhood, in which his diseased and over-strained mind, wrought up to the very verge of madness, found a safety valve, would not in Shakspere's time have seemed so odious and unpardonable as in our own.

* It is strange that Mr. Ruskin does not see that Ophelia is formed of that "ductile and silent gold," of which he tells us in "Fors" for May, 1876, ancient womanhood was composed. Yet the Hebrew Miriam was not silent. Neither, indeed, was the Greek Xantippe.

To Ophelia they were the mere ravings of insanity, and to attribute her gentle endurance of them to any lightness or unchastity of nature is grossly to misunderstand Shakspere's conception of her character, and foully to slander the gentlest, the sweetest, the most pathetic figure among all the radiant shapes of womanly virtues and loveliness which pass before us in the magic mirror in which he reflects for us the human heart.

When next Ophelia comes before us she is hopelessly frenzied and distraught. And in this lies one of those subtle psychological mysteries, so often indicated by Shakspere with finest artistic touch. So possessed was her sensitive, sympathetic nature with the grief and horror of Hamlet's madness, that she became actually the victim of the awful phantom which had so strongly impressed her imagination, and the frenzy which her lover had only assumed and dallied with, half by design and half in wayward wantonness, became in her a terrible reality.

> "Nature is fine in love, and where 'tis fine
> It sends some precious instance of itself
> After the thing it loves."

Like Scott's Lucy Ashton, like Hawthorne's Priscilla, Ophelia's mind was a finely strung instrument sending forth sweet music at every gentle and tender touch, but shattered for ever by a harsh and discordant blow. And many harsh blows had suddenly stricken her. First the separation from her lover forced on her by her father's command; next Hamlet's apparent madness, of which she believed herself the cause; then her father's death, slain, as it was whispered, by her lover's frenzied hand. Such cruel strokes as these might have crushed a far stronger spirit than the gentle Ophelia.

Most pathetic is the scene where she enters while Laertes, "casting away both worlds in negligence," is vowing vengeance for his father's death; and the dullest imagination might picture it without the aid of any stage presentment. We see the guilty, terrified king and queen vainly trying by an assumption of royal dignity to hide their dread of that impending retribution with which all things now seem to menace them. We see Laertes raving in frantic fury, and then we see Ophelia enter. She comes with uncertain wavering steps, with white wasted face, with wild wandering gleams in her sunken blue eyes; but still showing her pretty, womanly tastes and fancies by the garlands fantastically woven in her hair, and the flowers and weeds she carries in her hands. Her glance falls without recognition on her amazed and bewildered brother, and as he comprehends what has befallen her the terrible shock calms all his reckless rage. The pity of it fills him with a passion of wonder and sorrow; he seems to fall into that state described by Leonatus:

> "Being that I flow in grief
> The smallest twine may lead me;"

and he becomes on the instant a fit tool for the crafty king to work with.

Even in madness the mystery of reserve still clings to Ophelia and veils her grief, and her sorrow for her dead father and her lost lover only finds utterance in snatches of old songs and the language of flowers:

> "O rose of May!
> Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!—
>
> Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,
> It could not move thus."

We can hardly go astray in divining how she distributes her poor little gifts. With that strangely vacant glance and smile which tells at once that the soul lies bound and torpid, she looks about her, and then, moved by some vague memory or unconscious instinct, she turns first to her brother:

> "There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray you, love, remember: and there is pansies, that's for thoughts."

"A document" (or instruction) "in madness," says Laertes, eagerly watching her words for some indication of meaning to instruct his revenge; "thoughts and remembrance fitted."

Seeing and hearing nothing but her own fantasies, she turns to the King:

> "There's fennel for you, and columbines."

Then to the Queen:

> "There's rue for you; and here's some for me:—we may call it herb of grace o' Sundays:—you may wear your rue with a difference."

Rue in old herbals is said, on the authority of Galen, to be antagonistic to love, and Ophelia seems to have this in her mind when

she divides her rue with the Queen, while the words, "you may wear your rue with a difference," touchingly and delicately imply that while both had loved, not wisely but too well, the Queen's love had been unlawful and unholy, while her's had been spotless and pure.

"There's a daisy—I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died—they say he made a good end;—

'For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.'"

And playing thus with the sorrows that had blighted her life and broken her heart, she turns "thought and affliction to favour and to prettiness."

"He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan;
God'a mercy on his soul!
And of all Christian souls, I pray God. God be wi' you!"

And so she passes away, spirit-like as she had come, and goes to her mournful death—"drowned! drowned!!"—in the placid little brook, under the weeping willows, among the wild weeds and flowers she had loved, and with which she had played so pathetically in her madness.

But her part in the sad drama is not yet done. In slow, solemn procession she is borne to her grave, beside which Hamlet, all-unconscious of her fate, had sought a brief intermission from his burden of fateful woe in bandying quaint jests and cynical "moralities" with the grave-digger.

"But soft! but soft! aside:—here comes the king,
The queen, the courtiers! Who is this they follow,
And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken,
The corse they follow did with desperate hand
Foredo its own life: 'twas of some estate.
Couch we awhile, and mark!"

LAERTES—What ceremony else?

PRIEST—Her obsequies have been as far enlarged
As we have warranty: her death was doubtful,
And, but that great command o'ersways the order,
She should in ground unsanctified have lodged
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles should be thrown on her:
Yet here she is allowed her virgin crants,
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

.

We should profane the service of the dead
To sing safe requiem and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls.

LAERTES—Lay her in the earth;—
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministering angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling!

HAMLET—What! the fair Ophelia?

QUEEN (scattering flowers)—Sweets to the sweet! Farewell!
I hoped thou should'st have been my Hamlet's wife;
I thought thy bride-bed to have decked, sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave."

Then, as Laertes, leaping into the grave, invokes ten times treble woe on his sister's destroyer, Hamlet's long pent-up emotions break forth. In a furious fit of Berserker-rage, he too leaps into the grave and seizes Laertes.

"This is I,
Hamlet the Dane.

Nay, an' thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

.

I loved Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum."

That this passionate cry of long-suppressed love was the genuine voice of his tortured heart, we surely were never intended to doubt, and let us hope that poor Ophelia's gentle spirit, lingering by her new-made grave, heard and understood it, and, soothed and satisfied at last, carried it joyfully with her to the spirit land.

LOUISA MURRAY.

THE PASSING OF AUTUMN.

TRAILING his misty garments far along,
Which, from his tall dim-shadowed shoulders cast,
Fell on the earth; chaunting an ancient song,
Murm'ring, the Angel of the Autumn passed.

Passed—with his great grey wings spread wide aloft
Through the deep air, and o'er the smiling sky;
Just 'scaping earth as with a motion soft
He glided, thrilling that unceasing cry.

Passed—and the wild-voiced forests felt his breath,
And bowed and quivered in their night of fears,
And sent, as feeling the approach of death,
A troublous murmur o'er the placid meres.

The wild swan, straining on its wings of snow,
Meeting the phantom shrieked a boding knell;
The Angel wept that all should fear him so;
To earth the shriek through the abyss of ether fell.

Fell, and in falling roused to take their flight,
Whatever haunts the sedge and reedy fen;
They passed athwart the waning purple light,
In long dark rank above the heads of men.

So the night fell; and then the Angel stooped
To where the blood-red moon refulgent lay
On the horizon; and the great wings drooped
Nearer the earth; but it he bore away.

Bore as a buckler chased of purest gold
Far up th' ascent of sky upon his arm;
But all men shivered, for his breath was cold:
"Alas!" said they, "he comes to work us harm.'

And then the Angel: "Ah, I must to work;"
And so he sent a warning cry abroad,
That pierced to every dell and cranny murk
Where live the elves from homes of men outlawed.

Then all that storied elfin race came forth
And stood beneath his shield upon the plain;
Not one of all—South, West, or East, or North—
Lagged or dared still in hiding-place remain.

When thus he spake: "Ye know, my willing fays,
Why ye are called: disperse, and to your task;
Scatter o'er all this earth of many ways;
Hasten the Fall; prepare the world's death mask."

And so they sped and painted all the leaves,
Vermeil and golden and more varied dyes
Than wears that bird, who, where the South sea grieves
Round happy isles, on the spiced breezes flies.

But soon these leaves grew russet-brown and sear,
And fell in rustling showers upon the ground,
As still the windy gusts with moaning drear
Swept through the boughs with deep-voiced mournful sound.

And then the Angel mounted somewhat up,
And cried aloud: "His boasted strength is fled:
Deep—to the dregs—he hath drained the appointed cup;
Sing ye his requiem, for the year is dead."

"Dead!" cried the forests, and prolonged the moan,
Telling it as a burden to the wind,
Which swept it on across the moorland lone
Leaving a strange unnatural calm behind.

The robin feeding on the thorny spray,
Scared from his meal, dropped the dry seed and fled,
On frightened pinion speeding far away,
Re-echoing as all else in nature—*Dead!*

Once more the Angel, ever mounting higher,
Cried yet again—the voice was far and faint,
Like the wild whisperings of an Æolian lyre,
Or music heard in visions by a saint—

"Those paintings were the hatchments of his race;
His race was ancient, and their blazons proud;
Yet even he hath knelt and veiled his face,
And low before a mightier power hath bowed.

"Swathe him, O Winter, in a shroud of snow;
Lay him in state with mournful wailings due;
Strew o'er his grave what latest flowerets blow—
Yellow chrysanthemums, and sprigs of yew."

The voice grew very faint; the Angel knocked
At heaven's gate, and bowed the adoring head;
On earth the haw-trees wildly swayed and rocked;
The winds were saying masses for the dead.

R. T. NICHOL.

PERSONAL REPRESENTATION AND THE REPRESENTATION OF MINORITIES.*

HITHERTO we have been engaged in a comparison of the relative merits of the different systems of election whereby the representation of minorities may be secured; and, having arrived at a conclusion on this point, on an examination of the validity of the objections made to the system assumed to be the best, and the means of overcoming such of them as appeared to be valid. The arguments in favour of adopting the system advocated remain for consideration.

On this point it may be remarked that, if the reasoning in the second of these papers is correct, the expediency of the change advocated must be conceded. Mr. Bagehot, writing in 1866, has confessed that if Mr. Hare's scheme would accomplish even *half* what its friends say, it would be worth working for, if it were not adopted until the year 1966. In reply to his arguments, I have endeavoured to prove that some of his objections to it are inconsistent with one another; that others are incorrect in point of fact; and that those which may be admitted to have weight could be overcome by trying Mr. Hare's scheme of election by quotas on a smaller scale than that proposed by him, and by substituting successive pollings for his scheme of contingent voting. Hence it follows that if I have succeeded in establishing these positions, the ablest opponent of Personal Representation would be forced—were he alive—to admit that the scheme advocated in my last paper is worth a century of agitation! It is, of course, for my readers to judge of the correctness of my positions; but, that once granted, they must either advance new arguments against the scheme or concede its expediency. This fact will appear more clearly as its advantages are set forth in detail.

1. The difficulty of obtaining seats for Ministers is one very frequently felt at present. As the law now stands, it declares that any member on accepting a seat in the Cabinet shall vacate his seat in, and cease to be a member of, the House, unless he be re-elected by the same, or some other, constituency. The need of re-election thus established is nearly always seized by the Opposition as a means of winning two votes, unseating a Minister, ejecting him from the House, and defeating an appointment. Their success is frequent, and the result is that inferior men are often taken into the Ministry instead of their betters, in order to avoid the risk of defeat at the polls. Thus the country gets a bad ruler instead of a good one; or, perhaps, the good man may be appointed and defeated, in which case the country loses his services in the House as well as in the Ministry. The existence of this evil is notorious; in one instance a gentleman was kept eighteen months in the Ministry without a seat in the House, and of late two defeats were before us in the cases of Messrs. Laurier and Vail. That it is a very serious evil none can doubt. Whatever party is in power ought to be allowed to bring its best men to the public service; for if this right be refused it, the public will suffer. The difficulty would cease to exist with the establishment of personal representation, as the constituency, being unanimous, would not fail to re-elect the man who had justified their choice by winning an honourable post, which fact now only strengthens the enmity of his foes. I have no doubt that since the establishment of Responsible Government, under which no Ministry can hold office for a week against the will of the House, this vacation of seats on acceptance of office has become unmixedly mischievous in throwing obstacles in the way of bringing the best men into power, and decidedly inequitable in practically giving the majority of a single constituency a veto on a matter in which the whole country is interested. But as we may be sure that, having a democratic odour, it will not be abandoned, the next best course is to neutralize it by a system of election which would place the representative on good terms with all his constituents, and

* Concluded from the December number.

thus secure his re-election, unless his conduct had been such as to give them some reason for changing their good opinion of him.

2. The improvement in the general talent and tone of the House is an immense advantage which might fairly be expected to result from personal representation. People's chances of being suited in any article are nearly always proportionate to the extent of the choice offered to them. In the case of Parliamentary representatives, this choice is as much limited as it well can be. At present the choice of the electorate is limited to one of two men, and their choice between these is determined in advance by the banners which they follow. Nine-tenths of them will vote for an ignoramus on their own side in preference to a statesman on the other. Let their choice be enlarged to over a dozen men, and even should party venom continue as bitter as before, they would be enabled to choose *the best men of their own party* and to keep them in the House; besides which the more intelligent part of the electors, who now form only a drop in the bucket, would, in large constituencies, approach so nearly to a quota that there is every chance of their being sufficiently strong to enable them to influence as many votes as would be requisite to secure the return of a special representative of their own ideas. The importance of this matter is unspeakable. The whole question of good or bad government, which involves national prosperity or ruin, is bound up in that of the character of our legislators and rulers. It seems to be thought by some persons that if the people are only allowed to go on making money, under a popular form of government, the action of the ruling authorities is of comparatively small importance. Setting aside for the moment, all other than financial interests, it is forgotten by such philosophers that the power of taxation places the whole national property at the disposal of its rulers, who may, by extravagance, reduce the people to bankruptcy; that after all the available land in a country has been occupied, labour can be set in motion only by the aid of capital; that capital will avoid any country in which either the principal may seem insecure or the return small; that it will be insecure in any state in which law is not absolutely supreme, and that the return will be small in any over-taxed or debt-burdened nation. Thus even the financial interest, to say nothing of national freedom, political liberty, intellectual and moral elevation, and justice between contending interests, can be maintained only by having men of talent and virtue at the helm. That manhood suffrage and election by local majorities will not place such men in the Legislature is proved by the contempt into which the American Congress has fallen in the eyes of capitalists, who now congratulate themselves on its prorogation as on the removal of a danger. The reason of the failure of these systems to place able men in power is confessed by one of the greatest of modern Liberals, Mr. J. S. Mill, to lie in the fact that "the natural tendency of Representative Government, as of modern civilization, is towards collective mediocrity: and this tendency is increased by all reductions and extensions of the franchise, their effect being to place the principal power in the hands of classes more and more below the highest level of instruction in the community."* But having admitted this much he goes on to argue that under personal representation "the minority of instructed minds scattered through the local constituencies would unite to return a number, proportioned to their own numbers, of the very ablest men the country contains;"† alleges, truly, that their return would improve even the representatives of the majority, and would help to bring truth to light by forcing on a fair fight in presence of the country "when it would be found out whether the opinion which prevailed by counting votes would also prevail if the votes were weighed as well as counted;"‡ and concludes that he is unable to conceive any mode by which the presence of great minds in the Legislature can be so positively assured as by that proposed by Mr. Hare.‖ I have already confessed that the establishment of separate constituencies would reduce the influence of the intelligent minority; but its influence would certainly be greater than it is at present, and each party would no longer have to fear the opposition of its opponents to its best men—a fact which would be of immense importance in Canada where, as already remarked, we often see defeated

* Representative Covernment, Chap. VII., p. 50.
† Ib. p. 34.
‡ Ib. p. 60.
‖ Ib. p. 60.

by a local majority, men whom one-tenth to one-third of the entire electorate would wish to see in the House.

3. But it is not merely by giving increased influence to intelligent minds, and rendering party opposition in many cases innocuous, that personal representation would improve the character of the House, and help to bring truth to light. It would induce able and virtuous men, who now refuse to stand, to come forward and offer themselves for the service of their country. The disinclination of such men to political life in the States has become a matter of every-day complaint in the Union, and it is to be feared that a like feeling has begun to show itself in Canada also. The cause of this unwillingness is simply to be found in the fact that the game is not worth the candle. On the selfish side of the case we find men deterred by the fact that, in a money-loving age, politics "don't pay." The salaries of Dominion Ministers are about half those of Railway Managers and Bank Cashiers, and bear about the same proportion to the amounts which able men can earn at the bar or, perhaps, at commerce. This deterrent, of course, would not be affected by any change in the mode of election; but there are moral deterrents of a still more serious character which the change would go far to remove. Under election by majorities it is almost impossible for anybody to offer himself with any chance of success otherwise than as a purely party candidate. He must endorse the whole platform whether he may believe it or not; he must defend the whole doings of his party whether he may consider them good or evil; and he can scarcely offer a new idea of his own unless it has been formally adopted in the caucus. He goes before the electors, and he finds that he must submit to an amount of abuse and misrepresentation rather hard to bear, and that, unless he wishes to stand almost unsupported, he must not be very scrupulous in retorting. Before the "free and enlightened electors" he must utter the shibboleth of the hour, and deal with every subject as will best suit their prepossessions. "Rare are the cases and eminent must be the man," says Mr. Hare, "who dares to appear as he is and speak as he thinks on public questions, before those whom he addresses and hopes to influence in his support. * * * He must often, to please some men, approve of—or, at least, countenance—bigotry; and if he does not positively encourage, he is obliged to wink at, corruption, intemperance, and deceit; or shut his eyes to what he knows is taking place. In addition to this, he may be driven to competition in promises which he is aware cannot be performed. The whole process is demoralising, and tends to exclude some of the best men and the most scrupulous and trustworthy order of minds." How much more forcibly do these words apply to Canadian than to English elections; and how much more forcibly again do they apply to those of the States? The main causes of the evil would be removed by the adoption of personal representation. These causes are to be found in the facts that under elections by majorities, each candidate knows that each vote that is not with him is against him, and that the result of the contest will be decided by a balance of votes, often not exceeding fifty in number. All doubtful voters must go to make up this balance, and the candidate must, therefore, court them by whatever means are most likely to prove efficient, or be defeated. Under personal representation the candidate's position would be altogether different. Any more votes than his quota would be useless to him, and he would, therefore, not need to seek them; he would need to place himself in direct opposition to another candidate only when a conscientious difference of opinion existed, and even then the temptation to any evil practices would be small in comparison with what it is at present, as the difficulty of winning a seat by such means would be immensely increased. Under election by quota each candidate would stand almost exclusively on his own merits, and not, as at present, chiefly on his opponent's demerits. His appeal for election would be made to men who would agree with him, and not, as now, to men one-half of whom are opposed to him. The change "would enable the candidate to discard all mean and dishonest compliances and frankly to express his sentiments whatever they might be," and the alteration could scarcely fail to remove many of the objections which now deter high-minded men from entering political life on this continent.

4. This change, however, would not only improve the House, but would also prove highly beneficial to the electorate. The use of natural talent and special knowledge, is,

that they enable their possessor to arrive nearer the truth than can those who are destitute of them. Under our present system, the possession of either of these advantages is almost useless in elections, from the fact that, for a candidate to place unpalatable truths before the electorate, is to ensure his own defeat. On this point, De Tocqueville has well said: "It is true that American courtiers do not say 'Sire,' or 'Your Majesty,'—a distinction without a difference. They are forever talking of the natural intelligence of the populace they serve; they do not debate the question as to which of the virtues of their master is pre-eminently worthy of admiration; for they assure him that he is possessed of all the virtues under heaven without having acquired them, or without caring to acquire them . . . Before they venture upon a harsh truth they say, 'We are aware that the people we are addressing is too superior to all the weaknesses of human nature, to lose the command of its temper for an instant; and we should not hold this language if we were not speaking to men whom their virtues and their intelligence render more worthy of freedom than all the rest of the world.' It would have been impossible for the sycophants of Louis XIV. to flatter more dexterously."* No doubt: but the consequences of flattery of a people are more dangerous than even those flowing from the flattery of a despot, as the latter may hear truth from others than his courtiers, while the people can never hear it from any others than their leaders. This disgusting servility has never reached the same point in Canada as in the States, principally because our monarchical institutions have acted as a check on it. But there are probably fewer means of resisting a frenzy of the popular mind here than there; and had it not been that our Colonial position has contracted the field of popular energies, our experiences would probably have been as bitter as theirs in civil war, debt, and political demoralization. If anybody should doubt that such frenzies can arise, I would ask him to carry his memory to the time, when, under the cry of "Broad Protestant Principles," people were a little "cracked" against those grants to separate schools, which are now acquiesced in as a fundamental condition of our political union; or to the time when the Scott murder roused a similar feeling against men whose pardon is to-day being complacently accepted; or—going outside our own limits—to the time when France almost unanimously voted away its liberties; and to that when the Southern States unanimously seceded from the Union. I am not offering any opinion on the merits of any one of these acts; but merely refer to them as frenzies followed by reactions on the part of their authors. To have men in public life able and willing to resist such frenzies, and to tell the broad truth to the electors, would be of incalculable value. And if, as has been already argued, personal representation would enable candidates to come forward and express their sentiments frankly, it would in some measure supply this need. Nay, it would also enable men of foresight to point out to electors and to legislators, the course which events were taking and the problems which would have to be faced, and thus to calm men's minds, and hinder them from rashly pledging themselves to any policy before they had examined it. It is much the same as this point to which Mr. Mill refers, when he says:—"The great difficulty of democratic government has hitherto seemed to be, how to provide, in a democratic society, what circumstances have hitherto provided in all the societies which have kept themselves ahead of others—a social support, a *point d'appui*, for individual resistance to the tendencies of the ruling power; a protection, a rallying point for opinions and interests which the ascendant public opinion views with disfavour. For want of such a *point d'appui*, the older societies, and all but a few modern ones, either fell into dissolution, or became stationary (which means slow deterioration), through the exclusive predominance of a part only of the conditions of social and mental well-being. Now this great want, the system of personal representation is fitted to supply in the most perfect manner which the circumstances of modern society admit of."†

5. In face of the revelations made before our courts of law, it is impossible to deny that bribery and corruption figure largely in our electioneering contests. That this is a monstrous evil is admitted by all: to say anything in reference to its demoralizing tendency, or the desirability of destroying or

* Democracy in America, Chap. XV.

† Representative Government. Chap. VII.

diminishing it, is therefore needless. Personal representation would diminish it, by making, as has been already seen, at least half of the elections practically uncontested, and thus destroying any temptation to bribe in them. And in the remainder, under the cumulative vote, it would decrease the temptation, as each party would know that for it to elect all the members, it would require to possess all the votes, and that to gain them would be impossible. Thus the temptation to bribe would probably be reduced to one-fourth of what it is at present. Of the efficacy of any remedy which would remove the temptation to the practice of any vice, there can be no doubt; and on the necessity of finding some remedy for this vice all are agreed. Need anything be said in favour of the merit of a remedy which would strike at the cause of the evil?

6. The evils of partyism are a theme as old as popular government. Its monster evil has been set forth by Washington in terms so forcible as to leave nothing unsaid. In his parting address he wrote as follows:—"Let me now warn you in the most solemn manner against the baneful effects of the spirit of party generally. It is unfortunately inseparable from our nature, having its roots in the strongest passions of the human mind. It exists in different classes under all governments, more or less stifled or controlled or oppressed, but in those of the popular form it is seen in its greatest rankness and is truly their worst enemy. The alternate dominion of one faction over another, sharpened by the spirit of revenge natural to party dissension, which in different ages and countries has perpetrated the most horrid enormities, is itself a horrid despotism. But this leads at length to a more formal and permanent despotism. The disorders and miseries which result, gradually incline the minds of men to seek security and repose in the absolute power of a single individual; and sooner or later the chief of some prevailing faction, more able or more fortunate than his competitors, turns this despotism to the purposes of his own elevation on the ruins of public liberty." We have no reason at present to fear this phase of the evil; but that the danger indicated is a real one has been proved by the occurrence of one civil war, and a narrow escape from another in consequence of party strife in the States. There is, however, another phase of the evil which is but an introductory stage to the above, that exists amongst us in full bloom. It has been well said that "society is convulsed by great parties, by minor ones it is agitated; it is torn by the former, by the latter it is degraded, and if these sometimes save it by a salutary perturbation, those invariably disturb it to no good end." The effects of this disturbance are very serious. It causes all matters to be considered as party questions and treated by each party almost with a single eye to its own interests. It connects measures which naturally have no connection so very intimately that, as Mr. Stephen well remarked in 1874, "the chances of denominational education in England would have been increased had the Ashantees contrived to destroy Sir Garnet Wolseley and his staff;" and in 1878 we may say that the chances of Free Trade in Canada will be somewhat increased should the American Government consent to pay the award of the Fishery Commission. It causes legislators frequently to support, or oppose, measures according to the source from which they emanate, and thus leads to the defeat of many good, and the success of many bad, measures. It weakens the force of our available statesmanship, by setting one-half of it to fight the other half, and forcing the half on the Treasury benches to devote its chief energies to the task of holding office. It tends, through the style of advocacy adopted on both sides, to leave the electorate much more in the dark on the merits of the questions referred to it for decision than a jury would be without the charge of the judge. And though last, not least, as this contest is carried on by the tongue, it tends to impart to Parliamentary eloquence an altogether fictitious value, and to render the mere speaker much more powerful than either the statesman, the philosopher, or the patriot; a fact which has frequently led, and is continually leading, to most disastrous results. I do not mean to say that these evils are utterly without compensation. As Mr. Stephen has truly said, "a legislature without parties would be little better than a mob;" but wherever we see parties fighting rather for office than for strong convictions, and doing violence to convictions in order to obtain it, we may be sure that partyism is little more than an unmixed evil, that it bids fair shortly to result in political demoralisation, and that any measure which will moderate it cannot fail

to be beneficial. Now the object of partyism is to secure success in an electioneering strife, which strife again furnishes new fuel to partyism. As has been already indicated, the violence of that strife is due almost entirely to the uncertainty of its result, and this again to the system of election by local majorities. So great is this uncertainty that, as Mr. Blake has told us, a change of 408 votes in Ontario at the election of 1867 would have altered the fate of 17 seats; and a change of 178 votes in the same province in 1874 would have transferred 16 seats, making a difference of twice these numbers on a division. It is this uncertainty which imparts to electioneering strife nearly all its gambling and unprincipled characteristics. Politicians who have before their eyes the fact that victory or defeat may depend upon the suffrages of some 200 or 300 electors cannot—or, as experience proves, will not—be very delicate as to the means which they employ to win votes. It follows that any measure which will diminish the number and violence of electioneering contests must also moderate partyism. This could not fail to be done by personal representation. It has already been shown, that, under the scheme proposed, the probability is that one-half of the elections would be uncontested, and that the contested seats would be fairly divided between the contestants. Each party would thus be assured of a representation in the House proportionate to its strength in the electorate; the balance of power would cease to be in the hands of a few voters, and the temptation to employ vicious means to gain these votes would consequently disappear. Besides this the envenomed hostility now directed against party leaders, in hope of obtaining the crowning-victory of driving them from the House, would lose its motive, as their own friends could always ensure their election; and the House would almost surely be enriched by some moderate men who would present to legislators and electors some other than the purely party aspects of politics. These changes could not fail to elevate the nature, and moderate the rancour of party strife very considerably. To destroy it must be impossible, so long as a nation consists of "many men of many minds," and would probably be inexpedient even were it practicable. But to destroy temptations to conduct it inequitably must be an unmixed blessing, and the fact that personal representation would go a long way to effect this object should alone suffice to recommend it effectually.

7. But the strongest plea of all in favour of personal representation yet remains to be examined. It will be granted by all, or almost all, that one of the most important objects for which representative institutions exist, is to prevent any portion of the community monopolising power, and ruling solely for its own advantage. But it is frequently forgotten, on this continent, that unless all classes and interests are represented in, or wield a powerful influence over, the legislature, a part of the community may obtain command of it, and pervert it from a guardian against, into an instrument of, class-government. And it is generally forgotten that, under the rule of a numerical majority of the adult male population, such perversion is almost a certainty. It has already been shown that this system of election cannot secure even a fair representation of two political parties; and if so, how much smaller is the chance of it supplying a fair representation of the many classes, interests, and opinions which are to be found in every community? It insures the representation of the dominant majority of the day only, thus endowing it with absolute power. The result must be, in the words of Lord Macaulay, "to destroy liberty or civilisation, or both." It is now over forty years since De Tocqueville, writing on the political institutions of the United States, made use of the then startling words:—"If ever the free institutions of America are destroyed, that event may be attributed to the unlimited authority of the majority, which may at some future time urge the minorities to desperation, and oblige them to have recourse to physical force. Anarchy will then be the result, but it will have been brought about by despotism."* He then goes on to support this view by quotations from Hamilton and Jefferson; but its correctness has been much more strongly supported by the facts that the "tyranny of the majority" has already once forced a minority in the States to resort to physical force, and has been within a hair's-breadth of repeating the feat; while in England we find the ablest and most uncompromising Radical of his day forced to admit the correctness of DeTocqueville's theory. Mr. Grote, writing shortly

* Democracy in America, Vol. I., p. 267.

before his death, said :—"I have outlived three great illusions. First, I always held that if supreme power were held by the people, it would be exercised more righteously than when entrusted to one person or a few. But this I have now found to be a mistake. I have outlived my faith in the efficacy of Republican Government, regarded as a check upon the vulgar passions of a majority in a nation ; and I recognise the fact that supreme power lodged in their hands *may* be exercised quite as mischievously as by a despotic ruler like the first Napoleon. The conduct of the Northern States in the late conflict with the Southern States has led me to this conclusion, though it cost me much to avow it, even to myself."* If any further argument or testimony on this matter be needed, it can be found in the admissions of a native American. Mr. Calhoun, when writing on the institutions of the United States, told us that a dominant majority "would have the same tendency to oppression and abuse of power which, without the right of suffrage, irresponsible rulers would have. No reason, indeed, can be assigned why the latter would abuse their power, which would not apply with equal force to the former. The dominant majority of the time would, in reality, through the right of suffrage, be the rulers—the controlling, governing, and irresponsible power—and those who make and execute the laws would, for the time, in reality, be but their representatives and agents." If the reader should ask how, if this be true, the rule of the numerical majority can have continued to exist in the Union, the answer is, that it has continued to exist in consequence of the peculiar circumstances of the country. In the early stages of society, or in newly-peopled countries, there is scarcely any diversity of interest amongst the inhabitants. Nearly all are agriculturists and owners of the land which they cultivate, while the facility of obtaining land is such that almost anybody can acquire it if inclined to do so ; all are independent and have interests almost identical. The duties of government are, consequently, few and simple, being almost limited to the protection of life and property. The well-being of the people can be assured by leaving them alone, and the identity of interest existing, leaves no perplexing controversies between different classes requiring adjustment in a manner at once equitable and satisfactory to all. But as the land becomes occupied, the situation becomes changed. The natural inequality of man manifests itself in a more unequal distribution of property; the share of the wise, industrious, and frugal increases, and that of the foolish, idle, and extravagant decreases, while that bequeathed to offspring by the former class becomes, as "money makes money," a new means of increasing the inequality. Then, as the acquisition of land becomes more difficult, and as the growth of civilisation promotes the division of labour, diversity of trades and callings is increased ; and by the different acquirements needed for the practice of each, intellectual diversity is promoted, and thus diversity of opinion is augmented. On the question whether these changes are desirable or undesirable, I have nothing to say. All I allege is that diversities of property, intelligence, and employment are, unquestionably—and of morality and religion probably—greatest in the most highly civilised of European, and in the longest-settled of North American, countries ; and that the increase of this diversity is inevitable wherever free and unrestricted competition is permitted, the reason being that in such competition success must attend those possessed of the greatest natural superiorities, or the greatest acquired advantages. The result of the establishment of such diversities is thus stated by Mr. Calhoun :—"The more extensive and populous the country, the more diversified the condition and pursuits of its population ; and the richer, more luxurious, and dissimilar the people, the more difficult it is to equalize the action of the Government, and the more easy for one portion of the community to pervert its powers to oppress and plunder the other."† Experience has placed the correctness of this theory beyond doubt. In Europe, where the diversity of society is fully established, and where a large majority of the population of every civilised country consists of a class dependent for its subsistence on the receipt of wages, we have twice within the century seen France adopt despotism in order to escape the rule of the numerical majority. Both in France

* See Greg's "Rocks Ahead," p. 14.

† Disquisition on Government, p. 13, as quoted by Mr. Hare.

and elsewhere we have seen its disciples enunciate such destructive doctrines that even Liberals, such as Macaulay, have been forced to confess "that it might be necessary to sacrifice even liberty in order to preserve civilization." And wherever we have seen freedom established we have seen the rule of the numerical majority, in the shape of manhood suffrage, carefully eschewed. On this continent it has, until lately, been otherwise, from the facts that diversity of interests have not been fully developed and that a purely wage-receiving class has not constituted a majority of society. But it is rapidly becoming so, and as it does, the same difficulties are being felt here as in Europe. Trades' Unions, Strikes, Granger Associations, and hostility between labor and capital, are becoming prominent in the Union. Nay, it is even confessed that the "Communist is here;" and that among the victories already won by the new anti-capitalist spirit are "the unequal taxation of banks, the repudiation of many state, county, and municipal bonds." There as elsewhere, however, it is in the great cities that the greatest diversities of society prevail, and the largest wage-receiving class exists; and accordingly it is in them that the rule of the numerical majority has been most pernicious. Its effects have been ably set forth by Mr. Sterne in an article entitled "The Administration of American Cities," published in the *International Review* for September-October, 1877. In this article Mr. Sterne asserts, and goes on to prove, that, "by the adoption of universal suffrage in the administration of the property interests of cities, we have organized a Communistic system which has been carried in its practical results *to the actual confiscation of a large portion of the wealth accumulated in our cities.*"† That the statement is nothing more than the simple truth is proved decisively by unquestionable facts. In reference to New York, the *Bulletin*—a purely commercial newspaper—has been, during a great part of the past year, calling on its readers to "Examine these Figures":—

Debt of New York City, 1876.....	$160,000,000
Debt of United States, 1860....	65,000,000
Excess against New York City ..	$95,000,000
Taxation of N. Y. City, 1876....	$33.000,000
Taxation of U. S., 1860.....	53,000,000
Difference only.....	$20,000,000
Debt per head of city population..	$133 00
Taxation per head do do ..	27 50

Compare these figures with the following facts of POPULATION *and* TAXATION *in several foreign states, which include expenses for armies and navies:*

	Taxation.	Population.	Taxation per head.
Canada	$24,200,000	3,800,000	$6.36
Ireland.... ...	21,000,000	5,500,000	3.82
Netherlands	41,000,000	3,674,000	11.16
Switzerland	8,000,000	2,700,000	2.96
Portugal.....	26,000,000	4,000,000	6.50
Bavaria... ...	50,000,000	4,863,000	10.81
Saxony.....	20,000,000	2,556,000	7.80
Hamburg.....	5,000,000	340,000	14.71
Argen. Confd...	23,500,000	1,750,000	13.43
Chili.....	13,500,000	2,068,000	6.53
New York City.....			27.50

Nor is this evil peculiar to New York. In the abovenamed article Mr. Sterne has published a table of statistical returns from fourteen of the largest cities of the Union. This table shows that from 1860 to 1875 the population of these cities increased from 2,875,000 to 4,903,000, or 70 per cent., and their valuation from $1,665,000,000 to $4,279,000,000, or 156 per cent., while in the same time their municipal taxation increased from $19,778,000 annually to $91,657,000, or 363 per cent; and their indebtedness from $109,808,000 to $407,218,000, or 270 per cent. The conclusion to which these figures lead Mr. Sterne is that "the residents of cities are consuming their capital; and that within a short period of time such a course will lead them to bankruptcy." That it is the rule of the numerical majority, consequent on universal suffrage and election by majorities, which has produced this danger he has before confessed. And this judgment is also adopted by another writer on the same subject, who pertinently says:—"Our present system did well enough so long as we were a vast agricultural community. But the telegraph, railroads, and manufactories have changed the entire face of the country and built up vast interior towns, with populations densely packed and ignorant, who can be easily swayed by designing demagogues and public plunderers. As long as the elements of vice, ignorance, and poverty preponderate, as they do in most of our large cities, just so long will universal suffrage be

† International Review, September-October, 1877, p. 634.

a farce and municipal indebtedness continue to increase $50,000,000 annually!"* Finally, the same conclusion has been reached by a commission appointed to devise a plan for the government of the cities of New York State. For it proposes to lodge the total management of city finances in the hands of a body to be called The Board of Control, the election of which is to be left to those "who pay a tax for two years successively, in larger cities on property amounting to $500, or who during a like period pay a rental for any shop or dwelling to the amount of $250;" and in the smaller cities to those who pay "a tax of some kind for two years successively;" and on which Board provision is made to secure the representation of minorities. Do not these facts, from the experience of Europe and America, unite to prove most decisively that wherever wide diversities of property, employment, intelligence, and morality exist, the rule of the numerical majority is inconsistent with the maintenance of representative government; and that some check on its absolutism is demanded in the interests of freedom?

The check usually adopted is that proposed by the New York Commissioners—its disfranchisement. But this violent remedy I believe to be both inexpedient and unnecessary. It is inexpedient from the fact that it tends to introduce class-government in another form, by enabling the enfranchised class to rule solely for its own advantage, unless deterred by fear of action on the part of the disfranchised majority; and also because it is, for many reasons, usually desirable to have a large electorate. And it is unnecessary, as the absolutism of the numerical majority can, even under the present system of election, be avoided by proportioning each elector's vote to the amount of his intellectual and property qualification, or, in other words, by a graduated suffrage. In countries containing a wide diversity of classes and interest, and a large wage-receiving class, this measure, modified by a provision for the representation of minorities is, probably, the mildest check likely to prove effective. But in Canada we are as yet without these elements of strife; and, therefore, we may try whether the still milder check of personal representation with our present franchise might not suffice. It is certain that the former measure would be fiercely—though inconsistently—opposed by the fanatical worshippers of "equality" in our midst, as being a violation of their shibboleth; but to the latter they could, on this ground, offer no opposition whatever. For, as Mr. Mill has said, "In a really equal democracy, every or any section would be represented, not disproportionately but proportionately. A majority of the electors would always have a majority of the representatives, but a minority of the electors would always have a minority of the representatives. Man for man they would be as fully represented as the majority. Unless they are there is not equal government, but a government of inequality and privilege, one part of the people rule over the rest; there is a part whose fair and equal share of influence in the representation is withheld from them, contrary to all just government, but above all contrary to the principle of democracy, which professes equality as its very root and foundation."*

Such are the grounds on which I would advocate the adoption of personal representation in Canada, according to the system explained in the second of these papers. It is fundamentally just, be the franchise what it may, while the system which it would supersede is fundamentally unjust. It would interfere with no vested rights or interests, but would make a reality of prerogatives which at present are often little more than a sham. Instead of narrowing the electors' field of choice to two candidates, and thus rendering anything like discrimination on their part impossible, it would offer them a wide field of choice. Instead of rendering the defeat of one candidate essential to the success of another, and thus forcing on a strife which demoralises both candidates and electors, it would enable them peaceably to "agree to differ." And instead of enabling local majorities to monopolize the representation, it would secure, probably, a representation of all classes and interests of the community, and, certainly, of all political parties, according to their numbers. These evils are felt wherever representative government exists, and it seems impossible to doubt either that personal representation would moderate them or that such moderation would materially enhance its benefits,

* The Galaxy, September, 1877.

* Representative Government, Chap. VII.

and render it a much more efficient guardian against despotism, class-government, and bad legislation than it is at present. And, finally, while bringing us all these advantages in the present, it would tend, in the future, to avert perils to freedom and order which the experience of other nations warns us to expect that the complexities of civilization are almost certain to bring to countries that have conceded so much power to the numerical majority as we have done.

Still, notwithstanding these facts, I do not plead for a hasty adoption of the scheme—all that I would ask for it is a trial. We are about shortly to hold a general election of the House of Commons. What is there to prevent the establishment of a couple of such electoral districts as I have sketched, in which the practicability of the system might be tested, and its merits or defects brought to light by experience? Were the results to prove beneficial the system could be extended; were they doubtful it could be tried a second time; or, were they mischievous it could be abandoned. That any serious evil could result from such an experiment seems almost impossible, and that much good might result from it is, at least, highly probable, as the system is endorsed by some first-class politicians everywhere. Under such circumstances, is it not clearly a much wiser course to make the experiment than to neglect it?

JEHU MATHEWS.

THROUGH SORROW TO LOVE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

" Mit meinem Mantel vor dem Sturm
Beschütz ich Dich."

THE young Contessa Etelka Von Guendalin and the guest of the house, Baron Gyula Isolani, were alone in the great music-hall of the old Castle of Guendalin. The Contessa was singing Hungarian Volkslieder, and her companion was listening.

As she finished, she turned quickly to him. "I do not like singing in the daytime," she remarked, as she rose from her seat. Isolani hastened to aid her in shutting the piano.

Etelka seated herself by him, and continued: "The evening, or at night, is the proper time for singing; daylight is not suited for song."

She spoke these words hastily. Her small figure was half buried in a great arm-chair, and her cheeks were flushed.

The baron regarded her fixedly.

"Why are you studying my face?" she asked, unwillingly; "for I can call it nothing less than that. It is very disagreeable to be gazed at as a boa-constrictor gazes at a poor bird that it is watching to entrap."

"Poor bird," he exclaimed, laughing; "a flattering comparison you have for me, certainly. I will tell you why I *study* you, and why you do not like me to look at you for a little while."

"A little while," she replied; "so long as I have sung, that little while has lasted; I was nearly jumping up and running off several times. It is not usual to listen with the eyes, but I suppose the Baron Isolani is an exception to the general rule."

"Let us return to our subject, do not rush right and left, but let us keep a little while at the same thing, Contessa."

"A little while," she sighed, "you will tire me with your little while."

"It would be a very good thing if you were tired for once; indeed, I should take a great deal of credit to myself if I could weary you. Well, Contessa, I *like* to watch you singing; watching is as necessary to me as hearing; when a soft colour comes into your cheeks, your eyes glisten, and I see your throat giving forth sounds as melodious as a nightingale, it gives me double pleasure. And you feel uncomfortable because

you imagine I am looking at you. You sing our melancholy Volkslieder as plaintively and feelingly as though you really felt all the pain and anguish of the song."

"I do feel it!" she broke in, earnestly.

"For how long?"

"As long as I sing."

"I often think, so expressive is your singing, that your soul knows nothing of it; it is mere practice and exercise."

"And if it were so, Baron Gyula?"

"There would be a want; your wonderful singing would be a semblance, for a real song must be the expression of a soul."

"Therefore I must be in love, mortally wounded, a lonely wanderer, a king's daughter; goodness knows what I must imagine myself to be in order to sing correctly, according to your ideas."

Baron Isolani laughed. "You have no experience as yet; you have never been away from this castle, Fraulein Etelka."

"Yes," she continued, "I am an enchanted princess; that is clearly my rôle. Yesterday I received from my cousin Gabor his latest composition, 'The song of the enchanted king's daughter.' Listen to it."

She stepped lightly to the piano, forgetting her dislike to singing in the day-time, and sang with such passion and truth that a delicious thrill came over the listener. And amidst the fervent rushing sound of the love song, came ever the Schlummer Lied in softest, sweetest notes, which touched the heart:

"Schlafe nur Du
In wonniger Ruh,
Es kommt der Tag
Wo Dich die Liebe wecken mag."

She cast the music noisily aside. "Well, have you nothing to say?"

"One cannot speak; silence is the only thanks meet for such a song."

"Have I any soul?" she asked, mischievously.

"There still lacks something, enchanted princess."

"You are not polite."

"Because I do not flatter you as others do."

"What do I lack? Perhaps I can improve. Am I not agreeable to you?"

"Love and sorrow," murmured the baron to himself, as he rose.

She stood before him, a little figure, reaching merely to the tall man's heart.

"How great you are, Gyula!"

"I feel myself very small, Etelka."

"Beside me?"

"No."

Guendalin, the old family seat of the Guendalins of Rocoszvar, lay far from the highway and from the railroad. The castle was buried in the midst of a beautiful park, for which nature had done more than art. Etelka is the daughter of the count; Gyula, the son of the late Prince of Hungary; he had taken a high degree at the University, and was now come to reside on the neighbouring estate, in hopes of turning his knowledge to a practical account.

Etelka hardly knew her old playfellow when he returned from the University, so altered was he.

Gyula found her character very slightly changed; she had always appeared to him childish, and her ceaseless chattering and laughing provoked him. Her figure was altered, her dress being now that of a young lady; she endeavoured to make herself taller by erecting a monument four inches high on her head, and adding two inches to her heels, according to the fashion of the day. She tripped gaily through the old castle, nodding her little head brightly with its tall chignon, and loving flowers and pretty trinkets, as a child would do.

The return of Baron Isolani to her little world was like a new page in her life; she was pleased to see him again, thought he must be astonished at the improvement she had made in the last few years, and was therefore taken aback, when the tall, handsome young fellow fixed upon her his great black eyes, and laughed.

She made him a deep curtsy, feeling hurt; his laughter offended her, for she felt he looked down upon her as though she were a child.

Nevertheless, Isolani often came to Guendalin. Etelka was pleased, too, when she saw his fiery horse cantering up the avenue, even though he did not pay much reverence to the young contessa, lecturing when she turned over the leaves of her songs without coming to any decision; asking what she should sing, and then singing what best pleased herself; still she gave him in friendship her hand, which looked so tiny when held in his, that he could not forbear a smile.

Etelka was her father's idol: her mother

died when she was an infant, but the count had neglected nothing in her education, and in his blind love thought her perfect.

Father and daughter—a thorough contrast.

There sits the old grey-headed man, thinking over the days of his youth, how he had frittered them away as he now sees, though then it was all enjoyment; groaning over his misspent days in his daily work; making him more than ever discontented with himself, more inaccessible to others. He endeavours to hobble to the door, but owing to rheumatism he fails, and sinks again on his comfortable sofa to indulge in his sad reveries.

Suddenly a sunbeam glides in, not quietly or softly, but with noisy little high-heeled boots, banging the door in such a way as to startle the old count, and make him irritable, were it any but his daughter who made such music. She had a playful pretty way of doing little things for him, services that he would scorn from another, and flew like a pert little robin redbreast round his room, from the walls of which looked down gigantic deer's horns, black eagles, and great boars' heads.

"Shall I sing? Shall I play? Shall I read, or shall I go out again?" asked Etelka, without pausing to take breath. "Gyula was here to-day," she continued, without waiting for an answer, and seating herself at her father's feet.

He looked down contentedly upon her, passing his hand over her golden hair—fair hair is a rarity in Hungary, and her's was more noticeable, as both father and mother were dark. Her eyes, which were brown, with a roguish brilliant light in them, formed a great contrast to it.

"And how dost thou like Gyula?" asked Count Guendalin, holding his daughter's hand.

"I have not thought much about it," she replied; "I am pleased to see him come, and part with him without sorrow."

"Would there not be a great blank were he to stay away?" he enquired further.

"I think not, papa, but why dost thou ask? he will not stay away."

"Does he entertain thee well, my child? He does not come to see me often, now that I cannot leave my room."

"He thinks he is not welcome, that is the reason. He entertains me very badly, for he is always scolding, on the score of old friendship, he says."

The count frowned.

When the young countess spoke earnestly her voice lost its childish accent, and took a deep pure tone that made it very sympathetic.

"He said to-day that my life lacked love and sorrow, therefore my songs had not the true ring in them." So saying, the lovely child looked up at her father pathetically.

"The fool," growled the old man, "tell me, child, hast thou not love? Dost thou know thou art my life, my all? It is through thee my life has worth and light, and without thee thy father would be a lonely hermit." He spoke with a certain anxiety; he who lived generally in the past got now a glimpse into the future, and the thought that his child could not remain for ever by his side, but must experience love and sorrow, distressed him.

"I shall write to my sister, and invite her to bring her daughter to spend the summer with us, and when Gabor has his vacation at the University he can come also."

Etelka sprang up with a beaming face. "Splendid," she cried, "Ilka can ride with me; Gabor shall sing with me, and compose new songs."

She laughed in childish glee.

Every change was delightful to her. All remembrance of Gyula was lost in the thought of the happiness before her. She kissed her father and vanished.

A pink bow lay on the floor. The old Count lifted it up, and kissed tenderly this knot of ribbon from his daughter's hair.

Etelka thought now only of the coming guests, and set to work to put in order the whole castle. For her cousin Ilka, whom she only remembered as a little dark child, she prepared the room next her own, giving orders herself, and flitting about everywhere as busy as a little bee.

Gyula still came, but the piano remained closed, for Etelka's love of singing had given place to other duties, and in the evening she was tired. Count Guendalin, however, saw more of Isolani, and liked him better each day; found him earnest and quiet, helpful to him, and always ready to play chess, a game for which Etelka had no love.

So passed the spring, and at last the day came that the guests were to arrive. Etelka stood at the window, tired of waiting and watching. Now and then she wandered

through the rooms, finding pleasure in putting a last touch here and there.

In her hand she held a bouquet of wild roses she had picked in the Park as a gift for her cousin. Baron Gyula was also coming to receive the guests; there he was now, riding beneath the window. Should she throw the roses to him? What would he say? She had thought him changed of late, not unfriendly, but more reserved and earnest. The young girl felt so happy that she began to sing softly to herself. Gyula looked up.

Etelka stood at the window, keeping time to the song with her merry eyes; she held the roses still in her hand, and, surrounded by the crimson rays of the setting sun, looked like a will o' the wisp, Gyula thought. She listened in vain; he did not knock at the door. She opened the piano and sang, sang with all the fervour of her young heart, though no one was listening; or was he listening and did not come to her?—was most probably having a quiet game of chess. Suddenly she heard a bustle in the house, as of the arrival of her guests. She rose quickly, feeling angry, not with herself, but with Gyula, on whom she thought, for whom she had sung, and on whose account she had missed being the first at the door to welcome her cousins. Etelka ran down stairs. In the corridor she saw approaching her, two figures, two tall noble figures, almost of a height. Gyula and Ilka. As she stood there not knowing whether to laugh or cry, a young fellow suddenly darted past and she felt herself embraced and kissed, whilst a voice cried in joyful tones: "This is the little one; how pretty you are, you do not look like a country girl, but like a fairy, a nymph; Princess Rococo I shall call you."

Etelka was so astonished that she could do nothing at first, but, recovering herself, she administered a sharp tap to him, crying, "I shall call you Master Quicksilver. Is that the way you greet your cousins, at the Residency, whom you have not seen for many years?"

"Many years," cried the young student, turning to his sister, "'many years,' says the little one, as if she knew what many years were. And now know you, Princess Rococo, our time shall be divided between kissing and singing: big people, such as my sister and Baron Isolani, require more substantial things, we little ones can live ethereally." The little one thought her cousin chatted too much and turned to Ilka, kissing her warmly.

Etelka felt Gyula's eyes resting upon her wonderingly. There was so much softness and earnestness in his gaze that she felt confused and suffered Gabor to lead her upstairs without hearing what he said. She listened only to the two voices behind her and thought, how is it possible that the ugly, dark little Ilka has become so beautiful?

"Mamma is already up-stairs," said Gabor: "she could not wait longer to embrace her brother and was quicker than we young people."

"Come, I will take you to your room," said Etelka to Ilka. Baron Isolani bowed and moved away.

Ilka noticed the lovely flowers in her apartment, but thanked her cousin with a hearty look only, which Etelka did not understand. She required words and caresses, but this tall, beautiful girl was cold, and spoke only on indifferent topics. As soon as the toilette was complete they descended, arm-in-arm, to the salon.

"Do you love Baron Isolani?" asked Ilka, suddenly, on the way. Etelka felt the colour rising in her face. "Ah! I see it already," cried her cousin, laughingly; "he is a handsome man; his riches are fabulous; his manners are charming; and Gabor tells me he passed all his examinations successfully. I quite understand that you love him, and he will marry you."

"But I don't love him!" cried Etelka.

"Why is he always here, then?" asked the inquisitive one.

"Because he has to play chess with papa," said Etelka, almost in tears.

"Really!" exclaimed her cousin, and was silent.

Baron Isolani watched the two girls entering the room with admiring eyes, they were both so lovely and yet so different. The tall, handsome figure of the elder, attired in rather fantastic costume, with crimson roses twined in her dark hair, proved a good foil to the petite Etelka, who was not laughing as usual, but had a new expression in her brown eyes, that made her more beautiful than ever.

The Countess Illgen embraced her niece. She was tall, with traces of former beauty, but there was a haughty look, and her smile was cold and severe. When she spoke pleasantly it gave one the idea that this was

merely the introduction, and that severity must follow. An unhappy marriage, and the misanthropic character that all the Guendalins, save Etelka, possessed, had made her a woman who had found life bitter, and with nothing to look forward to.

Ilka greeted her uncle pleasantly, and Gabor shook him heartily by the hand.

"Why do you return to your lonely home, Isolani?" said the old gentleman to his guest during the evening; "stay with us as long as you can, you will be welcome. Etelka will sing for us; she has deprived us of that pleasure for a long time, but now Gabor can accompany her." He stayed.

The first few days brought many disappointed hopes to Etelka; after which the young people got on better, although the two girls were very unlike, Ilka being of a reticent nature, a thorough contrast to her cousin. They, however, rode together: and Etelka and Gabor sang duets. One evening Gyula begged for his favourite song, and as Etelka came to the words,

"Mit meinem Mantel vor dem Sturm
Beschütz ich Dich,"

Ilka noticed that his eyes were turned towards the singer with an unmistakable look of love.

The young contessa found her cousin a good comrade; she pleased him, and he wished for no change in his Princess Rococo, therefore they were generally together, and it so came about that Ilka was thrown more with Isolani, and they seemed satisfied with the arrangement.

Countess Illgen did the honours of the house, and Count Guendalin was delighted to see how well his little plan of inviting these guests for the summer answered. He had no great love for his sister; indeed, he cared for no one save himself and his daughter.

And the daughter took but little notice of her father now; he was always talking of old times with her aunt, or business with Gyula, or literature with Ilka. He only heard his little bird singing now and then.

"I certainly am stupid!" cried Etelka one day to Gabor; "I do nothing but sing, chatter, and laugh," she said, sighing.

The student laughed. "I think you are wise," he said; "indeed, I think you and I are the only wise ones in the house, for we practise the true philosophy of enjoyment; we do not trouble about the coming day; forget the past, and pluck the hours from the tree of life; we are happy natures, thou and I. Your father is a bookworm; my mother is a mummy, everything is petrified in her; my sister is an enigmatical person, cold as ice; and this Isolani, who, when you sing, gazes at you as though you were a work of art, and never notices you at other times, he is just the man for my sister."

"You have a sharp tongue, Gabor, and speak very impertinently of your elders," Etelka answered. She felt the blood rush to her face. The child vanished, and the woman's heart felt a keen pain at his last words. He spoke openly what she had often thought of her cousin and Isolani—they were made for each other. And she herself—ought not she then to belong to the merry, fair young fellow, who so remorselessly touched upon the subject most dear to her? No! no! She could have cried, you are nothing in comparison to Isolani; you are not a man; I cannot look up to you. You are like myself, childish; you are always praising me; I require censure, I require strength and earnestness. When you pay me compliments I long for the reproving words he used to say to me so gently; and when I sing, the remembrance of those words comes to me, 'You lack sorrow and love." But she merely said quietly, "You are right; they do suit each other."

"How sadly you say that, little one."

"Do not call me *little one!*" she cried; "you yourself are small. A man ought not to live for enjoyment; he should work. Go to the Academy and study music, that is your forte."

"Aha!" cried Gabor, not in the least offended, "So you can scratch; I thought you were made only to kiss."

Etelka burst into tears. "Your whole character is disagreeable to me!" she exclaimed, jumping up. He recollected himself, and his good nature prevented him teasing her further.

"Etelka is cold-hearted; she cannot love," he remarked.

"I also!" she cried, bitterly, and rushed away almost into Gyula's arms, who was walking alone in the garden. She stood still, alarmed.

He gazed at her, astonished; then, noticing Gabor appearing at the entrance of the

alley, he said in a low tone, "Forgive me, contessa, for crossing your path."

She was so excited that she walked on to the house without answering him. Soon after, Gyula heard her singing, and crept to the open window of the music-hall to listen. Her cheeks were pale. He now heard the tone that had always been lacking in her voice. Yes, there rang through this song a tender accent that made it most inexpressibly touching, almost like a secret wail. She sang it as he had wished to hear it, but he listened with sadness; not for him was it sung, this song with its joy and its sorrow. She sang for Gabor, for the young merry student, who he felt sure had won her heart. I have only kissed her with my eyes and embraced her with loving words, he thought.

Gyula rode back to his estate, which required his presence, promising to come now and then to Guendalin.

The old Count was suffering from an attack of gout which made him very irritable, and was also dangerous. "I wish I were dead," he growled; "why should I live so long?"

"And what would become of Etelka?" asked Countess Illgen, who was with him, "it seems to me her feet are too tender to carry her steadily through the world."

"Yes!" he sighed, "it is true, and for that reason I must live. She is my sunshine, and when she sings my heart grows young. I idolize her, and she needs my love; she would be miserable with a mother like you."

The Countess bit her lips as she answered, "And yet you, selfish father, declare you could not make up your mind to give your child to any man, because then you would lose your sunshine; she is to brighten your life, and in your happiness and love she is to find her highest joy. Is it not so?"

"And you, sister," he asked, gazing at her intently, "would you marry your Ilka willingly, perhaps with the rich Baron Isolani?"

Her voice took a softer tone as she answered, "That is the difference between us; you show your deepest feelings openly, I hide mine, therefore the world calls me heartless—even my children think so—mine is not the fault; and yet, brother, I love Ilka more than you do Etelka, for I would deny myself to make her happy, whereas you make your daughter deny herself for your happiness. Often at night have I stood at my child's bed, wept over and kissed her whilst she slept, and she thinks me stern and cold. I admire her beauty of mind as well as body. No man is deserving of her, and none shall she marry, for I do not believe in marriage; she possesses within herself sufficient springs of happiness My eyes are sharp; I understand men thoroughly from experience and observation. She resembles me, but as the shadow resembles the reality. Gyula is not the man for her; besides, he loves your daughter, and I expect the time will soon arrive when you can prove if I were right to call you a selfish father; we shall see."

Etelka sat before her easel, though she had not accomplished much. She had talent for painting, but when she arrived at a certain point, she lost her taste for it, and devoted her energies to music. Gyula's prophecy struck her forcibly: there was something lacking, and she felt it now.

Ilka entered, placed herself near her cousin, and looked intently at the easel. "You certainly have talent," she said, after a pause; "how beautiful you have painted that bit."

"I wish that I could not paint, could not sing; that I were like you!"

"Why?" asked the girl.

"Because you have everything that is wanting in me."

"And that is?"

"Repose, contentment, happiness."

"How strange those words sound from your lips, Etelka; why, are you not happy?"

"I am very unhappy; you are the one to be envied; you live in a town and have plenty of people to love and admire you."

"I had rather be loved by a chosen few," replied Ilka. "But I am happy because I see clearly, and understand how to value compliments, and that is what you do not. You think only of yourself and your pleasure, take your surroundings only as a means to amuse yourself; but to *think* of anything never enters into your head."

"Is it really so?" said Etelka, and her eyes rested on her wise cousin with such a troubled look that Ilka could not help smiling.

"Remain only as you are; you are lovable enough, few have ever been near you that have not done you homage."

"*He* always lectures me," she whispered.

"Who?"

Etelka pulled out a photograph she had been endeavouring to paint.

"Baron Isolani!" she cried, holding the picture in her hand.

Etelka threw herself into her cousin's arms, hiding her face, whilst she asked in trembling tones, "Tell me Ilka, do you love him very much?"

So that is it, thought Ilka. She stroked her cousin's golden hair, and kissing her, said firmly, "No, I love not so lightly, and love only when I can hope for it to be returned; so paint on quietly now, little jealous one."

She did paint indeed: Gyula's picture received so much colouring it could hardly be recognised. She, however, found it charming and wore it next her heart.

Gabor von Illgen had conceived a great liking for Isolani, perhaps because he was so different from himself. It was with him as with Etelka. Both appeared superficial, but if one took the trouble to separate the reality from the appearance, there was much good in both.

Baron Gyula had invited Gabor to visit him. At Guendalin one day the old Count was lame with his gout. Ilka sat reading to him, and the Countess Illgen wandered steadily up and down the long alley. Her lively son got tired watching; the perpetual backwards and forwards in the same place was to him dismal. "My mother is like a pendulum," he remarked, in his off-hand way. Master Quicksilver accordingly mounted his horse and fled from the unfriendly atmosphere. Etelka was also in a sad humour and sat in her room alone. On his way he met the count, who turned back with his visitor. Gabor remarked on the good condition of his crops and stock, and admired his beautiful castle.

"Method is everything," said the count; "All that you see is done after a certain plan and goes on in order."

"You are a wonderful man," said the young student, heartily, "and I never feel myself more insignificant than when I am with you."

"There is nothing wonderful about me; one requires only to know his vocation and then endeavour to work it out."

Gabor could never be long with Gyula without talking of Etelka. "It is a pity she tries to paint; one cannot cultivate several talents successfully, she ought to give her whole energies to music." Their late quarrel, that had ended in the contessa's flight, he also recounted, and ended up by saying, "Etelka thinks you are just the man for my sister."

Isolani did not interrupt him, but when the boy stopped he said, in a tone Gabor did not understand, "You are a good fellow, Gabor, there is my hand, let us be friends."

"We have been that for a long time," answered the young fellow, heartily.

"I will give you a proof of my confidence," said Gyula. "I have long feared Etelka loves you."

Gabor laughed. "She loves me because we are such good comrades; like a mirror, we are so much alike, like the half of a duet, without one the other is nothing; but you, my friend, you would not have feared, would not have questioned me, had you not *hoped*."

"I hope for everything." Isolani stood up, and laying his hand on the boy's shoulder, gazed so steadily at him that he felt dazzled by the fire and brilliancy of the great black eyes, and yet looked with fascination at the handsome face before him. "When she sang with you my heart swelled and nothing in my life has moved me so much as that duet: 'I saw thee on the heather there.' I saw then before me the boundless heather of life; the sun went down in purple splendour; the night came and the storm. Etelka danced joyously, an ivy wreath in her hair, and laughed and sang till the storm came and carried her away. Yes, Gabor, I felt sometimes as though I must spring up, carry her away, and say, be still in these arms my child, from the storms and winds that must and will come in thy life, for you are a weak, helpless plant, that will be broken down without support. The love that I had wished for came. So I thought, as I stood by the window and listened to that beautiful song; her voice trembled over it, and I felt sure her love was yours. Still the sorrow is lacking with which her soul and song will be altered." An indescribable brightness was in his face as he spoke, and Gabor listened, entranced. Gyula accompanied him home. It was a beautiful night, the air calm and the heavens filled with stars.

Suddenly a horse's hoofs were heard in the stillness, and a horseman appeared. It was a servant from the castle: the Count had a stroke of paralysis, he said, and lay dying. Gyula turned pale, and hurried on.

The Countess Illgen met him at the door. "There is no hope," she said, quietly. They entered the room. Etelka lay like a helpless

child in her cousin's arms; the moment Gyula's step was heard she looked up at him. He never forgot that look.

Just then the dying man awoke, stretched out his hands and said, faintly, "Sing, my child, sing."

"Father," she cried, sobbing, "my voice is choked with tears, how can I sing?"

"I should feel better." He could say no more, but the longing for her sweet voice seemed to put new life in him. Etelka took courage and began very softly one of his favourite songs. She sang as a mother would to a sleeping child, and the song ceased gradually as tear after tear rolled down her cheeks.

"He is dead!" The harsh voice of the Countess Illgen spoke these short hard words.

Etelka threw up her arms and opened her lips as though to scream, but no sound came. Her eyes turned to Gyula without knowing it; she saw a vivid light, like a star in the desert heather; she breathed painfully as though a tempestuous storm had struck her, the first in her life; and half fainting, she felt herself clasped in two strong arms, while a firm voice whispered in her ear:

"Mit meinem Mantel vor dem sturm
Berchütz ich Dich."

With my mantle from the storm
Will I guard thee.

TO A LATTER-DAY HYPATIA:

A DESPISER OF LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

MOCK not at Love as but a maiden's weakness,
From thine imagined loftiness of soul;
For, if love bend thee to its noble meekness,
Bowing, thy heart will touch a higher goal.

Love is not this: the dalliance of a summer,
Flushing of cheeks and dreaminess of eyes,
With truant wings to fly to each new-comer,
Ready with wiles and shallow-hearted sighs.

This never cease to hold in utter scorning;
Watch well thy heart to guard it from this blight;
Eros is tender in the sunny morning,
Flitting and faithless in the gloom of night.

Neither is love the bargain and the mating
Dull spirits seek for grossest needs of life;
Finding a listener for the petty prating,
Finding a victim for the petty strife.

Love thou shalt know, if it be for thy knowing
How two full hearts like sundered seas can meet;
Rushing together in their overflowing,
Mingling their burdens, bitter and the sweet;

Love thou shalt know, if, in the lonely weaving
Of thy heart's goodness in the web of deeds,
Colours that lack the warmth of thy conceiving
Flash from a life of kindred hopes and needs.

Mock not at Love! and think not of reproving
Her that would bear the holy name of Wife;
Keep pure thy heart, till thou hast found in loving,
All the deep peace and sacredness of life!

A. W. G

BUDDHA AND BUDDHISM.

II. THE DOCTRINE.

For centuries after the death of Gautama his teachings were transmitted orally, under the care of his successors in influence, who were called patriarchs, and who handed down from generation to generation, the "Dharma" or doctrine of the great Buddha Of course, in this process of oral transmission, it must have undergone many modifications. Very diverse schools of Buddhism in time arose; numerous controversies grew out of these, and heresies sprang up which it required Œcumenic Councils to put down. For two centuries after the death of Buddha, up to the invasion of Alexander the Great, the influence of the new religion did not extend beyond the countries bordering on the Ganges. But Asôka, the grandson of the founder of the new Indian empire, which arose on the ruins of the rest, proved to be a Buddhist Constantine, who strengthened and established the Buddhist Church by every means in his power, called an Œcumenical Council for defining its teaching; perfected its organization and discipline; endowed innumerable monasteries, and sent out to all the surrounding countries enthusiastic missionary-preachers, clad in rags and bearing alms-bowls, but supported by all the prestige and power of the great Asôka. His own son, Mahinda, went to Ceylon, and converted the whole island to Buddhism.

Cabulistan, Ghandara, Cashmere, and Nepaul soon followed its example, while missionaries, attached to every caravan of traders, penetrated all parts of Central Asia, and in A.D. 61, Buddhism was officially introduced into China, under the Emperor Ming-ti. Buddhist doctrines had been promulgated there many years before, and it was many centuries more before it influenced the mass of the people, a fact which might supply hope and patience to Christian missionaries. It is to-day the general though not the State religion of China—the Chinese name of Buddha being *Fo*—and its prayers and litanies are recited not in Chinese, but in Sanskrit. From thence it spread to Corea in 372 A.D., and to Japan in 552 A.D. Thibet adopted it in 407 A.D., and there it became a most elaborate ritualism, incorporating with the original Buddhist teaching as many of the current Christian traditions and forms as it was possible to amalgamate with it. Thibetan Buddhism, therefore, has its pope, its cardinals, bishops, priests, and nuns, its infant baptism, confirmation, mass for the dead, rosaries, chaplets, candles, holy water, processions, saints' days, fast days; in short, all the observances which, by the fifth or sixth century, had engrafted themselves on the simple Christianity of Christ. From Thibet, Buddhism extended itself to Mongolia and Manchuria, where it fulfilled its mission in taming the ferocious Mongol nature, and bringing its savage ferocity in a state of semi-civilization, acting as an educational discipline to prepare the way, in God's providence, we may surely believe, for a purer faith.

Meantime, Buddhism in India, its original home, was suffering from repeated sanguinary persecutions. These, combined with the invasion of Mohammedans, have almost crushed it out in the native country of the Buddha. Buddhism still flourishes as a religion, in Mongolia, Tartary, China, Japan, Thibet, Nepaul, Siam, Burmah, and Ceylon; while Russia and Sweden are not without traces of its existence. Between Northern and Southern Buddhism there are well marked differences arising from their different historical development. In India, its ancient seat—the cradle of the religion—its scanty traces alone are found, "in the shape of ruins, rock-temples, and the seat of Djains, whose connexion with Buddhism is now scarcely recognisable."

Of Buddhism, taken as a whole, it would be impossible to convey any adequate idea in a brief article, even with a much fuller knowledge of the subject than the present writer can command. In the words of Mr. Ernest J. Eitel, who has studied it in its

eastern homes, "Buddhism is a system of vast magnitude, for it embraces all the various branches of science which our western nations have been long accustomed to divide for separate study. It embodies in one living structure grand and peculiar views of physical science, refined and subtle theories on abstract metaphysics, an edifice of fanciful mysticism, a most elaborate and far-reaching system of practical morality, and finally, a chuch organization as broad in its principles and as finely wrought in its most intricate network as any in the world." The general teaching, however, of Buddha and his immediate followers, is, in general, distinguishable from the many heterogeneous elements which have become engrafted into the system; while it has been sought, and with some probable success, to distinguish between the teachings of Buddha himself, and the additions of those who followed him. It is not probable, however, that Buddha originated his whole system of teaching. It is much more likely that he embodied and combined in it many floating ideas that had existed long before him among a people especially given to knotty questions, paradoxes, and intricate and sublimated thought. As a philosophy and an "attempt to explain the phenomena of the universe," Buddhism seems to have had an appreciable influence on the whole course of philosophic thought in Europe, from Socrates downward; while, within the last half century, Schopenhauer and other "pessimist" philosophers, Comte, Lewes, Emerson, and Matthew Arnold are among the many who have shown a strong affinity for some of its distinguishing lines of thought. "Most of all," to quote Eitel once more, "that latest product of modern philosophy, the so-called system of positive religion, the school of Comte, with its religion of humanity, is but Buddhism adapted to modern civilization, it is philosophic Buddhism in a slight disguise." *

As a mere system of natural philosophy and metaphysics, Buddhism needs to concern us but slightly, and it is impossible here to go into any detailed description of its strange phantasmagoria of Brahma worlds of gods and demigods and demons, its endless succession of universes, world systems, and worlds, gradually cooling themselves through almost endless *Kalpas*,† or periods of formation, as the lotus buds open themselves on the surface of the stream—then passing gradually into ruin, chaos, and emptiness, through a period of destruction—always to be succeeded, in turn, by a new formation; while the gods and demigods share the universal law of destruction and succession with the lower creations. By a strange coincidence or anticipation, the Buddhist natural philosophy hit upon some of the best established hypotheses of modern science. The nebular hypothesis, the originally incandescent state of the earth and other planets, the final catastrophe of conflagration for the worlds in turn, the long geological periods of the earth's formation,—even the evolution hypothesis itself,—all came within the range of a system so oddly amalgamating absurdity and superstition with what is now commonly regarded as sober scientific truth.

As a religious and moral system, however, Buddhism is at once more interesting and important. The two leading ideas of the teaching of Buddha have excited much controversy, as indeed one of them does still. These are, the teaching as to the existence of a God, and of a future state—Buddha's atheism and his NIRVANA. He admitted, as we have seen, the existence of gods and demigods, but these were finite beings. The existence of an eternal personal God, it is

* "For some time past," says M. de St. Hilaire, "we have seen systems arising in which metempsychosis and transmigration are highly spoken of, and attempts are made to explain the world and men without either a God or a Providence, exactly as Buddha did. A future life is refused to the yearnings of mankind, and the immortality of the soul is replaced by the immortality of works. God is dethroned and in His place they substitute man, the only being, we are told, in which the Infinite becomes conscious of itself. This is not the place to examine these theories, and their authors are too learned and too sincere to deserve to be condemned summarily and without discussion. But it is well that they should know by the example, too little known, of Buddhism, what becomes of man if he depends upon himself alone, and if his meditations, misled by a pride of which he is hardly conscious, bring him to the precipice where Buddha was lost." Mr. Hodgson says that "the unfailing diagnostic of Buddhism is a belief in the infinite capacity of the human mind."

† The duration of a Kalpa is thus described in the language of Buddhism: "Take a rock forming a cube of about fourteen miles, touch it once in a hundred years with a piece of fine cloth, and the rock will sooner be reduced to dust than a kalpa will have attained its end." Few minds, perhaps, can rise to a larger conception than this, even of what they call "eternity."

now generally acknowledged, was, if not positively negatived, at least not admitted into his scheme of things, even though there seems to run through it, in a vague, unformulated manner, the idea of a Divine intelligence, which took, from time to time, human shape and form in the successive Buddhas. But in this no personal Creator was recognised, not even as Brahmanism had taught, a supreme, self-existent intelligence from which all things ceaselessly flow, into which all things must at last be absorbed. Buddha taught the impermanency of *all* things—*all* beings. In all conceivable existence there was no enduring reality—all things were in a state of endless flow and change—existences ending and repeating themselves, through a dizzying round of birth and death. The illusory nature of life is represented by the following description of its five Skandhas, or constituents of life. "The first group (the bodily qualities) are like a mass of foam that gradually forms and then vanishes. The second (the sensations) are like a bubble dancing on the face of the water. The third (the ideas) are like the uncertain mirage that appears in the sunshine. The fourth (the tendencies) are like the plantain stalks, without firmness or solidity, and the fifth (the reason) is like a spectre or magical illusion." The twelve links in the chain of existence are explained as being—1, ignorance or delusion; 2, action; 3, consciousness; 4, substantiality; 5, bodily organs; 6, sensation; 7, perception; 8, desire or lust; 9, cleaving to existence; 10, individual existence; 11, birth; 12, death; which closes the round, to begin anew again. It is this perpetual round or cycle, in physics, in metaphysics, and in the moral order of the world through transmigration, which has given to Buddhism the symbol of a wheel, and called its doctrine "the wheel of the law."

But the wheel is not only of perpetual, but of spontaneous motion. It is said that when he was asked how the first universe was brought into being, and whence this eternal law of ceaseless reproduction came, Buddha remained silent, and at last explained that none but a Buddha could comprehend the solution of a problem which was absolutely beyond the comprehension of a finite mind. His rejection of the idea of an eternal Creator, was, doubtless, in part, a reaction against the broad assumptions of Brahmanism, establishing a haughty, self-deified caste between the soul and God, and against the puerilities which more popular worship had grafted upon its abstract theology. Further, it probably arose from his sense of the "limits of religious thought," his having realised the difficulty of conceiving the unconditioned and the absolute, and the difficulty of connecting this conception with that of a personal God. He found it easier to suppose the existence, almost indefinitely prolonged, of certain superior or powerful Beings, while, in the place of the Supreme and Eternal, he left a blank, which, nevertheless, he seems to have involuntarily filled up with a "power that makes for righteousness." As a conse quence, however, of this theoretical rejection, his system lacked that which, it has been truly said, is the true ground of religion—that which alone makes religion possible—the relation of the soul to God.

From this negation of an eternal Creator and Governor of all things seems to follow naturally his negative idea of a future state—the NIRVANA—the precise meaning of which has caused so much discussion, and is a point far from settled yet. When once men have lost the belief in an eternal Father, a Divine central heart of love underlying all the shifting face of outward things, a Perfection, communion with which can alone satisfy the ever-yearning aspirations of human nature, it is easy to see how—with no prospect of possible satisfaction in view—the longing for immortality would subside into a simple longing for *rest*, rest for ever from the perpetual unsatisfied craving of *desire*, which haunts men from the cradle to the grave. Even to Christians, in some moods, the idea of a personal immortality—*endless*—is sometimes oppressive. Moreover, Buddha accepted, unhesitatingly, the Brahman doctrine of transmigration, though he restricted its range to animal organic nature, or gave it a moral aspect by introducing the idea of the *Karma*—the merit or demerit of the individual which was to determine the character and status of his next birth and life. But how was this perpetual weary succession of birth and death to be closed? Only through the extinction of *desire* was the entrance into *rest* or the *Nirvâna*.

The Sanscrit word, Nirvâna, means "extinction," as of a light, and has been well explained by a recent writer on the subject, to be "the 'going out,' the disappearance of

that sinful, yearning, grasping condition of mind and heart, which would otherwise, according to the great mystery of Karma, be the cause of renewed individual existence," and this, too, by the growth of that opposite condition—"a pure, calm, clear state of mind"—almost the equivalent of holiness, a process which reminds us of the "dying to sin" and self, with which we are familiar in the writings of St. Paul. It is even possible that Buddha taught *negatively*, because, with those fine spiritual feelers of the soul, which can grasp what the mere intellectual faculties cannot, he aspired to the spiritual blessedness which is inconceivable to human thought, and inexpressible in human language. Some of his teaching—at least, so even Max Müller admits—points to this hypothesis, though he does not consider that, theoretically, it went further than "the entrance of the soul into rest, a subduing of all wishes and desires, indifference to joy and pain, to good and evil, an absorption of the soul in itself, and a freedom from the circle of existences from birth to death, and from death to a new birth." His four "sublime verities" were these:—

1. There is pain, sorrow in the world.
2. This comes of the desires, of lack, and of sin.
3. This pain may cease by Nirvâna.
4. There is a way that leads thither.

This "way" consists in eight things: right faith or belief, right judgment, right language, right purpose, right practice, right obedience, right memory, and right moderation; all which may be understood, as Max Müller says, "as part of a simply moral code, closing with a kind of mystic meditation on the highest object of thought, and with a yearning after deliverance from all worldly ties." In a word, he taught that true peace must lie, not in gratifying the desires and passions, but in subduing them, in rising above the things of sense to the freedom of the spirit. It was at least a glimmering of the truth which was afterwards taught by a greater than Buddha, with a fuller meaning: "*Whosoever will save his life shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it.*"

It is impossible, indeed, to read many of his best authenticated sayings without feeling that he had attained at least to some dim apprehension of the profound truth—now occupying a much more prominent place in Christian thoughts and teaching than in former times—which is thus beautifully expressed by Whittier:—

> "So to the calmly gathered thought,
> The innermost of truth is taught,
> The mystery dimly understood,
> That love of God is love of good,
> And, chiefly, its divinest trace
> In Him of Nazareth's holy face;
> —That to be saved is only this,—
> Salvation from our selfishness,
> From more than elemental fire,
> The soul's unsanctified desire,
> *From sin itself, and not the pain*
> *That warns us of its chafing chain.*"

Some of Buddha's sayings themselves will best illustrate this:

"They who, by steadfast mind, have become exempt from evil desire, and well trained in the teachings of Gautama, they, having received the fruit of the fourth Path and immersed themselves in that ambrosia, have received without price and are in the enjoyment of Nirvâna."

"That mendicant does well who has conquered sin by means of holiness, from whose eyes the veil of errors has been removed, who is well trained in religion, who is free from that yearning thirst, who is skilled in the knowledge of and has attained unto Nirvâna."

"When a man can bear everything without uttering a sound he has attained Nirvâna."

"Hunger or desire is the worst ailment, the body the greatest of all evils; where this is properly known, there is Nirvâna, the greatest happiness."

"The sages who injure nobody, and who always control their body, they will go to the unchangable place (Nirvâna), where, if they are gone, they will suffer no more."

And a conversation, between King Nagasena and the Buddhist, Milinda, a little before the Christian era, closes with the following striking sentence: "Even so Nirvâna *is; destroying the infinite sorrow of the world*, and presenting itself as the chief happiness of the world; *but its attributes cannot be declared.*"* This is rather transcendental than

* The language of some of the old mystics regarding spiritual blessedness has a certain general resemblance to parts of the teaching of Buddha regarding the Nirvana. Compare John Tauler (Twelfth Century) as follows:

"Secondly, their Heavenly Father drew them forth from the bonds of slavery to sense, so that they were delivered from this captivity never again to fall

nihilistic, and again it recalls well-known words, and again with a fuller meaning: "Eye hath not seen, neither hath ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." Much, indeed, of the Christian teaching concerning a future state is negative: "*No* death, *no* pain, no sorrow nor crying;" and this is necessarily so where the affirmation is so far beyond human words to express; and the *one great* affirmation of Christianity—the blessedness of an unending communion with the source of love and life—Buddhism, of course, could never reach.*

Among the successors of Buddha, however, the subject of Nirvâna was treated in a hard, metaphysical manner, like that of the old schoolmen; the continued existence of the soul being denied in every conceivable form in which it could be expressed. In their hands, Nirvâna was either nihilistic or utterly unintelligible. The doctrine of Dhyâna—something akin to the "ecstasy" of the mystics—was also associated with it. Buddha, in his last moments, is said to have passed through its four stages: the first consisting in freedom from sin, a perfection of knowledge, and a single desire for Nirvâna; the second being the same desire combined with satisfaction, the discriminating and reassuring powers being suspended; the third, indifference, with some remnant of physical pleasure; the fourth, entire loss of self-consciousness and entrance into Nirvâna. But this was too rare an atmosphere for average human thought to breathe in, and so Nirvâna, in course of time, was developed into a sensuous paradise, culminating in the childish absurdities of the "Paradise of the West."

As a code of morality Buddhism had its greatest power. Its Canon consisted of the Tripitâka or Three Baskets—referring to the way in which the leaves were kept together; three volumes, as we should say. Of these, the first in order, so in importance, was called the *Vinaya* or code of morality; the second comprised the *Sûtras*, or the discourses of Buddha, while the third was called the *Abhidharma* or by-law, containing the body of metaphysics. The five great commandments enjoined on all were—

1. Thou shalt not kill.
2. Thou shalt not steal.
3. Thou shalt not commit adultery.
4. Thou shalt not speak untruth.
5. Thou shalt take no intoxicating drink.

For the rest, charity, loving-kindness, purity, patience, long-suffering, peace-making were enjoined in words that breathe the spirit of the sermon on the Mount, while cruelty to animals was forbidden with a horror of inhumanity which puts sportsmen and vivisectionists to shame.

The disciples of Buddha were enjoined,—

> "Never to blend their *pleasure* or their *pride*
> With sorrow of the meanest thing that lives."

Indeed, repugnance to the causing of suffering to animals seems to have been one reason for the absence from the Buddhist ritual of all animal sacrifice. The *Dhammapada* or "Path of Virtue," a small manual of four hundred and twenty-four verses, which are supposed to contain the utterances of Buddha himself, has been translated and published in English by Max Müller. A few extracts are given to show its tenour and spirit.

"Reflection is the path of immortality, thoughtlessness the path of death. Those

into it, but to stand ready in perfect acquiescence to receive His further leading. He who only considers the matter aright, will find that this drawing them up above the things of the body was very necessary, if they were to enter the school of the Eternal Light. For this school has four qualities. First, that it is raised far above all time, not only in the third heaven, physically speaking, but above all the movements of the heavenly bodies, and all else that is subject to time. In the second place, that whatever may be found still remaining of self-appropriation is not suffered to make itself a home and resting-place in the heart. In the third place, in this school is perfect rest, for no storms, nor rain, nor sin, nor aught that can bring change is there. Fourthly, there reigns perpetual light, clear and unbedimmed; for the sun and moon, which set from time to time, and leave the earth in darkness, do not shine there. God is their eternal sun, shining in His brightness. Now, seeing that all material created things are base, narrow, subject to change and alloy, it was needful that the disciples should be raised above the trammels of material things, for St. Jerome says 'It is as impossible for God to bestow Himself under the limitations of time or temporal things, as it is for a stone to possess the wisdom of an angel.'"

* How many Christians, after all, have a much more definite idea of Heaven than that it is a state where pain and death and sorrow are known no more, where "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest?" Christian poetry on the whole expresses it more by negatives than affirmatives.

who reflect do not die, those who are thoughtless are as if dead already."*

"Those wise people, meditative, steady, always possessed of strong power, attain to Nirvâna, *the highest happiness.*"

"Hatred does not cease by hatred at any time; hatred ceases by love; this is an old rule."

"If one man conquer in battle a thousand times a thousand men, and if another conquer himself, he is the greatest of conquerors."

"He who lives a hundred years, not seeing the highest law, a life of one day is better, if a man sees the highest law."

"Let no man think lightly of evil, saying in his heart, it will not come near unto me. Even by the falling of water-drops a water-pot is filled; the fool becomes full of evil, even if he gathers it little by little."

"Do not speak harshly to anybody; those who are spoken to will answer thee in that same way. Angry speech is painful, blows for blows will touch thee."

"Self is the lord of self, who else could be the lord? With self well-subdued, a man finds a lord such as few can find."

"His good works receive him who has done good, and has gone from this world to the other, as kinsmen receive a friend on his return."

"If anything is to be done, let a man do it, let him attack it vigorously! A careless pilgrim only scatters the dust of his passions more widely."

"Let each man make himself as he teaches others to be; he who is well subdued may subdue (others); one's own self is difficult to subdue."

"Let a man overcome anger by love, let him overcome evil by good, let him overcome the greedy by liberality, the liar by truth."

"Speak the truth, do not yield to anger, give, if thou art asked, from the little thou hast; by those steps thou wilt go near the gods."

"He from whom anger and hatred, pride and envy have dropped like a mustard seed from the point of an awl, him I call indeed a *Brâhmana.*"

"He who calls nothing his own, whether it be before, behind, or between, who is poor, and free from the love of the world, him I call indeed a *Brâhmana.*"

But isolated passages hardly do justice to this remarkable production, which needs to be read as a whole in order to be understood. These will show, however, how many gleams of eternal truth break through the cloud of metaphysical Transcendentalism.

"As little children lisp and tell of Heaven,
So thoughts beyond their thoughts to those high bards were given."

From a translation of "A Sermon of Buddha," published in the *Contemporary Review* for February, 1876, which is full of a practical morality, somewhat recalling the Proverbs of Solomon, the following passages are given:—

"The wise man who lives a virtuous life, gentle and prudent, lowly and teachable, such a one shall be exalted. Benevolent, friendly, grateful, liberal, a guide, instructor, and trainer of men, such a one shall attain honour."

"Liberality, courtesy, benevolence, unselfishness, under all circumstances and towards all men,—these qualities are to the world what the linch-pin is to the rolling chariot. And when these qualities are waning, neither father nor mother will receive honour and support from a son. And because wise men foster these qualities, therefore do they prosper and receive praise."

It is certainly a striking example of the rule of exceptions to all rules that the purest practical morality which ever existed apart from what we specifically term "revelation," "was taught by men with whom the gods had become mere phantoms, and who had no altars, not even an altar to the 'Unknown God.'" Yet, viewed theoretically, and taking motives into consideration, the morality of the Buddhist system is far from being the highest. It teaches, "Do good *that you may be happy;*" not, "Do good *because it is right,*" or, "that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven." Self-love—the desire of rest from pain—is made the motive for conquering self-love, which is a practical impossibility.† What wonder that the type

* Compare—"She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth;" and similar texts.

† This theoretical inconsistency does not in the least derogate from the devoted "enthusiasm of humanity" that possessed Buddha and some of his nobly unselfish followers. In the Chinese Fo-worship, the Liturgy, is recorded the following vow of the Bodhisatta Kavan Yiu—the great Compassionate Heart or Mercy: "Never will I seek or receive

of the Buddhist Brâhmana now should most frequently be, not the earnest, contemplative ascetic, striving by self-conquest for purification, but the ignorant, superstitious priest of China or Siam, who prostrates himself before the images of the Buddha and his successors, and drearily chants monotonous litanies in a language unintelligible to him, while he holds out a hand to receive an alms or examine the dress of a passer-by?

Yet, though Buddhism failed of its purpose because it sought to—

> "Wind itself too high
> For sinful man beneath the sky;"

because ordinary men, not being philosophers, became idolaters, and being denied the personal God for whom the heart of man consciously and unconsciously cried out, deified mortals and made them the objects of dependence and prayer,—still it undoubtedly had a merciful mission to humanity. It broke down the barriers of *caste*, the net-work of puerile observance, the pervading despotism, of Brahmanism, against which it was a reaction, and which are to-day, in India, the strongest barriers against a purer faith. Its mission was to humanity as a whole, not to a particular class or nation; it taught the right of every soul to receive and recognise truth for itself, protesting emphatically against the idea of an hereditary caste of "twice-born" men, appointed to be the absolute guides and masters of the people. It taught, emphatically, that a man's true "life consisteth *not* in the abundance of the things which he possesseth," that the work of purification is an inward one, and that the path to peace lies not in self-indulgence, but in *self-denial*. It inculcated the duty of observing whatsoever things were "pure and lovely and of good report," and so far followed close upon the footsteps of Christianity. It kept inviolate the rights of conscience, and never attempted to use the secular arm in support of its purely moral suasion, even though itself frequently suffering persecution.

But in some most important points it fell far short of our fuller and purer faith. It knew nothing of a Father in Heaven and His infinite love for a world lying in wickedness. It could not tell that "*this* is life eternal—to know the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom He has sent." It taught men that it was needful to "die unto sin and live unto righteousness;" but it could not teach that, if "we be dead with Christ we shall also *live* with Him." It could bring no strong, tender power, like the "constraining love of Christ," to touch the heart and raise man above the innate evil of his nature. Cultivating an even morbid disdain of this present world, it perverted God's social order, and filled Northern Asia with crowds of idle mendicants under the guise of devotees, seeking a barren self-purification. It could hold out no bright hope of purity and eternal blessedness in the "Father's House." It taught that they are blessed who "hunger and thirst after righteousness," but it could not tell how, "by the obedience of One, many are made righteous." It taught that "he that doeth these things shall live by them," but it could hold out no hope to the weak, helpless sinner who cannot do the things he would do, and who must die unless he can live "by faith." Buddha seems scarcely to have conceived of sin as *guilt*, rather as simply the source of misery, and he had nothing to offer to the troubled conscience—no knowledge of the mystery of the Divine love and suffering, which, in the Atonement of Christ, raises the guilt-stricken sinner sunk in hopeless despair, and reconciles him to God. He saw that "the blood of bulls and goats cannot take away sin," but to him was not revealed the knowledge of the perfect Sacrifice who was to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself. And for this very reason the vitality of Buddhism was soon exhausted, and it exists now only as a superstitious idolatry, fast becoming effete. It offered morality without religion, as Brahmanism had offered religion without morality. Christianity embraces the essential ideas of both, and more than fulfils the highest spiritual aspiration of Buddha. He had his mission to fulfil in preparing the way for a greater than he, and we can be thankful for the light shed in darkness by this "Star in the East," even while we feel that not from the mountains of Nepaul, but from the hill country of Judæa shone that "true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

FIDELIS.

individual salvation, never enter final peace above, but forever and everywhere will I live and strive for the universal redemption of every creature throughout all worlds. Until all are delivered, never will I leave the world of sin, sorrow, or struggle; but will remain where I am."

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

THIS remarkable woman was born at Norwich, June 12th, 1802, and died at Ambleside, June 27th, 1876. She therefore filled more than man's allotted span of life. There is nothing strange in that. But what is very curious is this—that she survived for twenty-two years sentence of death passed upon her by her physicians, which might be looked for at any moment. She made her will, arranged all her affairs, wrote her autobiography, and remained, as her "memorialist" phrases it, "waiting for death." And she awaited it with perfect equanimity. Thence it happens that her history of herself comes no further down than 1855, a great loss to the world. The gap is filled indeed, but very insufficiently filled, by certain "Memorials."

From a bird's-eye view of the life of Harriet Martineau, it will be found to divide itself very distinctly into five periods—from her birth to the age of thirty; from that to thirty-seven; thence to forty-three; thence to fifty-three; and from that time till her death. There is indeed a certain symmetry in this partition. There is, first, a long, toilsome up-hill road; then there is a level of overflowing success and enjoyment, including foreign travel; next comes the middle period of almost total rest and seclusion, enforced, it is true, followed by one almost exactly corresponding with that which preceded it; and then, to match the first period, the long down-hill course to the grave, only not toilsome but tranquil.

The first period need not detain us long. There is indeed a great deal that is very curious and interesting, as related in the autobiography, concerning the early yearnings and struggles of an intellect which was to obtain so wide a range, but they can only be looked upon as preparatory. There followed "metal more attractive."

At the age of thirty, Harriet Martineau removed from Norwich to London, and made but one leap into popularity and fame. A young single woman (but, a hundred chances to one, all the better for that); writing for bread, "up two pair of stairs," in Conduit street; already incurably deaf, and not attractive in person; of provincial birth and breeding (take that for what it is worth, but Miss Martineau gives weight to it herself); she made her own open-sesame to all that was most agreeable in London society, and she thoroughly entered into it and enjoyed it. Somebody's carriage was generally sent for her, and she dined out every day but Sundays. She might find herself at table between the Lord Chancellor on one hand and Sir Edwin Landseer on the other. A list of all the celebrated people whom she met at other houses, and who paid her visits at her own, would be almost without end. Of all these she speaks in her autobiography with the untrammelled freedom of a voice which was only to be heard from beyond the grave. Of some of them good things are told. Here is one: "When Mr. and Mrs. —— travelled in Italy, they were attacked by banditti, who meant to carry Mr. —— into the mountains for ransom. Mrs. —— was bent on going with him; and rather than have her the banditti let him go. Rogers says he did not believe it till he saw her; when he no longer doubted. How like him!" Of Rogers she says: "Mr. Rogers was my neighbour from the time when I went to live in Fludyer street; and many were the parties to which he took me in his carriage. Many also were the breakfasts to which he invited me; those breakfasts, the fame of which has spread over the literary world. I could not often go—indeed scarcely ever—so indispensable to my work were my morning hours and strength; and, when Mr. Rogers perceived this, he asked me to dinner, or in the evening. But I did occasionally go to breakfast, and he made it easy by saving me the street passage. He desired his gardener to leave the garden gate unlocked, and I merely crossed the park and stepped in through the breakfast-room window." This is pleasant, but it is more than that; it is significant of the estimation in which Harriet Martineau was held by the choicest

society of that day in London. Sidney Smith, hearing that Rogers had written nothing lately but a couplet, "Nothing but a couplet!" he exclaimed; "why, what would you have? When Rogers produces a couplet, he goes to bed:

> And the caudle is made;
> And the knocker is tied;
> And straw is laid down;

and when his friends send to inquire,—Mr. Rogers is as well as can be expected." This story is on Miss Martineau's authority, and here is another on the same: "What do you think he said to me?" cried the complainant (a friend of Captain Ross, the Arctic explorer, speaking of Jeffrey) "Why, he damned the North Pole!" "Well, never mind, never mind," said Sidney Smith, soothingly. "Never mind his damning the North Pole; *I* have heard him speak disrespectfully of the Equator."

Among the celebrities of the day there were a few to whom Miss Martineau refused to be introduced, on account of "ribald" language and ridicule used against her, and of these were Lockhart of the *Quarterly* and Moore. The story of the *Quarterly* is worth telling. Among the political economy series of Tales, the starting-point from which the authoress strode into fame, was one on population, dealt with in the Malthusian spirit, and, no doubt, a very ticklish subject for a young unmarried woman to touch. Miss Martineau says: "When the course of my exposition brought me to the Population subject, I, with my youthful and provincial mode of thought and feeling—brought up too amidst the prudery which is found in its greatest force in our middle class—could not but be sensible that I risked much in writing and publishing on a subject which was not universally treated in the pure, benevolent, and scientific spirit of Malthus himself. I felt that the subject was one of science, and therefore perfectly easy to treat in itself; but I was aware that some evil associations had gathered about it,—though I did not know what they were. While writing 'Weal and Woe in Garnloch,' the perspiration many a time streamed down my face, though I knew there was not a line in it which might not be read aloud in any family. The misery arose from my seeing how the simplest statements and reasonings might and probably would be perverted. I said nothing to anybody, and, when the number was finished, I read it aloud to my mother and aunt. If there had been any opening whatever for doubt or dread, I was sure that these two ladies would have given me abundant warning and exhortation—both from their very keen sense of propriety and their affection for me. But they were as complacent and easy as they had been interested and attentive." And in reply to a lady who wrote her an impertinent letter on the subject: "As for the question you put about the principles of my Series,—if you believe the Population question to be, as you say, the most serious now agitating society, you can hardly suppose that I shall omit it, or that I can have been heedless of it in forming my plan. I consider it, as treated by Malthus, a strictly philosophical question. So treating it, I find no difficulty in it; and there can be no difficulty in it for those who approach it with a single mind. To such I address myself. If any others should come whispering to me that I need not listen to, I shall shift my trumpet and take up my knitting." Nevertheless a storm was brewing. "While all this was going on," writes Miss Martineau, "without my knowledge, warnings came to me from two quarters that something prodigious was about to happen." "On the same day, another friend called to tell me that my printers (who also printed the *Quarterly*) thought I ought to know that 'the filthiest thing that had passed through the press for a quarter of a century' was coming out against me in the *Quarterly*. I could not conceive what all this meant; and I do not half understand it now; but it was enough to perceive that the design was to discredit me with some sort of evil imputation." Farther on: "I heard, some years after, that one or two literary ladies had said that they, in my place, would have gone into the mountains or to the antipodes, and never shown their faces again, and that there were inquiries in abundance of my friends how I stood it. But I gave no sign. The reply always was that I looked very well and happy—just as usual." This was Miss Martineau all over. Throughout all her life she was fearlessly truthful, even audacious, when she had the truth to tell. She says herself: "On five occasions of my life I have found myself obliged to write and publish what I entirely believed would be ruinous to my reputation and prosperity. In no one of

the five cases has the result been what I anticipated. I find myself at the close of my life prosperous in name and fame, in my friendships and in my affairs. But it may be considered to have been a narrow escape in the first instance; for everything was done that low-minded recklessness and malice could do to destroy my credit and influence by gross appeals to the prudery, timidity, and ignorance of the middle classes of England." This is strong language, but who has not had occasion to see, or to hear of, the disgraceful lengths to which reviewers, behind their shield of impersonality, permit themselves to go? Here is another peep behind the scenes of reviewing, this time of the *Edinburgh*: "We *were* savage," replied Sidney Smith to Miss Martineau; "I remember (and it was plain he could not help enjoying the remembrance) how Brougham and I sat trying one night how we could exasperate our cruelty to the utmost. We had got hold of a poor nervous little vegetarian, who had put out a poor silly little book; and, when we had done our review of it, we sat trying (and here he joined his finger and thumb, as if dropping from a phial) to find one more chink, one more crevice, through which we might drop in one more drop of verjuice, to eat into his bones." There is many a true word said in jest. Sidney Smith was naturally a good-natured man, but when he took in his hand the pen of the reviewer, venom—the venom of irony and ridicule—flowed from it.

It must not be supposed that Miss Martineau submitted to be lionised. At least she thought—as all persons think in her situation—that she did not. She writes: "I could never sympathize fully with his" (Hallam's) "reverence for people of rank, and he could not understand my principles and methods of self-defence against the dangers and disgusts of 'lionism.' For one instance: I never would go to Lansdowne House, because I knew that I was invited there as an authoress, to undergo, as people did at that house, the most delicate and refined process of being lionised—but still the process. The Marquis and Marchioness of Lansdowne, and a son and daughter, caused me to be introduced to them at Sir Augustus Calcott's; and their not being introduced to my mother, who was with me, showed the footing on which I stood. I was then just departing for America. On my return I was invited to every kind of party at Lansdowne House—a concert, a state dinner, a friendly dinner party, a small evening party, and a ball—and I declined them all. I went nowhere but where my acquaintance was sought, as a lady, by ladies. Mr. Hallam told me—what was true enough—that Lady Lansdowne, being one of the Queen's ladies, and Lord Lansdowne, being a Cabinet Minister, could not make calls. If so, it made no difference in my disinclination to go, in a blue-stocking way, to a house where I was not really acquainted with anybody. Mr. Hallam, I saw, thought me conceited and saucy; but I felt I must take my own methods of preserving my social independence." This is amusing enough, in face of the fact that the sole introduction and passport of this daughter of a Norwich manufacturer into the best society of London was her literary fame, and that at Mr. Rogers's for instance, there was no "lady" to invite her, for he was unmarried. We smile, but we must admit that there are few hobbies that are not made to caracole rather ridiculously at times.

The unexampled feat of producing thirty-six monthly tales as illustrations of political economy, with the strain of their immense success and the associated fear of falling below their mark, and probably the dissipations of life and society, told upon Miss Martineau's health, and necessitated the relaxation of foreign travel. Her course was bent in the direction of the United States, to which country she went with an evident bias in favor of some of its institutions. The people, susceptible as they are to the opinion of foreign travellers, and of the British especially, received her with open arms, and loaded her with flattering attentions. In company with a lady-companion, engaged for the occasion, she made a lengthened tour of two years, throughout all the then existing States. She did not altogether escape ridicule (that wicked wag, Sam Slick, among others, amused himself with her and her proceedings), and there *are* who say that she was "fooled to the top of her bent."

She made one great mistake. She identified herself with the abolitionists of Boston, and made a speech at one of their public meetings. It was fearless, as it always was with her; for the people of the States, northern as well as southern, held the abolitionists in such bad odour, that Lloyd Garrison wrote at Boston with pistols on his desk,

and they were subjected not only to tarring and feathering, riding on a rail, &c., but even to murder. Miss Martineau herself was credibly informed that her own personal safety could not be insured on a certain line of route, which she had chosen for her subsequent travel, including Cincinnati and the Ohio, and very reluctantly she consented to change it. No doubt the impulses of the abolitionists were good, but, as it is with all enthusiasts, they were carried away by them. Miss Martineau might have been expected to know better. It was not her place publicly to attack the institutions of the country whose hospitality she was enjoying. In the Southern States, more particularly, she had already enjoyed all the warm hospitality that could be shown to her. While there, she seems to have been fully sensible that the abolitionists were doing, not only more harm than good, but unmixed mischief. The Boston people had even less right than a foreigner. When it suited their purpose they had entered into a pact with the slaveholders by which they had guaranteed the institution of slavery, and had actually endowed it with representative rights under the constitution. If a body of abolitionists had attempted by violence to force the abolition of slavery (the means were ludicrously inadequate to the end), they would have been treated as pirates, and the laws of their country would not have protected them. If any foreign power had levied war against the Southern States for the same purpose, the whole power of the United States, including that of Massachusetts (and the abolitionists themselves would have joined in it, must have joined in it), would have been used to repel the invasion and to uphold slavery. We all know what the slavery of the Southern States was. You may call it by all the hard names you will. Exaggeration is possible, even on that theme, but it went far to deserve them all. It was not, however, for a handful of people in Boston to break the faith which the whole Northern people had pledged for their own purposes, and of which they had reaped the advantages. The end, you will say, has been gained. The slaves have been emancipated. It is well. But it was simply a war measure. The North began the war with a distinct declaration that slavery should not be interfered with. This, Miss Martineau says, greatly puzzled the British people, and herself among them. The object was to prevent, if possible, the whole body of the Southern States from joining the Confederacy in a mass. When that failed, and victory for the North was sufficiently insured (two or three years afterward), then came the Emancipation Proclamation, as a penalty inflicted on the conquered South, just as the cession of Alsace and Lorraine, and the payment of four hundred millions of pounds sterling, was inflicted by Germany upon conquered France. It would be difficult to say, perhaps, which was the more huge confiscation.

The truth seems to have been that the abolitionists of Boston were chiefly ladies—or that at least their influence was predominant—and we can perfectly well understand why certain points about slavery should be peculiarly hateful, and righteously hateful, to women, and to Miss Martineau, as a woman. But upon this point women lose their heads, as we most of us lose our heads on some point or other. When Mrs. Stowe, after writing "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—an indisputably clever book, but *packed* to the last degree—was enthroned, and held her court, in one of the saloons of the Duchess of Sutherland (if memory can be trusted), the Women of England got up some sort of public address to the Women of the Southern States, dwelling upon this hateful point. What happened? Did the Southern ladies cordially join hands with their Eastern sisters? Not a bit of it! The Women of England had reckoned without their host. Said, in effect, the mothers, wives, sisters of slaveholding men: "Mind your own business. Cleanse your own cities from their pollution. Come to us with clean hands."

At the house of the present writer was, a few days ago, a Canadian gentleman, at present residing in New York, whose professional avocations had lately called him to the Southern States. Conversing about the manumitted coloured people, and their present and former condition, the writer said, "There were great abominations under slavery." "True," said he, "*but there are greater abominations now.*"

The foregoing subject assumed such prominence with Miss Martineau, that no more than its fair share of consideration has been given to it.

It may be supposed that the subject of what are called "Women's Rights," came up in connection with Miss Martineau's tour in

the United States. She was an adherent of the cause, as might be expected, but, as might be made very sure of, a very moderate one. She could not, indeed, for very shame, have been otherwise, for, if ever there was an example which showed that a career is open to women if they can only make it for themselves, and that they lie under no disabilities whatever, unless it be their own incompetency, it was the case of Harriet Martineau. A gentleman in the States (it is said that the men there would only too gladly retrace their steps, were that now in their power), asked her whether she really thought that women had the same privileges and rights as men. "That," she replied, "depends upon their *powers*." Precisely so. Harriet Martineau had powers, and she had achieved for herself the rights and privileges of a man. But, if you take the great bulk of mankind, and the great bulk of womankind; if you measure the powers of the one against the powers of the other; if you weigh man's work in the world against woman's work; the difference is so vast, so immeasurable, indeed, that any comparison becomes an absurdity. Strike man's work out of the world, and what remains? From all the benefits that women enjoy, strike off those for which they are indebted to man, and what remains? It is very much to be feared that for "rights" we must read "obligations," and that repayment for these obligations—even were the possibility of that to be dreamed of—must precede rights. We need not therefore be surprised that we find Harriet Martineau—for, with her keen intelligence, she could not have been blind to all this—a very mild and modest advocate of "Women's Rights." There were other causes into which she threw herself, heart and soul; this one comes up incidentally only.

Here is a significant scrap worth quoting from her autobiography (the italics are this writer's): "*It is an awful choice before me!* Such facilities for usefulness and activity of knowledge; *such certain toil and bondage;* such risk of failure and descent from my position! *The realities of life press upon me now.* If I do this, *I must brace myself up to do and suffer like a man. No more waywardness, precipitation, and reliance on allowance from others! Undertaking a man's duty, I must brave a man's fate.*" You may safely defy words to put the case stronger than that. The woman must be put off and the man taken on. How does it look, put in that shape? How many women could do it? How many women would wish to do it? Pshaw! It is mere waste of words. You might as well say that an apple might become an onion. Both capital things. Of which should we mourn the loss most?

One smiles, too, with a little, perhaps, pardonable malice, when he finds a strong-minded woman like Miss Martineau, writing a trifle (for her) called "A Month at Sea," describing her own homeward voyage (all real except the proper names), of which the burden is the misbehaviour of members of her own sex. One lady passenger throws her breakfast in the face of the stewardess; another, in a rage, flings her plate all down the length of the table; "the last act on board" of a third, was "ordering the steward to throw overboard Miss Saunders's geranium, brought from Dr. Channing's garden in Rhode Island, and kept alive through the voyage with great care." All three, having given the stewardess more trouble than any others of the passengers—but *cela va sans dire*—combine to cheat the "poor girl" out of her fees, "her only wages." Were it not that Miss Martineau is invulnerable in her truthfulness—erring on that side, if that be possible—one would really look on such things as these with some incredulity. But there they are, and it is Harriet Martineau who tells them. She must have been in luck's way. The present writer has crossed the Atlantic too, more than once or twice; he has not penetrated, it is true, the sanctities of the ladies' cabin, except now and then, under authorized circumstances, but he has not been fortunate enough to witness such freaks as those described.

Miss Martineau had hardly set foot in London again when there began a scramble between rival publishers for any work on America that she might be induced to write. There were three of them in her house at once, in different rooms, and, as each of them was on bad terms with the other two, it required some diplomacy to prevent a collision on the staircase. Miss Martineau had under consideration an offer of nine hundred pounds for a work in three volumes, when she received another offer of two thousand pounds for the same. This she declined in favour of the former—it is rather difficult to say why, as, though it appeared to her an

extravagant proposal, a thing is worth what it will fetch, and the offer was made by Mr. Colburn, a publisher of first-class standing in his business. Each of these publishers made her an offer of a thousand pounds for the first novel she should write. These facts will serve to show by an unerring test the rank which Miss Martineau had already taken as an authoress. The result was two works on America—the later one being of a lighter and more personal kind than the other—each of them in three volumes. When these were finished, Miss Martineau wrote her first and only novel. It had a very satisfactory success. But, without reading "Deerbrook," it is easy to see that her talents did not lay in the direction of the novel. She had great, very great, talents, but little genius; she would not herself allow that she had any. She was no Charlotte Brontë or George Eliot. Her tone of mind and thought were too didactic; she invariably wrote for a purpose; thoroughly mastered her subject—or rather it might be said that it thoroughly mastered her—and went straight to her point and kept to it. Viewed by that light, her manner and style were perfection. It would be difficult to imagine anything more lucid, plain, and simple. And to this may be added her unvarying excellence of purpose. So far as anything she wrote could be called a work of imagination, it was only that fiction should give force to fact. Such was the scheme of her political economy tales, which laid the foundation of her great success as a writer. Of the greatness of that success there can be no question. To mention one single department only, where shall we look for another woman who could write more than sixteen hundred leading articles for a London paper of the highest class (sometimes as many as six in a week), an order of literature which is ephemeral, if you will, and leaves little or no fame behind it, but which demands almost unlimited resources, and is paid at a high rate accordingly. Other women may have been as great, but in different ways; Harriet Martineau stands alone.

But again her health gave way, and again she sought recreation in foreign travel. At Venice the symptoms became very serious, and she was brought home on a couch contrived for her in a carriage.

And here ends the second period of Harriet Martineau's life, a period of feverish excitement and enjoyment, of social and literary success, and of comparatively great gain. But only comparative. Most writers, at the outset of their career, fall into the clutches of some publisher, who, if he does not suck their blood, sucks their brains. Do not blame him. Brains are his natural diet, what he was made to live on. Neither he nor his client foresees the success that is to ensue. As a tradesman, he has to take all the advantages of his capital and his judgment. If young authors cannot live with him, they certainly could not live without him.

Miss Martineau herself says: "Here closed the anxious period during which my reputation, and my industry, and my social intercourses were at their height of prosperity; but which was so charged with troubles that when I lay down on my couch of pain in my Tynemouth lodging, for a confinement of nearly six years, I felt myself comparatively happy in my release from responsibility, anxiety, and suspense. The worst sufferings of my life were over now; and its best enjoyments and privileges were to come—though I little knew it, and they were yet a good way off." What a remarkable declaration is this! What could show more strikingly how little the world knows what lies beneath the surface—all that it can see! The autobiography leaves no doubt that Miss Martineau alludes, in at least a great degree, to the wearing effects of her mother's irritability and jealousy of her daughter's fame and social standing, and her dominant spirit, which insisted on inflicting on her daughter very burdensome and harmful restrictions. These are very painful traits of character to read of, and it might have been better if Miss Martineau had not bared them to the public view. All that can be said is that she was one who could not keep back the truth nor tell it by halves. That she endured it all, while she was perfectly at liberty to free herself from it at any moment had she chosen, until she broke down under it, is sufficient proof that she was not wanting in filial piety. The present writer may perhaps be permitted to say that he would not have written what Miss Martineau has written, but he thinks he can understand how she came to write it. And there he leaves the matter to the judgment of the reader. It may be added, however,

that so completely has Harriet Martineau established a character for openness and candour, that, when she thought proper, for reasons personal and peculiar to herself, to publish one of her smaller works anonymously, her nearest intimates "confidently denied" that the book could be hers, because she had not imparted the authorship to them.

It has been said that the middle period of Miss Martineau's life was one of enforced rest and seclusion. It could not be expressed in stronger language than that used by herself, which we have just seen. No more need be said about this period till it draws toward a close, except that it was a curious proof of how completely what she wrote was under the dominion of her experiences and convictions, that she now produced two works called "Life in a Sick Room" and "Essays from a Sick Room." These at once enlisted the sympathies of the public, and are, by some persons, preferred to all her other books. In after years she came to look upon the state of mind and feelings which dictated them as "morbid," but this was the fruit of the transcendental and sublimated philosophy to which she had then attained, and into which we do not propose to attempt to follow her, from despair of doing it justice, however great the temptation may be. But human nature is made up of sympathies and antipathies, and that elevation which raises us above them must be but a dreary height after all. With Miss Martineau it was but in imagination. Her whole life does, in reality, exhibit warm sympathies with her kind.

Mention, however, must by no means be omitted of the fact that, at this period, Miss Martineau for the second time (a third was yet to come) declined the offer of a pension from Government, pressed upon her acceptance. And this, too, when her means were extremely limited, in consequence of her having invested the greater part of her savings, small at best, in a deferred annuity, not yet come into fruition, and when her power to do literary work was very much curtailed.

We will then take a leap over five years and alight on the spot which immediately preceded her complete recovery. The story of that recovery is so extremely curious that we shall do well if we escape spoiling it in the telling. Her condition was this: Every thing that medical skill, including a consultation with Sir Charles Clark, could do had been tried in vain. She could not move from her sofa. A journey to London could not be attempted. Her state was declared to be hopelessly incurable. She might linger, but recovery there could not be. She was obliged to have constant recourse to opiates. Under such circumstances should not we ourselves have caught at any treatment, whether empirical or not, that held out a spark of hope? Should we not think that blame for doing so was refinement of cruelty? Miss Martineau says: "For my part, if any friend of mine had been lying in a suffering and hopeless state for nearly six years, and if she had fancied she might get well by standing on her head instead of her heels, or exciting charms, or bestriding a broomstick, I should have helped her to try." To be sure. Will it be believed then that a storm of incredulity and insult burst upon her (it shows how large a space she filled in the public eye), led by the doctors, and culminating in family dissensions—wounds that were never to be healed! The writer can well remember what a turmoil of excitement it produced. It is only thirty-three years ago.

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton had written to Miss Martineau, recommending her to try mesmerism, in which she was already a believer. Now, mesmerism was still in the days of its nonage. Dr. Elliotson had shortly before exhibited some experiments upon three young girls, epileptic patients in University College Hospital, which this writer witnessed, and extremely curious they were, and convincing as far as they went. But the storm had broken upon him too. His practice fell away in consequence of his excursions beyond the bounds of lawful medical practice, and his swarthy visage, so familiar an object, in his open carriage, in London streets, was for a while under an eclipse. For a while only.

Miss Martineau had recourse to mesmerism, and what is certain is, that her complete recovery was simultaneous with the change in her treatment. It seemed little short of a miracle. In about six months, she was climbing the wintry hills of Westmoreland, "in a snow storm," and, in less than two years afterwards, she was—and let any one who wants to know what that is try it—riding a camel through the desert of Sinai,

in permanently established health and strength.

But, not to anticipate, she had fire and water to go through first. Foremost in the crusade against her were the doctors, and they were banded as one man. It *was* irritating. It is necessary to allude to the nature of the disease, because what rendered the cure still more extraordinary is, that it could be relieved by a surgical operation only —the removal of a tumour—and, as that was not tried, it may be supposed to have been not practicable. But, at this point, there steps in an empirical practice, which laughs surgery and surgeons to scorn. Nevertheless Miss Martineau was pestered with "disagreeable applications from medical men, requesting to know the facts of the case." But the worst of all was, that her own previously constant medical attendant, her own brother-in-law, "published the case—not in a Medical Journal where nobody but the profession would ever have seen it, and where I should never have heard of it—but in a shilling pamphlet—not even written in Latin, but open to all the world! When, in addition to such an act as this, he declared that it was done under my sanction, I had much ado to keep my calmness at all. But the sympathy of all the world—even of the medical profession—was by this act secured to me; and the whole affair presently passed from my mind." Before this happy state was reached, however, Miss Martineau had been compelled in self-defence, with her usual fearlessness in facing any accusation or injustice, however repulsive (a noble instance of which occurred in her last days, not on her own behalf, but on the behalf of others), to place the whole simple truth before the public in a series of letters to the *Athenæum* (afterwards reprinted), which brought treatment upon her from the editor of that journal, after he had made his own large profits out of them (not having paid anything for them, by express condition of Miss Martineau), which was little, if at all, less shameful than that already recorded. Miss Martineau's own words are: "Appended to the last was a string of comments by the editor insulting and slanderous to the last degree."

When all is said, however, we must pause. It can hardly be supposed that any woman, subjected to such disagreeable and painful conflicts as Miss Martineau was engaged in more than once or twice, can have been altogether without blame. She was very firm in her convictions, perhaps dogmatic, and perhaps combative, but her autobiography exhibits no such spirit. It is composed in a singularly even and moderate tone, never dwelling upon enmities, never once breaking out into invectives. It would perhaps not be possible to find a second example of language as strong as that just quoted. That she had a burning indignation against wrong is certain—and who that is worth a thought has not a burning indignation against wrong? But she met it with argument, not with violence. That she was perfectly sincere in her convictions cannot be questioned. Upon her veracity there can be no doubt thrown. After all abatement made, there is no resisting the conclusion that she was subjected to disgraceful and, in at least a great degree, unmerited persecutions. For the undaunted yet quiet spirit in which she met them, no admiration could be too great.

Nevertheless, other considerations irresistibly arise. With regard to the cure by mesmerism, there was no hocus pocus about it, no rising from her couch by magic. It was gradual, extending over four or five months. Gradually the case progressed, gradually the opiates were disused, and all drugs abandoned. Miss Martineau's own words are: "A tumour was forming." She uses the imperfect tense. Was it arrested in its formation by the mesmerism? Did the mesmerism act by removing the predisposing causes? But, according to what we have already seen, the predisposing causes were "unquestionably the result of excessive anxiety of mind," and those causes had been removed from the time of her going to Tynemouth, and yet no improvement had taken place. There seems to be but one explanation: the mesmerism must have gradually built up a healthful habit of body, by which all morbid conditions were thrown off.

But we can not yet stop there. It has been said that it was thirty-three years ago. Ample time. Of how many wonderful cures by mesmerism have we heard in that time? Have we heard of *any?* Has mesmerism superseded legitimate medical practice?

Ten years after this cure, Miss Martineau was again struck down by disease. What course does she take? Does she again have recourse to mesmerism? There is not a hint of it. On the contrary, she resorts to

physicians. They tell her that the disease is mortal—organic disease of the heart. Incurable, and productive of sudden death, to-day, to-morrow, years hence, it may be. (Which prediction, by the way, was not fulfilled.)

Well, if mesmerism could remove a tumour, could lift a sufferer from a five years' couch of pain, could it not cure disease of the heart? Why not? Why not try it again? Does it occur to the patient to try it? Apparently not. She quietly submits to the decree of the doctors, folds her mantle around her, and calmly awaits the result. Was her faith in it shaken? Nay, she was at that very moment describing all that has been now repeated, living over again, in her autobiography, the events of those ten years before. It is all impenetrable. It is to be feared that the matter remains in the same obscurity from which Miss Martineau in vain endeavoured to lift it up into light. It is much to be doubted whether the doctors have not the best of it, after all.

Miss Martineau was also a firm believer in clairvoyance, and she tells two stories, which, if they are to be taken *au pied de la lettre*, establish the fact absolutely. But it lies under much the same conditions as mesmerism, it has been discredited by much jugglery, and we cannot find space for it here.

The beginning of the fourth period of Miss Martineau's life was the turning-point in her career. She entered upon entirely new conditions. With her usual masculine decision and independence, she adopted a totally new mode of life. She severed all old ties. She abandoned, once and for ever, all the blandishments of city life, and that city, London, where she had reigned as one of its queens—albeit a lesser potentate—and went away into the wilds of Westmoreland, some three hundred miles away from everywhere and everybody, and there she built herself a house. Wordsworth came over to see her, planted a tree in her place in a workmanlike manner, washed his hands in the watering pot, took both hers in his, and wished her long life and happiness in her new abode. She exchanged the soot, the dirt, the smoke, the fog, the crush of human beings, the struggle and strain for life, the roar and turmoil of traffic, for tranquillity, silence, clear skies, the stars at night, the songs of birds, the perfume of flowers, the rustle of leaves. Instead of being lost as a unit in a seething mass of men and women, not knowing nor caring whether her next-door neighbour lived or died, she had dependents within her boundary and without, who looked up to her with esteem and love (Charlotte Brontë tells us that): the postmaster, the driver of the stage-coach, the butcher and baker, the letter-carrier, the innkeeper, became her personal friends. She was familiar with the mothers and the children (perhaps with the probabilities of future babies), knew their names and their ages. When one might say, in her presence, that the blacksmith's eldest girl was six years old. "What!" she might say, "Selina! why she was running about when I first came here, and that will be seven years, come next November." Her domain no longer extended all along Pall Mall, Piccadilly, and Portland Place. It lay within the boundary of a humble two acres. But the mountains, the streams, the woods, the waterfalls, the lakes, the glorious scenery were hers, in common with the rest of the world. She even became a noted agriculturist. The wonders she did with her "farm" were noised far and wide, so that, as usual and of course, she gave her experiences to the world in printed form. Wordsworth came to see her "first calf." "Our superb meal-fed pig weighs nearly nineteen stone." "Let who may come, there are always hams and bacon and eggs in the house." Delicious!

In short she became a pattern country gentlewoman. She says that if she had died in her bed-room at Tynemouth, she would have thought that she had enjoyed an average happy life, but that, until now, she never knew what happiness meant.

This lady, who could write the "Thirty Years' Peace," "Eastern Life, Present and Past," an elaborate analysis of the *Philosophie Positive* of Comte, her share of the "Atkinson Letters" (all within this period), sixteen hundred leaders for the Daily News, and as many as fifty biographical sketches of the eminent men and women of the time, which, at their death, were published in that paper—her own among the number!—could so describe the duties of a maid-of-all-work that she was supposed to have been one herself, and condescended to write also a Visitor's Guide to the Lakes. And all done in the same painstaking, industrious manner. She was a nonsuch truly. The old comparison to an elephant's trunk, which can tear

up a stout oak sapling by the roots or pick up a pin; or to the steam hammer, which can crack a nut or crush an iron bolt, applies to her case too.

And yet Harriet Martineau was not infallible. Who is? It was also during this period that she asked the question—and perhaps her interest in the Women's Rights agitation has been underrated—"Do you know that nineteen-twentieths of the women of England earn their bread?" What, then? If it be a merit—or a hardship—to earn your daily bread, how great must be the merit—or the hardship—of earning ten times as much? Did it never occur, one may well wonder, to this wise lady, to inquire who earns all that there is over and above daily bread—the comforts, luxuries, refinements that women and men enjoy in common? Suppose that, in a playful mood, men were to set up a society for the assertion of the Rights of Men—for the declaration that they would no longer be hewers of wood and drawers of water for women—were to go about parading themselves on platforms, with their clothes moulded on them, in the fashion of the day, so tight that all the fine, rigid, square lines of the masculine figure were brought out in high relief, and with which the difficulties of getting upon the platform were only exceeded by those of getting down again. The present writer, who has the great honour and pleasure of addressing the present agreeable and attractive reader, has been, metaphorically—like all other men whom he knows anything about—and literally—like a good many of them—a hewer of wood and drawer of water for women. He is well up in his sixties, and has been but a weakling at his best of times, but no longer ago than last winter, he might have been seen, when the storm raged too wildly and the snowdrifts were too deep for a tall, robust young servant girl of twenty, drawing water for her from—let us say—as far as one could throw a stone, and all up hill too, at that. And, as for sticks of stove-wood—*not* hewers of wood and drawers of water! *Experto crede.*

Miss Martineau makes another little *faux pas*. She congratulates herself on her "farm," as providing her with the "comfort of a strong man on the premises for protection." What? You, a strong-minded woman, with rights and a masculine power of asserting them, to need the "comfort of a strong man on the premises for protection." For shame! And a single lady too! Oh, fie, Miss Martineau! I have no doubt, if we could only have seen it, that she was that man's bondswoman; that she hung on his lips; that his decrees as to the potatoes and cabbages and celery, the cows and pigs, the mangolds, the grass and the hay, were to her as the statutes of the realm. Ah! fondle our whimsies as we may, human nature is too strong for us. Men and women have been men and women from the beginning, and will be to the end of the chapter, when "finis" shall be written at the bottom of the last page, and the pen shall shrivel up in the fire. We need not doubt that Adam was dictatorial—that he was out of temper when the roots which he had dug, with infinite labour, with a wooden spade, painfully fashioned with a flint, were spoiled in the cooking; and that Eve sulked and cherished her rights, but that, when night and darkness overtook her, she felt the "comfort of a strong man on the premises for protection." The changes are rung, but the octaves and the fifths are ever the same; the difference is but in the distribution.

To be quite serious—and it is a very serious matter that we are now approaching—certain it is that in what appeared to be the most independent and daring act of Harriet Martineau's whole career, and at what was certainly the climax of her literary life and fame, she felt very much under the dominion of a masculine mind, and that of a man very much younger than herself. It was at this time—in 1850, when Miss Martineau was forty-eight years of age—that she published "Letters on Man's Nature and Development," which is a distinct declaration of disbelief in Christian theology and Revelation, and of which three-fourths or more was the work of one Mr. Atkinson, with whom she had become intimately acquainted about seventeen years before. It was done, of course, with his consent and connivance, but not at his instance; the responsibility of the publication rested with Miss Martineau. At the first glance, it seems an act of gratuitous audacity on her part; it was like flaunting a black flag in the face of all true believers. Whatever she might believe or disbelieve was not a matter of concern to the world at large. There was no necessity or excuse for subjecting the faith of all pious Christians to this shock. And that the shock was great the number of letters which she received on the subject from all persons, very clearly

proved. But to herself the matter presented itself in a different light. What she says—and on such an occasion we shall let her speak for herself and others speak for her, as far as possible—is this: "From the time when, in my youth, I uttered my notions and was listened to, I had no further choice. For a quarter of a century past, I had been answerable to an unknown number of persons for a declaration of my opinions, as my experience advanced, and I could not stop now. If I had desired it, any concealment would have been most imprudent. A life of hypocrisy was wholly impracticable to me, if it had been endurable in idea; and disclosure by bits, in mere conversation, could never have answered any other purpose than misleading my friends, and subjecting me to misconception. So much for the necessity and the prudence of a full avowal. A far more serious matter was the duty of it, in regard to integrity and humanity. My comrade and I were both pursuers of truth, and were bound to render our homage openly and devoutly. We both care for our kind; and we could not see them suffering as we had suffered without imparting to them our consolation and our joy. Having found, as we said, a spring in the desert, should we see the multitude wandering in desolation, and not show them our refreshment?"

And to this may be added what her memorialist says: "As to the general desertion of friends, on the occasion of this publication, which Charlotte Brontë supposes, it was not a fact, nor was Harriet Martineau one to grieve, if it had been so, over the sundering of false relations. It was the regard of those she really loved and honoured that she valued, and I am not aware of a single instance in which it was not ultimately increased by this renewed example of her fidelity to what she had ever esteemed the strongest moral obligation—'the obligation of inquirers after truth to communicate what they obtain.' I had the opportunity to see numbers of the representative men and women of the great world of London meeting her with undiminished cordiality, when she came there immediately afterwards."

Again, Miss Martineau says: "I anticipated excommunication from the world of literature, if not from society. This seems amusing enough now, when I have enjoyed more prosperity since the publication of that volume, realized more money, earned more fame of a substantial kind, seen more of my books go out of print, and made more friendships and acquaintance with really congenial people, than in any preceding four years of my life."

Miss Martineau was of course set down by the world in general as an atheist. Speaking of Charlotte Brontë, she says: "So was the readiness with which she admitted and accepted my explanation that I was an atheist in the vulgar sense—that of rejecting the popular theology—but not in the philosophical sense, of denying a First Cause."

As might have been expected, she brought down upon her head a storm of criticism and condemnation from almost every periodical publication in England. But, with one exception, the storm passed over with little damage. She had become pretty well used to buffets by this time, and she was in a position of such perfect contentment and happiness in all her surrounding circumstances, that such blows fell upon her comparatively harmless.

That one exception, however, was very severe. It is called her "Life Sorrow." Her own brother—and we rather think her favourite brother—the Rev. James Martineau, wrote as follows in an article called "Mesmeric Atheism," in the *Prospective Review:*

"But enough of this hierophant of the new atheism. With grief we must say that we remember nothing in literary history more melancholy, than that Harriet Martineau should be prostrated at the feet of such a master, should lay down at his bidding her early faith in moral obligation, in the living God, in the immortal sanctities; should glory in the infection of his blind arrogance and scorn, mistaking them for wisdom and pity, and meekly undertake to teach him grammar in return. Surely this inversion of the natural order of nobleness cannot last. If this be a specimen of mesmeric victories, such a conquest is more damaging than a thousand defeats."

After all that may be said for this brother—and more may be said than would perhaps appear on first impressions—it can scarcely be denied that he was superfluously cruel. A comparison forces its way between him and his sister. "When," she said, in a broken voice, to her who was to be the writer of the Memorials—"when you speak of my brother James, be as gentle as you can."

We may feel very sure that the sharpest sting in his criticism, was the tone in which he spoke of Mr. Atkinson. And yet that tone can hardly be wondered at. There was certainly something irregular—it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that there may have seemed to be something scandalous—in the close connection between Miss Martineau and Mr. Atkinson, and in the influence which he had over her, and which she chose thus to parade before the public. It may be safely assumed that he had superseded Mr. Martineau in that close communion which had previously existed between him and his sister. And, when to all this was added the peculiar shape which that influence had taken, it may be easily understood how the position was, to the last degree, galling to a brother, a minister of the gospel, and a man having, and having to maintain, a high standing in the literary and religious world. It assuredly was imperative upon him to disavow all participation in his sister's opinions: that was admitted. But it does not follow that he was justified in speaking in such bitter terms of Mr. Atkinson. On the authority of the Memorials, "Mr. Atkinson was a gentleman and a scholar, and a remarkably able, high-minded, and true-hearted man, esteemed by all who knew him, and spoken of with high respect as a devoted student of science, and also for his reverential tone of mind, by other reviews adverse to his opinions; and I learned, moreover, what all who saw for themselves knew of Miss Martineau, that, so far from denying, he affirmed man's moral obligation and the existence of a fundamental Cause, eternal and immutable—the last as incomprehensible to human nature, the first as the great business of life to ascertain and fulfil."

With respect to mesmeric influence, which Mr. Martineau ascribes to Mr. Atkinson, dates are against him. She never saw him until after her complete recovery, when mesmerism was no longer necessary, and, we may conclude, was not used. But it is nevertheless the fact that she heard of him from the first moment that mesmerism was proposed to her, and that, though not present, he, in a measure, prescribed and superintended its application. How far it may be possible for that to have constituted mesmeric influence will be left to students of mesmerism; more especially in the case of Miss Martineau, who, as has been said, was a firm believer in clairvoyance — if that means mesmeric influence at a distance—which would seem to be closely allied to the subject.

That Miss Martineau was herself reverent and religious by nature, however contradictory it may appear, her whole lifelong story shows. The Bible had been her most familiar reading from childhood.

What a bomb-shell this public declaration of her infidelity must have been, flung into the midst of the contracted community in which she now moved, may readily be imagined, made up, as it was, of the mass of the people who believed what they were taught without giving themselves the trouble to think much about it—as is the case everywhere—of High Church and Evangelical rectors, vicars, and curates, and old tory squires and country gentlemen and ladies. The common talk would be: "Miss Martineau never goes to church or chapel; she has no family worship; she says no prayers:" and then, under the breath, "They say that she does not believe in God or Christ; that she is an atheist!" But then, against all that, was the patent fact, open to the observation and experience of all, that she was an estimable lady, a warm friend, a good neighbour, an upright citizen, a charitable woman, the indefatigable defender of the weak against the strong, which might be called the ruling passion of her life. Testimonies to all that abound. Copies of her yearly accounts are given in the Memorials at two different periods, with two different amounts of income, the larger anything but large, in both of which is the item, "given away." On calculating an average between the two, the result obtained is that she gave away considerably more than a fifth part of her annual expenditure. How many of the best nominal Christians can produce so good a record?

Luckily for the present writer, there rests upon him no obligation to reconcile these strange contrarieties. He gives the facts as he finds them. From a great abundance of testimonials, from which he might select more if necessary, he will content himself with extracts from letters written by Florence Nightingale, after Miss Martineau's death. The name of Florence Nightingale is enough, distinguished as it is for philanthropy, charity, and piety.

"The shock of your tidings to me, of course, was great; but, O, I feel how delight-

ful the surprise to her! How much she must know now, how much she must have enjoyed already. I do not know what your opinions are about this: I know what hers were, and for a long time I have thought how great will be the *surprise* to her—a glorious surprise.

"She served the Right, that is God, all her life. How few of those who cry 'Lord, Lord,' served the Lord *so well* and so wisely!—Joy to thee, happy soul! She served the truth and the good, and worshipped them!—now they bear her on to higher and better fields. So above all petty calculations, all paltry wranglings!—now she is gone on her way to infinite purity.

"We give *her* joy; it is our loss, not hers. She is gone to our Lord and her Lord. Made ripe for her and our Father's house; our tears are her joy. She bids us now give thanks for her. She is in another room of our Father's house.

"A noble woman. Our Father arranged her life and her death. Is it well with the child? It *is* well."

Again, "I think, contradictory as it may seem, she had the truest and deepest religious feeling I have ever known—what higher religious feeling (or one should rather say instinct) could there be? To the last, her religious feeling—in the sense of good working out of evil, into a supreme wisdom penetrating and moulding the whole universe;—into the natural subordination of intellect and of intellectual self to purposes of good, even were these merely the small purposes of social or domestic life.

"All this which supposes something *without* ourselves, higher and deeper and better than ourselves, and more permanent, that is, eternal, was so strong in her—so strong that one could scarcely explain her (apparently only) losing sight of that supreme Wisdom and Goodness in her later years.

"Was it not her chivalry which led her to say what she knew would bring obloquy, because she thought no one else would say it?

"O, how she must be unfolding now in the presence of that supreme Goodness and Wisdom, before which she is *not* ashamed, and who must welcome her as one of His truest servants!"

To this it would indeed be idle to add more.

Miss Martineau wrote a great deal for "Household Words," but she and Dickens disagreed as to a certain point, and she sent him a spirited letter, declining ever to write another line for him, and she never did. The point was this: "Mr. Dickens said he would print nothing which could possibly dispose any mind whatever in favour of Romanism, even by the example of real good men. In vain I asked him whether he really meant to ignore all the good men who had lived from the Christian era to three centuries ago." In using this argument, Miss Martineau fell far below her own standard. It would have just as much force on the other side of the question, to speak of Romanism as personified in such women as Mary of England and Mary of Scotland. Says Thackeray—in a paper of admirable force and humour, in reply to Bishop Ullathorne, of Birmingham: "I suppose the most sceptic among us would take off his hat to Fenelon, or ask a blessing of Pascal. But these, O pious Father, are not the only figures in your wallet. Show us Alva, show us Tilly; show us the block and the faggot all over Europe, and by the side of every victim a priest applauding and abetting." So it would have been just as reasonable for Miss Martineau to have said, "I do not believe in Christian Revelation; I am a just and good woman; *ergo*, say not a word against that unbelief." Strange that a woman of so acute a discernment should have been blind to such a naked fallacy.

But my eye falls on the number of pages of my MSS. A wholesome fear of the editor takes possession of me. Fortunately, we have arrived at the end of the fourth period, and of the autobiography with it. So that there remains no more known of the last period of Miss Martineau's life than can be gleaned from the Memorials. The blow that fell upon her at this time has been already described. To a certain extent, she was from that moment dead to the world. It would seem that she never afterwards quitted her house, nor was left alone. She suffered sometimes more, sometimes less; not, we may believe, very acutely or for any great length of time. In these long twenty-one years, all this must have grown into second nature with her. She looked death in the face long enough to become perfectly familiar with his lineaments. Apart from this, she had all that she could desire—a beautiful home, high social and literary standing, easy circumstances, devoted com-

panions and servants, a succession of congenial visitors.

During the whole period she wrote more or less, and a great deal that was admirable and useful on almost infinite subjects, but no important work that added to her reputation. At what time she was obliged to relinquish her connection with the *Daily News*, to the great regret of the editor, who speaks in the strongest terms of her extraordinary capacity for the work, does not appear.

On the occasion of the passing of the Contagious Diseases Act, Miss Martineau came at once to the front, repulsive as the subject was, so that most women shrank from it with a stunning dismay, and dared not face it. "It was sickening," she says, "to think of such work; but who should do it, if not an old woman, dying and in seclusion, &c., &c. So I did it last week—wrote four letters, signed 'An Englishwoman,' and sent them to the *Daily News*. The editor was ill in bed, and his wife read the letters to him. He says, 'At first she was horrified, but she ended by demanding the instant publication of every word of them.' Though done under impulse, they cost a dreadful effort. I *know* it was a right thing to do, and that it is the fault of the other side if modesty in others and myself is outraged; yet it turns me chill in the night to think what things I have written and put in print."

This it is to which Florence Nightingale alluded, and this it is to which the present writer has referred in a former part of this paper. It was Miss Martineau's last public act, when she was nearly seventy, and fast declining toward that grave which was already yawning for her. It seems to the writer, without attempting to enter into the merits of the question, to have been a noble and grand termination to a noble life, and that it must be a source of heartfelt satisfaction that this bright halo gilded the dying—or rather the undying—name of Harriet Martineau.

D. FOWLER.

A MADRIGAL.

IN spring-time, when the birds go wooing,
I lost my love to mine undoing;
Ah, tuneful birds, cease carolling,
My love is deaf, howe'er I sing.

In summer, when the flowers blow,
I wept for love that did not go;—
Ah, flowers, why so fair and sweet,
When parted lovers may not meet?

In autumn, when the apples fell,
I listened for a passing-bell,
And sighed, "Ah, sunny fruits and red,
Ye ripen, but my love is dead."

In winter, when all blossoming
Was covered by the snow's white wing,
I cried, "I give up all for lost!"
Because my heart was cold with frost.

Then,—how it chanced I do not know,—
But *some one* came across the snow;
My truant love that winter's day
Returned, and went no more away!

ALICE HORTON.

THE FOUR FAT AND THE FOUR LEAN YEARS.

THE commerce of Canada during 1877, as exhibited by the official returns, proves the commercial features of the past fiscal year to have been very similar to those of 1876. The total value of our transactions (imports and exports added) during the latter year, was $175,699,652. During 1877, the value of our exports was $75,875,393, and of goods entered for consumption, $96,300,483, making in all, $172,175,876; or, if we take the exports and our total imports (some of which remained in bond on the 30th June), the total is shown to have been $175,203,355. According to either mode of computation, the value of our commerce last year was slightly less than in 1876, or, indeed, any other of the six preceding years.

The following comparative statement shows the imports and exports of all countries with the Dominion for the year 1873—the period of our greatest commercial expansion—and 1876 and 1877, the latter of which may now be safely considered the extreme period of contraction :—

	GOODS ENTERED FOR CONSUMPTION.			EXPORTS.		
COUNTRIES.	1873.	1876.	1877.	1873.	1876.	1877.
	$	$	$	$	$	$
Great Britain	68,522,776	40,734,260	39,572,239	38,743,848	42,740,060	41,527,290
United States	47,735,678	46,070,033	51,309,479	42,072,526	29,916,876	25,084,845
France	2,023,288	1,840,877	1,410,732	31,907	553,935	319,330
Germany	1,099,925	482,587	370,594	76,553	125,768	34,324
Spain	477,886	436,034	278,098	25,080	9,417	62,659
Portugal	75,032	71,655	45,465	191,156	127,540	129,960
Italy	52,425	40,412	29,250	177,232	142,787	213,692
Holland	216,628	267,079	202,557	13,142	30,816	94,303
Belgium	346,702	361,055	251,812	17,754	13,825	66,912
British North American Provinces	1,808,997	774,586	641,642	2,800,555	1,900,891	2,112,106
British West Indies	964,005	868,846	640,716	1,969,543	2,148,491	2,194,649
Spanish do	1,143,241	631,140	563,451	1,624,191	1,146,129	1,284,375
French do	43,412	47,158	25,022	299,809	292,995	160,212
Other West India Islands	24,274	68,969	13,620	94,950	87,705	72,356
South America	416,199	287,553	4,971	1,285,434	688,209	651,625
China and Japan	1,663,390	918,239	418,606	46,466	23,075	37,149
Switzerland	120,514	56,168	69,066	41,822	79,643	185,610
Australia	388,352	50		4,978	23,964	910,257
South Africa	97,999	290,359		272,976	914,309	733,739
Other Countries	293,871	456,158	453,163			
Totals	127,514,594	94,733,218	96,300,483	89,789,922	80,966,435	75,875,393

These statistics bring out very clearly the course of Dominion trade with other countries during the years mentioned, more particularly Great Britain and the United States, as well as the great decline in our importations of foreign goods since 1873. We shall advert to the latter fact further on, but we may point out that, since the commercial depression began, whilst our transactions both with Great Britain and the United States have declined, the falling off has been nearly double as large with the former as with the latter. There was a difference of $26,167,095 between the value of our trade with the mother-country last year and in 1873, but only $13,413,880 in our transactions with our neighbours across the lines.

The trade of Canada during 1877 having been so similar in volume to that of the preceding year, does not call for much com-

ment. There are, however, a few circumstances worth noting, and one of special significance. During the twelve months, it will be observed by the foregoing returns, our importations of foreign goods once more began to revive. The advance in "goods entered for consumption" was not large, amounting in the aggregate only to a little over $1,500,000; there were, however, $3,000,000 worth additional imported, but which had not passed the customs on the 30th June, and consequently do not appear in the returns. This circumstance is important,as it indicates that our wholesale importing trade had not only touched the inmost circle of contraction, but had begun to recover its elasticity before the close of the year.

Our importations having increased, it follows that the decline of $3,523,777, in the value of the year's commerce, must have been wholly in our exports to other countries. This is the fact, and an examination of the exports of the various Provinces clearly proves that it was solely attributable to the poor harvest gathered in Ontario in 1876. Whilst the exports of all the other Provinces remained about the same or slightly improved, those of Ontario—which are chiefly agricultural products—fell off over $5,000,000, which more than covers the deficiency on the year's transactions, as above given.

For purposes of comparison, attention is invited to the following exhibit of the Imports, Exports, and total commerce of the Dominion during each year since Confederation took place :—

	Total Exports.	Entered for Consumption.	Total Trade.	Duty.
1868	$57,567,888	$71,985,306	$129,553,194	$8,819,431 63
1869	60,474,781	67,402,170	127,876,951	8,296,909 71
1870	73,573,490	71,237,603	144,811,093	9,462,940 44
1871	74,173,618	86,947,482	161,121,100	11,843,655 75
1872	82,639,663	107,709,116	190,348,779	13,045,493 50
1873	89,789,922	127,514,594	217,304,516	13,017,730 17
1874	89,351,928	127,404,169	216,756,097	14,421,882 67
1875	77,886,979	119,618,657	197,505,636	15,361,382 12
1876	80,966,435	94,733,218	175,699,653	12,883,114 48
1877	75,875,393	96,300,483	172,175,876	12,548,451 09
Total ten years	$762,300,097	$970,852,798	$1,733,152,895	$119,702,991 56

The fluctuations of our commerce during each of the past ten years are distinctly traceable by the foregoing table, which strengthens the opinion that as 1873-4 was the period of the greatest inflation, so 1876-7 was that of the greatest contraction. The fact already adverted to, that the rapid decline which took place in our importations for several successive years was arrested, and gave place to an increase in 1877, is strong evidence on the latter point. Our imports first began to decline in 1874. The amount was only $110,425 during that year —the scale, so to speak, having then only begun to descend; in the following twelve months (1875) there was a further decline of $7,785,512, and in 1876, bottom was touched with the immense reduction of $24,885,439. During 1877, to continue the simile, the scale again turned and began to move upwards. Our imports increased from $94,733, 218 to the value of $96,300.483 if we take "goods entered for consumption," or $99,327,962 if we count in the total importations of the year.

Those persons who hold that the trade of nations experiences more or less of a regular ebb and flow will find confirmation of their views, as well as evidence that Canada has now rounded the point towards some improvement in business, by the fact that the four years of expansion which closed in 1873 have now been balanced by four years of contraction, ending last fall. The extent of the expansion, as might naturally be expected in a young and thriving country like Canada, has been much the greater; but, curiously enough, the Dominion has experienced what may be called four consecutive fat, and four consecutive lean years.

The following figures illustrate the extent of the expansion and contraction in our commerce during the years mentioned :—

FOUR YEARS OF EXPANSION.

In 1870,	there was an Expansion of	$16,934,142
In 1871,	" "	16,310,007
In 1872,	" "	29,227,779
In 1873,	" "	26,955,737
	Total Expansion	$89,427,665

FOUR YEARS OF CONTRACTION.

In 1874,	there was a Contraction of	$ 548,419
In 1875,	" "	19,250,461
In 1876,	" "	21,805,983
In 1877,	" "	3,699,653
	Total Contraction	$45,304,516

However severely the recent commercial depression has been felt, it will be observed by these figures that the commerce of the Dominion contracted far less during the last four years than it expanded during the previous corresponding period. The rebound was very little more than one-half the previous expansion—an assuring fact, and one which clearly indicates that, notwithstanding the hard times and trying business discouragements, the productive power and material wealth of Canada continue to advance.

The four lean years have not been felt to the same extent in some Provinces as in others—although severely enough by all—and for the information of the curious in such matters, we submit, without comment, the returns of the imports and exports of each Province during the three important years we have had more especially under review :—

	EXPORTS.			GOODS ENTERED FOR CONSUMPTION.		
	1873.	1876.	1877.	1873.	1876,	1877.
	$	$	$	$	$	$
Ontario	29,483,158	24,782,744	19,320,203	48,245,440	37,687,738	40,802,052
Quebec	44,408,033	37,876,815	37,782,284	54,281,158	36,156,665	34,889,343
Nova Scotia	7,372,086	7,164,558	7,812,041	11,032,717	8,711,966	8,919,508
New Brunswick	6,487,315	5,950,824	5,992,775	10,849,673	6,113,768	6,927,077
Manitoba	246,983	770,188	653,816	1,029,130	1,735,427	1,214,826
P. E. Island		1,665,519	2,393,057		1,382,679	2,166,799
Columbia	1,792,347	2,755,787	1,921,217	2,076,476	2,944,975	1,380,878
Total	89,789,922	80,966,435	75,875,393	127,514,594	94,733,218	96,300,483

Turning to the current fiscal year (1878), there now remains little doubt that our commerce both in exports and imports will show considerable increase on the 30th of June next. The Minister of Finance, the Hon. Mr. Cartwright, announced some months ago that the public revenue was increasing. This means enlarged importations; and the unusually abundant harvest reaped in most parts of the Dominion last fall, renders it highly probable that our exports of agricultural productions will be greater than for at least three years past. Were the prospects of our Lumber trade equally hopeful—which is unfortunately not the case—the commercial outlook for 1878 would be brighter than at any period since the crash of Jay Cook & Co., in the fall of 1873.

How far the general business of Canada will be favourably affected by the circumstances adverted to in this article, but which we are unable to do more than glance at, is a question upon which opinions will doubtless differ. The considerations which enter into its solution are many and complicated, and, consequently, no forecast of the commercial future, however probable and carefully made, is likely to meet with general acceptance. The few general observations bearing on this point, which follow, are advanced with much diffidence.

That the wave of depression has now passed its farthest limit, is a view which may be confidently accepted. But that there will be anything like a rapid revival of business, as some sanguine persons appear to think, may be dismissed with equal confidence, more particularly after the disappointing experience in many lines of goods during the early winter months. That a too

roseate view is unwarranted by the circumstances finds confirmation in the return of failures throughout the Dominion last year, which was recently issued by Dun, Wyman & Co. Their figures for the past two years are as follows:—

Provinces.	1876.		1877.	
	No. of Failures.	Amount of Liabilities.	No. of Failures.	Amount of Liabilities.
Ontario	873	$9,488,053	968	$11,573,551
Quebec	600	13,678,646	637	11,014,787
Nova Scotia	150	1,419,921	116	1,186,403
New Brunswick	78	740,854	139	1,384,634
Prince Edward Island	23	149,684	29	240,975
Newfoundland	4	40,833	1	44,000
Manitoba				65,797
Total	1,728	$25,517,991	1,890	$25,510,147

Whilst quoting this record of insolvency as a curb to expectations too hopeful to be realized, it does not alter the general conclusions at which we have arrived, regarding the existing commercial position, inasmuch as the failures during the latter part of 1877 are shown by the same returns to have declined in an unusually marked and striking manner.

The average number of failures, for each quarter, during the first nine months of the year, was 548, and the average liabilities, $7,634,992; but during the last three months the number declined to 244, and the amount of liabilities to $4,606,000. This fact is quite significant, and strengthens the opinion that the worst has been passed, and that the business of the country, though not much improved in buoyancy, is in a sounder and better position than it was twelve month. ago.

The ill effects of too easy compositions and discharges, and too long credits, and overcrowding in nearly all departments of trade, doubtless, still affect perniciously the fabric of business, and will continue to hinder the process of recuperation. But progress, however sluggish, is now certainly being made in the right direction, and on review of the statistics and circumstances which have been advanced, more especially the abundant harvest last fall, we feel warranted in predicting a moderate revival in our own foreign commerce and internal business during 1878, to be followed in due time—slowly, but surely—by a fuller flow of the wave of advancement and prosperity.

James Young.

LAW AND THE STUDY OF LAW.

". . . the lawless science of our law,
That codeless myriad of precedent,
That wilderness of single instances."
TENNYSON—*Aylmer's Field.*

THE month before last, "Round the Table," I ventured to put my head into the lion's mouth, and to say a few words in depreciation of the study of the law, when pursued, as I believe it to be by the majority of our lawyers, empirically and narrowly. Last month two legal gentlemen (presumably) took me in hand with a good deal of pitying condescension, and disposed of me and my legal heresies to their entire satisfaction. As wildness of assertion and ignorance of the subject whereof I spoke are the gravest charges they lay against me, and as the Table is a gathering place for informal *causeries* in literary undress, rather than for arguments in full logical and statistical armour, I have craved space here to answer their criticisms in some detail. Perhaps, I should rather say the second; for, as my first critic disposes of me in two or three lines, and then passes on to touch a nobler shield, he shall have a return of the compliment. He accuses me bluntly of ignorance. It is consoling that in my darkness I had stumbled on views in which even his superior erudition can discern "much truth."

Before proceeding it will be well to clear up a misapprehension into which both my critics have fallen, and which it is, therefore, possible that other readers may share with them. They have mistaken what was intended as a glance at the tendency of *the study of our law in its present form*, for a thrust at the moral character of the legal profession, and a tilt against the principles upon which is reared our cumbrous legal superstructure; and over this imaginary offence they are sadly perturbed. The head and front of my offending here was the remark, that, *in many conspicuous instances*, the narrowing tendency of law study is realized, and that the profession generally is chargeable with a not disinterested conservatism; in support of which propositions some evidence will be presently adduced. Still, I must say, as to the practice of law, that in proportion to its noble potentialities on the side of right and peace, a very sorry, inadequate, and self-considerate realization of them is made by the rank and file of the profession. But this merely in passing. It is equally a mistake to construe, as directed against the principles of our law, words written concerning the study of it in its present form. The distinction will be made manifest by echoing the opinion of Sir James F. Stephen. He says: "No one would, upon a proper occasion, uphold more strenuously than I the substantial merits of the law of England; but *I suppose I may assume that its form is in the highest degree cumbrous and intricate*, and that consolidation and codification are the proper remedies for those defects."* Again, "When law is divested of all technicalities, stated in simple and natural language, and so arranged as to show the natural relation of different parts of the subject, it becomes not merely intelligible, but deeply interesting to educated men practically conversant with the subject matter to which it relates."† Bentham, speaking of the law as it was in his day, in his Papers on Codification, addressed to the President of the United States, says that, "confused, indeterminate, inadequate, ill-adapted, and inconsistent as, to a vast extent," it was in form, "nothing could be much further from the truth than if, in speaking of *the matter* of which English law is composed, a man were to represent it as being of no use." So far from having attacked legal first principles, reference to my note will show that a study of them—that is, of scientific jurisprudence—was indicated as the proper though sadly neglected antidote for legal formalism and empiricism. It may obviate further misconception to premise that, in using the word "law," I do not mean lawyers, nor scientific jurisprudence; but simply the Common, Statute, and Judge-made law of

* "Codification in India and England," *Fortnightly Review*, Nov., 1872, p. 644.
† *Ibid*, p. 656.

England and her Colonies; and by "the study of the law," the study of this chaotic mass, as the great body of the "profession" is now pursuing it.

Much of the argument of my second critic is founded upon an *ignoratio elenchi*, as proving what was not denied, and denying what was not asserted. My assertion was, that the study of the law is "narrowing, deadening, and inducive of, at least, these mental vices: the tendencies to exalt the letter and word over the spirit and very thing; to join hands with precedent and tradition against even moderate and rational progress; and to accept in all matters the *dicta* of authority without verification." My critic meets this by saying that numbers of men who have studied the law have been of elevated character; that the study of law is not narrowing if it be not studied exclusively; and that law is an essential branch of a liberal education. These are all truisms quite beside the question, as irrelevant as they are self-evident. I spoke of *a tendency*, not of an absolute fatalism. Everybody knows that strong characters will resist more or less successfully influences, mental or moral, which might swamp average ones. But is it not allowable to criticise the tendency of any one study by itself? And is it not a strange way of meeting such criticism to say that this tendency may be kept in restraint by other studies? Whatever may be their readjusting effects, if they be entered into, the tendency of the one in question remains the same. The fact that walking tends to strengthen the legs is in no wise impugned by the facts that rowing strengthens the arms, and that walking is a necessary part of proper exercise. My friend admits that the tendency of legal study exclusively pursued is narrowing; *i. e.*, that the tendency of legal study, considered alone, is narrowing. As I was considering the tendency of legal study alone, I fail to see why he should have put his adhesion to my view in the form of a refutation of it. To retort the charge on several other studies, is on a par logically with meeting a personal accusation with, "You're another." And this would be true, even were the assumption allowable, that botany and pure mathematics, for example—methodized, orderly, demonstrable, and *logically codified* sciences—are parallel in their influence on the mind to that disorderly, incoherent, and "codeless myriad of precedent, that wilderness of single instances," which make up "the lawless science of our law,"—to what the late Charles Sumner spoke of as "the niceties of real law, with its dependencies of descents, rem ainders, and executory devises—also the ancient hair-splitting technicalities of special pleading, both creatures of an illiterate age, gloomy with black-letter and verbal subtleties." But the dogmatic assumption of an analogy between a chaotic mass like this, and any of the natural or exact sciences, will hardly be considered to hold water. While my friend's argument is irrelevant on the one issue, it is simply a begging of the question on the other. The influence of legal study being narrowing, as he admits, when pursued exclusively, it was asserted (and he has failed to contravene the assertion) that it *is*, and necessarily *must be* pursued almost exclusively, in order to attain that thorough working knowledge requisite for the successful practitioner. I further emphasized the very important consideration that this practically exclusive devotion to the study was commonly made by the student "at the important stage of his life, generally covered by his studentship, when his mind is still malleable, but taking its final 'set.'"

I pointed out that the one remedy which would not require him to desert his legal studies, but would, on the contrary, facilitate them and enhance a hundred-fold their interest, while it made them broadening, elevating, and, in every sense, valuable, was "the gladsome light of jurisprudence," though of a kind very different from that which Coke meant in using those words,—that is, the history, science, and even the philosophy of law. These, I said, are neglected among us; they find "no place in the regular Canadian course," and have little or no attention paid to them by the majority of our lawyers. My friend hopes that I do not "assume that the few text-books prescribed for students" are the only ones of the "regular Canadian course." Why not? By the "regular Canadian course," the course laid down for students was referred to as plainly as might be. What a barrister or attorney may read after passing through it—after this exclusive devotion to an admittedly narrowing study, at a most critical mental period—is scarcely relevant to a criticism of that curriculum itself. But, even allowing that it is so, is my friend's case any stronger? He claims that "our successful lawyers pur-

sue a course which embraces *a good deal more* than these very necessary primers." Possibly. The *quantity* of their reading, however, was not in question, but its *quality*. Does this "more" embrace the science of law and philosophical jurisprudence? That it does not in the great majority of cases—in any but very exceptional cases—has probably been his experience, as it certainly has been mine. If not—if the "more" be merely more text-books, more reports, more statutes, bearing on practice, special legal questions, and technical matters generally—so far from giving greater breadth to our lawyers' minds, it will plunge them deeper and deeper into the mid-stream of the narrowing tendency which the exclusive study of law is admitted to have.

As this admission may have been an unwary one, and as my case does not stand in need of my pressing it too hard, it will be as well to glance briefly at some of the grounds on which the study of the law may be considered narrowing, intellectually almost valueless, and not morally elevating. My friend says that he had "just such gloomy views once about chemistry." It seemed to him "a farrago of barbarous names and symbols, quite unprofitable mentally or morally, and unworthy of any reverence." It is a matter for rejoicing that experience convinced him that he was wrong, for most grievously wrong he was; unless, indeed, he confined his attention to book-chemistry, and knew ammonia only as $N H_3$—the symbol without the reality—much as one might claim a large circle of acquaintance by reading names in a directory. This would be, in fact, a characteristic example of the legal method of study, and of the tendency "to exalt the letter and word over the spirit and very thing" But, supposing my friend to mean that it was of chemistry proper that his gloomy views were made bright, the analogous correction from experience, which he hints to be in store for me, cannot be expected unless the parallel between the two studies holds good; which it does not. Although chemistry is not the most advanced branch of natural science, yet its facts are not undigested facts, not lifeless facts, not facts almost valueless in any broader connection than their mere professional use. They are facts established by experiment, not upon "judgments," or upon principles—like many of those of our Common Law—*in nubibus* or *in gremio legis*, that is, undemonstrable. They are facts open to first-hand investigation, not accepted on authority and precedent; facts arranged systematically, logically, in the order of their mutual relations and dependency, clearly, compendiously; in a word, they are *codified* scientifically. It will appear incidentally, on authority which even my friend will be inclined to respect, how far this can be said of law. The thorough knowledge of a law of chemistry is intellectually and morally worth a thousandfold more than the minutest intimacy with, say, the doctrine of Uses, or the whole cluster of its corollaries—all alike thin abortions of mediæval scholasticism.* A law of chemistry is but one of an infinite series, leading on to higher, broader, mightier laws, and to closer, more reverent, and more appreciative communion with nature and her glorious and awful lessons. On the other hand, any one of the arbitrary technicalities connected with the doctrine of Uses is an intellectual *cul de sac*, wherein, after groping your way step by step further and further from the light of nature, deeper and deeper into the gloom of the dark ages, in reverent communion with man's hair-splitting folly, grown wisdom because it has been doing harm for a long while, as "things bad begun make strong themselves by ill," you arrive at the end; and the end thereof is vanity and vexation of spirit; notwithstanding that generation after generation of lawyers are caught young and taught to consider it "the perfection of reason." By this process they have been persuaded, and found it politic to persuade outsiders, of the existence of an awful, incalculable, semi-mysterious dignity and value in half-civilized puerilities which to touch is, in their eyes, almost sacrilege;† yet which, when boldly assailed, one

*Mr. Watkins, in the Introduction to his "Principles of Conveyancing," says that the doctrine of Uses must have "surprised every one, who was not sufficiently learned to have lost his common-sense." Mr. Williams, in his "Real Property," p. 156, speaks of it as having "much of the subtlety of the scholastic logic which was then prevalent."

† "Or les loix se maintiennent en credit, non parcequ'elles sont justes, mais parcequ'elles sont loix; c'est le fondement mystique de leur auctorité, elles n'en ont point d'aultre qui bien leur sert. Elles sont souvent faictes par des sots; plus souvent par des gents qui, en haine d'egualité, ont faulte d'equité; mais tousiours par des hommes, aucteurs vains et irresolus. Il n'est rien si lourdement et largement faultier, que

after another crumble away into unsubstantial air, or become lumber for the antiquary.

Unfortunately, when they are dead they are not buried. The student has still the benefit of meeting on the threshold of Real Property Law antiquated rubbish such as the old doctrine of Bracton and Coke that land could not descend to a lineal ancestor, because it was analogous to a falling body, which could gravitate only downward!—such as the doctrine that "a possibility upon a possibility" could not support a contingent remainder—such as the complicated mode of barring entail, in use until 1833, by the fictitious proceedings of Fines and Recoveries, which Mr. Williams well designates pieces of "solemn jugglery;" and many another of the tortuous fictions for which he may thank the old logic which Coke loved so dearly that he eulogizes Littleton as having been "learned in that art, which is so necessary to a complete lawyer." I again assert that the close attention to such puerilities, living and dead, which the student is called upon to give, *is* "calculated to narrow the compass of the mind, to direct it to the consideration of mere technicalities, to entangle it in the meshes of minute verbal distinctions." Bentham pours unmerciful ridicule on legal fictions, ridicule which Sir H. Maine rebukes, on the ground that they have played an important part in the progress of law, as compromises between timid conservatism and reform. Yet he says: "I cannot admit any anomaly to be innocent, which makes the law either more difficult to understand or harder to arrange in harmonious order. Now, among other disadvantages, legal fictions are the greatest of obstacles to symmetrical classification. The rule of law remains sticking in the system, but it is a mere shell. If the English law is ever to assume an orderly distribution, it will be necessary to prune away the legal fictions, which, in spite of some recent legislative improvements, are still abundant in it." * If the student approached these fictions in the light of such considerations, and were thus made to understand their past necessity and present undesirability—if he were tender to them out of gratitude for their former services, instead of worshipful of them in their superannuation—very different would be the effect of their study from what it now is. If our rising generation of law-students would find time to study the history and science of law; if our Law Society would give those subjects a place in their regular course, our future lawyers would be less open to charges of narrowness, empiricism, and over-conservatism. †

This brings us to the question whether the asserted tendencies of legal studies are seen in the actual results. My friend, in order to show that these tendencies have not been realized in lawyers as a body, is driven to the weak expedient of seeking to disprove a

les loix, ny si ordinairement." Montaigne. "Essais," Livre III., chap. xiii.

* Ancient Law, pp. 26-27.

† The following passage from Hallam covers the whole case made out in my original note and the leading points in the present article. It is applicable, with some very slight modifications, to the existing state of affairs both in England and here:

"Something, too, of that excessive subtlety, and that preference of technical to rational principles, which runs through our system, may be imputed to the scholastic philosophy, which was in vogue during the same period, and is marked by the same features. Those who are moderately conversant with the history of our law, will easily trace other circumstances that have co-operated in producing that technical and subtle system which regulates the course of real property. For as that formed almost the whole of our ancient jurisprudence, it is there that we must seek its original character. But much of the same spirit pervades every part of the law. No tribunals of a civilized people ever borrowed so little, even of illustration, from the writings of philosophers, or from the institutions of other countries. Hence law has been studied, in general, rather as an art than a science, with more solicitude to know its rules and distinctions than to perceive their application to that for which all rules of law ought to have been established, the maintenance of public and private rights. Nor is there any reading more jejune and unprofitable to a philosophical mind than that of our ancient law-books. Later times have introduced other inconveniences, till the vast extent and multiplicity of our laws have become a practical evil of serious importance, and an evil which, between the timidity of the legislature on the one hand, and the *selfish views of practitioners* on the other, is likely to reach, in no long period, an intolerable excess. *Deterred by an interested clamor against innovation* from abrogating what is useless, simplifying what is complex, or determining what is doubtful, and always more inclined to stave off an immediate difficulty by some patch-work scheme of modifications and suspensions, than to consult for posterity in the comprehensive spirit of legal philosophy, we accumulate statute upon statute and precedent upon precedent, till no industry can acquire, nor any intellect digest the mass of learning that grows upon the panting student; and our jurisprudence seems not unlikely to be simplified in the worst and least honourable manner, a tacit agreement of ignorance among its professors." Middle Ages, Vol. II., Chap. 8, Part 2.

broad rule by a few exceptional counter-instances. Reminding him of the well-worn adage which he thus disregards, I would condole with him that he is apparently so hard-pressed for even his exceptions, as to cite Lord Coke as an example of the catholicity and nobility of the legal mind. Had I been casting about for instances on my side, his name would in all probability have been the first noted for use. Hallam says of him: "He was a man of strong, though narrow intellect, confessedly the greatest master of English law that had ever appeared, but proud and overbearing, a flatterer and tool of the court till he had obtained his ends, and odious to the nation for the brutal manner in which, as Attorney-General, he had behaved towards Sir Walter Raleigh on his trial."* Mr. Green similarly depicts him as "a narrow-minded and bitter-tempered man, but of the highest eminence as a lawyer, and with a reverence for the law that overrode every other instinct."† The placing in juxtaposition his narrow-mindedness and his legal eminence, of which both these historians are guilty, is suggestive, to say the least.

But this endeavouring to stretch the mantles of one or two illustrious men over the whole class to which they happened to belong, is not of much worth as an argument. A glance at the attitude of the profession at various times and places, and by the light of the opinions of eminent men in various lines, will be more conclusive. My friend considers that "*any one* who asserts that the profession generally is opposed to law-reform, if he speaks honestly, speaks ignorantly," and that the charge of conservatism, grounded on class interest, is a "vulgar cry," Language such as this shows that Professor Blackie is not alone in "downrightness." His "ignorance" he shares with a whole host of eminent men, including some tolerably well-known lawyers, whom it may interest and perhaps surprise my friend to see transfixed by his rebuke, together with "outside fools." In truth, many very rude things have been said about lawyers, not only by wits and satirists, but by men who weighed well their words. Milton speaks of those of his day as "grounding their purposes, not on the prudent and heavenly contemplation of justice and equity, which was never taught them, but on the promising and pleasing thoughts of litigious terms, fat contentions, and flowing fees." Swift calls them "a society of men bred up from their youth in the art of proving, by words multiplied for the purpose, that white is black and black is white, according as they are paid." Wesley, the founder of Methodism, in a discourse on Original Sin (grim satire!), quotes Swift's words and adds worse of his own. Wordsworth, in the "Poet's Epitaph," dismisses a lawyer with very brusque reflections on his calling.

But let us get to facts. Referring to Coke's time, Mr. Green says: "The lawyers had been subservient beyond all other classes to the Crown. In the narrow pedantry with which they bent before precedents, without admitting any distinction between precedents drawn from a time of freedom, and precedents drawn from the worst times of tyranny, the Judges had supported James in his claims to impose Customs Duties . . . But beyond precedents even the Judges refused to go."‡ In a summary of the sweeping law-reforms which took place during the early half of this century, Sir T. Erskine May says: "Lawyers, ever following precedents, were blind to principles. Legal fictions, technicalities, obsolete forms, intricate rules of procedure, accumulated. Fine intellects were wasted on the narrow subtleties of special pleading.....Justice was dilatory, expensive, uncertain, and remote.....The class who profited most by its dark mysteries were the lawyers themselves.. .. *If complaints were made, they were repelled as the promptings of ignorance*; if amendments of the law were proposed, they were resisted as innovations. To question the perfection of English jurisprudence was to doubt the wisdom of our ancestors,—a political heresy, which could expect no toleration."§ The humane labours of Sir Samuel Romilly to obtain remission of capital punishment for a host of petty offences, as "innovations on the sacred code, were sternly resisted by Lord Eldon, Lord Ellenborough, and the

* Constitutional History of England, Vol. I., Chap. 6.

† Short History of the English People, Amer. Ed., p. 479.

‡ Short History of the English People, Amer. Ed., p. 479.

§ Constitutional History of England, Vol. II., p. 549.

first lawyers of his time."* Again, "Who so allied to the court, so staunch to arbitrary principles of government, so hostile to popular rights and remedial laws, as Lord Mansfield" (one of my friend's examples of legal liberality, by the way), "Lord Thurlow, Lord Loughborough, Lord Eldon, and Lord Ellenborough?"† In his terrible letter to Lord Mansfield, Junius says: "I see through your whole life one uniform plan to enlarge the power of the Crown, at the expense of the liberty of the subject."‡ Lord Mansfield's encroachments on the rights of juries in trials for libel,§ which occasioned this letter, and resulted eventually in Fox's Libel Act, are sufficiently notorious.

Lord Westbury, when introducing a bill to facilitate the transfer of land in England, remarked that, "In the English law nothing had been more fertile of results to be regretted, than the attachment of our lawyers to the mediæval logic,—the pedantries and puerile metaphysical disquisitions which distinguished what was called the learning of that time." The family solicitor he designated, in celebration of his prejudices and hatred of reform, "the old man of the sea." Sir John Romilly called the judicial system of England as it stood in his day, "a technical system invented for the creation of costs." Sheldon Amos, the Professor of Jurisprudence in University College, London, and the writer of authoritative works on that subject and on Codification, is guilty of such allusions as these: "It remained for Bentham to use the battering-ram of the pure reason against what remained of the ancient system, and to compel every portion of it to justify itself by something better than its antiquity, its uncertainty, *or its serviceableness to the lower interests* of an inert legal profession."‖ "A technical and traditional system, wholly out of all living connection with the people and their requirements, is handed down from one generation of Judges to another, *and is servilely acquiesced in, and even lauded by a narrow-minded legal profession.* Such was the condition of the Common Law in England, at the time when Bentham was so loud in his demands for codification."* Herbert Spencer, in his essay on "Over-Legislation,"† says: "Until now that County Courts are taking away their practice, all officers of the law have doggedly opposed law-reform." "Dare any one assert that had constituencies been always canvassed on principles of law-reform versus law-conservatism, Ecclesiastical Courts would have continued for centuries fattening on the goods of widows and orphans?" "The complicated follies of our legal verbiage, which the uninitiated cannot understand, and which the initiated interpret in various senses, would be quickly put an end to Lawyers would no longer be suffered *to maintain and to complicate* the present absurd system of land titles" (a system still in force in England; but even if it were not, Spencer's words would be no less *à propos* of the general question of interested professional conservatism). In a recent work the same writer relates an anecdote of a solicitor who "complained bitterly of the injury which the then lately-established County Courts were doing his profession. He enlarged on the topic in a way implying that he expected me to agree with him in therefore condemning them, . . oblivious of the fact that the more economical administration of justice of which his lamentation gave me proof, was to me, not being a lawyer, matter for rejoicing." ‡

A conspicuous instance of how the simplest and most obviously desirable reforms have been retarded by the legal spirit, and of how jealous the profession has been of opening its *arcana* to the eyes of the "profane vulgar," is to be found in the resistance shown from first to last by lawyers to the use of English in the law-courts, reports, and pleadings. It was enacted in the 36 Edw. III., that all pleas—which from the conquest till then had been in Norman-French—should thenceforth be in English. But the lawyers persisted up to the time of George II. in using the "hybrid jargon for reports and treatises; and seized every occasion to introduce scraps of Law-French into their speeches at the bars of the different courts."§ Coke makes a

* *Ibid*, p. 556.
† *Ibid*. p. 552.
‡ Letter No. 41, Vol. II., Woodfall's Ed.
§ In the trial of the Printers of the "North Briton," and in Woodfall's case.
‖ "The Science of Law," p. 7.

* *Ibid*, p. 395.
† "Essays," p. 48.
‡ "Study of Sociology," p. 241.
§ "A Book About Lawyers": By J. C. Jeaffreson, Barrister-at-Law, Vol. II., chap. lx, which see, for a detailed account and for a great deal of

semi-apology for writing his Commentaries in English. Chief Baron Comyn, in George II's reign, preferred "*chemin*," "*dismes*," and "*baron and feme*," to "highways," "tithes," and "husband and wife." All legal records had been kept in a barbarous Latin up to the days of the Commonwealth, when it was resolved to keep them in English. This reform was stigmatized as a dangerous innovation by the majority of the bar. "The legal literature of three generations following Charles I.'s execution abounds with contemptuous allusions to the 'English times' of Cromwell." At the Restoration Latin was quickly and gladly recalled to the records and writs. "The vexatious and indescribably absurd use of Law-Latin in records and writs and written pleadings was finally put an end to by Stat. 4 Geo. II., c. 26; but this bill did not become law without much opposition from some of the authorities of Westminster Hall." Lord Raymond, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, "expressed great disapproval of it." "Lord Campbell, in the 'Chancellors,' records that he 'heard the late Lord Ellenborough from the Bench regret the change.'"* Do not these facts alone fully justify a writer in saying: "Like the priests of Isis, lawyers make a mystery of everything; and in describing the most ordinary legal incidents delight to use a technical jargon deficient alike in precision and elegance, and possessing no recommendation except that of unintelligibility to the uninitiated?"†

To what absurd lengths legal conservatism has been carried, the following incident will serve to indicate. The Court of Common Pleas in Charles II's reign, having long been near the great door of Westminster Hall, a very cold situation when the north wind was blowing, it was proposed to carry it back to a less exposed room called the Treasury. But the Chief Justice of the Court, Sir Orlando Bridgeman, "refused his consent to this suggestion, *because* Magna Charta required the Common Pleas to be held *in certo loco*, whereas, in case the Common Pleas shifted its ground by even so little as a few feet, its precise locality would become a matter of uncertainty,"‡ and all the pleas would be *coram non judice!* May not the Commissioners of the New York Civil Code fairly say: "Nothing is more conspicuous in the history of jurisprudence than the tenacity with which judges of America and England, unlike those of continental Europe, have adhered to precedents, even though the reason for them has ceased, and their mischief become palpable?"*

Let us take a very recent case, for the details of which I refer my readers to Mr. Holmested's forcible articles in this Magazine.† In 1859, Sir Robert A. Torrens, *not* a lawyer, devised, in South Australia, a system of conveyancing by registration of title, which does away with the whole of our cumbrous, uncertain, and costly mode of passing titles, dispenses with the necessity for any legal training—any ennobling acquaintance with the Statute of Uses—any verbose, bulky, and expensive documents in the transfer of land. It ensures indefeasibility of title, so making real estate investments and securities safe and free from the probability of Chancery suits; it saves, on the average, 90 per cent., or 18s. in the £ sterling, in the cost of transfers; and the whole business of a conveyance may be transacted by men of ordinary education in about fifteen minutes, over a counter. In reply to a circular letter addressed by Earl Granville, in 1870, to the Governors of the various Australian provinces which have adopted the system, it was reported to work satisfactorily in all respects; but the Attorney-General of Victoria said, that "for years it had to be worked against the opposition of practising conveyancers," who finally submitted with an ill grace. Mr. Holmested says: "These benefits have been secured in the Australian Colonies notwithstanding, in some cases, the strenuous opposition of the legal profession; an opposition which, in matters of this kind, is generally fatal."

The *rationale* of legal obstructiveness is thus given by Mr. Freeman, the historian: "There can be no kind of doubt that lawyers' interpretations and lawyers' ways of looking at things have done no small mischief, not only to the true understanding of our history, but to the actual course of our history itself. The lawyer's tendency is to carry to an unreasonable extent that English love of pre-

curious information, and illustration of the legal character.

* *Ibid.*

† *Quarterly Review*, Vol. 136, January, 1874.

‡ A Book About Lawyers," Vol. II., p. 362.

* The Civil Code of the State of New York. Introduction.

† C. M., April 1876, and January, 1877.

cedent which, within reasonable bounds, is one of our most precious safeguards. His virtue is that of acute and logical inference from given premises; the premises themselves he is commonly satisfied to take without examination from those who have gone before him. It is often wonderful to see the amazing ingenuity with which lawyers have piled together inference upon inference, starting from some purely arbitrary assumption of their own. . . . Add to this, that the natural tendency of the legal mind is to conservatism and deference to authority. . . . We shall, therefore, find that the premises from which lawyers' arguments have started, but which historical study shows to be unsound, are commonly premises devised in favour of the prerogative of the Crown, not in favour of the rights of the people. . . . In later times, indeed, the evil has largely corrected itself; the growth of our unwritten Constitution, *under the hands of statesmen*, has done much practically to get rid of these slavish devices of lawyers."*

Without exhausting the patience of the reader by the multiplication of quotations lying ready to my hand, sufficient have been already given to dispose, at any rate, of the charges of wild assertion, ignorance, and vulgarity.

The charge of professional obstructiveness is not inconsistent with the fact that a great deal of legal reform has been instituted by lawyers. In 1767, Hargreaves, a Lancashire weaver, invented the Spinning Jenny. The saving of labour terrified the workmen, and they rose in a body and went through the county destroying carding and spinning machines, wherever they could find them. Hargreaves invented the Jenny because he was a practical weaver, and yet a man who could rise above short-sighted class-interest; the workmen were practical weavers, but were *not* Hargreaves, and took their rough way of opposing reform. The analogy is patent. For reforms in special subjects we naturally need specialists: for a reform in weaving, a weaver; in law, a lawyer. It is quite consistent with this fact, that lawyers, *as a class*, are obstructionists where their class interests are touched. The body of weavers were not Hargreaves, but opposed Hargreaves; so, the body of lawyers are not Romillys, Mackintoshes, Westburys, and Stephens, but have opposed such reformers tooth and nail; often for the same powerful reason that prompted the workmen to smash the Jennies.

It must be manifest, I think, that if the law were reduced in bulk, simplified, logically arranged, and plainly stated, the gain on all sides would be enormous. Many advantages suggest themselves on a few minutes' reflection; others, though less apparent to those who have not had their attention specially directed to the subject, are none the less real and desirable. Passing over the increased facility, precision, and rapidity with which the legal machinery would be worked, let it be considered what the student would gain, both in economy of time and labour, and in the influence of his study upon his mind. Instead of chaos he would have cosmos. Instead of incoherent formalities, coherent and interdependent principles; instead of a confusion of authorities and precedents to be laboriously sifted out and blindly obeyed, a rationalized code, easy of reference and self-justifying to the reason, to be intelligently applied to any given set of circumstances. The study would no longer be *intrinsically* narrowing and bewildering. Again, its reduction within manageable and moderate compass, the comparative ease with which its principles could be grasped and its details referred to, would make it no longer necessary for the student to devote himself too exclusively to it. While in itself it would not be intellectually vicious, but profitable, it would leave time and energy for much else beside, now out of his reach.† As the students were influenced, so would the profession be which is recruited from them. That profession has not yet struck the balance

* Growth of the English Constitution, p. 121 *et seq.*

† "Not abolition, but transformation of text-books would be the result of a code. There would still be plenty of room for exposition, and some, I doubt not, for discussion. A good deal of space which is now perforce devoted to a laborious and often barren collection of authorities, would be left free for rational explanation, and especially—though this hope may seem too sanguine—for a comparative and historical treatment which might be a powerful instrument of training in exact thought, and might raise the study of the law to something like its former rank as part of a liberal education. We might even cease to regard 'jurisprudence' as a kind of mysterious knowledge, so hopelessly separated from the law of England as to require a distinct course of reading."—*Digest of the Law of Partnership:* By Frederick Pollock. Introduction.

between these certain advantages and the possible, though not necessary, disadvantages that might result to its pocket.

But the movement is afoot. Mr. Goldwin Smith, as far back as 1859, although he considered English law to be "as yet, in form, barbarous and undigested," even then spoke hopefully of "that code of the laws of free England which is now beginning to be framed, and which will go forth, instinct with the spirit of English justice, to contend for the allegiance of Europe with the Imperial code of France."* To quote from the *Edinburgh Review*, "The tardy recognition by the nation of these practical mischiefs" (consequent on the present condition of the law) "has fortunately synchronised with the growth of a small class of theoretical jurists, who have, however, been obliged for some time *to contend with the narrow-mindedness of the profession* and the apathy of the public—to wait till the patient was sufficiently aware of his illness to be ready to welcome the physician."† This was said eleven years ago; and here is my legal friend declaring "all this talk about codifying the law" to be "really very idle talk"—a summary way of ignoring the *pros* and sticking by the *cons* in regard to a reform strenuously advocated by some of the ablest minds of our day! Were it not that the *argumentum ad hominem* is apt to be irritating, it would be tempting to point to him as an illustration of those very tendencies of legal study the existence of which he denies. There can, at any rate, be no harm in expressing the hope that this *dictum* of his may not meet the eyes of such deluded men as Sir J. F. Stephen, Sir H. Maine, Frederick Pollock, Sheldon Amos, and others, who might be discouraged to find that their matured and weightiest utterances are, after all, mere "idle talk." It is to be deplored that this authoritative conclusion was not promulgated in time to prevent a number of misled nations from going so far beyond "idle talk" as to carry it out into what my friend, no doubt, condemns as idle practice. France, Prussia, Austria, most of the German States, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, the Netherlands, Switzerland, the Italian States, Spain, Portugal, and even Russia have, at one time or another, wholly or partially codified their laws. Greece, on the recovery of her independence, proceeded at once to promulgate a code founded upon the Basilica of the Emperor Leo, which was based on that of Justinian. Hayti, Bolivia, New York, Louisana, and Maryland have codes. The difficulties in the way of the celebrated Code Napoleon, which occupied ten years in completion, were overcome by a commission of the ablest jurists in France, all of whom fall under the disapproval of my friend. It is, also, melancholy to contemplate, by the light of his *dictum*, the amount of labour and learning misdirected upon the Indian Code. Not having the advantage of his warning, an Indian Commission, consisting of Lord Macaulay, Sir J. McLeod, and Mr. Millet began the work in 1834. In 1853 and 1861, two other Indian Law Commissions, sitting in London, continued it; in India it was carried on from time to time by Sir B. Peacock, Sir H. Harrington, Sir Henry Maine, Mr. Ritchie, Mr. W. Stokes, Mr. Cockerell, Mr. Cunningham, Lord Lawrence, Mr. (now Sir) James F. Stephen, and others of like calibre. The result of these labours I shall glance at briefly before closing. After the enumeration of all these nations and colonies which have gone astray after the will-o'-the-wisp of codification, it will be a solace to my friend to consider that England, with the whole of Canada (except Quebec) by her side, stands firm and conspicuous in all the glory of insular conservatism, without a code. She reserves for her lawyers the ennobling pursuit of extracting the principles of her law (when not *in nubibus* or *in gremio legis*) from out the judgments for which my friend expresses so strong a preference, scattered—obsolete and operative, good and bad, relevant and irrelevant—higgledy-piggledy through some 1,700 volumes of reports, covering a period of about six centuries, and containing over 100,000 reported decisions. The only concession which England has yet made to the spirit of method and order is the revision of a portion of her Statute Law, and the gathering of it—in chronological order merely—into some 15 volumes. Additional opportunities of mental and moral culture await her lawyers in the innumerable text-books extant, and pouring regularly from the press.

My friend questions whether codification would have any advantages lacking to this

* "Lectures on the Study of History;" pp. 30-31.
† *Edinburgh Review*, Oct. 1867, Art. II., "Codification."

state of affairs; not being aware, as he admits, that his queries can be answered,—that is, being ignorant of the whole mass of opinion on one side of a question which he decides with a sweep of the pen. As to the present condition of things, Sir J. F. Stephen, in the preface to his recent "Digest of the Law of Evidence," says: "I do not think the law can be in a less creditable condition than that of an enormous mass of isolated decisions and statutes, assuming unstated principles: cases and statutes alike being accessible only by elaborate indexes. I insist upon this, because I am well aware of the prejudice which exists against all attempts to state the law simply."

My friend, for instance, resents the idea that law should be made "so plain and simple that every *yokel* may read, and read rightly." Besides being a very impatient exaggeration of my words, is not this a fair example of "keeping jealous watch and ward" over the *arcana* of the profession? He challenges any one who "has a plan for making the law so simple that the ingenuous layman may understand it without special training, and may be able to ascertain his rights without reference" to lawyers, to produce it for his approval. We have already seen in the South Australian system of land transfer, that it is not utterly impossible for the "ingenuous layman" and perhaps even the "yokel" to dispense with legal training or advice in very many instances. That they should ever do so altogether is neither expected nor desired.

As to codification, I regret that I must content myself with referring, without citations, to Mr. Sheldon Amos's lucid and convincing discussion of the need for an English code, the obstacles in the way of its attainment, and the possibility of overcoming them, in the 13th chapter of his "Science of Law." He has also written a book entering fully into the subject; and there are several able articles, worthy of a reference, in the great English quarterly Reviews.* But, for the purpose of answering my friend's almost plaintive questions, nothing could be better than a few citations from an article on "Codification in India and England,"† by Sir James F. Stephen, originally delivered as an address at the opening of the session of the Social Science Association for 1872-3. After giving a detailed account of the labours of the several Indian Commissions, to which I have already referred, and of the difficulties in their way, he enters into illustrations of what has been effected by the completion of the different codes. The first, known as the Code of Civil Procedure, of 1859, "swept away 147 Regulations and Acts, and it laid down a distinct, precise system of civil procedure, applicable to all courts (with exceptions which I need not mention), and all descriptions of causes, and capable of being fully mastered by any one who will take the pains to study the Act, without any reference to authority. One of the enormous advantages of the Act is, that it has, I will not say abolished, but prevented by anticipation the growth of the distinction between law and equity." The Penal Code, enacted in 1860, contains virtually "the whole criminal law of the whole Indian Empire. It consists of 511 sections. It has been in constant use for eleven years by a large number of *unprofessional* judges, who understand it with perfect ease, and administer it with conspicuous success. . . . To compare the Indian Penal Code with English Criminal Law is like comparing cosmos with chaos. Any intelligent person interested in the subject could get a very distinct and correct notion of Indian Criminal Law in a few hours from the Penal Code. I appeal to you to imagine the state of mind of a man who should try to read straight through the very best of English books on criminal law, say, for instance, Mr. Greaves's edition of 'Russell on Crimes.'" The Code of Criminal Procedure "represents 270 separate enactments." The Succession Act of 1865 "provides a body of territorial law for British India, regulating the great subjects of inheritance, the civil effects of marriage, and testamentary power. I would recommend any one who doubts the

* See particularly:—*Westminster Review*, October, 1864, "Modern Phases of Jurisprudence in England;" *Ibid*, April, 1865, "The State of the English Law: Codification;" *Ibid*, October, 1868, "Reform of our Civil Procedure"; *Edinburgh Review*, October, 1867, "Codification;" and *Quarterly Review*, January, 1874, "The Simplification of the Law." See also the Introduction to the New York Civil Code, and the Ninth and Final Report of the Commissioners of the Code.

† *Fortnightly Review*, November, 1872.

possibility or advantage of codification to compare the 332 sections of this Act with a whole library of English law-books, of which Jarman on Wills may be taken as a type." "The knowledge which every civilian you meet in India has of the Penal Code and the Procedure Codes, is perfectly surprising to an English lawyer." Many know them by heart; native students at the universities delight in the study of the law above all subjects. "It is a new experience to an English lawyer to see how easy these matters are when they are stripped of mystery. I once had occasion to consult a military officer upon certain matters connected with habitual criminals. . . Upon some remark I made he pulled out of his pocket a little Code of Criminal Procedure, bound like a memorandum book, turned up the precise section which related to the matter in hand, and pointed out the way in which it worked with perfect precision. The only thing which prevents English people from seeing that law is really one of the most interesting and instructive studies in the world, is that English lawyers have thrown it into a shape which can only be described as studiously repulsive."

As an experiment, Sir J. F. Stephen, shortly after his return to England, codified the whole law of homicide in 24 sections, which contain matter which in "Russell on Crimes," occupies 232 royal 8vo. pages. His digests of the Law of Evidence and of English Criminal Law, recently published and very favourably reviewed by all competent critics, are two small volumes of some 200 pages each; and answer practically the objection that the codification of English law is rendered impossible by its shapeless enormity.

Mr. Frederick Pollock last year published a digest of the Law of Partnership, occupying 125 pages. In the Introduction to it he enters into a careful discussion of codification; and agrees with Sir J. F. Stephen that the Indian Codes form a desirable model for England to follow. He says: "If English people were once brought to perceive that this work is of national interest and importance, and its omission discreditable to our national intelligence, I believe it would be a quite practicable undertaking, and that within no unreasonable compass of time, to make the laws of England, or so much of them as concerns men's common affairs and duties, as good in form as they now are in substance, and as conspicuous an example of order and clearness as they now are of the contrary."*

What has been accomplished in India—what has been accomplished in England by private enterprise alone—demonstrates that nothing but obstinacy can pronounce the task beyond the determined application of English learning, industry, and skill. Herbert Spencer says: "Lawyers perpetually tell us that codification is impossible; and there are many simple enough to believe them. Merely remarking in passing that what Government and all its employés cannot do for the Acts of Parliament in general, was done for the 1,500 Customs Acts, in 1825, by the energy of one man—Mr. Deacon Hume—let us see how the absence of a digested system of law is made good. In preparing themselves for the bar, and finally the bench, law-students, by years of research, have to gain an acquaintance with this vast mass of unorganized legislation; and that organization which it is held impossible for the State to effect, it is held possible (sly sarcasm on the State!) for each student to effect for himself. Every judge can privately codify, though 'united wisdom' cannot."†

If England could accomplish this task, if so many other countries *have* accomplished it, my legal friend pays his profession here in Canada a poor compliment in scouting the idea that it could be carried out by them, if they are as public-spirited, disinterested, and progressive as he would have us believe. "If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly." It is a task that will grow yearly more arduous and more lengthy. In Ontario the iron is hot. Our Common Law presents the same difficulties as that of England; the Administration of Justice owes something to Mr. Mowat's Acts; and now we have our Revised Statutes, giving in some order (anything but logical, but still order) and stripped of obsolete matter, our own Statute Law, which the *Canada Law Journal* well describes as having been hitherto "a tatterdemalion garb of shreds and patches."‡ The iron is hot;

* Digest of the Law of Partnership. Introduction, p. xii.

† "Over-Legislation," p. 79.

‡ January, 1878, Part I., p. 6.

but if our legal profession illustrates its enlightened progressiveness and disinterested love of reform by joining with my friend in holding all talk about a code "very idle talk," there seems indeed small prospect of its being struck.

LESTER LELAN

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

AROUND the wigwam fires the chiefs and braves tell their war stories, fathers relate fables intended to impress upon their children the sagacity of animals. The medicine men have their tales of magic and mystery, and grandmothers their homely parables in which the right and wrong known by Indians are distinguished. However powerless for good may seem to us the little polity which bound the Indian to the world wherein he was placed, his life was not all ruthless warfare. Within the activities of tribal life, and making their force, was the possession of a language wonderfully constituted, and a system of customs regulating war, the arts of the chase, marriage, and funereal rites. The Indian, at his birth, was not merely the member of a tribe; he was the member of a family. Ages after the system of polyandry had passed away, the terms of relationship drawn from that system prevailed to style him the son of his uncle, the brother of his mother's sister's children, and thus to forbid the marriage of cousins. The distinction of family groups was maintained by symbols under which various clans of the tribe were known, and the *totem* was at once a family coat-of-arms and a tutelar spirit. The following story from the manuscript of Mr. Silas T. Rand, a missionary among the Micmacs of Nova Scotia, illustrates the way in which a legend grew around a clan name:—

"My friend Benjamin Brooks, a Micmac, tells me there is a family of Bears in his tribe, and that his grandfather's second wife was one of them. He remembers having asked her how the name came to be given to them, when she told him the following story:—

"'A long time before French or English people were heard of, there was in a certain village a little boy who was an orphan. He sometimes staid in one wigwam, at times in another, having no home of his own.

"'When fall was growing towards winter, one season, this little boy went one day into the woods to pick berries. Wandering on and on he at length lost his way. When night came down he was still rambling. By and by he saw a light and made for it. He reached a wigwam within which he heard people talking. Entering, he saw a woman seated there, and further on two small boys. The woman told him to come in, and the boys seemed glad to see him. The woman gave him some food, and he staid there all night, and was so well pleased that he staid there altogether.

"'As he had no home in particular, the people in the village did not miss him for several days. But they missed him at last, and made careful search for him, but finding him not, they gave him up as hopelessly lost.

"'Now it so happened that the boy had entered a bear's den. In his bewilderment he had mistaken the old bear for a woman, and the two cubs for boys.

"'All winter he staid there. The bear had a store of dried meat laid up, and plenty of berries. These berries were kept in a vessel of birch bark. They were brought out and given them when they were hungry, along with the dried meat.

"'Spring came. The ice broke up, and the smelts began to ascend to the fresh water to spawn. The Indians went out in the season to catch smelts, and as usual the bears did the same.

"The bears walked into the brook and sat down. Then they spread out their paws,

and when they had grabbed a fish they tossed it on to the bank. The Indians knew it was a good time to hunt bears while they were feeding on smelts. So one day a man looking for bears' tracks found those of an old one and two cubs, and along with them what seemed to be the track of a child's naked foot.

"'This is a queer-looking bear's track,' he said to himself. 'I must find out what it is.' So going the next day about sundown, when smelts are most abundant, and bears at work fishing, he hid near the brook and watched.

"'Presently he heard some coming that way and talking busily. Soon an old she-bear came in sight, followed by two cubs and a small naked boy. The boy and the cubs were talking together, and the man could hear and understand what the boy said. The boy could understand the cubs, but their talk sounded to the man just like the murmur of young bears.

"'When they reached the brook, the old bear walked into the water and sat down on her haunches, and seizing the smelts as they passed, commenced tossing them on to the bank. The boy walked into the brook below, and drove the smelts on, shouting *pejedajik* (they are coming), and the old bear would throw them out in heaps as fast as a man would with a scoop net.

"'The man returned home and told what he had seen. He said the boy must be the one of their tribe who had been lost. He was about five years old. All the village was in commotion. They determined to rescue the child, and planned how to do it. It was resolved that all the men should go the next night to the fishing-place and seize the boy and bring him home. They set out, led by the man who made the discovery. They took care not to cross the bear's course, and avoided the direction she took, so that she should not get scent of them. When they reached the brook, they concealed themselves, and waited and watched. Presently along came the bear, her cubs, and the boy. They let them get busy at their work, as the noise of the running brook, and their business with the smelts, would prevent them from hearing the approach of the men. Then they closed quietly around them, making the circle narrower, and at last made a dash for the boy and held him fast. He yelled, and he bit and scratched just like a little bear, while the old bear growled fiercely and went off slowly. They allowed her to pass unmolested and took the boy home. He was wild and fierce for a time, but at length was quieted and tamed. Little black hairs had begun to grow on his naked body. He was called Mooin, and became the father of the Bear family.'"

An appendix adds, that another Indian story-teller related to Mr. Rand, that before the boy left the den of Mooinàskw (the she-bear) she asked him to intercede with his friends, the Indian hunters, not to kill her. "But how will they know you from the rest?" he asked. She told him they should climb high trees, and look round, and they would see smoke rising here and there as from solitary wigwams. From some of these they would see a larger cloud of smoke than from others. These would show the dens of the female bears, who having families to nourish, would be obliged to do a larger amount of cooking, and therefore to build larger fires.

The appendix is more suggestive than the main childish story. It is the germ of that faith in a "familiar spirit" which prompted the Indian to make a "medicine bag" or amulet of the skin of some *totemic* animal whose name and form were linked with his trivial family history, but so linked as to be associated with his dreams and hopes of success in the chase and in war. The clan symbol was not always that chosen by the Indian for his medicine bag, but some part of it was pretty sure to be. Was the clan symbol a Turtle, some part of the animal would be among the amulets which were to defend him from the adverse influence of magicians and bad manitous. To the possession of some such amulet would he ascribe, in the stories of his adventures at the family fire, his success in this or that expedition. In this way respect for the totem, of which the amulet might be whole or part, would grow. If the medicine bag of the warrior contained the bones of the right wing of a partridge, he would not eat the right wing of all the partridges killed by his arrow; his wife, imitative of her husband's superstition, would not eat; his daughters, though married into another tribe, would not eat; and the superstitious veneration which prompted a woman not to touch this or that part of an animal, sacred to household memories, might be communicated to distant tribes speaking a foreign tongue. Instead of the reverence for the

spirits of ancestors, so deeply imbedded in the religion of the Chinese, we find among all the North American tribes, taking its place, reverence for the amulets or charms of ancestors, but less durable than the Chinese superstition from the multiplicity of objects presented for veneration, the necessities of nomad life, and the never-ending friction of inter-tribal wars. The Chinaman who beats his great-grandfather's spirit for ill-luck, and feasts him on shadowy gilt-gingerbread for his success, is not far removed from the Indian who venerates the bones and tufts of hair and feathers which went to the making up of his father's "medicine." Into the latter's faith would come also some dispellant realism when the charms were powerless against an enemy's tomahawk, or the long-stalked deer caught the scent of man and eluded the archer.

The Goth, our father, built the bridge Bif-Raust from earth to an unknowable Future, filled with the life of the unknown Past, and his uncomprehended own. His Teutonic son, Faust, whose wings were strong enough for the longest flight across the unmeasured distances, rose no higher than the Red Indian's aspiration:—

"Two souls, alas! are lodged within my breast,
Which struggle there for undivided reign.
One to the world, with obstinate desire,
And closely-cleaving organs, still adheres.
Above the mist, the other doth aspire,
With sacred vehemence, to purer spheres.
Spirits, if ye indeed are hov'ring near,
Wielding 'twixt heaven and earth potential sway,
Stoop hither from your glorious atmosphere,
And bear me to more varied life away!
A magic mantle did I but possess,
Abroad to waft me as on viewless wings,
I'd prize it far beyond the costliest dress,
Nor would I change it for the robe of kings."

In the child's play of his intellect, the Red Indian peopled the world with influences and spirits more powerful than the visible forces. The elder brother of every animal known to him resided in the spirit-land, and a claw or tuft of hair or feather was a symbol of its characteristic force or craft. The magic mantle Faust sighed for, the bridge from the seen to the unseen, built of the earliest dreams and hopes of our race, was not more worthy of trust for the heart-ease of forward-looking men, than the faith of the American Aborigines. Evolution has been more kindly to us than to them. The star that followed our ships from the East was malign to them. Ignorant of what good was in them, the genius of their national life was strangled in the rush of the western exodus. The human sympathy that could weave a legend of nursing bears for the gratification of family pride was strong enough to grow, like the gospel corn on the mountain tops, into a goodly tree. At Rome the national pride in the she-wolf's cubs founded an empire whose foes met no less honourable death than the Roman broadsword or javelin gave, for rum and the trader's greed followed not the shadow of the haughty eagles. The Druid might burn his holocaust of living victims, the Gael might rejoice in his clan-fights, so long as the Roman sway knew no check, and the easy tribute was paid. Rome left behind her, when her rule was withdrawn, peoples whose national heart still throbbed with a nation's hope, but taught the worth of order and law, rule and peace. Whether good or bad, the faith of the conquered underwent no inquisitorial visitation, and no philanthropic fervours for the spiritual safety of her conquered subjects robbed them of their national gods. The village life of the Indian, his simple council meeting, his reverence for tribal customs, his clan organizations, were institutions powerful enough to support the graft of discipline, and a simple police system imposed upon the tribal councils would have sufficed to secure cohesion among the clans. The only evolution upwards and onwards open to the Indian was through the phases of those forms by which other races have progressed. No nomad race ever settled down from the condition of hunters into that of tillers of the soil. The intermediate condition of herdsmen was that through which they passed, and many peoples remain in that condition still. If we would deal wisely with the Dakotas we must make them what they long to become, herdsmen of horses and cattle, and likewise with the Blackfeet. A civil missionary, gifted with the capacity to induce them to legislate for their municipal affairs, and to organize their own executive, might lay the foundation of institutions whose growth would carry them from year to year to higher attainments. The Indian legend, the memory of the exploits of braves, the pride of ancestry, would thus hold that place in their education which it has in the education of more gifted races.

J. B.

ROUND THE TABLE.

"SCIENCE," says my friend the clergyman, heaving a sigh, as he sips his traditionally clerical port, "has obtruded itself into the domain of Revelation." "Confound these scientific fellows with their theories of defective brain power and overmastering hereditary proclivities," chimes in the hastier lawyer of the old style, "there'll soon be no hanging a man at all, if they have their way!" We have often heard these stock complaints, but what if a new actor takes up the cry, and the inveterate novel-reader protests against the man of science for invading the temple of *his* belief, the three-volume fiction?

We all know the primitive type of novel. Erratic individuals, very strong-willed and impulsive, tender-hearted children of brutal parents, degraded offspring of a noble stock, figure in its chequered pages, all acting on wires without the least semblance of spontaneity. It was a step in advance on this when the educational novel, as we may style it, came into fashion. According to the writers of this school, the future life was framed in accordance with the degree of care bestowed upon the subject in youth; that useful simile about the bending of a twig when you cannot break an oak, being the key-note of the system. Unluckily, they forgot that no amount of bending (even though you began as early as the acorn stage) will turn an oak into an apple-tree. This, however, was what writers of the school I am mentioning always depicted. The child grew up in the likeness of its spiritual parent, or governess, rather than in that of its real and immediate progenitor, and the mind, following the example of the body, held till the last the formative impress of the peculiar moral backboard that had been employed.

But now that is all changed. The laws of pyschology, like those of meteorology, have been but slowly discovered; yet they are slowly unveiling themselves, and our masters of modern fiction can laugh at the crude attempts of early narrative art, just as a Turner who has studied the sweep of the rising clouds and the angry flickering of the lightning in the coming storm, would smile scornfully at the sky effects of old backgrounds, where cirrus and cumulus lie down together like the lion and the lamb, with a (morning) sunset effect and a storm at sea by way of variety. A fictitious character is unfolded to us now (perhaps I have too much before my mind the transcendent success of one writer) as we see it unfold itself in life around us. The element of education is not of course neglected, but it no longer usurps a too prominent place to the exclusion of deeper and more abiding influences. Cultivation may teach us to master our passions, make us docile and long-suffering, but once in a while the bodily or mental frame is over-wrought, and in a sudden paroxysm of passion, of grief, of jealousy, or fear, we shall betray some subtle inheritance we have received from one of our parents. Perhaps it will be shown in a look, the frown of Redgauntlet, or a gesture; but, however manifested, it tells its own tale. For it has not sprung suddenly into existence; all the time we have been looked upon by our compeers as impassive, commonplace, or tedious, that burning thought, that driving impulse, has been working in us, hidden but not the less powerful. And when we get this clue and understand it, and allow for other contradictory or thwarting influences acquired from other sources,—and the number of these will depend upon the skill and power of the writer,—we are on the high road to that exalted Pisgah pinnacle, from which we can look forward into the future of the character and prophesy with fair certainty how he will act. And this is what the novelist does. The incidents, the scenes among which he leads his hero, may be new, or may be but old skeletons revamped; it is not in this that his main skill should consist. It is in the steady adherence to his master-key, and in the naturalness and ease with which he makes the hero act and be acted on by these comparatively unimportant circumstances—doing that which such a character *would* do in real life, and nothing else—that his success will lie. To the true writer of this stamp his

characters are no longer puppets, pullable hither and thither with finger and wire. Started in life, they must work out their own salvation, or "dree their weird" as the penalty of failure, for no *deus ex machinâ* is allowed at the close of our typical modern novel. If thoroughly imbued with the spirit of his craft, the author will feel chary of interfering with the people of his brain; even the events that surround them seem shaped more by them than by him. Thus, Charlotte Brontë found that 'Villette" ended for her in a way that her friends disapproved, and that probably she would have herself rejected had it been suggested to her at first, and before her own work had dominated her individual will.

Comparing two of the foremost in modern fiction, I think we must relegate Dickens to the transition period. True as his sketches of character were, he infringed the rule I have attempted to sketch out in a dozen instances. The dramatic spirit was too strong in him not to overcome his love of truth, so —hey presto!—in the last chapter, exit Mr. Dombey, the stern, the cold, the impassive, and enter Mr. Dombey, humble, relenting, and with the bump of acquisitiveness turned into philoprogenitiveness with a touch of harlequin-Dickens's magic sword of lath. It is so all through his tales; Mercy Pecksniff, Scrooge, one person in each story is sacrificed to the domestic virtues as the plot draws to its close. I have not given myself space to trace out the truer design and execution of George Eliot, who is, I take it, the master-spirit of the new style, but I will, in ending, point out the objections to which this new manner is open in feebler hands. It is rather liable to become hard and rather apt to foreshadow too much in the opening scenes the whole motive of the succeeding volumes. Very often weak writers relate in an account of opening childhood, an incident which almost caricatures some very prominent situation further on in the work. But with all its faults and weaknesses, the scientific novel, if I may name it such, has a glorious future before it.

—A guest at the Table talks lugubriously about the pains and penalties of self-cultivation, and appears, whether in irony, or in a fit of the blues, to advise others to cultivate that "ignorance" which he seems to think is "bliss," making it, of course, a "folly to be wise." I should be afraid that our friend had cultivated over-fastidiousness rather than the really invigorating intellectual pursuits which teach us to find intense enjoyment in the right exercise of our intellectual as well as our physical powers. To take one of the very instances he gives, the man who has a true artist's eye for beauty may occasionally have his sense of harmony wounded by the half-finished condition of a new country which possesses in perfection neither the beauties of unspoiled nature, nor those of a mellow and picturesque civilization. But, *en revanche*, he will recognize with delight a thousand delicate evanescent beauties which totally escape the eye of his less cultivated companion. The roughness and want of finish which his keener sense may detect will often be forgotten in the mellow sunshine effects that gild a mossy log or a scraggy pine, in the picturesque tangle of creepers that twine over a dilapidated fence. For he who really loves beauty can find something to charm him wherever he can see the open face of nature. As Keble says:—

> "Give true hearts but earth and sky,
> And some flowers to bloom and die."

And Wordsworth declared that the meanest flower that blows, could give him thoughts "too deep for tears." And as to pictures, the disgust which an ugly, viciously coloured picture will give to a trained eye —is it not far more than made up by the delight which that eye will take in even a photograph of a true work of art, in which a common sight will find "nothing particular?" And so in other things. If the rich store of enjoyment which intellectual culture opens to the mind; if that widening of the horizon which draws away the thoughts to something nobler than the little petty round of merely personal interests and desires, do not more than make up for any little disabilities which may accompany a culture higher than the surrounding average; then there is something wrong somewhere, and the individual in question has simply made a mistake in "tasting the Pierian spring." It is quite possible, however, to educate oneself into a hypochondriacal condition of mental fastidiousness instead of the real intellectual vigour which throws off slight discomforts with a good-humoured laugh at the comic side of them. A dialogue in the Contributors'

Club of the *Atlantic Monthly*, recently hit off very well the fastidious pedantry of some of our so-called cultivation. It follows up the question: "Because you are cultivated, are there to be no more cakes and ale?" and amusingly sketches the intolerance of those who make themselves unhappy because their neighbours have not all arrived at the same pitch of cultivation in taste with themselves. But this is not a necessary accompaniment of culture, nor a symptom of the highest and truest culture. With a little more "sweetness and light" there would be a larger toleration—a greater patience and sympathy with the chrysalis condition which must come before the butterfly. Our friend forgets, moreover, that people who are not naturally dull can't fall so easily into the delights of dullness. Of course, if one prefers to be an "oyster" let him be one; *de gustibus non est disputandum;* but the taste for oystership would seem to indicate a tolerably molluscous constitution to begin with. It can be good for no creature to cramp and dwarf the aspirations which it naturally possesses. As for the "isolation" complaint, grant that there is something in it. But wouldn't it be as effectual a remedy to try to raise others to one's own level, as to lower oneself to the level of others? The higher gift is bestowed not for selfish exclusive possession, but for impartation to others. If cultivation kills out sympathy, and the "cultivated" hold themselves scornfully aloof from the "*ignobile vulgus*," no wonder they are left to the solitude they have made for themselves. But I would recommend to our friend the philosophy of the fox who lost his tail, by way of obviating the complaint of isolation.

—I heartily agree with the friend who made an onset on bazaars in the last number of the Canadian Monthly, though I think much more might be said in reference to the injurious tendency of the raffling and lotteries, which, under some form or other, are sure to creep in, and are curious things to be taken under the patronage of churches, whose office is supposed to be to lead men to act under higher motives, and to substitute for selfishness self-sacrifice. A singular rebuke has been administered in Scotland to that section of the religious world, which we may call the "*worldly-holy*." The Lord Advocate has forbidden raffles, lotteries, &c., at bazaars, as illegal, in common with any other form of gambling. It is to be hoped that the larger and more earnest religious life which will have to pervade Christianity if it is to resist the inroads of scepticism, will drop bazaars, with all their frivolities and worldliness and humbug, and lead Christian men and women to act up to their professions by giving liberally for what they profess to regard as the most noble of objects, instead of for footstools, fire-screens, and other more or less ornamental squares of crotchet or wool-work. But there is another "development" which I think little less humilitating to our own modern religious life than the bazaar,—I mean the tea-meeting. This is another way of raising money for religious objects by ministering to the selfishness of man. "You will not, I know, give as you ought to give, your five dollars for this church object, but you will give a dollar or so for tickets for an *entertainment*, congratulate yourself that you are *encouraging a good object.*" And ministers wonder that the liberality of their people does not grow; as if selfishness and liberality could be nourished by one and the same treatment. Tea-meetings appeal to the class of people who flock to entertainments of all kinds, and who thereby fritter away both their minds and their money, so that they have neither interest nor contributions to spare as free will offerings for church or charity. In the country, indeed, where any kind of evening entertainment is usually rare, and where books are not often plentiful, tea-meetings may be of some use, as supplying in moderation a real need for some break in the monotony of life, and for social gathering and stimulus. But in towns, where there are usually too many social meetings instead of too few, these perpetual tea-meetings serve as a sort of mild dissipation for the people who eschew balls and theatres, and are, perhaps, quite as effectual as these for killing time and driving away everything like quiet or profitable reading and thought. For though there are always two or three clerical speeches sandwiched in among the songs and readings, everybody knows that people go to tea-meetings simply to be amused, to laugh and talk, to flirt, and by no means to forget the eating and drinking. The clerical speakers know that, above all things, they must be amusing, on pain of being considered slow, and they do not always magnify their office when they lay

themselves out to be funny. Now it is all very well that people should be amused, and there is a time to laugh as well as to do all other things; but is it not a little *infra dig* for our churches to take up the *role* of nigger minstrel troupes as caterers for public amusement, with a view to making money, and for ministers, who have not too much time and strength for the proper discharge of their highest duties, to lay aside those higher duties, even for the time, in order to pander to the popular but morbid appetite for being amused?

—A constant reader desires a corner at the Table to say how gladly he welcomes the development of a national movement in Canada; and how much he would deplore its taking a direction tending towards separation from the glorious old mother-country—the United Kingdom—the country which, according to Ralph Waldo Emerson, has "the proudest history in the world."

I am with G. A. Mackenzie, in his article "Nationalism and Reaction," December, 1877, and against Sir Francis Hincks. The present anomalous relations between the United Kingdom and the Colonies cannot stand the strain of such ticklish times as we now live in, and it is for the best interests of both that the ties of consanguinity should speedily be strengthened by well-devised commercial and political ones. As the poet has said: "Naught may endure but mutability." Free-trade, beautiful in theory, needs combination and concert amongst nations for its successful out-working. A one-sided Free-trade ends in becoming a *reductio ad absurdum*.

Is the Home Rule agitation in the British Isles altogether or in part an absurdity? Does the British Parliament, as at present constituted, do its work, to the satisfaction of any one of the three united nations? The answer must be in the negative.

What weighty objections, other than those of prejudice and ignorance—formidable indeed until dissipated—exist against the tripartition of the still United Kingdom into numerically equal electoral and parliamentary districts, one to be called South Britain, the next West Britain, and the third North Britain? The first to have its legislative work done in some midland or southern town of England. For the second, of course, Dublin would be the city, and thus a deep-rooted and quite natural Irish sentiment would be gratified. For the third, what other town would be chosen than "Auld Reekie," "Edina, Scotia's darling seat;" and although Scotland has long been "freens" with her "auld enemy," still complaint may often be noticed of the neglect of Scottish business in Parliament. The sentiment, so keenly entertained by the Irish, being a most natural one, is by no means dormant in the *perfervidum ingenium* of Transtweedian people. How thoroughly for all practical purposes would the three nations thus be unified, justice and equity being the result, and the gratification of a sentiment which, being in accord with the eternal fitness of things, or, in another word, nature, is legitimate and proper. Conciliation and regard for that righteousness which has been said of old to exalt a nation, are ever so much better and more profitable than coercion and repression.

The very numerous men of Irish birth and descent in all the larger cities and towns of the more populous of the British Isles, would count against the necessary infusion of English and Scotch voters into the proposed parliamentary system of West Britain. North Britain would have its increment from northern Anglia, but here again there would be compensation, for the *gens du Nord* have been very successful invaders of the wealthy southern kingdom, ever since the happy day when they gave England a king, in the person of the modern Solomon, and such, indeed, he was compared with his successors of the Stuart line. How much stronger in the troublous times that may be close upon us, would not the United Kingdom be, with a thoroughly pacified Ireland, and with the warm-hearted Irish in the United States cordial instead of, as many are, hostile towards the Old Land. How much sooner thereafter would that come about, which Mr. W. E. Forster spoke of in his Edinburgh lecture on the Colonies and Federation of the Empire, as "making the two halves of the nation one again," by the United States of America some day becoming "a part of the great confederation of English peoples." Of this hope, Forster speaks as "not the least powerful of those beliefs which make one think politics worth pursuing." See an article on "Our Colonial Empire," in the *Westminster Review* for April, 1876, pp. 145-154.

How grand and righteously disposed an

Imperial Parliament, meeting of course in London, could be formed out of the best-tried men in the United Kingdom and in the English-speaking Colonies.

—It is surprising that no old resident in Toronto, of musical tastes, has obliged his fellow citizens with recollections of the professional and amateur performers of former days. Very interesting reminiscences of the lighter side of our early society, in the metropolis of Ontario, ought to be accessible to some of our pioneers. One by one the old voices are being silenced, and the sensitive fingers that once moved the keys or played over the strings grow cold in death. Very few of the old Philharmonic Society or Quartette Club now survive, and the fund of pleasant anecdote which ought to be treasured up, is in danger of going to waste. The Rev. Dr. McCaul, whose name has been identified with musical taste and progress for many a long year, might be induced to undertake the duty I have indicated. This reflection occurred to me, when thinking upon the favourite faces we, in the body of concert halls, used to greet at every fresh appearance on the platform—faces which will appear no more save in the chambers of imagery within. Not long since, our standard tenor James Dodsley Humphreys, the peculiar pride of Toronto in other days, and J. P. Clarke, the music-teacher of so many long years, were removed without any kindly word from admirer or pupil. Towards the close of last year, Mr. John Ellis, one of the best known of our amateur instrumentalists, as well as one of the most ardent and earnest devotees of the musical art, expired at the ripe old age of nearly eighty-three years. Mr. Ellis's favourite instrument was the violoncello, upon which he had attained an accuracy of touch and a degree of finish seldom surpassed. Wherever stringed instruments were in requisition, the veteran musician with his bulky and self-assertive companion were to be seen or else were sorely missed. At every charitable or patriotic concert Mr. Ellis's services were always sought and never refused. A slight and necessarily thin sketch of his musical career may not be uninteresting. Born in the Norfolk of Old England in January 1795, he early removed to London, where he resided in Old Broad Street in the City, until he removed to Canada, exactly midway between his birth and his death. He was a born musician, and played before a public audience when in his early teens. In 1824, he belonged to the Società Armonica, and then adopted the instrument to which he remained faithful until death. In 1836, he came to Canada, and at once entered into the ardent pursuit of the celestial art. In 1846, he became manager of the Toronto Philharmonic Society, under the conductorship of Mons. Bley. From that time forward he was a recognized leader in the select circle of Toronto's musical world. Before us are a few old concert programmes, on which appear the names of old Toronto's chief favourites, years gone by, amateur and professional. One of them contains the bill of fare for a concert of the Philharmonics "in the University Hall (Parliament Buildings), on St. George's Day, Friday, April 23, 1847, for the Benefit of the Irish and Scotch Relief Funds"—a happy evidence of a harmony of the nationalities never to be seen again perhaps. Those were not the days of ambitious oratorio performances, and the programme does not strike us as remarkably ambitious. But it was "the day of small things," and the soul of music in our pioneers was severely classical and cultured. Amongst the names not yet forgotten may be noted those of Mr. Humphreys, Mrs. Searle, Mr. Ambrose, and Mr. Barron (not the late Principal of U. C. College, who was also a musician), Mr. J. P. Clarke (as organist and composer), and Mr. Ellis as Instrumental Manager. The other two programmes are of a later date, and they bring into prominent notice the name of the best violinist who ever resided in Toronto, Herr Griebel. The one, for the 16th of June, 1856, was given by that musician, the other, in 1865, under Gen. Napier's patronage, for his widow. The latter comes too near our own times for notice, but the former contains, as the instrumental quartette, Messrs. Griebel, Childs, Noverre, and Ellis, James McCarroll (the Terry Finnigan of the press) and Henry Eccles, Q.C., both flute-players of singular ability. To these other names might be added, every one of which stood for an educated musician, Mr. Chas. Berczy, Mr. Perrin, and others not altogether forgotten in the cosy nooks and corners of the city. In all movements for the cultivation of music or the entertainment of his fellow-citizens, Mr. Ellis always took the deepest interest, and it is well that now, when,

under the guidance of Messrs. Carter and Torrington, classical music has established itself firmly in our midst, we should not forget those who sowed the seed without considering who should survive to reap the harvest.

—"At Hartford, Conn., Dec. 23rd, Professor George A. Gilbert, formerly of this city, aged 61 years."

Such was the brief obituary which recently appeared in a Toronto journal of one who merits from Toronto and Torontonians the tribute of a more extended notice. From the school-boy and girl who, a few years ago, had the privilege of receiving their first instructions in drawing in his classes; from the more advanced pupil, who owed the development of a delightful and useful talent to his all but creative power as a teacher; up to the amateur and fellow-artist, who felt the influence of his generous sympathy in the art they jointly pursued and loved,—a common loss, a common regret, demands expression. To his quickening, fostering hand, Art in this Province largely owes its infant but promissing existence; and, to lovers of art, the following brief tribute of affection and respect to its greatest master in this colony may not be unacceptable.

An Englishman by birth, and of good family connections, Mr. Gilbert's strong natural bent led him at the conclusion of a liberal general education, to devote himself to brush and pencil; and in pursuance of his aims he studied with great assiduity in London and on the Continent, particularly in Paris, the great school for anatomical drawing. His health, however, failing, obliged him to alter the course of life he had designed for himself, and shortly after the discovery of gold in Australia he went to that distant colony as one of the commissioners to the gold-fields. A long-cherished desire to see and, probably, find a home in the Southern States of America, at length brought him to these shores, but the civil war, then just breaking out, led him to remain with us instead—a happy chance which conferred on Canadians the inestimable benefit the writer of these lines gratefully desires to chronicle.

Many a noble study in heads and figures, many a gracefully executed landscape and design, adorning the homes of his former pupils remain as memorials of Mr. Gilbert's too brief residence in this city, and attest his marvellous gift of drawing out his pupils powers. The dullest was never discouraged, nor the most talented flattered, yet were none ever allowed to mislead themselves by a false estimate of their ability, whilst his unvarying urbanity, patience, and *bonhommie* in imparting instruction in this most wearisome branch of teaching contributed much to his success. But a yet more enduring evidence of the master's impress is to be found in the improved class of teachers who who have gone forth from his hand to shed abroad, some in far remote localities, more correct and artistic ideas than formerly prevailed; thus contributing each a mite towards that treasury of knowledge which is one day to make Canada great. Any one who remembers the "Art" displays at Provincial Exhibitions and the like fifteen or twenty years ago, and can compare them with those of our own day (however much these may leave to be desired), can bear witness to the marked improvement which is visible, though but few may know that it is chiefly due to this cause. To such students as these, Mr. Gilbert's extensive stores of art-lore, gathered from countless sources, and all thoroughly digested in his assimilating mind; and his ever ready and willing information, were of the greatest value. He was a sort of encyclopædia to them; bringing advantages, otherwise unattainable, within their reach. "It is an education only to know her," said Steele of a lady of his day whom the remark has made famous, and the same might be said, in reference to art, of Mr. Gilbert. Many a pupil, many a friend, who may read these lines will recall in so doing the delightful half-hours—nay, hours—that would glide away as he made with them the tour of his attractive rooms, dilating on the merits of his many beautiful and valuable pictures, or riveting their admiration of some new or graceful *objet d'art*—the whole forming an instructive lecture as well as an agreeable interview, from which it must have been the listener's own fault if more than one valuable precept was not carried away.

Nor was his residence in this country less a boon to the scattered few in Canada who, here and there, in solitude and sympathy, and unknown even to each other, pursued the study of art with intelligent devotion, or to those who, like himself, made it a means of livelihood. While his hostility to false principles and wrong methods, to ignorance

and incompetency, was aggressive, unflinching, relentless, his *personal* feelings towards fellow-artists and teachers were of the kindliest, and were manifested more frequently by deeds than words. No earnest student but who might, if he would, draw from the rich store of his professional knowledge, while, "as iron sharpeneth iron," the stimulating effect of mental friction with him on art subjects was not slow to show itself in honest and unmistakable work.

In the spring of 1871, seven years ago, Mr. Gilbert, to the unaffected regret of many, removed to New York, and from there to Hartford, where he died. About two years ago, his health becoming undermined—the result of the wear and tear of teaching, acting on a peculiarly excitable nervous organization—his professional career was brought to a close, and his death has now followed at the compararively early age of sixty-one. In it many will regret the loss of an unequalled master, and some sincerely mourn a kind and faithful friend, but all should unite to honour in some fitting manner the memory of the apostle of Art in Ontario, for, indeed, he "found it brick, and left it" at least *ready* for the "marble" in which worthy successors in his own field may yet erect temples of undying fame. A "Gilbert Medal," to be provided by small annual subscriptions among former pupils, personal friends, and friends of art in this Province, has suggested itself to the mind of the writer as a suitable form of perpetuating the remembrance of the good he did us, and one which, if the voice of earthly praise or blame could reach him who is gone, the writer feels assured would be the form most gratifying to his feelings.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE Hon. Mr. Vail's defeat in Digby has fallen upon the Ministerial camp like a peal of thunder rolling through the azure. Whether this untoward casualty is destined to effect some such miraculous change upon our political Epicureans as the natural portent temporarily wrought on the Venusian bard, remains to be seen. The dominant party has, at all events, been brought face to face with its enemies at the polls and suffered defeat; the struggle for official existence has begun, and it is to the credit of leaders and organs that they have quietly eaten the leek and resolved to gather up their strength in silence. This reverse is not simply annoying or unfortunate—something disagreeable at which one might grimly smile with set teeth and knitted brow; it rather excites that undefinable premonition of impending disaster, which must be recognised, though it fails to command rational assent, or even to suggest passable excuses for its influence on the imagination. Naturally enough the Opposition papers are making the most of the *contretemps*, as, of course, they have the right to do. Sir John's Toronto organ hoists the Union Jack at the head of its column, from an occult and inexplicable notion that the British Ensign has some mysterious relationship to a partizan contest and victory. The wits of the party have also set to work, and the funny brigade, under the immediate inspiration of Mr. Plumb, who has won apotheosis as the tenth Muse, have succeeded in turning several novel and ingenious puns on the name of the Ex-Minister of Militia. In some parts of the country—at Galt, for example, where no one would *a priori* have looked for a humorist—we are treated to such neat yet painful outcomes as "Digby un-Vailed."

On the whole, however, the Opposition has not been so funny as it can and perhaps ought to be. Jokes after all do not eject Ministries or secure Parliamentary dissolutions; besides, it is ill jesting on an empty stomach—a fact of which most of the journalists seem fully aware. Leaving, therefore, to the flying squadron, under the member for Niagara, the care of the facetiæ, the main body of the party is almost puritanically stern and serious; many editors venture "to put an

antic disposition on;" and not a few go so far as to make howling dervishes of themselves. At this moment there is a greater number of Catos, Brutuses, Eliots, Pyms, and Hampdens, not to speak of Sir Harry Vanes, than there has ever before been in the Conservative party, or ever will be again, should the fates turn out to be propitious. In point of fact, they are too virtuous for this political world lying in wickedness, too serious, and also too exigent by half. Why try to usher in the millennium a year before its appointed date, and precipitate the halcyon reign of Sir John and Dr. Tupper before the people are fully schooled and disciplined for the full enjoyment of its ineffable blessings. It might occur to on-lookers, not hungering ravenously for the flesh-pots of Egypt, that the somewhat sinister expression of opinion in the East, where "there are no politics," and where interest takes precedence of principle, ought not to be hastily accepted as evidence of any wide-spread revolt against rulers. Still perhaps it is good policy on the part of the Opposition to pourtray Mr. Mackenzie and his colleagues as in the last stage of frantic desperation. Like Ralph, the Rover, they are supposed to have "torn their hair, and cursed themselves in their despair," until the floor of the Council Chamber must be strewn with matted and unkempt locks and fragments of rent apparel. So in the night season the terror of approaching destruction would appear to seize upon Ministers, as it did upon the Holland fleet in Dryden's *Annus Mirabilis:*

"In dreams they fearful precipices tread,
Or, shipwrecked, labour to some distant shore;
Or in dark churches walk among the dead;
They wake with horror, and dare sleep no more."

The Conservative press, not content with depicting Ministers as the prey of such gloomy forebodings as haunt the stricken conscience, persists in an effort to raise factitious alarms from without. In true barbarian fashion the tom-tom is beaten, and all the other musical instruments of torture in vogue under Nebuchadnezzar are strummed and blown, supplemented by din and clamour from every quarter, to magnify the number of its following and terrify the Government into a premature surrender. Ministers are assured that the country is marshalled against them; they are invited to look at the advancing hosts through Conservative field-glasses, and submit to the impending *bouleversement* gracefully and at once. Why not dissolve Parliament and enjoy a placid euthanasia now, when the enemy is not too sorely exasperated, and might permit some of the more hungry Grits to enjoy an eleemosynary run in the pasture? One advantage would certainly accrue from an immediate dissolution of the Commons—the country would be spared the infliction of another pic-nic season. Still that is not likely to weigh much with Ministers who have just embalmed their *al fresco* eloquence in a carefully edited and indexed volume as a permanent addition to Canadian literature. More they could not do to signify their opinion of their own importance, unless they set Mr. Pattullo to work on a concordance or *index verborum*. Moreover, although with the conies, they are but a feeble "folk," having made "their houses in the rocks," Ministers are not likely to abandon their stronghold and descend into the plain, for a pitched battle, one hour sooner than they are compelled to do so.

At the same time it may be readily believed that the Nova Scotian struggle has embarrassed the dominant party considerably. The *Globe*, which is so admirably fertile in excuses that it would have no difficulty in accounting for or defending almost anything, even to the admission of the arch-enemy of man into the Cabinet, has been brought to bay. After rashly promising to give an adequate rationale of the Digby vote, it took counsel of wisdom, abandoned the idea, and lapsed into the embrace of the "eternal silences." One ghostly figure alone rises in hazy outline across our contemporary's field of vision, the apparition of the undaunted Thibault, like a spectre of the Brocken, imported from the Hartz mountains to awe the souls of timorous Reformers in Acadie. In spite of the musical exorcism, "*Pas de Thibault*," invented in Quebec, this bogey of an Alderman rose again in Digby and overawed the faithful in the county of Halifax. It is some consolation for nervous Reformers to know that this maleficent being can do no harm in Ontario, except perhaps amongst the French-speaking folk of Essex. This then is the sole explanation hitherto vouchsafed of the Digby *fiasco*, and we must be content to relegate the subject to the domain of the unknown and unknowable.

Something has been said about the scurvy

treatment of the Hon. Mr. Vail, and sooth to say, it was rather cavalier than chivalrous. It was certainly not exactly fair to demand immediate execution so soon after the verdict; and perhaps the lowest depth of political meanness was reached, when the Premier's Ottawa organ declared that the ex-Minister's disappearance would be "no serious loss." It was bad enough to abandon him to his fate; yet there was no need of adding insult to injury by crying after him "good riddance of bad rubbish." And this brings us to the most serious and indefensible feature in this entire business. Messrs. Vail and Jones both resigned their seats, because, in legal opinion, they had forfeited them by a violation, conscious or unwitting, of the Independence of Parliament Act. The former presented himself first to his constituents and was defeated. Instantly, he was made to resign his seat in the Cabinet, and although it may turn out that, like an American naval officer, he has "only got down to get up better," say as Lieut.-Governor, his treatment was shabby without question. Mr. Alfred Jones had already canvassed a large portion of his constituency, not as a Minister shouldering and supporting all the measures, as well as all the sins and shortcomings, of the Government, but as a private member who had inadvertently infringed a statute. It is not only possible, but probable in the highest degree, that many electors pledged their support to him in the latter capacity, because they loved fair play and were unwilling to take an unfair advantage of the hon. gentleman by unseating him during the last year of the Parliament. Suddenly, on the eve of the nomination, Mr. Jones poses himself before the electorate as a Minister of the Crown, and endeavours by that subterfuge to snap a verdict in an appeal to the selfish interests of the constituency. The *Globe*, and the eminently pure Administration whose exponent it is, at once set to work to repeat the dishonourable game played in Quebec East. Of set purpose, and disdaining even the flimsiest disguises, the organ boldly proclaimed the purpose of its party to bribe the entire constituency with the public money. The words deserve to be put on record and to be pondered well: "He (Mr. Jones) will be in a position to serve his own city, his Province, and the Dominion at large much more effectively than he has been able to do as a private member," and a recognition of this fact by the Haligonians could "hardly fail to increase Mr. Jones's majority." And yet this barefaced appeal to selfish local interests was made by a party of purists, which only a few years ago was shocked because Sir John Macdonald increased the Nova Scotian subsidy, as under the circumstances, and without being necessarily urged to it by party needs, he was fully justified in doing. The allusion to the "Dominion at large" was of course a mere blind; what pray, can Mr. Jones do for Canada as Minister of Militia, except to degrade the service and impair the national defences, as he must do, or abandon his attitude of disloyalty and retract the blatant utterances of days not long gone by? Here then we have a party in power which scrambled in at the back window after the old tenants had been ejected, and which was permitted to remain there because it claimed to be as immaculate in practice and strong in principle, as it was pharisaical in profession; and this is the outcome of it all, after four years' battening on the sweets of office. Nor are the Opposition leaders a whit more fastidious in the means they employ. In Quebec East the Local Government was equally unscrupulous with the Ottawa rulers in bidding for local support by wholesale bribery; and it was only because the latter offered the highest price for the bargain and sale of the constituency that the Hon. Mr. Laurier was returned. In Halifax, Dr. Tupper endeavoued to throw Mr. Jones's offers in the shade, and he also adroitly introduced an element of uncertainty into the contest by prophesying a speedy fall of the Government. The Conservative press has much to say against bribery by wholesale just now; but its protestations are hollow and insincere. Both parties have inherited the same taint; they are both destitute of sound political principle, and the only ambition either seems to have is the despicable and unworthy one of improving upon the base arts of the other. In Halifax during the canvass, there was no pretence of an appeal to principle on one side or the other; nothing but the same oft told scandalous chronicle of corruption, and the same systematic effort to deepen that corruption by debauching and infecting the entire electoral body by the meanest of all party appeals—the appeal to selfish local interests. It is safe to say that the Halifax election turned upon the question whether

the investment of political capital with the ins or the outs will pay the larger dividend.

That any constituency, and especially such important centres as Quebec and Halifax, have a right to demand from their representatives earnest attention to their local interests, no one will deny; but that is quite a different thing from purchasing election by the easy method of issuing unlimited promissory notes to secure benefits to come. And when a Government plainly informs a city, almost *totidem verbis*, that they will expend so much public money there on works of general utility, if it elect their nominee, and will withhold it, if it reject him, they strike a treacherous and deadly blow, not only at freedom and purity of election, but at public morality from the highest social stratum to the lowest. To us it appears indisputable that the system now inaugurated and shamelessly avowed, of wholesale bribery out of the treasury, will, in the long run, prove far more demoralizing, and inflict a more fatal stab at representative institutions and free government, than fifty Pacific Scandals, supplemented by all the "Big Push" appeals for aid to work against "the immense sums employed by the Government," which the acuteness of Sir John Macdonald or the presiding genius of the *Globe* could ever bring to bear on a "public" contractor or a bank President. In the case of Halifax, either the boons proferred as the price of its citizens' support ought to be conferred upon it or they ought not. If the former, Mr. Jones has been an unfaithful servant in that they have not been secured before, and the Government ought to have conceded them, irrespective of the political views of the city's representatives. If they are not such benefits as Halifax has a fair right to claim, then, supposing Ministers to be able and willing to fulfil their promises, they will prove themselves guilty of bribery and corruption to a degree in comparison with which the paltry *douceur* of a five or ten dollar bill to the individual voter becomes almost a virtue by contrast.

But the Government has not only been guilty of this flagrant attack upon the purity of election—the result of leading a party without principles—and of entirely changing the position of Mr. Jones within a week of the election; it has not hesitated to degrade the Royal prerogative. When, in 1858, the Hon. Mr. Brown formed his short-lived Administration, the Cartier-Macdonald party ingeniously availed itself of a provision in the Independence of Parliament Act to avoid the unpalatable necessity of re-election by Ministers. A simple interchange of offices, within the terms of the law, and somewhat improperly termed the "double shuffle"—for there was but one shuffle after all—produced a terrible uproar in the camp of the immaculate, and a number of law-suits which only established the legality of the proceeding. The purists of that day have learned something from their opponents during their enforced sojourn in the wilderness. The *vox clamans in deserto* is now heard no more from the same quarter, and the honest Reformer, with "nothing to reform," finds himself at leisure to improve upon the lesson painfully impressed upon him ten years ago. Had His Excellency, the Governor-General, been at the time in Ottawa, it is impossible to believe that he would have sanctioned the step taken by the Premier; yet it is quite possible that, had he done so, the step might have been within the bounds of constitutional practice. But as matters stood, the Royal dignity was deliberately trailed in the mire for party convenience. Lord Dufferin is Her Majesty's representative, and during his absences from the seat of Government—and their frequency is the best evidence of his zeal and unwearied energy—he, of necessity, appoints an Administrator. The appointment of Sir William Richards as Deputy-Governor—although it is an office unknown to the constitution—was a wise one, not only because the learned Chief Justice is on the spot, but because he possesses practical as well as skilled knowledge of the politics of his country; and he is, in addition, a man in whose judgment and integrity the people can repose implicit confidence. Clearly, if Mr. Jones were to be sworn in of the Privy Council, every constitutional principle required that the oath should be administered at Ottawa by Sir William Richards. His Excellency, the Governor-General, had committed the administrative functions of his high office to the keeping of the Chief Justice, and he was authorized so to do by prescription and precedent, if not directly by the Royal instructions; but we deny altogether that any power to farm out the Royal prerogative has been, or could be, given to the Government, or that the representative of the representa-

tive of the Crown could delegate the Royal authority to a fourth person, and so on," of course, *ad infinitum*. The dignity and power of the Crown are not transmissible, like episcopal unction, through a succession of persons by the laying on of hands, still less by telegram. As it is exceedingly desirable that this shady transaction should be submitted to the severest scrutiny by Parliament and by public discussion, both here and in England, the facts may be concisely stated. The Hon. Mr. Vail, Minister of Militia, and Mr. Alfred Jones, members respectively for Digby and Halifax, N.S., resigned their seats because they had violated the Independence of Parliament Act, and appeared before their constituents to be rehabilitated. The Minister was defeated, and in a trice, Mr. Jones was appointed in his place, and a change of front was made face to face with the hon. gentleman's constituents. The new Minister might have gone to Ottawa to be sworn in as a Privy Councillor, because if it were right to spring a surprise such as this on the electors of Halifax just before the nomination, it would have been quite as legitimate to take office any time before the close of the poll, and without letting the Haligonians know anything about it. As it was, Mr. Jones, never dreaming of the contemplated stratagem, was on his way to the seat of Government, when he was informed by telegraph that, for the sake of party, the Cabinet had resolved to make ducks and drakes of the royal prerogative. A commission was sent to Chief-Justice Young, which must be a curiosity in its way, authorizing him to swear in Gen. O'Grady Haly as Administrator of the Government. This trifling with oaths was actually enacted, and then the third representative of Royalty—for there were already one in Washington and one in Ottawa—this sub-deputy viceroy, swore in the Hon. Mr. Jones. Is it necessary to point out the unconstitutional and, as we are firmly convinced, illegal and unprecedented character of this new shuffle? There now remains no single institution, from the honour and dignity of the Crown to the free and conscientious exercise of the franchise, which has not been tampered with for the paltriest of party purposes. It is not likely that His Excellency himself, had Mr. Jones been at Washington, would have sworn him in, under the circumstances; but, however that may be, nothing appears more unwarrantable than the use made of his absence to degrade the Crown for party exigencies, by putting the Royal prerogative into commission. Henceforth it may be taken for granted that the Sovereign's authority may be delegated *ad libitum* at the pleasure of the Minister; and that, as party men may purchase constituencies *en masse* by corrupt bids from the Public Works Department, so they may give Her Majesty as many representatives here as they may choose, or their own needs may demand, although Administrators become as plentiful as tide-waiters or officers of excise. It is hardly worth while to notice one plea that has been advanced for this new "double shuffle." It is urged that whilst the Deputy-Governor may act for the Crown during His Excellency's absence from Ottawa within the Dominion, Gen. Haly becomes Administrator so soon as the Governor crosses the frontier. The notion is palpably untenable and absurd. Lord Dufferin, had he entertained it, would have sworn the General in before his departure, and the latter would have been at Ottawa, where he could perform the duties of his office, not at Halifax where he could not. Who represented the Crown in the interval between His Excellency's passing the boundary line and the swearing-in of Gen. Haly? Who performed them then? Perhaps Sir W. Richards was Deputy-Administrator, and our objections still apply. This after-thought of the party journals is too ridiculous. That the Government had been brought into a corner in Nova Scotia may be readily admitted; but that is no sufficient excuse for the triple assault on pure and honest government which they undoubtedly committed: first, in entirely changing the issue before the electors of Halifax, on the eve of election, after a canvass in which Mr. Jones had sought and obtained pledges of support on very different grounds; secondly, in pressing the argument to selfishness upon the voters, and degrading the franchise irretrievably perhaps by so doing; and finally, by abusing the dignity and authority of the Crown, and labouring, so far as possible, to make the Queen herself a mere convenience for the miserable exigencies of an ephemeral faction.

It is not surprising that the leader of the Opposition and his spokesmen have not said much in protest against this unsavoury business. A party out of office is always receptive, and the Conservatives are generally as

apt as other party politicians in seizing and improving upon any new device suggested by rulers sore bested. The Reform party attained power by exposing, most ungenerously, the secrets of the trade—a fact which, read in the light of the last four years, shows that although there may be honour amongst thieves, there is none in party polemics. It was mildly hinted the other day, by a Conservative journal, that the new "double-shuffle" between Ottawa and Halifax might prove to be unconstitutional, and there it stopped. As a matter of fact, the Opposition leaders have taken a new view of Mr. Mackenzie's political ingenuity and fertility of device than they entertained before. He is, as it were, one of themselves, and although the responsibility for this utter degradation of our current politics must be borne by both parties, the Premier enjoys the bad distinction of placing the coping-stone upon the edifice. As his opponents began, in an old-fashioned way, with systematic individual corruption, by a master-stroke of genius, the Reform Premier has adopted a more comprehensive scheme of bribery, without straining the private means of rich individuals after the *effete* method of 1872, and, at the same time has trailed the robes of royalty in the dust at the chariot wheels of party.

Therefore, the party out of power are not at all fastidious about trifles like the recent Nova Scotia escapade. Steel-rail jobs, and all the other petty scandals which may crop up or be invented, and form the stock-in-trade of party, will soon have served their purpose and sink into oblivion. But the new method of using Queen, Senate, Commons, Bench, and electorate as the property of party, now that it has received its highest and latest development, seems to have commanded respect from the Opposition. It opens up a vista of possibilities in the future to be hidden and pondered in the heart, and it will go hard with them, when they attain power, if they cannot improve upon the lessons they have learned from party purism in office. The abashed and apologetic tone of the *Globe* at present is not an unpromising sign. Where most people had ceased to expect to find the lingering traces of a once active conscience, it is pleasing to find some tardy indication of scruple, if not of remorse. After all a death-bed repentance is better than none at all, and even the *Globe*, when it ceases to be an organ, may leave all its ingrained depravity behind it. Digby has been left to itself, and even the barefaced appeals to Halifax interests were chastened and mellowed by an undertone of sadness. The Premier, it observes pensively, made Halifax a winter-port before there was any prospect of a general election—a miserable plea for electoral gratitude. Halifax was made a winter-port, not for its own sake, but to increase the business of the Intercolonial, and so to justify the Government management; and long before the period referred to the nemesis of a general election was as haunting and all-pervading a presence to Ministers as now. Mr. Jones, we are further told, is "a man of independent opinions," and yet, in the fullness of an exuberant and all-embracing charity, and even "at the risk of his occasionally clashing with the prejudices and opinions of others," he has been folded to the Ministerial bosom. How long will the Honourable Mr. Jones in office maintain sturdily and uncompromisingly the "independent" opinions of Mr. Alfred Jones out of office? Not an hour after the alternatives of principle and place are rudely presented for his selection. In point of fact, he never had an independent principle at heart. The pretence of holding such principles was the means by which he has at last attained his end. Even were the new Minister's "independence" less disputable than his loyalty, he must leave it behind him when he dons the livery of party and enters the Council Chamber. Parties, as they now exist in Canada, possess so little vitality and internal cohesion that they cannot afford to tolerate the slightest freedom of opinion or action. To think and act for one's self is to risk being cast out of the synagogue. What M. Guizot said of the Liberal Party is so applicable to both our factions that the temptation to quote his words is irresistible: "I recognise no greater danger to free institutions than that blind tyranny which the habitual fanaticism of partizanship, whether of a faction or a small segment, pretends to exercise in the name of Liberal ideas. Are you a staunch advocate for constitutional government and political guarantees? Do you wish to act in co-operation with the party which hoists this standard? Renounce at once your judgment and independence. In that party, you will find, on all questions and under all circumstances, opinions ready formed and settled beforehand, which assume

the right of your entire control. Self-evident facts are in open contradiction to these opinions; you are forbidden to see them. Powerful obstacles oppose these resolutions; you are not allowed to think of them. Equity and prudence suggest circumspection; you must cast them aside. You are in the presence of a superstitious *Credo* and a popular passion Do not argue; you would no longer be a Liberal. Do not oppose; you would be looked on as a mutineer. Obey, advance, no matter at what pace you are urged or on what road. If you cease to be a slave, you instantly become a deserter. My clear judgment and natural pride revolt invincibly against such a yoke." This withering denunciation of partisanship applies *a fortiori* to both our Canadian parties, with the important qualification, which strengthens rather than invalidates it, that for opinions, principles, or resolutions which do not exist here, you must substitute a desperate and scrambling contest to secure or retain power, place, and pelf. Mr. Jones's "independence," whatever it may have been worth, disappeared simultaneously with Mr. Vail's qualifications as a Minister and a statesman. Mr. Mackenzie has the former under lock and key, and his journal, the Ottawa *Free Press*, has given the *coup de grâce* to the latter. We cannot affect any regret at the re-election of the hon. gentleman; so far as the interests of the country are concerned, his success or defeat was a matter of supreme indifference. The electors evidently preferred Mr. Jones's bird in hand rather than Dr. Tupper's brace in the bush. Promissory notes, drawn at twelve months after date, seldom pass current, especially when the payee cannot be sure of the drawer or endorser's solvency at the end of the term, and finds it impossible to realize by obtaining discounts. At the same time, it may not be amiss to remind the Haligonians that, having voted as they saw fit, they have no claim upon the Premier. Having failed to sell themselves to the Public Works Department, the deed of bargain and sale has not been consummated, and the Ministerial offer is withdrawn. Perhaps the winter-port would be withdrawn also, were it not for the approach of a general election and the alarming difference which would result in Intercolonial receipts.

Looking back upon recent events in Nova Scotia, the Government has little reason to boast of its triumph; yet it would be too much to expect that, as a body, Ministers feel much remorse for the means by which that triumph has been secured. The Premier may, perhaps, have winced a little at the corruption of a constituency and the prostitution of the Royal authority; but there is only one of his colleagues who will be likely to have felt more than a passing pang. Mr. Blake certainly must feel deeply chagrined and humiliated; for he, at all events, possesses a sensitive conscience and a delicate regard for his honour and fair fame. During his tenure of office he has sacrificed health and ease in the public service; with a liberal and comprehensive intellect, cultured by study and reflection, and mellowed by a painful experience, in office and out of it, Edward Blake stands apart, the one statesman in whose splendid abilities, stern integrity, and almost feminine sense of honour and rectitude, the people repose the fullest confidence. It is surprising to hear a rumour of his retirement; and whether it prove to be well-founded or merely one of those prolific wishes which stand in paternal relationship to so many canards, it certainly has an air of verisimilitude about it. It must be inexpressibly galling to the President of the Council to see his name and reputation tarnished by association with the petty arts and stratagems of his party. The electoral struggles in Quebec and Nova Scotia, and the corrupt character of a Ministerial canvass by baits and bribes, may well have wounded his self-respect and filled his whole nature with unutterable disgust. Although continued ill-health compelled Mr. Blake to relinquish the Ministry of Justice, he left on the statute-book abundant proofs of his vigorous and intelligent activity in a series of law-reforms of permanent utility to the Dominion. Averse by temperament and through self-respect from the artifices of the demagogues, his work has been solid, rather than showy, serviceable and well-ordered, not glittering *ad captandum vulgus*. Except some vigorous outbursts of natural indignation in the Premier's addresses, Mr. Blake's Teeswater speech stands alone in the collection of pic-nic harangues —so creditably edited by Mr. Pattullo—as the manly deliverance of a high-principled, thoughtful, and independent mind. Statesmen are not so abundant in Canada that the people can afford to lose one whose sterling character and capacity have inspired them

with so much of confidence and hope. If, as the Opposition journals are so fond of boasting, the Minister has not fulfilled the entire measure of popular expectation, the fault must be laid at the door of the party system; and for that those who are out of office must share the responsibility with those that are in. It alone, and not any lack of ability, sincerity, earnestness, or zeal on his part, has crippled Mr. Blake's freedom of action, and overshadowed with its sinister shadow the brightness of early promise. Should a retirement from office free the hon. gentleman from the shackles which bind him, with restored health, and the experience of disappointments and vexations past, he may return to the arena under better auspices and with refreshed energies to assist in inaugurating a nobler policy, when the contending factions of the hour have passed for ever away.. Certainly his definitive retirement from public life would cause poignant regret to all who love his and their common country. It may be that, for the present, Mr. Blake's honour and self-respect require an early resignation; to him, doubtless, it would mean emancipation from a thraldom almost intolerable, and, as he has kept his skirts clean of the party mire, the words which Francis I. did not, because he could not, utter after Pavia, may be his, "*Tout est perdu, fors l'honneur.*" Power, place, and all that the ordinary partizan values may have to be abandoned, yet Edward Blake, from whom so much may yet be anticipated, with the will as well as the power to serve his country honestly, efficiently, and with unshackled energy and intelligence, would not hesitate. *

An article in the New York *Times* has formed the text for party articles in Canadian journals, touching a Reciprocity Treaty with the United States. With one position advanced by the American journal we need scarcely note our concurrence, since it has been strenuously maintained in these pages. The *Times* contends—and, as a party organ in a country where partyism has been exalted to the dignity of a fine-art, its authority is unexceptionable—that "little real progress will be made toward reciprocity" (or any fiscal policy on a national basis) "until the Canadians separate a strictly business question from partisanship." Its remarks on the folly and impolicy of a "threat of retaliation" are also judicious in the main, as uttered from an American standpoint. The Opposition never made a greater mistake than when it proclaimed, as its shibboleth, a reciprocity of trade or a reciprocity of tariffs—an insane jingle of words, meaning nothing in Sir John Macdonald's random rhetoric, but involving most fatal consequences if Parliament or the electorate ever ventured to take them *au sérieux*. The reciprocity which fair play and an equitable spirit of negociation would secure from our neighbours we are not likely to get; first, because the Americans never conclude a bargain without striving to overreach the other party to the agreement; and secondly, because the necessities of their position since the war still press upon them, and they could not concede what this country desires, even if they would. There was a rumour some time since that our Government had been knocking at the door at Washington, for the privilege of being fleeced in some one-sided compact, and it was hinted that the success of this humiliating step was merely a chess-board move to checkmate the Opposition in its agitation for fiscal reform. It is quite possible that some hint of "Barkis being willin'" may have passed from Ottawa to the Washington Peggotty; still, when we remember the outrageous story that Lord Dufferin had held a secret meeting with Messrs. Hayes and Evarts to implore them to secure to England, the friendship of the United States during the trouble her Semitic ruler is doing his best to involve her in on Turkey's behalf, stories of this sort may be permitted to go for nothing, which is their full value. The party in power would no doubt be exceedingly pleased if our neigbours would be amenable to reason in trade matters, but they are not quite so fatuous as to bend the knee to Brother Jonathan, even to dispel the fiscal cloud which threatens them. It is quite

* Since these lines were penned, the Ottawa correspondent of the *Globe* has announced the resignation of Mr. Blake, because of the hon. gentleman's continued indisposition. Unhappily, there is too much reason to believe that the assigned reason has been one of the determining causes of the step taken; but that it is the sole reason we do not for a moment believe. The *Globe's* satisfaction that Mr. Blake does not differ with his late colleagues on the "policy of the Government," is vaguely expressed and may mean anything or nothing. It is safe to interpret it in a "non-natural" sense, when taken in connection with the perfunctory professions of regret in the same paragraph.

true, as the *Globe* affirms, that the wild rhetoric of Conservative leaders and journals has produced its natural results. It has, however, done little more harm than the Reform policy. The New York *Times* is very angry because the *Mail* threatens; yet, on the other hand, it is bound to be pleased with Messrs. Cartwright and Mills, and with their Toronto mouthpiece, for giving renewed assurances, that the Dominion is, for a brief period longer, to be left open to its commercial enemies. Unhappily the blatant ravings of one faction about "reciprocity of tariffs," and the mad cosmopolitanism of the doctrinaires are both heard across the border; whilst the temperate, defensive attitude Canada will eventually assume, in spite of both parties, seems not yet to have been so much as imagined.

Partly because of the fact that American politicians cannot understand a commercial policy which is not aggressive and retaliatory, and partly because politicians of both parties here wilfully misrepresent the needs, as well as the demands, of our Canadian interests, no one should be surprised at American ignorance as to our attitude touching reciprocity. Our neighbours see plainly enough that one of our parties is willing to sacrifice Canadian interests at the shrine of a faulty and transitory doctrinairism, and it is the party in power; whilst, on the other hand, there is a hungry faction, eager for office, and willing to promise anything, from a rise in wages to a Chinese wall, in order to secure it. So long as Messrs. Cartwright and Mills direct the fiscal policy of the Dominion, American politicians know that they have nothing to fear, and that if reciprocity is mooted at all, they will most certainly have the privilege of dictating to the provincial suppliants. No one can read the reported speeches of Ministers at pic-nics, or those of Sir John Macdonald and Dr. Tupper on the other side, without seeing that the wild talk both parties indulge in, is such palpable nonsense as no public man, at once sane and serious, would indulge in for a moment, The one set are the victims of theory run mad, and the other, with all the craze of hunger for office, are doing their best to misrepresent the ripening determination of the country by words of promise "full of sound and fury signifying nothing." Our neighbours may be at once assured that when the Parliament of Canada is set earnestly to work to frame a national, fiscal policy, they will not hear further of a "Chinese wall," or "reciprocity of tariffs."

The people of the Dominion desire to live on terms of the closest amity with their American cousins, and to be as nearly connected with them as is consistent with relationship within the prohibited degrees. They see much to admire in the noble nation to the southward, much to imitate, and many valuable lessons to learn; but they do not at all like their Government either in theory or practice, because it is supremely selfish, irrational, as well as totally regardless of every moral obligation. It was an American who penned the most disgraceful eulogy upon that false hero Napoleon I., whom an impartial Frenchman portrays in unfading colours as at once the greatest liar, the most treacherous and blood-thirsty of mankind. The fact is not without significance that whilst France, with the conclusion of M. Lanfrey's history, has set before the world an example of what a Republic may be, the United States is rapidly degenerating in matters of international justice, good faith, and and fair dealing to the level of old France under the hero of the redoubtable Abbott. It is unnecessary to refer to the bare-faced proposal—which will almost, if it be destined not altogether to command two-thirds of Congress—to rob the bondholders of ten per cent. of their property. The shamelessness with which the balance of money paid by Britain for a specific purpose, and for the right disposal of which, in the terms of the treaty, the national honour was bound, has been deliberately pocketed by the rulers of the United States, ought to cause a blush, even to a Congress devoted to the repudiators. And when, to come nearer home, an award much below what Canada had a right to anticipate is disputed, and will be resisted, we firmly believe *à l'outrance*, after a solemn arbitration, what opinion can we be expected to entertain of a nation, which has so strong a *penchant* for sharpness and roguery that no other people can enter into an engagement with it, either individually or *en masse*, without the certainty of being cheated?

There is a grim propriety in the agitation regarding eternal punishment across the border, when one considers the guilt that weighs upon the conscience, if there be any, of rings, returning boards, Indian agencies,

and all the detestable machinery of party, from the township caucus to the National Committee, not to speak of the Presidents they elect by fraud, and the Congresses which follow prospective Presidents, ready to sink their country into any slough of humiliation for place and patronage. No nation on earth has ever produced such a catalogue of unprincipled politicians as might be drawn from the lists of prominent men in American public life since the termination of the war. The Chandlers, Mortons, Butlers, Blaines, —but the catalogue would be interminable —are the ruling powers of the State, and have been during ten years or more. Party has had its millennium, with "party organization"—for which our own petty factions are always pleading—at its best, complete and symmetrical. One of the two great parties every politician must espouse, said the *Mail* the other day, as if that were a noble achievement in the discipline of parties, much as a trades' union among banditti might prove triumphant over free-lances of the marauding type, in the defiles of the Abruzzi. It is true that Charles F. Adams, the last surviving spirit of a noble revolutionary type, has no following and no influence. That is certainly nothing new in American history. Partly from the faulty Constitution of the Union; partly from the ease with which trading politicians twisted that nose of wax; but mainly from partyism and its diabolical machinery, genius, integrity, and patriotism have seldom or never attained the highest seats in the Republican synagogue since the fathers of the country passed away. The men who regenerate the land to which they belong are not party men, as one evidently sees by the successful pertinacity in France of M. Dufaure, the preserver of free institutions, who, during his public career, has been temporarily attached to almost every party, without being the slave or victim of any. If his country now enjoys peace and prosperity, it owes those blessings to a great national movement before which the factions have been swept like chaff before the wind. In the United States, so perfect has the party machinery been, that the best elements of the nation's character have never had a fair chance in its councils. The dishonest reputation of the American Government is unquestionably a libel upon the nation, which is as sound at heart and honourable in its moral instincts as it is courteous, liberal, enterprising, and energetic. But the people, notwithstanding the free constitution enjoyed in theory, are practically powerless. Their choice of rulers is taken out of their hands and rests with one or other of two oligarchies, inspired and organized by the demons of party. An eminent American statesman once remarked that he "would rather be right than President"—a virtual admission that to be both was out of the question—and he died without attaining that exalted position, as all the most, able and most intelligent of American statesmen have done since the iron tyranny of the party organizers was riveted upon the neck of the nation. Already Mr. Hayes shows signs of a surrender to men of the baser sort, and he will, in all probability, leave the White House with his high resolves all abandoned, and his moral aspirations utterly emasculated. Although the circumstances of Mr. Hayes's elections rent the parties asunder, such is the tenacity of life in the baneful system, and so great are its powers of recuperation, that already the Conklings, Blaines, Butlers, and Blands have succeeded in patching the rents and once more bidding defiance to every effort to establish a Government on the firm basis of justice, honour, and integrity.

Does any one suppose for a moment, that if the voice of the national conscience could have been heard in Congress, the flagrant breach of trust in pocketing the balance of the Alabama award, the threat to refuse the payment of the fishery compensation, and the nefarious scheme to defraud the national creditor by paying him in depreciated silver could have been possible? It is a painful, yet indisputable fact, that during the last decade, the American Government, in matters of pecuniary and international obligations and good faith, has been the most systematically and shamelessly dishonourable that ever ruled a civilized country. It has surpassed the South American Republics, Spain, Turkey, and Egypt, in turpitude; for they had, at least, poverty to plead, and their culpability chiefly consisted in borrowing what they knew they would be unable to pay. American rulers have no such excuse to plead, and they have been dishonest and perfidious by instinct and from choice. They have fastened upon the people they misrepresent and misrule the undeserved reproach of being a nation of sharpers, whose

favourite virtues are "smartness" and skill in overreaching all with whom they deal. They have alienated Canadians, and rendered morally impossible the dream of a closer political connection—though for that we thank them—and by a series of mean stratagems have systematically plundered and injured the Dominion with all the brazen self-complacency of a successful swindler, and the ineffable meanness of the vulgarest sharper. Of one thing the New York *Times* and the Government, whose mouthpiece it is reputed to be, may rest well assured, that they have overreached and outwitted Canada for the last time. Washington has been our Canossa long enough, and it will be some time before our Canadian public men will kneel in the cold as hungry suppliants on the steps of the White House. Our people desire the emancipation of trade from the fetters which bind it; but they were neither forged nor imposed by them, and, therefore, until American rulers express a desire to treat, and can give us some assurance of their good faith, there will be no more reciprocity negotiations.

Still, party exigencies here are, on a small scale, quite as strong, reckless, and imperious in their demands as there; and although we cannot believe that any set of men, even for party purposes, would venture to humiliate their country again, it may be well to keep a watchful eye upon Ministers. That there has been some attempt at a *rapprochement* between the Governments appears certain, and, from the tone of the New York *Times*, we are forced to the conclusion that something more than the harmless and non-committal resolution of the Dominion Board of Trade was in its mind when the article referred to was penned. We are on the eve of a general election, when, in all probability, the fiscal question will prove the making or marring of each party, and the people cannot be too wary. If there be any truth in the reported observation of Sir Edward Thornton, that the reciprocity question would be reopened, it will be the duty of the House of Commons to ascertain, by demanding the papers, who suggested the Quixotic movement, and how far the interests of Canada have been compromised, either with or without the concurrence of the Dominion Government. The *Globe*, which always grows valiant when all danger is past, talks in a defiant tone to its American contemporary, and its language would be satisfactory enough if the party hoof were not so palpably exposed. It is all the *Mail's* fault, of course; and the organ has even the barefaced assurance to reproach its contemporary for preferring the interests of party to those of country. Pray when did the *Globe* do anything different during its long course of crooked and sinister twists and turnings? If the *Mail* pictures the prevailing depression in Rembrandt tints, what should we say of a Finance Minister who did likewise in Parliament, and then went home to England to borrow a loan with the other side of the story for the English capitalists? Partizans are the same, no matter by what names they are called, or what so-called principles they may avow; and there seems no sufficient reason why the pot should utter any disparaging reflections upon the hue of the kettle. What is now wanted is, first a clear declaration that the first advances in the direction of reciprocity must come from across the lines, and, next, a firm resolve on the part of the people that their necessities shall be considered, if not by this Parliament, at any rate by the next. They cannot trust parties, and must learn to work without them until reputable substitutes for existing factions can be found. As we can have no reciprocity treaty in which we are not foredoomed to be victims, it is the first duty of legislators to revise the tariff, not in a retaliatory, but in a purely defensive and self-regarding sense. Our tariff, like our militia, should be neither menacing nor retaliatory, but yet strong and serviceable enough for national purposes. "Defence, not defiance" ought to be the motto of the Canadian financier as well as of the Canadian soldier.

When Mr. Mowat, with the Public Works Mephistopheles at his elbow, spoke last Session of dealing with the question of tax exemptions this year, most people who had any knowledge of the Premier and his strong-willed colleague, thought they knew what they might expect from the Local Government. The knowing ones have been disappointed; for although they expected some sort of device for juggling with the question, they had no notion of the surprise Mr. Mowat had in store for them. The avowed purpose of last year to introduce a measure for the partial abolition of these inequitable exemp-

tions was early abandoned, chiefly, no doubt, from the pressure brought to bear by the priests and parsons; and at length, three weeks after the short session of the House had commenced, the Premier moved for the appointment of a committee to inquire. Inquire into what, we should like to know? Inquire into a subject upon which the municipalities, rural and urban, so far as their views are before the Legislature, have pronounced a decided opinion! Inquire, when the Premier's own mind had been made up for him by the Hon. Mr. Fraser! The trick is far too transparent to impose upon any one; the partizan committee appointed is not even a "burying committee," as the Hon. Mr. McDougall termed it; it is rather a "burking committee," since you cannot bury even an inconvenient political question, until you have strangled it. Responsible Government in Ontario has become a farce, because where the Premier's conscience pulls one way his footsteps are guided in another, and the Cabinet is hopelessly discordant; when the only just and justifiable course is so clear, the system thus becomes a transparent delusion. Our *soi-disant* Reform rulers are exceedingly fond of centralizing power in the heads of departments and reducing local self-government to a phantom; but they have a natural horror of parliamentary responsibility. The committee appointed the other night has in fact no duty whatever to discharge; its appointment was a fraudulent pretence; all that Ministers demand of it is procrastination, and there can be little doubt that it will do nothing, with exemplary assiduity, until the curtain falls and the actors and directors retire to refresh themselves for the summer pic-nics. Meanwhile, what has become of Reform principles? The *Globe* has surrendered, as well as the Premier, and after volunteering arguments on the subject, for no investigation of facts is possible, accepts Mr. Mowat's plea for the exemptions, and views his burking of the question with the utmost satisfaction. Thus this party of pretence, as well as its opponent, "sacrifices the interests of country to those of party." Mention has been made of the wholesale bribery of constituencies; in Ontario the attempt is made to bribe entire classes. The Premier was not ashamed, as he ought to have been if partizanship had left him the lingering traces of a conscience, to head a crusade against Toronto and the town constituencies which are so foully wronged by the present inequitable system. Toronto cries out the loudest, because it suffers the most; therefore you country gentlemen, whose constituents do not suffer, ought not to assist in redressing the grievance. So long as the boot does not pinch the farmer's foot, all is right. There was no question raised about the justice or injustice of the exemptions in the Premier's speech; indeed he appears to have become so saturated with partyism, as to lose all sense of moral distinctions in political matters—*fas atque nefas exiguo fine discernit*. Because, forsooth, the cities, and especially Toronto, are the seats of Provincial Institutions, they are to be required to pay bonuses in shape of sidewalks, roads, light, sewers, fire and police protection. It is the practice of party governments to bribe constituencies by the erection of public works; why should not they return the compliment by purchasing the continued favour of the Government, as well by immunity from taxation as by votes? Mr. Mowat has evidently lost his memory, if not his mental balance. He asserted that the Province had made Toronto the seat of Government and established the University here; neither of which assertions is correct. He went further and pleaded for the $400 income exemptions, which he must have known, if he had been self-possessed enough to think, no one has spoken of attacking. In brief, such unadulterated nonsense as he and his friends from the country utter, passes understanding; the secret is that he is bidding for support for his party, when he appeals to rural selfishness; and some country members are quite satisfied that the towns and cities should be robbed by churches and governments, so long as their own taxes remain at a fraction of a mill on the dollar. The Premier has even ventured to go so far as to dictate to the city of Toronto what open spaces it should have for the good of its health, and pointed out the additional benefit to be derived from having them locked up in mortmain, untaxed. The upshot of the stratagem is that a committee has been appointed, not to gather facts, but to furnish arguments supplementary to the Premier's speech and pitch the matter over till next Session. Mr. Fraser had the good sense to remain concealed during the discussion and he was not put on the committee; of course, one whose duty and delight it is *jouer les marionettes* cannot well appear in the front of the show. No one

will blame that hon. gentleman for the position he occupies, no doubt from honest conviction; he is the only Minister who has the manliness to avow and maintain his principles and, therefore, he is entitled to due respect, especially when compared with those craven colleagues who dare not strike a blow for justice and fair play lest it might jeopardize the party.

It is from no spirit of mere hostility to the Ontario Government that these remarks are made; for a review of the attitude and course of the Opposition affords little ground for satisfaction or hope. If Mr. Mowat endeavoured to stir up rural hostility to the cities and towns on the exemption question, Messrs. Macdougall and Lauder, not to be outdone, are attempting to rival him by assailing the interests of superior education and making an appeal to the selfishness of the counties quite as absurd and unjustifiable as his. Mr. Lauder's assaults upon the University and Colleges are at least comprehensible; he represents a denominational rival of the Provincial institution, and no one who has the best and highest interest of the entire people at heart can wish to see Mr. Crooks, who has performed his duties intelligently, wisely, and impartially, supplanted as Minister of Education by the member for East Grey. The real purpose of this new crusade against the Provincial University will fully appear in the sequel. Under the pretence of checking extravagance, the denominationalists desire, if possible, to undo the work begun by Mr. Baldwin and completed by Mr. Sandfield Macdonald. Their object is not to reform, but to cripple, maim, and destroy. Like another band of plundering conspirators, they have as a war-cry, "This is the heir: come, let us kill him and the inheritance will be ours." No sooner had Mr. Sandfield Macdonald abolished grants to sectarian colleges, than the *mot de guerre* was passed along the line, and the results of many a year of earnest and patient struggling were put in jeopardy. The question at issue between Mr. Lauder, with the clients he represents, and the people of this Province is one of supreme importance, involving the very existence of superior education of a liberal, unsectarian, and thoroughly efficient type, and its control by the State for the whole people. The preservation of the University endowment in its integrity is not a matter of local concern in any degree; it is, in the widest sense of the term, a Provincial interest, to be jealously guarded from treacherous attack by all classes of the community. It is a solemn trust committed to the legislature for the benefit, not of this generation merely, but of posterity in all time to come. Every class of the community, rich or poor, farmer, merchant, manufacturer, artizan, and professional man, are deeply interested in protecting the highest culture the country can provide from the hands of the spoiler. Its promise of future usefulness "is to them and to their children," and they will be faithless guardians of an educational system, reared under the most trying circumstances, and perfected by the most strenuous and persistent labour and difficulty, if they permitted its coping-stone to be shattered by reckless destructives. Mr. Macdougall, much to our astonishment, aided and abetted Mr. Lauder in his onslaught; he even went further, and repeated Mr. Mowat's inane cry about Toronto and its interests, and proposed a partition scheme for a portion of the endowment. On this occasion, Upper Canada College was made the *point d'appui*, and the necessary additions to the buildings a special excuse for the attack. Both were unfortunately chosen. Upper Canada College has, during its existence, filled an illustrious record of its achievements with names distinguished at the bar, on the bench, in Parliament, on the forum, in the pulpit, by the sick-bed, and in the battle-field, and has been distinctly and indisputably a Provincial Institution from first to last. It belongs to the people of no particular locality, and even the enlargement of the buildings, which was a pressing necessity, had for its chief object the extension of the boarding-house, and the widening of its sphere of usefulness throughout Ontario. The Opposition desire, on the contrary, to contract that sphere as closely as possible, and virtually to make it "a Toronto institution," to the exclusion of boys from the farm, the town, or village. This method of assault was, therefore, impolitic, as Mr. Macougall evidently felt when he supplemented it by a bait to selfish local interests by his partition scheme. Mr. Cameron's speech was reassuring, but there is no guarantee that he will be the leader of the next Government, and therefore we believe the people of Ontario will not hastily substitute for their

present rulers men who are not to be trusted in so eminently important and vital a matter as education. The sectarian *animus* at the bottom of this onslaught, the appeals to local jealousy and the bids for local self-interest, are every whit as disreputable as the *ad captandum* rhetoric of Mr. Mowat on the exemption question. The present Government wants the courage inspired by principle and a sense of justice; it has, in brief, no backbone. If it were only possible to galvanize the moral vertebræ of the Premier, most people would be quite satisfied to keep him in office in default of a better and more trustworthy man. They have no desire to take a leap in the dark, especially when the darkness may be felt in advance. It is "better to bear the ills we have than fly to others that we know not of."

Mr. Bethune's concise but timely Bill to alter the Municipal Franchise was designed to strike a trenchant blow at a growing evil. Of course if, as Thomas Jefferson wrote in the Declaration of Independence, "all men are born free and equal," any measure like that introduced by the Hon. Member for Stormont is indefensible; but in a practical age and country like ours, phrases of the eighteenth century pass for very little. It is unquestionably inequitable that masses of men having nothing to lose should, by the exercise of the franchise, dispose of money contributed by those who have everything at stake, and pay the lion's share of the revenue. A low standard of the franchise inevitably produces reckless and wasteful expenditure, especially in municipal bodies, and this is always managed, in the long run, by "rings," under the management of clever and unscrupulous wire-pullers. Mr. Bethune attempted to give property the weight it is fairly entitled to, and to impart to municipal government that providence, stability, and frugality property only can secure. Inasmuch as the measure has been withdrawn, we may venture to sum up its weak points for future consideration. As Mr. Mathews showed in the *Mail*, it did not "provide for cumulative voting" at all; indeed, it leaves it in doubt whether the additional votes can be applied cumulatively. In cities, for instance, every elector has a vote for three Aldermen; now, according to Mr. Bethune's Bill, the three votes are but one, from which it would follow that the freeholder assessed for $20,000 having eight votes would be entitled to cast altogether twenty-four. Now, under a cumulative system he would be entitled to cast these two dozen of votes for one man—which, we venture to say, would be utterly monstrous. Additional votes are only given to freeholders, and the result would be a "ring" of landlords which would govern the city in their own interests, and would take care to shift the burden of taxation as much as possible off their own shoulders. It is bad enough to be at the tender mercies of some house-owners in the matter of rent, where they are ruthless extortioners, without putting the financial affairs of cities into their hands.

Two important judgments were delivered during the month which deserve more careful consideration than can be given in these pages at present. In the Supreme Court, the Severn case has been decided in favour of the brewers, properly, as we concur with the *Globe* in thinking. It has been held by the Court, that the imposition of a tax upon any trade or manufacture already taxed by the Dominion is illegal, and that, generally, any local Act or imposition in restraint of "trade and commerce" is *ultra vires*, because trade legislation is purely a Dominion department. It is, of course, unfortunate that the learned Judges did not formally decide a number of other kindred points; yet, we fancy, it will be found to follow as necessary corollaries, that Local Legislatures have no right to pass measures of Prohibition, no right to extend the Criminal Law, no right to amend or supplement the Dunkin Act, and no right to issue licenses or charge for them for any purpose ulterior to that of raising a revenue. The case of Dunnett *v.* Forneri, decided by V. C. Proudfoot, is of so much importance, and has attracted so little attention, that we hope it will not be permitted to remain unchallenged. It is the first judgment, so far as we are aware, delivered in Ontario, in which sacerdotalism has received legal protection from the Bench. It has been solemnly declared that a Ritualistic clergyman can deprive a churchman of his civil rights as the member of an incorporated Synod, and the vestry of their right of representation where the disposition of their money is concerned, by an ecclesiastical freak.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN: a Christmas Yarn. By Edward Jenkins, M.P. Montreal: Dawson Brothers. 1878.

When an author in his preface wishes his critics a merry Christmas, and assures them that, let them scalp him if they please, or praise him if they can, it is all one to him, for the public will still buy his book, one feels almost disarmed at such a display of ingenious ingenuousness. However, let us risk a winter's passage in the *Kamschatkan*, good ship and true, bound for Portland in a mid-December season, and freighted with a miscellaneous cargo of passengers. A short trip across the Atlantic is a good field for the story-teller. Attention is not much distracted by externals; people of different degrees of life are cast together pretty intimately, and yet have opportunities of retirement and solitude; and the space of time, though long enough to allow a short plot to develop itself, does not afford any temptation for undue prolixity.

Mr. Jenkins has turned all these advantages to account in producing a lively, readable tale. He has fallen into an error, however, to which writers of nautical stories are very prone—he is much too fond of going into details of seasickness. A few modern writers are a little apt to think that coarseness and strength are synonymous, and that, because Smollett and Fielding wrote down in black and white what the gentlemen of their age would not have scrupled to talk and laugh about out loud, we can now-a-days write what no one would venture to describe in a conversation. This is the more to be regretted in authors who, like Mr. Jenkins, can show strength in other ways than this. The characters on board are amusing. There is an exceptionally promising young peer; an Irish Master in Chancery, of the type we had almost feared had died out with Lever; his wife, from whom he has been divorced; Sir Benjamin Peakman, of Quebec, a Colonial Cabinet Minister, his wife and daughter; and a host of others. There is a mystery on board, for a telegram was handed on deck just as the ship left Queenstown, that one Kane, a murderer, had taken his passage under an assumed name. A large reward being offered for him, it follows that the stewards and petty officers are all on the watch for some one to answer the description of the escaped felon. The unfortunate Irishman, who has travelled under the name of Fex, so as to escape the scoffs that have been showered on him, is suspected of being the culprit; and a most absurd interview takes place between him and the captain, in that worthy's own state cabin, which Mr. Fex had hired for the trip. As he confesses to the fact that Fex is not his real name, and cannot conceal a bruise on his left eye and a diamond ring that he wears, the identity is considered completely established, in spite of other discrepancies which he points out between his personal appearance and the description of the villain given by the telegram. But it will not do for us to tell how he is released from imprisonment, or how the real culprit is at last discovered, involving nearly all the *dramatis personæ* in almost inextricable confusion. Poetical justice is meted out all round. An elopement occurs at the end under circumstances which a newspaper reporter would surely describe as "*almost* unique;" and this lively band of wayfarers scatter in all directions over the American continent in search of their Christmas dinners.

It may appear a little rash of us to ask such a question of the late Agent-General, but is it usual for so many as 600 passengers to cross the Atlantic in a single vessel in the month of December? We may be wrong in thinking sixty nearer the mark, but we are certainly not wrong in objecting to Mr. Jenkins putting an absurd farrago of Yorkshire and Somersetshire dialects into the mouth of a steerage passenger, and calling it Norfolk.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

PETITES CHRONIQUES POUR 1877. Par Arthur Buies. Quebec: C. Darveau.

SHE MIGHT HAVE DONE BETTER. A Novel. By W. H. Brown. St. Johns, P.Q.: The News Steam Printing House, 1877.

EVENINGS IN THE LIBRARY: Bits of Gossip about Books and Those who write them. By George Stewart, Jr., Author of "The Story of the Great Fire in St. John, N.B." Toronto: Belford Brothers. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks & Co. 1878.

THROUGH ROME ON: A Memoir of Christian and Extra-Christian Experience. By Nathaniel Ramsay Waters. New York: Chas. P. Somerby. 1877.

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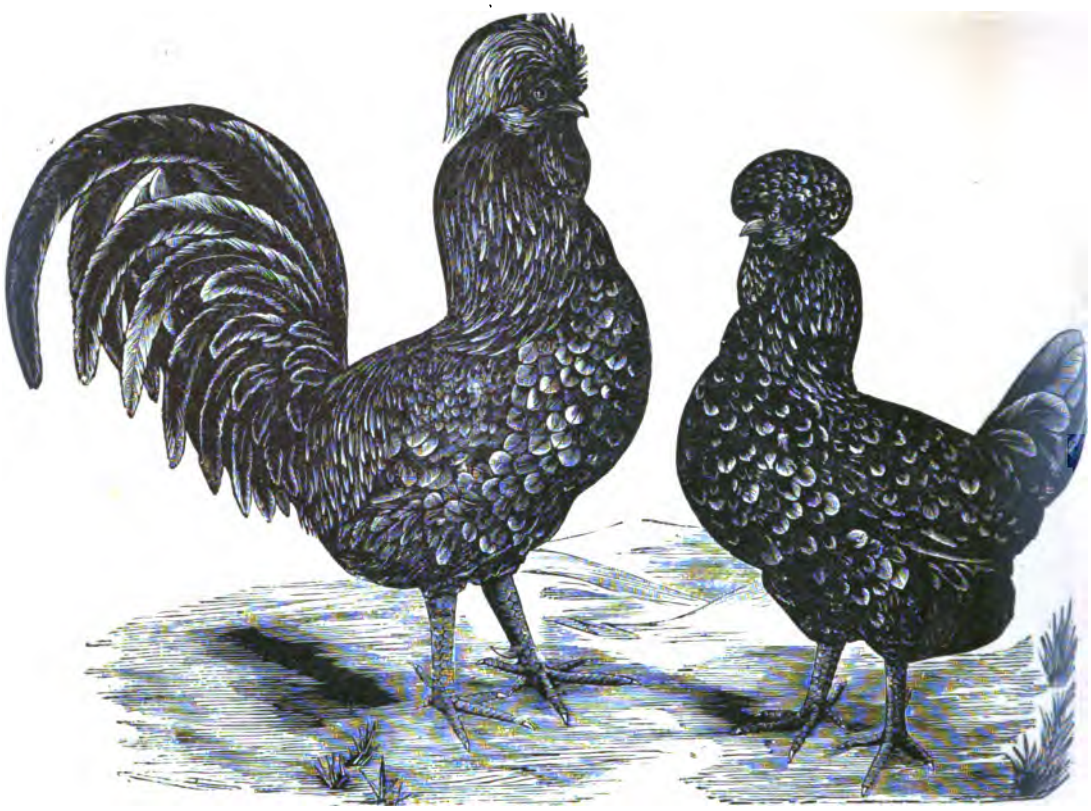
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speech on charity at the Hammerers' dinner, on the leading articles it had called forth, on the great Good it was doing, on his career as a philanthropist and Christian advocate, and he felt that it was more than probable—it was certain—and it was deserved. The brandy-and-water, not weak but strong, and the cigar strengthened and intensified this feeling. For whom should special miracles be wrought, if not for the man who does Good? Who should look for the interposition of Providence but a man like himself? Was he not regarded by the whole of the religious and benevolent world as a pillar and a prop? Was he not, in reality, a pillar and a prop? Why, but for his speeches, for his advocacy, for his eloquence, for his practical advice, how many societies and institutions must have gone lame and halt? A miracle, a special miracle, wrought in these latter days for the behoof of a good man. It was deserved.

A happy night for all. Rose in her room, her cheek on the pillow, her eyes closed, dreaming of the sweetness of newly-born love; Mrs. Sampson dwelling on the comforts of a home and a husband, and wondering perhaps whether Henry Bodkin after all would turn out quite what she once expected and hoped of him; Sir Jacob himself, full of old port, brandy-and-water, good cigars, and a happy conscience, giving melodious expression to a calm and blissful sleep, trumpeting forth his praises for a special Interposition. A happy night for all.

But, for one, a sad awakening.

It was after breakfast that Sir Jacob, who was early, told Rose that he had something important to say.

He would see her in the study, where, he reflected, he could sit with much greater dignity at his own table and before his papers than in the breakfast-room. The room was large, like all the rooms in his house, and furnished on all sides with books. Their titles were on their backs, like invitations to come and read them; but no one ever touched the books in Sir Jacob's library, not even their owner. The great contractor was not a man of books, save when he was looking up some point in machinery, when he wanted books of reference. All the imaginative part of literature was foreign to his experience and his sympathies. He cared for neither history, poetry, nor fiction. He never read. If he sat alone all the evening, as he frequently did, his cigar was his only companion, except perhaps a note-book or a pencil and a sheet of paper. For when Sir Jacob was alone he had plenty to think about. To make speeches on a platform, to preside at a meeting, to be a great man at a City dinner, these were the recreations which unbent his mind and set up his nerves, as a run among the mountains, or a month by the sea-side with a few dozen novels, sets up the nerves of other men. There was a massive mahogany table with leather cover, on which were his own papers. There was another table covered with big portfolios of maps. There were more portfolios on stands, and there were more on chairs. He sat, for his own part, in a wooden chair, with wooden arms, black with long use, and in this position, half turned from the table, as if his business with his visitor was of the most trifling nature compared with that in the paper which lay before him, he showed a presence of surpassing dignity.

"Sit down, my dear Rose," he began blandly, "or if you would prefer standing, come a little nearer. I want to speak to you seriously about a matter which deeply concerns your own happiness."

"Yes, uncle." Had Julian already spoken?

"You are now nineteen, an age when some girls are already married. It is almost time to talk about things, is it not? That is, as I have a definite proposal to lay before you, I think it is not premature. Not, my dear child, that I am anxious for you to leave me, and your departure will very likely be followed by the break up of my house, which will be dull indeed after you are gone.

"My departure?" Julian *must* have spoken to him already

"I have a proposal, Rose, for your hand, of which I beg your very careful and—and —Prayerful consideration. It is from a young man not a great deal older than yourself, who will be rich—perhaps very rich, as the world speaks of wealth. He has long loved you, he tells me. I have known him for many years, say from infancy, and know his life, in the midst of the usual temptations which beset the young, to have been everything that one could desire. He has not yet, it is true, acquired those just ideas on charitable and benevolent responsibilities which should always attach to the rich; but that will doubtless come. He presses for an

immediate answer. What do you say, Rose."

"But who is it? You have not told me his name." As if there was any reason to ask: as if every word in Sir Jacob's description did not apply exactly to Julian Carteret—young—rich—life in midst of temptations. And then, there could be no one else.

"Who is it, uncle?" She was blushing, but she was happy, and her happiness showed itself in her eyes.

"The son of my secretary and an old school friend, John Gower—what is the matter, Rose?"

For in a moment the light went out of her eyes and the sunshine out of her face.

"John Gower," she cried as if struck with some heavy blow.

"John Gower," Sir Jacob repeated slowly. "Is that name one you did not expect?"

"But I cannot marry him," she began. "Oh, uncle, I am so sorry."

"Why not? Not marry John Gower? And why are you sorry?"

"Because—because Julian Carteret asked me yesterday to be his wife, and I consented; and I thought he had been already talking to you about it."

"Julian Carteret has proposed to you? And without my sanction? Is that possible?" Sir Jacob spoke as if all love-making was carried on with the previous permission of parents and guardians, and that no one tells a pretty girl how very nice she is without first going to her papa. "Without my sanction! I could not have believed this possible in my ward, Julian Carteret. And only yesterday!" As if that fact enhanced the wickedness of the proceeding enormously. "I am to understand that you, to whom I have been for the last seven years a second father, to whom you owe everything in the world, have actually—ACTUALLY—promised yourself to a man clandestinely and without consulting me? Is this possible?" He looked around as if the walls were listening, and would echo his surprise.

"Not quite that, my dear uncle," said Rose gently. "Julian was to speak to you immediately. It depends upon your consent."

"Then understand," said Sir Jacob firmly, "that under no circumstances will my consent be given—under—no—circumstances."

"Why not?" Rose asked. She was gentle as a gazelle on ordinary occasions, but now she was hurt and angry. "He is always here, with your permission. You have allowed him to come when he pleases, and stay as long as he likes. If you had any objections, why did you not warn him or me beforehand?"

"I give no reasons. That is my answer. And now, Rose, your answer, please, to John Gower."

"I said I could not marry him," she said. "That is my answer." Something of the North Country pluck mantled to her cheeks. "You can be cruel and unreasoning. I will be unreasoning, if I am not cruel. And if I am not to marry Julian I will never marry John Gower."

"This from the girl I have taken to my heart," sighed her uncle gently. "Rose, are you yourself? are you in your right mind?"

"I am both. I will not marry John Gower. I thank you for all you have done for me; but if you insist on—on *that*—I will accept no more from you and go away."

"With Julian?"

"If Julian will take me, I will," she said.

Sir Jacob looked steadily in her face. She reminded him of himself, of his brother. In his heart he was proud that she was obstinate and true; but—but she must be made to give way.

"You had thirty thousand pounds left to you by Lady Escomb," he said softly. "You are aware that it was left under a special condition—that unless you marry with my permission all this money comes back to me. You will therefore go to Julian penniless."

"He does not want my money," she said proudly; "Julian wants me."

"Girl"—her uncle changed his tone suddenly—"we are playing with each other, you and I. I think you *will* marry John Gower when I tell you a little story—to be kept entirely to yourself. I hoped not to tell you the story at all; but it has been forced upon me by your disobedience and wilfulness. Blame yourself, then, for the great pain that this story will give you. Blame yourself, and not me."

"The position of a great contractor is a precarious one. If at any time he fails to command the immediate disposal of large sums of money he is lost. He depends upon the assistance of the banks. The banks look for securities. Seven years ago that position faced me. I had no money. I had no more se-

curities. I could get no help from the banks. But there was then in my hands one resource. I held in trust Julian Carteret's fortune, amounting to £70,000. I took it from the funds and transferred it—in fact, invested it—invested it, Rose, in my own business, and by its help sailed safely through the storm without loss or danger to my ward by the investment." He kept repeating the word investment as if it comforted him—it did. "The same position is before me again. Unless I can succeed within ten days or so in raising very considerable sums of money, too large for you to understand, the danger will become a disaster, and I shall be a bankrupt. All—all"—he spread his hands before him—"all will be lost."

"All? Including Julian's money?"

"Including Julian's money. He will be a beggar. I shall be a beggar. You will be a beggar. All these things will be sold. All the people whom I employ—the thousands of people—will be turned destitute into the streets, because I shall not even be able to pay their wages."

She stared at him blankly. All beggars together? And Julian too?

"If you marry this idle and helpless lover of yours, who cannot dig and is ashamed to beg, you will have a life of absolute poverty and privation, aggravated by the reproaches of your husband on me as the author of your misfortunes. You will, when you come to our senses, remember that my misery, Reuben Gower's misery, the misery of all the thousands turned upon the world, is your own doing—your own."

"Mine—mine?" She was very pale and trembling. "How is it mine?"

"Yes; all of your own selfish determination to have your own way—in what you thought the pleasant way."

"But how—how can I help it?"

"By marrying John Gower. See these papers. You do not understand their significance, and I have no time or the heart to explain them. But they are his, and by consenting to marry him you give them to me. On these papers, which contain the particulars of a great invention, I can raise enough to tide over the storm and make you all rich again. This is not a doubtful matter, Rose: if it were I would not ask you to accept this young engineer, rough and rude as he is. It is a certainty—a certainty. You understand me clearly? I repeat it, so that there shall be no mistake possible. John Gower offers to make me a sharer in this invention, which will be put into practice at once at my own works. His conditions are a half-partnership in the works and—your hand. Now you understand. Accept, and all will be well. Refuse, and the misery that will follow is your own doing. I give you these papers, Rose. I shall return in ten minutes. If you put them back upon the table, I shall never reproach you, but that act will make us all beggars. If you give them to me, you will give yourself to John Gower."

He placed in her hand the packet of plans, and left her alone in the room.

The windows looked out upon the gardens. It was half-past nine in the morning, a beautiful morning, thought Rose; all sorts of impertinent things which had no business in her brain at the time crowding across her mind, and then she began to try and think.

To think—but how? How could she understand all in a moment the thing her uncle had put before her in its cold and naked horror? Ruin? Was such a thing possible to such a man? Had he known for long that it was coming? Had he, actually knowing it, made those speeches about the duties of wealthy men? Her brain reeled.

She had to make a decision. Stay! let her fix her mind on one thing—only one thing. What should it be? Sir Jacob ruined, her uncle and herself walking out of the grand house, and going to live—where? In some miserable hiding-place on the charity of their old friends: Rose's ideas of a great man's bankruptcy and its consequences were elementary. Then Julian ruined too. And what would he—that helpless, indolent man of the world—find to do? Reuben Gower—faithful Reuben, who loved her so much, and had worked so well for her uncle—he would be ruined as well. And then all the poor people—the factory hands, the navvies on the railways, the clerks in the offices, from low to high—all to be driven out into the streets, ruined, without pay for work done, and without work to do!

As she stood, the papers in her hand, trying to think what ought to be done, a shadow darkened the window, and she looked up.

The windows of the study were glass doors, which opened into the garden. One

of them was open. and in it was standing Julian Carteret. He was come to make his formal proposal to Sir Jacob. This is always a serious thing to do, because, for some reason, a man always feels himself, while he is doing it, in a false position. I think the reason is that he is obliged for the moment to see himself as others see him—to strip off the trappings of imagination. But in Julian's case the matter was simple. Sir Jacob knew his whole affairs. He had to answer two questions, and only to ask one. Still he was embarrassed by the prospect of the interview, and it was a delightful surprise to find Rose in her uncle's place.

"Rose," he cried, "I thought to find Sir Jacob here, and I find you. I have been breakfasting early, and making up my little speech to your uncle. Happy transformation. May I come in?"

"Go away." She spoke with a hoarse voice, trembling with emotion. "Go away, Julian."

"Go away, Rose? Without a word with you first? Never!"

He seized her unresisting hand, and was proceeding further in the direction common among lovers, when he was struck by her pallor and the trembling of her lips.

"What is it, Rose?" he asked.

"Go away, Julian," she repeated. "Oh, for Heaven's sake, go away!"

"Has anything happened?"

"Anything?" she echoed in despairing tones. "What has not happened?"

"What is it? Tell me, Rose."

"I cannot tell you. Go away, Julian—only go away!"

"I will go, if I must, but I will come back. When will you see me again? Oh, my dear Rose, I cannot bear to think of you in suffering. And tell me what this means? May I come this afternoon?"

"Yes, only go away now. Go away, Julian."

That was all she had to say. She had no longer the privilege and the right to keep him near her. If she married him, he was ruined, and by that act. If she refused him, better to let him know it at once, and blame her while his love-dream was yet young.

As Julian left the room he turned to once more look at the girl he loved. She was standing just as when he saw her first through the window, motionless, her eyes gazing before her, and seeing nothing, a bundle of papers in her hand.

What did it mean? What could it mean? The girl whom he had left so blithe and happy the night before, whom he had made happier by his wooing, was standing there alone, spiritless, crushed by some misfortune, and able only to bid him go away. What did it mean?

Well, he would obey. He would go away, and come back in the afternoon to try and find out this mystery.

He went away sadly. Rose heard his step upon the gravel walk, every footfall a fresh agony, and tried to return to her thinking.

What a decision! And yet—it flashed before her in a moment—what doubt as to the step she should take? Julian ruined, and by her? All these people ruined, and by her? That could not be.

The ten minutes had gone. Her uncle returned, and she met his look of inquiry with a forced smile.

"Well, Rose, what will you do with those papers?"

"I will give them back to you," she whispered.

He took them, and kissed her with a little emotion.

"You are a good girl, Rose—a good girl, and you shall never repent your decision. The mushroom passion of yesterday against the misery of thousands: what other decision could I expect? For myself, my girl, I care little. The applause of conscience is all I seek; that, at least, will not desert me, whatever fate may have in store. I would have gone out into the world as poor as when I began life; I could have borne without a murmur the pinches of poverty: all things are sent to us: we must accept them and go on, doing Good as best we may. But for the thousands who depend on me I care a great deal. Rose, in their name I thank you."

But she said nothing, standing rigid and pale, with her hands clasped. She was thinking of Julian's footstep on the gravel. Sir Jacob's phrases fell unnoticed on her ear.

"John Gower will call this afternoon, Rose. You will be kind to him, and—and if you cannot be warm, do not be repellent. Think of the victory you have achieved over yourself; think now of that which has yet to be won by promising what we hope, indeed, you will be able to perform. Prepare your-

self to be told a love tale of a different kind to Julian Carteret's. And when Julian comes to me, I shall know how to dismiss him. Poor Rose! it is hard on you; but, after all, you are young. This is only one of the many disappointments which are bestowed upon us, to strengthen faith and nerve the heart to duty."

Mere phrases—Sir Jacob had his quiver full of them.

CHAPTER VI.

THE NEW LOVER.

IT was a quiet house that morning, the villa on Campden Hill. When Sir Jacob drove off to town, Rose retired to her own rooms, and Mrs. Sampson was left alone. She sent up a message to Rose. Miss Escomb was very sorry, but she had a bad headache, and would like to be left quite by herself. There was no Julian Carteret, for a wonder. Had there been, thought the lady of experience, a quarrel? This was hardly likely.

She roamed about the great house, in the drawing-room, with its new-fashioned adornment, its dado, black furniture, looped curtains, and china cabinets; in the dining-room, massive and solemn, with pictures of game and fruit. How can any one take permanent pleasure in pictures of game and fruit? And how is it that a dead hare must always be flanked by a pile of purple grapes? As a matter of fact, a fruiterer is one thing, a poulterer is another; a hare comes at one period of dinner, and the fruit at another. She looked into the library, where the books in thousands seemed to clamour for a little change—crying out aloud to be taken down from their dull and stately prison to be read—to be read—only to be read. Don't you think sometimes that books are living creatures, who long for sympathy? And if so, what must be the sorrow and suffering of the forgotten novels? Then Mrs. Sampson, restless and uneasy, strolled round the gardens and inspected the greenhouses, where the vines, the peaches, and the wall-fruit made Campden Hill famous.

Then she came back, feeling depressed and restless.

It was not that she had misgivings about Bodkin. Not at all. It was something which Sir Jacob had said the day before.

Could he have meant anything?

That was the trouble in her mind.

Could Sir Jacob have meant what, undoubtedly, was a natural interpretation of his words? Did he really contemplate matrimony again? And—oh! rapturous thought—matrimony is impossible without a consenting pair: was she herself to form the other member of that couple?

To be Lady Escomb!

I defy any woman in a certain rank of life to contemplate the possibility of gaining a title without an emotion which even surpasses the rapture of feeling yourself perfectly well dressed. In the rank of life to which I refer, no one ever is perfectly well dressed, so the comparison does not hold. A title! Lady Escomb—Lady Jones—Lady Brown—Lady Plantagenet de Johnes—Lady de Vere de Browyne! Ecstasy!

To be Lady Escomb?

And yet he seemed to mean it. Dear Sir Jacob! The widow, widowed a second time, sighed and purred. Dear Sir Jacob! so great, so rich, and such a good man!

But Bodkin?

Well, true, Bodkin was a little in the way. Bodkin, however, might be played with. It was not the first time that Bodkin had been made to wait. Bodkin was her first lover; but there came the real necessity, if comfort is a necessity, of marrying old Mr. Chiltern. Bodkin was her lover in her first widowhood.

Then came Bodkin's dreadful bankruptcy, and the offer from Augustus Sampson—dear, hot-headed Augustus.

Now she was free again, and Bodkin seemed sure of success. Poor Bodkin! always so sanguine, always so ready to work, so willing to hope, so very, very, very unsuccessful. What, after all, could be hoped from a man so unlucky as Bodkin? And what a dreadful thing to have to fall back upon her own little income to provide for the hungry Bodkin as well as herself. Then she sat down and began to calculate.

She had three hundred a year of her own, thanks to the united efforts of her Chiltern and her Augustus. Bodkin was going to make, say, five hundred out of the Society. Five and three make eight. At their age, she thought, with a prudent modesty which might, had Bodkin been present, have sent

the maidenly blush mantling to her cheek, there was not much reason to anticipate—a large family. Say, eight hundred a year for the pair. Well: eight hundred a year: a villa somewhere near Regent's Park, on the north-west side: a villa with small rooms, not stately rooms like those of Sir Jacob's: furnished with red carpet, red curtains, and no pictures—not like the furniture of Campden Villa: no carriage, but an occasional brougham and cabs—frowsy cabs: no great dinner-parties, where the light fell broken on brightly coloured glass, and was softly refracted on the velvet skin of peaches and the bloom of grapes, where servants moved softly about on the most noiseless of carpets, where the talk was of things rich, good, comfortable, and reassuring. None of these things: only Henry Bodkin with his jolly red face staring at one over a roast leg of mutton, a red-armed girl for a waiteress, for guests some old friends of the old times, perhaps in the bagman line; for wine, hot sherry and brandied port: and after dinner, instead of the drawing-room with its soft lamps, music, tea, and gentle talk, Henry Bodkin and his friend sitting at opposite sides of the fireplace, smoking pipes and drinking brandy and water.

But did Sir Jacob mean anything?

And then she pictured herself the chatelaine of this splendid house—Lady Escomb: she swept in fancy across the carpets; she revelled in the sense, the imaginary sense—that is a sixth sense—of power, riches, and envied splendour. She felt herself equal to the post: she saw herself receiving Sir Jacob's guests, dispensing his hospitalities, and rejoicing in his greatness.

It was not a morning dream which would altogether have pleased Bodkin; but she gave the reins to her imagination, and as he never knew it, so he never grieved over it. That is the feminine motto in all ages: "He will never know, and so he won't grieve over it."

Mrs. Sampson, though past forty, was undeniably still a woman of some personal comeliness. She was stout, it is true, but not more stout than is becoming at that age, and she had a pleasant face still, with a certain shrewdness about the eyes which gave her an expression somewhat unusual, and therefore attractive. If the great Wellerian theory be true, that more widows are married than single women, then it will be found on investigation that widows go off most readily at forty.

She had the morning entirely to herself. About a quarter of an hour before luncheon her lover presented himself. He was flushed and hot—came in wiping his forehead with a handkerchief, so unlike the calm, cold, and judicial Sir Jacob. "Lavinia," he cried, "you are quite alone, all alone? Like a Female Robinson Crusoe of quite the loveliest kind, born to blush unseen. 'When on those cheeks where rose and lily meet,' as the poet says. 'When on those cheeks where rose and lily meet——'"

"Henry, the servants may listen. Miss Escomb may be within hearing. Pray compose yourself."

"I can't, Lavinia, I really can't. I've great news for you, the greatest news. The Society is formed: a list of the committee has been drawn up by Lord Addlehede. I am secretary: five hundred pounds a year—tol de lol—'five hundred pounds a year and a heart both light and clear.' Is that right? Lord Addlehede finds all the expenses for the first year. The enemies of that philanthropic nobleman declare that he is cracked. To be sure, his manner is a little nervous; but that is from zeal in the good cause. And I put it to you, Lavinia, what greater proof of his lordship's sanity can there be than the undeniable fact that he has appointed me the secretary of the new Society?"

"What indeed, Henry?"

"Cracked, indeed! A little nervous in his manner, as I said: and his eyes are sometimes a little wild. But all pure zeal, Lavvy—my Lavvy—name the day."

"Henry!" She was, as had happened twice previously with this swain, quite carried away by the ardour of his wooing. "Henry, always the impetuous."

"Name the day, Lavinia. Oh! would she but name the day on which I might call her mine! And not Henry any more, Lavinia. Henry is associated with trade, with patent pills, with bankruptcy: call me by my second name, Theophilus. If it were not for the associations of the name, I would say, 'Call me Henry, call me Jack; call me blue or call me black—call me Theophilus or Doris, call me Sam or call Chloris—only—only—call me thine.'"

Who could be proof against pleading so impassioned?

"I really do think, Henry—I mean

Theophilus—that you love me," said Mrs. Sampson. "And now, I suppose——"

"Now, Lavinia, the happiness of my life is to be accomplished, like the roofing of a house, and we ought to hang out a flag. Ah! the history of Theophilus and Lavinia —Paul and Virginia—is the history of many engagements. I came, like Cæsar; I saw, like Caius Julius Cæsar; I conquered, also like C. J. C. Then I was defeated, unlike that commander: then I conquered again. Once more the enemy was too strong. Augustus the Great was master of the fort. Again I retreated. Again I present myself. Lower the portcullis: blow the trumpets: the fort surrenders."

"Henry!—I mean Theophilus."

By this time he had his arm round her waist, so far as it would go, and was timing his sentences by nothing less than kisses on her cheek.

"And now we are actually going to be married, Lavinia, after so many disappointments, it is not unnatural that one should feel the suddenness of the thing. It takes me in the legs. When I think of it, they go groggy. Where do you feel it?"

"Henry—I mean Theophilus—in the head."

"I can hardly believe my own happiness. There is sure to be another cup between the slip and the lip. I mean, of course, Lavinia —only one is nervous on such an occasion —another lip between the cup and the slip. Another lip? Whose lip? Let me have his blood."

"Tranquillise yourself, dear Henry—I mean Theophilus."

"Twice already has the bowl been raised to my lips, twice to be dashed away. I should have been called Tantalus Bodkin. Tantalus! How well it would look at the bottom of a new prospectus! Tantalus Bodkin, Esq., Bank Side, Hades, secretary *ad interim*."

"Come, Theophilus, do not be nervous. Will you stay to luncheon?"

"I cannot, Lavinia, I really cannot, I have so much to do."

"Then let me ring for a glass of sherry?"

"You may, Lavinia; and, if I may venture a hint from my own experience, it will be to ask, not for the Deputation Sherry, which I know too well, but for some of Sir Jacob's own."

Lavinia smiled and rang the bell, and gave the directions. The sherry was brought, and with it, though not, so to speak, a part of it, came Reuben Gower with John.

"You are in time, Mr. Gower," said Bodkin enthusiastically, "to drink a glass of sherry with me. This is *not* the Deputation Sherry, I assure you, but some of Sir Jacob's own particular. See how it sticks to the side of the glass, oily, and what a perfume? Nutty!" All this time he was rolling the glass round in his fingers. "The Spanish walnut seems to have lent its choicest flavour to the Spanish grape. Take a glass, Mr. Gower, if I, a guest myself, may invite you. Did you ever consider Matrimony, Mr. Gower—you have been, I infer from the presence of your son, a married man? A son is not an unusual result—did you ever consider Matrimony in the light of the wine of Life?"

"I never did," said Reuben rather shortly. He had little imagination.

"Then begin to consider it in that light. If you marry too young it is champagne; perhaps too sweet, but always full of fizz. The wine changes as you grow older. When you arrive at my time of life you are at the burgundy or the dry sherry stage. This is the dry sherry, in fact. You hold the generous vintage to your lips, and you drink it to the full enjoym—"

Here, to his infinite consternation, the glass fell from his hand, and was shivered into twenty pieces on the floor.

"The slip," he cried, turning pale. "The slip between the cup and the lip. I knew it."

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Sampson; "that was an accident. Take another glass."

"No, no more; I have had enough. I must get back to the office to see if anything dreadful has happened."

"Really," said Mrs. Sampson, "you are too superstitious."

Mr. Bodkin shook his hand and buttoned his coat sadly. As he was looking round for his hat, Charles, the footman, brought him a telegram. With pale cheeks and trembling hands he tore it open.

One moment, and the paper fell fluttering to the ground, while he stood stupefied, eyes and mouth wide open, speechless.

"What is it, man?" cried Reuben. "Are you struck silly?"

"Worse than that, Gower," said Bodkin; "I am struck poor, I am ruined."

"Ruined, Theophilus—Henry?" cried Mrs. Sampson.

"The slip between the cup and the lip," he murmured. "What a devil of a slip! what a glorious cup! what a delicious lip to lose with that cup! Lavinia's lips! Lavinia, for the third time we are parted."

"What is it?" she asked again.

"This telegram." He picked it up, and put on his gold double eye-glasses to give effect to the reading. "This telegram"—he looked round, patting it with the emphasis of an undertaker in the exercise of his trade—"This telegram, my friends, announces no less stupendous an event than the removal of Lord Addlehede to a private lunatic asylum. It was effected this morning. The stoppage of the first year's preliminary expenses is a natural consequence. I need return to the office no more."

"But is there no one else in your council who will find the expenses?" asked Mrs. Sampson.

"No one, Lavinia: there is no one else in the council at all as yet. Lord Addlehede! poor Lord Addlehede!"—Bodkin raised his handkerchief to his eyes—"was the president, the treasurer, the committee, all rolled into one. We had as yet only drawn up a written list of the committee. I was the secretary. Fortunately I did get a quarter's salary in advance. And, by great good luck, the cheque is already cashed. Poor Lord Addlehede! There have been many other philanthropic noblemen, but none so abundantly gullible as he. And I had him in lavender, all to myself."

"And what was this society?" asked John, "Was it to do any good to anybody?"

"Yes, sir," said Bodkin savagely. "It was to do good to a penniless adventurer: to me, sir, to me. All the societies exist to support their secretary, or to push forward their chairman and committee. Mine was the youngest of the bubbles."

"I regret to hear, Bodkin," said Sir Jacob solemnly—he had arrived without being heard by Bodkin—"that you have induced me to lend my name—MINE—to a—a—a BUBBLE. A Bubble Society I presume to be one whose objects are not worthy of being carried out, or one whose objects are only a pretence. It is needless to say how much you are lowered in my estimation by such a connection—avowed, too—an open, barefaced connection with a Bubble Society! This is indeed a depth of moral turpitude which I confess I can hardly bring myself to fathom!"

Bodkin was extinguished. He bowed his head before the storm.

"Moral turpitude!" he echoed. "You were never poor, Sir Jacob."

"Poor! I was penniless," rejoined the good man cheerfully. "And I resolved to get rich. How does one get rich? You can answer that question, Reuben, for me. By resolving to get rich."

"Ay, ay!" said Reuben, rubbing his hands as if he was congratulating himself over his own good fortune. "Ay, fortune came at a full tide."

"A tide," said Sir Jacob, "that has had its ebb occasionally, but a full tide."

Mrs. Sampson was sitting during this talk as far from Mr. Bodkin as the limits of the sofa would allow her to go. It was evident to Bodkin that the third chance was gone. He looked at her and then at Sir Jacob, and said with a humorous twist of his features:

"Something ought to be done about these tides. It is always ebb tide with me."

"If Sir Jacob," said Mrs. Sampson softly—and it seemed to Bodkin like the well-known voice which had greeted in succession the late Mr. Chiltern and the late Mr. Sampson—"If Sir Jacob cannot control the action of fortune's tide, who can?"

Said Sir Jacob: "Thank you, Mrs. Sampson. Truly, yes. I am grateful to say that I have been enabled to recognise the duties of wealth, which is the main secret of controlling these tides. I have lived, my friends, mainly for doing good. Not by—by BUBBLE Societies, Bodkin. To do good we must make money."

"Else," said Bodkin, growing desperate, "what would become of the secretaries?"

Mrs. Sampson rose from the couch as one in a kind of rapture. "Sir Jacob's noble sentiment," she said, "expresses the GREAT HEART of England. We make money in order that we may do good. That is the reason why whenever any thing happens the generous impulse is obeyed of getting up a subscription."

"Very neatly put, Mrs. Sampson," said Sir Jacob. "The Great Heart of England. Yes. We now sit at home and subscribe. We no longer fight with our enemies, we no longer send out armies and navies for the protection of old allies, we subscribe—the

Great Heart of England subscribes: what a noble thing this is! Bodkin, secretary of a BUBBLE Society, take heed of these words. Deserving objects are founded by properly-paid agents. It is then only a question of subscription: we provide the money, and, by a beautiful arrangement, all the objects of philanthropy are attained without disagreeable contact with actual suffering."

Bodkin was crushed, but he was still present, and even a worm will sometimes turn—he turned.

"The good Samaritan," he said, "pays somebody else to hire the ass, and carry off the wounded man."

"Eh—h?" asked Sir Jacob.

"And the glow of virtue is just the same," said Bodkin.

"Come, Bodkin," said Reuben, "you have got rid of a bubble. Well, never mind, have done with bubbles. Work!"

"I can't," Bodkin replied; "I don't know the spoke of a wheel from the axle. 'These little hands,'" he spread out his enormous red palms, "'These little hands,' as the poet says, 'were never made to dabble in the iron trade.' I will find another bubble. I will invent a new society, start a club, run a show, do something."

"Try," said Reuben, "to be a workman among the rest, Bodkin; leave bubbles for rogues."

"I have already, Mr. Bodkin," said Sir Jacob pointedly, "more than hinted that the word 'bubble' is personally offensive to me. Let me repeat that nothing but your own assurance that the society was established on the firmest basis would have induced me to become a member of its committee."

"And nothing—nothing, Henry" (Mrs. Sampson pulled out her pocket-handkerchief), "would have persuaded me to listen to your proposals, had I not thought that your schemes had the firmest financial support."

"Be consoled, madam," said Sir Jacob, taking her hand, which he held.

At sight of this last outrage, Mr. Bodkin lost command of himself. He turned pale, he straightened himself, he held his hat in one hand and his gloves in the other, and, with head erect, quite as a man might do who had not been concerned in bubble societies, he made a little speech.

"Sir Jacob Escomb," he said, beginning in a very low voice, but gradually warming as he went along, "you, who know how to conduct the worship of God and Mammon, are sure to command respect. Go on doing good. As for poor Lord Addlehede, he was a fool if you like; but he was a gentleman, and he tried his best to alleviate the misery of the world. He took his lead from such men as you. You subscribe to everybody's charity that men like me start. You set us agoing. You like to see your name, with half a dozen lords, on a committee list, and the lords think, because they are gentlemen, and therefore easily deluded, that it is out of pure philanthropy. You round on me because my scheme has failed; you welcomed me when you thought it might end in a friendship with Lord Addlehede. Did you inquire into the society, Sir Jacob? Did you ascertain that it rested on a sound financial basis? Not at all. You asked who was president, and you consented to become vice-president. Poor Lord Addlehede! They have locked him up, and I daresay it was quite time. He was not so clever as you, but up to his lights he was an honourable gentleman, sincere and loyal. Your income, Sir Jacob, may be as sound as the Bank of England, but your charity is a bubble. Do you hear the truth for once? It is a bubble. I am a humbug because I am poor; you, Sir Jacob, because you are rich.—Lavinia, a long farewell."

He escaped in the confusion which his declamation created around. When the people felt that they were recovering a little, he was gone.

"Forget his words, Sir Jacob." It was Mrs. Sampson who spoke. "You, at least, can afford to forget and forgive."

He might forgive and forget, but he would still fume, and did fume, walking about, swinging his arms, gesticulating.

Presently, however, no one interfering, he grew calm. Reuben Gower was very silent. He had sat quite still, making no sign, while Bodkin made his oration. His son, John, on the other hand, made no disguise of the boredom of the whole thing. What did it matter to him, the practical engineer, whether Sir Jacob was a humbug philanthropist or not? It had nothing to do with him. His head was full of other things. But Reuben looked sad.

Sir Jacob laughed—the laugh which the discomfited adopt—an unreal, hollow sort of laugh.

"What such a man says," he said slowly, "makes no difference to any of us. You agree with me, Mrs. Sampson?"

"Perfectly, Sir Jacob."

"Quite so, and therefore—and therefore —— John Gower, you and I will go into the library. Mrs. Sampson, might I ask you to have the goodness to ask my niece to step into the library?"

"I bring you, John Gower," said Sir Jacob airily, "a young lady to whom, I believe, you have something of importance to communicate, and I leave her with you in order that you may say it. I have already partly prepared her for what you have to say. But you are old friends, and that, we know, is the best preparation for—for such communications."

The library door closed behind him, and Rose was left to meet her fate.

Opposite her stood the man whom she was to marry.

He was a good-looking, stalwart young fellow, with a resolute bearing, and eyes that you could trust. She knew his character well, how straightforward he was, how determined. He had been her playmate and protector in childhood, her companion every day, and sometimes all day long, until seven years before, when her father died, and she then became her uncle's charge. John Gower was the creature in the world whom she had, then, most loved in her innocent childish way. But that kind of love was not what John Gower wanted; and even the friendship, the survival of the old love—a languid plant—after so long a separation seemed cold and dead in her heart, crushed out by the resentments which were burning within her against a man who could so use his power as to force himself upon her against her will. In her eyes he was a man wicked enough to set her happiness against the life-blood of thousands to win his way—a selfish inclination.

She did not understand at all. John, in his rough, simple way, took it for granted that the kisses with which they had parted, as boy and girl, were burning still upon her lips as on his: that the girl kept alive in her heart, as he did in his own, the old childish affection grown with her growth into the love of a woman for a man: that she thought of him, as he of her, with an ever-increasing love and desire. He judged the girl's heart —it is a mistake men generally commit—by his own He was unused to the ways and wiles of the world. He could not, had he been told, understand how widely divergent had been their paths, and how the old image was completely obliterated from her mind.

Consider: from a rough life in a manufacturing town, among people but a step removed from the factory hands themselves, Rose had been transplanted to a fashionable girls' school. There she learned, if nothing else, the tone of the social station to which she was about to belong. She imbibed the ideas prevalent among young ladies on all points. That these are not always healthy ideas need not be stated. She came from school with a great dislike of the rough sides of life. Work and the necessity for work, either with men or women, seemed to her, though she would not have put the idea into words, a kind of disgrace – mind, that *is* the natural result of a fashionable girls' school. Earnestness seemed ridiculous. She loved the light, half-in-earnest, half-in-jest, conversation which could be best enjoyed with such clever butterflies as Julian Carteret. No one makes the idle life appear so beautiful, although it must be really very dull, as your clever idler. She liked art. She liked to be surrounded by the atmosphere which surrounds and clings to things beautiful, and things æsthetic. She liked the march of life to be directed where pleasant prospects can be gained without fatigue, and where you are never beyond the sound of music.

In other words, she was a fit wife for Julian Carteret, but would never mate with John Gower.

And now, too, because she did not understand, again, how he had forced his way upwards in the world, she remembered the wretched unloveliness of the square, red brick streets, all alike, all ungraced by any single redeeming feature of beauty, smirched with smoke, with squalid fronts, squalid roads, squalid gutters, squalid children, squalid men, and squalid women. And was she to give up all the things which made life a joy, and to live again among the old surroundings?

And yet, if she refused, Julian would lose his all: her uncle would be ruined: the people would be beggars——

"Rose," said John Gower softly, but with an air of confidence which made her bitter heart more angry and bitter. "you know what I am going to say to you?"

"Sir Jacob has told me," she replied quietly.

"It was only yesterday that I was able to tell him," he went on, as if Rose had been longing for the moment to arrive. "Only yesterday that I was really in a position to demand my own terms. You remember, Rose, how we parted some years ago?"

"Yes, I remember." Her tone was cold, and had but little encouragement in it, but John did not observe this. Being an active man, who brought an intense eagerness to his own work, on which his thoughts were always concentrated, he was not largely gifted with sympathetic perception: and when he had made up his own mind that another person was thinking, acting, or disposed to act in a particular way, nothing but direct ocular proof to the contrary would drive him from his belief. People who work on things which entirely seize upon and occupy the brain are not generally observant of others. "Very clever men," said a young lady to me once, *à propos* of a great philosopher, "are so often extremely stupid." John Gower was extremely stupid, incomprehensively stupid. Had he looked at her with eyes of understanding, he would have seen that her heart was changed. But his eyes were blurred with the mist of his own fancy, and he saw nothing as it was.

"Only yesterday: and after seven years of waiting. It seems long, doesn't it, looking back? But the time has come at last, Rose. I have worked hard for it. Be sure that the goal was always in my mind—when you laid your hands upon my shoulders and held up your face to be kissed, seven years ago, promising that you would always love me, you gave me such a stimulus for work as no other man ever had—the hope of winning you. There was no time for dreaming about happiness and all that. I put away such things in a corner. I said to myself, 'If you get on, John Gower, you may be able to marry the girl who loves you. It is your duty to work hard.'"

She made no kind of reply. What was there to say? She took no kind of interest in his struggles.

"Well, Rose, I did work hard. I think there is no one in the whole North of England who has worked so hard as I have. For I had so much to do. From six to six in the works. That was learning the machinery: getting to understand every nerve and muscle in the anatomy of that great steam monster who does our work for us. I learned him at last, and then I began to see how he could be improved. All the evenings I spent teaching myself other things, French and German, so as to read scientific books: mathematics, all sorts of things, without which a mechanical engineer is not worth his salt. So the time went on, and was not tedious. After my articles were got through I stayed on at the works with a salary. That helped me too, for it is always best to be among the best kind of machinery. And then suddenly, because you were still a long way off, there came to me—my idea."

His idea! Rose looked at the pile of papers which she had held in her hands. That idea, then, was her fate. She wished that it had never been framed, or had been forgotten, like some dream of the night, the moment after it had flashed across his brain. But John Gower was not a man to let go a valuable thought.

"What a day that was!" her lover went on. "I was standing in the engine-room looking at the wheels when the thought came to me. All at once I saw it; all at once, too, I saw how great an idea it was, how rich it would make me, how powerful. I could hardly get through the day, and while I was doing my own work I was thinking over the engine of the future. And that night I drew the first plans and began the first model. I called it, in my own mind, because I spoke to no one about it, not even my own father, the 'Rose Escomb,' that model of mine, which I made and re-made, pulled to pieces and put together again, so often. It was lucky then that I had lived so solitary a life, because no one ever came to see me in my lodgings, and I had no interruption to fear. But I locked it up in the day-time for fear some wind of my invention might get about. Oh! I was cautious. And when it was quite finished and perfect, when I could think of nothing that would improve it, when I was satisfied that my machine was as complete as my hands could make it, I sent the specifications to London and registered it. And then I came up myself, and felt that the day was come at last when I could come to Sir Jacob—even Sir Jacob—and ask him for his niece. Even then," he went on, not noticing how pale was Rose's cheek, "even then I did not like to leave things to chance. So when I showed Sir Jacob the

specifications, I asked, as the condition that he should reap the benefit of the invention, a half share in the works—and the hand of his niece. Ha! ha! The hand of his niece. You never saw a man so startled. I thought how you would have laughed had you seen his face. That a man in his own employment, the son of his secretary, should show such presumption was at first too much for him. And he had to take a good look at the invention and make no end of calculations as to its worth before he could make up his mind to say yes."

"That was last night, I suppose," said Rose.

"Yes, last night, after dinner. I could not say anything to you then, because you were playing, and there was that popinjay of a fellow, Mr. Carteret, hanging about as if you belonged to him. Now, that's the sort of fellow I hate, Rose. Hands like a lady's, face always on the grin, never able to say a thing straight out, but must always play round it like a cat with a mouse. Yah! And besides, last night, Rose, the first time after seven years, I could not get over the feeling of strangeness. You looked so beautiful—too beautiful for me—and I was not able to realise my happiness. But now, Rose, now, it is all over, and you are mine at last."

He took her in his arms and kissed her on the lips and cheeks. Oh! how different were the kisses of Julian Carteret the day before! She accepted his caresses without resistance, quite passively; if the tears came into her eyes they were tears of humiliation and blind rage against Fate; if she was silent it was because she had no words to speak of her shame in playing this false part; if she accepted her lover's kisses, it was because these were clearly part of the contract. If she engaged herself to him she must accept his caresses. Not to be allowed to kiss your *fiancée* would be a thing unseemly and quite foreign to the North-countryman's notions of an engagement.

"I cannot love you as you love me, John," she murmured at length, with dry lips.

He thought she meant that she could not love him with such a passionate longing as filled his own heart.

"No, Rose; because nobody *could* love any one else as I love you. Oh! how have I longed for this moment during the long seven years of our separation!"

"Do you really love me so much?" she said, timidly. Do you love me enough to do anything for me, like a knight of old?"

"The knights of old were humbugs," said John, laughing. "I would do any mortal thing for you but one——"

"And that one thing?" she asked eagerly.

"Is to give you up."

Her face fell. That was the one thing she would have asked him to do.

"And you would be satisfied to take me as I am," she went on, "knowing that I can never—never love you as you love me?"

"Quite satisfied, Rose—more than satisfied. So long as I have you, I have everything. If you are not to be mine, I have nothing. Why, my dear, the right sort of love will come. I am not afraid. When you and I are alone—not in a great dreary palace like this, with dinners that last for hours, and black coats for evenings, and stuck up ceremonies to go through—but in a pretty cottage all our own——"

A cottage! and no black coats for evenings! and no ceremonies at all! Poor Rose!

"A cottage all our own, with a garden in front and one behind—then you will know what happiness really means. We shall have dinner at one sharp to the minute—a quarter of an hour for a pipe—off to work again—back at six-thirty, punctual—have a wash—"

Oh, heavens! he would have a wash!

"But you will not be a workman, John."

"Yes, I shall. I shall be the working partner. And I mean to work too, among the wheels with the men just as I do now. Well, I shall get home at six-thirty, wash-up for the evening, have tea, and then sit down for a couple of hours work over books or whatever else turns up. And then, my dear, at nine o'clock we shall sit side by side before the fire, while I smoke a pipe and drink a glass of grog and talk to my wife. What a life it will be!"

"What a life it will be!" echoed Rose, drearily. To sit every evening by the fire while her husband smoked his tobacco. What a life!

"No fooling about with parties and society and all that nonsense," her lover went on; "no racing after pleasure. A quiet home life for you, and for me, a good hard-working twelve months in every year."

No parties! no fooling about! no society! What a life! The girl's heart sank very low.

"But come now," said John; "let us find out Sir Jacob."

He caught her hand and led her, his own face lit up by the most jovial of smiles, a contrast indeed to her shrinking down-cast air, out of the library and into the morning-room.

Here were Sir Jacob, Mrs. Sampson, and Reuben Gower. As the door opened and John advanced with all the pride of a bride-groom, Julian joined the party from the conservatory.

"Congratulate us, Sir Jacob; congratulate us, ma'am; congratulate us, dad. Rose has accepted me. Sir Jacob, we will sign that deed to-morrow."

"Ay—ay—ay?" asked Sir Jacob, with an air of great surprise. "My little girl has positively consented to marry my future partner, has she? Really now—really now. What are we to say, Reuben, to these young people?"

Reuben had sharper eyes than his son.

"If Miss Rose loves my boy," he replied, "then let them marry in God's name. If not——"

"Nonsense, father," interrupted John; "of course she loves me. She has loved me for the last seven years—haven't you, Rose?—ever since she left us to come to this great house."

Reuben still looked at the girl, who made no sign, and whose eyes were downward cast.

Julian Carteret, at the door of the conservatory, listened, speechless. Was he dreaming? Was he awake? Did the girl only yesterday really tell him that she loved him?

"Rose!" he cried.

At his voice she raised her head.

"Oh! Julian."

Three of the four—her lover was not among them—who heard her cry his name, felt that it was the name of the man she loved, so pitiful, so helpless, so full of agony was the accent.

"Oh! Julian."

"What does it mean—this?" Julian asked.

She recovered herself, and took John's hand.

"I have promised to be the wife of John Gower. That is what it means, Julian Uncle, are you content?"

(To be concluded in the next number.)

MULTUM IN PARVO.

"To see the world in a grain of sand,
And eternity in an hour."—BLAKE.

CARELESS is Spring of its buds and its blossoms,
Careless the Summer of broadly-blown petals,
Autumn hangs carelessly all its rich clusters,
All its ripe harvests.

Freely the notes from the throat of the song-bird
Float in the air, and with careless profusion
All the long grass in the morning is jewell'd,
Gossamer-dew-strung.

Lavishly poured are the tints of the sunset,
No niggard hand stints the gold and the purple,
Sky cannot hold it, and earth is quite drunken
As from a wine press,

Lifting its hills and its pines through the amber,
Bathing its pines and its hills in the waters,
Where the broad streaks of the gold and the purple
Weave with the ripples,

Staining the lake with the flush of the heavens,
Grey pearly spaces and fair green sky-pastures,
Melting to blue where the first star of even
Hangs in the ether.

Lavish of life is the Universe round us—
Yon tiny flower that turns to the Sun-God
Is as a world, and the life that it fosters
Deeper than our's is.

Yea! as a world, and a sun, and a system,
Whilst in the dust of its innermost petals,
Haply some life dreams, with visions exalted,
Of the Eternal,

Traces the Infinite round and below him,
Finds the immensities growing and growing,
Till all the littleness is but a vastness,
Vast but as little;

Until his thought strikes the truth out of folly,
And his brave world and bright stars hanging o'er him,
All the long rush of the centuries passing,
Are but a flower—

Are but a moment, and all the long cycles
Bearing his universe backwards or forwards,
Cooling his earth's crust or pouring his lavas,
Making or marring,

Are but the breath of the breeze of the morning
Stirring the leaves with a rustle, and turning
Some of the flowers right into the shadow,
Some into sunlight;

Whilst in the depth of its innermost petals
Voices of scorn raise their chorus around him,
Some in the pride of their wisdom exclaiming,
"Have we not measured?

"Are not the miles and their millions all numbered?
Have we not counted the years and their thousands?
Is it a dream that our sires have told us,
Is it a fable?"

Others, again—"Lo! the words are all written,
Graven on stone by the God of our fathers,
How we were made and the cause of our making,
Seek ye no further!

"Here is no hint of an under or upper,
This is the world, and the centre of being!"
Still in his ears ring their words of condemning,
Voices of mocking.

But still the breeze of the breath of the morning
Stir all the leaves as they whiten, upturning
Some to the light and the warmth of the sunshine,
Some to the shadow.

F. R.

THE ROYAL NAVY.

THE bonds which connect Canada with the mother-country sit, in these days, so loosely and easily, that their tension has almost grown to be imperceptible, yet it is certain that our young nationality would be speedily coerced into annexation, were the protecting ægis of England withdrawn. To the Canadian, therefore, who desires the preservation of his national autonomy, the armaments, in virtue of whose power the protection of England is a solid reality, and without which that autonomy would be but a short lived experiment, cannot but present points of considerable interest; the more so, at this particular moment, owing to the threatening aspect of affairs in the East. Yet the details are but little known or understood. Most ordinary readers of newspapers have probably a general idea that England has an army of about 120,000 regular troops, backed by reserves in the shape of militia and volunteers, and that those regular troops, so far as they go, are among the finest in the world, They have further, perhaps, an indistinct notion that it is not by reason of this force, which, in comparison with the gigantic armies of many other countries, is extremely small, that England, despite an almost universal jealousy, distrust, and dislike, yet exercises so controlling a power in the councils of the world. They know, in fact, in a vague sort of way, that her supremacy and her intangibility reside in her naval power, but they have but little idea what mighty proportions that power bears to that of other countries. The navy of France is the only one which approaches it in number and quality; that of the United States is the only one which approaches it in the quality of her seamen. Neither country can lavish on her maritime force the wealth which England freely disburses for the maintenance of the institution on which, her instinct tells her, her supremacy, her independence, nay, her very safety, exclusively depend. Supreme in wealth, secure in insularity, and unequalled in seamanship, her supremacy at sea is and has ever been unquestionable. For the two periods at which her maritime glory seemed to suffer a momentary eclipse were not only exceptional, but absolutely due to causes which present themselves to the most superficial enquirer as merely temporary.

When the mad reaction which naturally followed the excesses of Puritan cant had brought England to that point of degradation at which her king had become a pensioner of the French monarch, it was little additional wonder that she should be insulted by a brave nation whose maritime propensities had been fostered by every natural difficulty. But a few evanescent gleams of success had no power to affect the inevitable result.

Again, in the American War of 1812-14, the circumstances were altogether adventitious. Lulled into a false security by the series of naval triumphs which culminated in Trafalgar, and which had left her the perfect mistress of the European seas, England abandoned herself, as to nautical matters, to a carelessness resembling that which emasculated the military power of France previous to 1870. In the three frigate and four or five sloop actions which resulted to the credit of the United States, the success which attended the Americans was due to the foresight which led to the construction of vessels of superior size, build, and weight of metal in each class. English and American vessels encountered each other with such general equality of skill and valour, that those conditions may be assumed to have been equal, and where there was no striking disparity of force, the merest accident turned the fortune of the day. Thus, in the singular action of the *Bonhomme Richard* and the *Serapis*, the very fact which seemed to involve disadvantage to the former, that of her being an old Indiaman, gained her the victory by the simple reason of her superior height out of water, which enabled her to sweep the upper deck of the *Serapis*. On the gun-deck the *Serapis* had it all her own way, and the victor was actually sinking when the British flag went down.

But it has never suited the policy of the United States to maintain a navy commensurate with her importance, or even on a

scale to compare with that of France. Thus, during the war of 1812-14, despite her isolated single ship victories, she was made to feel, in the blockade of her coasts and harbours, and the humiliation of her capital, the weight of the power with which England swept and commanded the seas.

The United States, perhaps wisely, relies on the rapidity with which, in the event of war, her vast resources and the quick-witted energy of her great people enable her to improvise armaments; and, against any power but England, such armaments may be effective. It may be said that they *have* proved efficient even against her, and the American naval successes on the Lakes could be cited in evidence. But the conditions of another war would show points of diffierence which it is not our present purpose to discuss. Even were it otherwise, no impromptu navy would suffice to clear the American coasts of blockading forces, and American statesmen well know that if two or three confederate privateers sufficed to sweep the seas of American commerce, and to inflict on it a blow from which, after twelve years, it has not fully revived, its chances would be small indeed, when every ocean and sea should swarm with British cruizers. And it is not to be supposed that England would refrain, as against America, from issuing letters of marque.

It is therefore evident that it is to the naval power and prestige of Great Britain that Canada owes her independence, and we purpose to afford our readers some insight into the details and magnitude of the force on which so much depends. A few preliminary explanatory remarks will tend to a better understanding of the subject.

It is an evidence of the absolutely transitional state of the navy, that, while there remains on the list but a few representatives of the line-of-battle ship of twenty-five years ago, the rating of ships, as shown in the Navy List, has undergone no alteration. As the List stands, however, it affords a basis on which an understanding of present conditions can be afforded. As such we will briefly epitomize it.

First Rate (three-deckers).—110 guns and upwards; complement 1000 men or more.

Second Rates.—One of H.M. yachts, and ships (two-deckers) of 80 to 110 guns; complement not less than 800 men.

Third Rates (practically, in late years, two deckers).—60 to 70 guns; complement not less than 600 men.

Fourth Rates.—Frigates; complement not less that 410 men; practically what were called "fifties" and "forty-fours."

Fifth Rates.—Frigates of not less than 300 men; practically "thirty-sixes."

Sixth Rates.—"All other ships bearing a captain"; *de facto* twenty-six gun frigates.

Sloops.—"All vessels commanded by a commander, and carrying their principal armament on one deck." It may be best to explain here at once, that the carrying an armament on one deck is now extended to the highest class ships in the Navy, and that the term "corvette," originally almost synonymous with "sloop," is now applied to one-decked vessels equalling the old three-deckers in tonnage.

By a three-decker is or was meant a ship having three clear gun-decks below the upper-deck, and, according to the paint formerly in vogue, showing those decks by white belts along the ship's side, on which the black-painted ports stood out in strong relief; the ports through which the upper-deck guns protruded were not set out in relief by any white line. In like manner a two-decker had two gun-decks below her upper-deck, and frigates one. Corvettes and sloops were sometimes painted all black; sometimes the gun (upper) deck was traced with the white belt; and the writer of this article remembers more than one dashing corvette of his days afloat, which might have realized Fenimore Cooper's description of the "Red Rover."

There are many amongst us sufficiently travelled, and sufficiently cognizant *de omnibus rebus* to know the appearance and capacity of 1,000 or 1,400 ton merchantmen —Green's, for instance; or of the great clippers of 1,600 to 2,000 tons which have made the Australian voyage since 1851.* To such, a reference to tonnage will suffice. To others, again, we may postulate the length, beam (breadth), and depth of a certain class of vessel. For instance, the *Queen*, 100 guns, was in 1840-50 the largest ship in the Navy. Her length was 220 feet, her beam

* To others it will be an illustration to say that the large steamers of the Cunard and Allan lines are about the capacity of the latest three-deckers, but take out their size in great length.

amidships 60 (an unparalleled breadth at that date), her draught of water about 28 feet, her tonnage 3,099. But she gained her capacity from her enormous beam. She was a three-decker. The *Albion*, carrying 90 guns on two decks, was several feet longer, and if we remember rightly, 58 feet beam only; but she came, according to the measurement of that day, within five tons of the *Queen*. The old three-deckers of the war-time were the famous old ninety-eights. They ran barely 2,000 tons. The *Victory* used to be called 1,958; she is now set down as 2,164.

Early in the present century a class of one-hundred-and-fours made its appearance. These were of about 2,400 tons, and were thought a great advance upon previous vessels. Two or three of them yet exist. The *Impregnable* and the *Camperdown* were in 1840-44, flag-ships respectively at Devonport and Sheerness. They were terrible "haystacks," of enormous strength and scantling, but helpless drifters to leeward.

About 1820-30 a large class of three-deckers was built, carrying 120 guns, the tonnage of which ranged about 2,700. Of this class were the *Britannia*, *Caledonia*, *Hibernia*, *St. Vincent*, *Howe*, *Victoria*, *Waterloo*, *Neptune*, *St. George*, and others.

Then came the *Queen*, built in 1839, and subsequently the last and greatest generation of the grand-looking old craft, built just previous to the Crimean war. These first advanced to 3,700 tons and carried 131 guns. Of them the *Duke of Wellington* was the best known, as a Crimean flag-ship. She is still flag-ship at Portsmouth. But there were yet to suceed three or four, in which, before its extinction, the magnificence of the old line-of-battle ship was to attain its fullest development. These were the *Victoria*, 4,127 tons, 1,000 horse-power; the new *Howe*, 4,225 tons, 1,000 horse-power; the *Windsor Castle*, and, if we remember rightly, a new *Royal Albert*. Of these the *Howe* and the *Victoria* still remain on the active list. It will be remembered that, by this time, all the line-of-battle ships intended to be sea-going had been built with, or converted for, screw steam-power.

The two-deckers ranged from 72 to 92 guns. The seventy-twos in commission from 1840 and afterwards were unknown to the old war time. The old seventy-fours, in one or two of which the writer of this article was "hulked"—a term applied to a sailor's existence while fitting out, before his ship is ready for him—were of a build which astonished youngsters of thirty or forty years ago. And the old forty-four gun frigates of the war time had the same characteristics. These were, extreme lowness between decks, and extreme closeness of "quarters," which means that the guns were too close together to afford fair room for working them. Many tall officers of the old school contracted a permanent stoop from the want of height between decks. Add to these characteristics, that, long after French ships were coppered, ours sailed the seas with a thick coating of barnacles always rapidly accumulating on their unmetalled bottoms, and that no English genius whatever had displayed itself in the matter of a ship's lines, before Trafalgar, and some faint idea may be formed of the disadvantages under which our glorious seamen achieved their astonishing successes. For, although it may scarcely seem credible, it is a fact that, had we gone to war at any period previous to 1850, the strength of England's line-of-battle would have consisted of ships *built after the old Canopus*, and in every respect almost exact reproductions of her. The *Canopus* was an 84, on two decks; French, pure and simple. She was about 2,400 tons (three-deckers of that date did not attain those dimensions, and were low between decks and desperately crowded at quarters). She was seven feet high between her gun-decks, and almost eight in her orlops (decks half below the water line). Her stowage, a matter not always corresponding to tonnage, was splendid; her sailing qualities were excellent for a ship of her date and size; and her armanent heavy enough to be a match for a three-decker of her time. As to her time it will be sufficient to say that she was captured at the Nile, the date of which redoubtable action will be found by any one who will take the trouble to turn it up, to come within the last century. She there rejoiced in the name of *Le Franklin*, in honor of "Poor Richard," popular in those days in French reminiscence. British genius so failed to improve on her that, until Sir William Symonds, about 1830, introduced a build, the advantages of which were, after all, only questionable, we went on building in servile imitation of our prize until after that date. And, sooth to say, a noble class of

"liners" they were. Old naval men will remember them well. Many of them were "country-built," i. e., built in India, and of teak-everlasting, and bore names of Eastern association. There were the *Asia*, *Ganges*, *Calcutta*, *Bombay*, and many others of similar nomenclature, besides the *Monarch*, *Formidable*, *Thunderer*, and a host of miscellaneous names, and grander looking or more efficient ships never floated. We well remember, when at Jamaica in 1846 or 1847, seeing the noble old prototype herself sail into Port Royal harbour, looking every inch a queen of the seas. She was only "trooping," and had her lower-deck guns out, but her noble spars were not reduced, and the peculiarity of the old ships, especially as represented in French naval prints, which far exceed ours in life, vigour, and *vraisemblance*, was very striking, the great steve of her bowsprit carrying her flying-jib-boom end as high as her fore-tops. She was then commanded by Capt. (now Sir Fairfax) Moresby. It was then we went over the old *Canopus*, and those of us who thought at all about such things, stood astonished at the fearful odds against which our predecessors had fought and won. The British seventy-four of that day scarcely averaged 1,700 tons. Indeed, we are speaking over the mark when we name that figure, which is nearly that attained by the newer representatives of the class built after the great war was over. Their sailing qualities were very different.

In later days a fine class of fifty-gun frigates was procured by cutting down some of those seventy-fours which succeeded the older class of the war time. These frigates ranged about 1,750 tons, and many of them were found to sail much better when relieved of their former upper decks than they had done as two-deckers. Of this class were the famous old *Barham* and *Warspite*, the *Vindictive*, once the flag-ship on this station, the *Eagle*, and many others. Then, about 1837, came the *Vernon*, now a torpedo school-ship at Portsmouth. Sir W. Symonds, then surveyor of the navy, considered her at that time his *chef d'œuvre*. Like the *Queen*, she was too short for her size and beam, Sir William having a crochet of moulding all his ships, no matter how large, on the model of a Greek brig, the consequence of which was that the *Queen* herself, enormous as she was, was, as to the lines of her lower hull, nothing but an overgrown cutter-yacht, and, as might have been expected, snapped off her foretop-gallant-masts in a heavy sea accordingly. But notwithstanding her shortness—a defect which she shared with the *Spartan*, an equally beautiful frigate on a smaller scale (26)—the *Vernon* was a splendid ship. She measured over 2,000 tons. Later, Sir William Symonds built the *Constance*, a frigate still larger; and, following her, came the whole new class of fifties, whose tonnage equalled that of the three-deckers of twenty years before them. The old 18 gun ships and barque sloops, of about 400 tons, began about 1840 to give place to brigs of the same tonnage, and corvettes of 700 or 800 tons. It may here be remarked that, in Admiralty parlance, a "sloop" means anything commanded by a commander. The word has no reference to rig.

One word as to armament, before we proceed to dissect the navy of the present day. The old sloops and brigs scarcely ever had a long gun, but were armed with carronades, a species of very short ordnance, mounted on sliding carriages without trucks (wheels). Carronades stood high from the deck, with little base, and were peculiarly liable to overthrow from any chance shot or other accident. "Gunnades" were improved carronade, being about eight feet long, while the carronade was only about four, and the gunnade carriage stood upon a firmer base. In the older class of three-deckers, the upper-deck carried 32-pounder carronades, the main-deck 32-pounder gunnades. The middle and lower decks were armed with long thirty-twos and sixty-eights, not more than twelve to twenty of the latter on both decks. The "long thirty-two"—the *pièce de résistance* of its period—was 9 feet 6 inches long, and weighed 56 cwt. The 68 pounder weighed 65 cwt., but was only 9 feet long. The armament of the *Vindictive*, a *rasée* fifty-gun frigate, flag-ship on this station from 1845 to 1848, a fine specimen of her class, was, on the upper deck, 4 sixty-eights and 12 thirty-two-pounder gunnades; on the main-deck, 6 sixty-eights and 28 long thirty-twos. She was of 1,758 tons, having been a seventy-four, and was a fast and powerful frigate of her day. Forty-fours ran about 1,400 tons. Thirty-six-gun frigates about 1,250, and twenty-sixes about 900.

Having thus endeavoured to convey some ideas of relative size, to conduce to a com-

prehension of the following lists, we proceed to name and enumerate the principal classes of vessels composing the imperial British Navy of the present day. We will first take the absolute equivalents of the old line-of-battle ships, the great iron-clads Of these there are 46. They are here given with their tonnage and the old reckoning of horse-power.

	Guns.	Tons.	H.P.
Achilles	16	6121	1250
Agincourt	17	6621	1350
Alexandra	12	9492	8000
Audacious	14	3774	800
Bellerophon	15	4270	1000
Black Prince	28	6109	1250
Defence	16	3720	600
Favourite	10	2094	400
Hector	18	4089	800
Hercules	14	5234	1200
Hotspur	3	2637	600
Invincible	14	3774	800
Iron Duke	14	3787	800
Lord Warden	18	4080	1000
Minotaur	17	6621	1350
Nelson	12	7323	6000
Northampton	12	7323	6000
Northumberland	28	6621	1350
Pallas	8	2372	600
Penelope	11	3096	600
Repulse	12	3749	800
Research	4	1253	200
Resistance	16	3710	600
Royal Alfred	28	4068	800
Rupert	4	3159	700
Shannon	9	5103	3500
Sutton	12	5234	1200
Swiftsure	14	3893	800
Temeraire	8	8412	7000
Triumph	14	3893	800
Valiant	18	4063	800
Warrior	32	6109	1250

The following are Turret Ships :—

Agamemnon	4	8492	6000
Ajax	4	8492	6000
Cyclops	4	2107	250
Devastation	4	4407	800
Dreadnought	4	5030	1000
Erebus	16	1954	200
Glatton	2	2709	500
Gorgon	4	2107	250
Hecate	4	2107	250
Hydra	4	2107	250
Inflexible	4	11406	8000
Monarch	7	5102	1100
Prince Albert	4	2529	500
Scorpion	4	1833	350
Thunderer	4	4407	800
Wyvern	4	1899	350

Two of the above, the *Erebus* and *Glatton*, are floating batteries, the remaining 46 are sea-going ships.

The next class, one apparently growing in favour, as no less than seven are now building at Glasgow and Chatham, may be also ranked for size and power with the old line-of-battle. They are "steel and iron corvettes cased with wood," and are fourteen in number.

	Guns.	Tons.	H.P.
Active	10	2322	600
Bacchante	16	2679	700
Boadicea	16	2679	700
Carysfort, Champion, Cleopatra, Comers, Conquest, Curacoa	14	2377	2300
Euryalus	16	3932	5250
Inconstant	16	4066	1000
Raleigh	22	3215	800
Shah	26	4210	1000
Volage	18	2322	600

There are thirty-three of the old line-of-battle ships of various sizes remaining on the active list, but seventeen only retain their engines. Ten are flag-ships at home ports, and receiving-ships at the head-quarters of foreign stations. One, the *Britannia*, is a training-ship for naval cadets ; five are training-ships for boys ; one is the gunnery-ship at Portsmouth. It is probable that, in the event of immediate war, a few might take the sea, but the number could not be more than fifteen or sixteen, and would probably not be more than five or six, every successive quarter's Navy List showing an increased relegation of these noble remnants of naval beauty and dignity to absolute harbour service, and in many cases to such base uses as coal depots, &c.

The next great class, of sea-going utility, is the equivalent of the former fifty and forty-four gun frigates, called "screw corvettes." Of these there are thirty-three. One, however, the *Rover*, is of a size so large as to make her an exception to the category in which she is found. She is 3,494 tons, 4,694 horse-power, and carries eighteen guns. Four others, the *Opal*, the *Emerald*, the *Turquoise*, and the *Tourmaline*, are of nearly 1,900 tons, carrying twelve guns. The remainder average 1,500 tons and 400 horse-power, and carry from eight to seventeen guns. It will, of course, be understood that four, six, or eight broadside guns, with one

or two "long Toms" of the present day, amidships, may equal in effect a broadside of twenty-five, of twenty or thirty years ago.

In these vessels, when the telescope funnels are run down, there remains no appearance of a smoke-jack, and in them and the remains of what was, twenty years ago, the noble new class of fifty-gun frigates, may yet be seen that perfect symmetry which appealed to the heart of Jack almost as much as his Susan or his grog—nay, we verily believe, more than either. The reign of "iron-pots" has sadly shorn H.M. Navy of its dignity and beauty. We have before us, as we write, portraits of two of the latest iron-clads, and, between them, that of a ship of remarkable history, the United States frigate *Merrimac*, before the Southern authorities had shorn her of her fair proportions, cased her in railway iron, and sent her forth to the discomfiture of the Federal fleet in Hampton Roads, to be in her turn discomfited by the smaller but better devised *Monitor*. The contrast is singular. The two great iron-clads, one of them the *Inflexible*, the hugest of her kind, are brig-rigged—*i.e.*, have two masts only, and one has no bowsprit at all! Between them, in perfect proportions, sails the *Merrimac*, every line of her graceful hull a reproach to the hideous utilitarianism of the iron abortions, one of which has "stump" topgallant-masts, and, indeed, looks altogether more like a collier than a man-of-war.

For the sake of that "auld lang syne" so fast fading into longer and dimmer distance, we must give the names of the remains of that noble fleet of fifties which, seven years ago, numbered over thirty, now reduced to fourteen—a proof of the rapidity of adaptation to changing conditions. They are the *Ariadne*, *Aurora*, *Bristol*, *Doris*, *Endymion*, *Forte*, *Galatea* (formerly commanded by the Duke of Edinburgh), *Glasgow*, *Immortalité*, *Nankin*, *Narcissus*, *Newcastle*, *Topaz*, and *Undaunted*. The last named is flag-ship in the East Indies, and four others form a detached squadron in the Chinese seas, the *Narcissus* bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral Lambert, C.B.

The next great class of effective sea-going ships comes under the heading "screw sloops and gun-vessels." These are commanders' commands, and number seventy-five. They are, however, more than equal to the smaller frigates of former days. They carry from two to nine guns, but, where the number is smallest, the gun is heaviest and with the longest range. Thirteen of them average over 1,025 tons, with a heavy horse-power. The lowest tonnage of the remainder (in three instances only) is 428, the average about 500; average horse-power about 200.

Various miscellaneous services are performed by thirty-two paddle vessels, which comprise three frigates, two Royal yachts, and two tenders thereto, several other steam tenders to home flag-ships, despatch vessels, surveying vessels, and four or five effective sea-going sloops. There are twenty-three tugs of various sizes, seven tank vessels, and eighty gun-boats, ranging from 245 to 455 tons, averaging about 300. There is also a separate list of 134 ships absolutely relegated to harbour service. These are of all classes—three and two deckers, frigates of all sizes, sloops, old steamers, and even several already disused iron-clads. There are three sailing sloops and two brigs, averaging about 400 tons, stationed at Lisbon, and one sloop, of 750 tons, in the Mediterranean. They carry about eight guns each. There are also five one-gun schooners, of 120 tons each, which are all put down to the Australian station.

The ordinary movements of British troops are provided for, as far as the Royal Navy goes, by twelve magnificent troop-ships. Five of these, the *Crocodile*, *Jumna*, *Euphrates*, *Malabar*, and *Serapis*, are of 4,173 tons, and 700 horse-power each. These are known as the "Indian" troop-ships. The *Orontes* is still larger—5,600 tons, and 2,000 horse-power. The *Himalaya* is 3,453 tons, 700 horse-power. The *Tamar*, 2,812 tons. 500 horse-power. The *Assistance*, 2,038 tons, 1,400 horse-power. The *Simoom*, 1,980 tons, 400 horse-power. The other two are somewhat smaller. There are also four store ships of about 800 tons average, and two tenders to the Indian troopers, one at Alexandria, the other at Suez.

The greater fleets, such as the Mediterreanean, would, in case of war, be provided with despatch vessels of unparalleled capacity, power, and speed. The *Mercury* and the *Iris* are at present building at Pembroke. Their size equals that of the later three-deckers (3,735 tons) of the *Duke of Wellington* class, and they are described as of 7,000 horse-power. They are also heavily

armed, carrying 10 guns, doubtless of great power.

The efficiency of the war-marine is backed by the Royal Naval Reserve, for which there are eight drill-ships stationed at Inverness, North Shields, Bristol, Sunderland, Liverpool, Dundee, Southampton, and the West India Docks. This institution is as yet untried by the exigencies of war, but it can scarcely prove other than beneficial, even if it fail to greatly augment the Navy in time of need. The acquisition of a knowledge of drill and of the habits of discipline by merchant seamen must be at least to their own advantage, while the privileges and honour accorded to them must tend to foster a fraternal spirit towards the Navy. Lieutenants and sub-lieutenants of the Reserve are allowed to wear the naval uniform, with a slight distinction in the badges on the epaulettes; and if a merchant ship is of a certain tonnage (not less, we believe, than 800), and if her master and chief officer are officers of the R. N. R., the privilege is conceded to her of wearing the blue ensign, the red being the one to which ordinary merchant ships are limited.

Less than twenty years ago the flag officers of the Navy were not only divided into three ranks, but each rank was divided into three flags—Red, White, and Blue. According to the colour of the Admiral's flag, was that of the ensigns and pendents flown by the squadron under his orders. This sub-division is now abolished, the beautiful white ensign alone being retained as the distinctive flag of the Royal Navy.

This leads us from the *matériel* to the *personnel* of the Navy. There are four ranks of flag officers, whose relative status to army officers is as follows:—

"Admirals of the Fleet" rank with Field Marshals.
Admirals rank with Generals.
Vice-Admirals rank with Lieut.-Generals.
Rear-Admirals rank with Major-Generals.
Commodore is a temporary rank, and corresponds with that of Brigadier in our service.
Captains rank with Colonels and Lieutenant-Colonels.
Commanders rank with Lieut.-Colonels.
Lieutenants rank with Majors and Captains.
Sub-Lieutenants rank with Lieutenants.
Midshipmen rank with Sub-Lieutenants.

Where the relative rank embraces two grades, it is a matter of service. Thus, lieutenants of 8 years standing rank with majors; under 8 years, with captains.

The active list consists of three "Admirals of the Fleet," Sir Geo. Sartorius, Sir Fairfax Moresby, and Sir Provo W. P. Wallis. The two former of these venerable officers are captains of 1814, sixty-three years ago, and must therefore, in all probability, be over 90 years of age. Sir P. Wallis was a captain of 1819. These, however, are old officers, who have chosen, being at the head of it, to remain on the active list. There is a great gap between them and the Senior Admiral, Sir Henry Codrington, who is a captain of 1836. The active list continues with 10 Admirals, 15 Vice-Admirals, and 25 Rear-Admirals; 274 Captains, 208 Commodores, 781 Lieutenants, 302 Sub-Lieutenants, 216 Midshipmen, 189 Naval Cadets, 13 Staff Captains, 89 Staff Commanders, 157 Navigating Lieutenants, 81 Navigating Sub-Lieutenants (these four ranks are the old "Masters'" line); 10 Inspectors of Machinery afloat," 172 Chief Engineers, 573 Engineers, 158 Assistant Engineers; 95 Chaplains and 69 Naval Instructors, all gentlemen in holy orders. The health of the fleet is looked after by a Director-General, 5 Inspectors-General, 12 Deputy Inspectors-General, 81 Fleet Surgeons, 124 Staff Surgeons, and 195 Surgeons. There are 200 Paymasters, and 229 Assist.-Paymasters; and 10 Chief Gunners, 279 Gunners, 23 Chief Boatswains, 392 Boatswains, 12 Chief Carpenters, and 192 Carpenters, complete the warrant officers' lists.

The Marine Force—the army of the sea—is officered, the Marine Artillery by 3 General Officers, the Marine Light Infantry by 9. The Artillery has 2 Colonels, 3 Lieutenant-Colonels, 46 Captains, and 4 Lieutenants. The Light Infantry has 8 Colonels, 12 Lieutenant-Colonels, 105 Captains, and 150 Lieutenants. The quota of marines to an old first-rate used to be 150. We are not aware in what proportions they are assigned to the new classes of vessels.

There is a feature which, perhaps more than any other, illustrates the gigantic scale on which England has to maintain her naval armaments. It is the Retired List. This enormous burden is unavoidable from the necessity of preventing the active lists from becoming crowded with officers too old for their rank, and of ensuring a reasonable flow

of promotion. It bears, in round numbers, 279 Flag Officers, 466 Retired Captains, 753 Retired Commanders, 164 Lieutenants, 105 Staff Commanders, and considerable numbers of many other ranks, so many, indeed, as to occupy 22 more pages of the Navy List, those already enumerated occupying about 40 pages.

We will conclude with a short summary of the effective vessels on the active list, including only such as may be regarded as perfect men-of-war in their several classes. We find, besides several floating-batteries, at Bermuda and elsewhere:

Sea-going Iron-Clads	46
Steel and Iron Corvettes cased with wood	14
Screw Corvettes	33
Screw Sloops and Gun Vessels	75
Remains of the great fifties	14
Efficient Screw Liners (say)	15
Total efficient fighting ships	197

The total number of ships in commission and in ordinary on the active list is about 300. There are at the great home naval stations of Portsmouth, Devonport, Chatham, and Sheerness, respectively, about 46, 49, and 27 vessels, exclusive of mere hulks, tugs, and gun-boats.

Ships on foreign stations are distributed as follows:—

Mediterranean	23
North America and West Indies	14
South-east Coast of America	4
Pacific	9
China	27
East Indies	12
Australia	11
West Coast and Cape of Good Hope	9
Channel Squadron	5
East Coast of Africa	1
Coast Guard and Steam Reserve	8
Pembroke	5
Particular Service	7
Variously distributed round the British Coast	29
Total	164

The following is a list of the flag officers, their flag-ships, and the stations they command, which England finds it necessary to keep in employment.

STATIONS.	FLAG OFFICERS.	FLAG SHIPS.	
Portsmouth	Adm. Geo. Elliot	D. of Wellington	Three-decker.
	R. Adm. Sir F. L. McClintock, Kt.	Asia	Old 84.
Devonport	Adm. Sir T. M. Symonds, K. C.B.	Royal Adelaide	Old 104.
	R. Adm. Geo. O. Willes, C. B.	Indus	Old 78.
Nore	Vice-Adm. Henry Chads	Duncan	Three-decker.
Chatham	R. Adm. Chas. Fellowes, C. B	Pembroke	Old 72.
Mediterranean	V. Adm. G. T. P. Hornby	Alexandra	Iron-clad.
	R. Adm. Ed. Bridges Rice	Triumph	Iron-clad.
Malta (Sup'dt)	R. Adm. W. G. Luard, C. B	Hibernia	Old 120.
N. America & W. Indies	V. Adm. Sir A. C. Key, K. C. B.	Bellerophon	Iron-clad.
Jamaica	Comm. Algernon Lyons	Aboukir	Late 90.
China	V. Adm. Alfred P. Ryder	Audacious	Iron-clad.
Detached Squadron	R. Adm. Rowley Lambert, C. B.	Narcissus	Large frigate.
Hong Kong	Comm. Geo. W. Watson	Victor Emmanuel	Late 90.
Queenstown	R. Adm. H. S. Hillyar, C. B	Revenge	Late 90.
Chan. Squadron	R. Adm. F. B. P. Seymour, C. B.	Minotaur	Iron-clad.
Pacific	R. Adm. Algernon F. De Horsey	Repulse	Iron-clad.
E. Indies	R. Adm. Reg'd J. Macdonald	Undaunted	Large frigate.
Australia	Com. Anthony J. Hoskins	Wolverene	Screw corvette.
C. of Good Hope and Coast of Africa	Com. Francis W. Sullivan, C. B.	Tourmaline	Screw corvette.

The two greater home ports are full admiral's commands, and they are aided and supplemented by a rear-admiral superintendent of the dockyard. Sheerness (the Nore), at the mouth of the Thames and confluence of that river with the Medway, is

a vice-admiral's command, with a rear-admiral at Chatham, further up the latter river. The Mediterranean, the North American, and West India Stations, and China are also vice-admiral's commands. There are also two rear-admiral's in the Mediterranean, one of whom is superintendent of Malta dockyard. There is further an additional rear-admiral commanding the detached squadron in the China Seas; one commanding at Queenstown (Cork); one in charge of the Channel Squadron; one commanding in the Pacific; and one in the East Indies. There is also a commodore in charge at Jamaica, and one at Hong Kong. The Cape of Good Hope and West coast of Africa and Australia are likewise commodore's commands. The service thus employs afloat 2 admirals, 4 vice-admirals, 10 rear-admirals, and 4 commodores.

The flag of a British admiral is white, with a red cross, corresponding with the ensign; that of a commodore is similar in colour, but swallow-tailed, and is called a broad-pendant. There is no sea in which they, or the long "coach-whips" of the ships under their command, are not to be encountered, ever on the cruize for the protection of an empire on which the sun never sets.

G. W. G.

OPIUM EATING.

IN these days, when strenuous efforts are being made by the advocates of "Temperance" to curb, and even to suppress utterly, the use of alcoholic liquors, we not unfrequently hear it stated that such avowed philanthropists, by the very activity and uncompromising nature of their efforts, are defeating the ultimate object which they have in view—that is, the amelioration of the condition of the human race; that in throwing obstacles in the way of indulgence in alcoholic drinks, whilst leaving the appetite for such stimulants uneradicated, these well-meaning people only drive the objects of their solicitude to the use of opium, hasheesh, hydrate of chloral, and other such still more noxious substances, capable of temporarily banishing pain or producing pleasurable sensations. I believe—I may safely say that I *know*—this statement to be well founded, at least so far as concerns North America. *How* I know, may be guessed by the reader of the following pages. Partly through my own experience and direct observation, partly through the enquiries which that experience has induced me to make, I am aware that the substances just named, and especially opium, are indulged in upon this continent to an extent of which those who have not themselves been within the inner circle of its votaries have no idea. It is scarcely possible to procure statistics in support of this—as I allege—fact. The very secrecy with which opium can be procured and indulged in, seems almost to preclude such a possibility. At the same time, the possibility of maintaining this secrecy, suggests some conception of the vast evil which must ensue from the prevalence of the drug in question.

It is not my purpose, in this paper, to enter upon any discussion of the question how far the fact, or alleged fact, just stated should, if at all, modify or change the action of the Alcoholic Liquor Prohibitionists. The whole subject is one which demands the earnest consideration of the genuine philanthropist. What I really propose to do in the following pages, is to submit some of my own experiences in the use and in the disuse of opium, in the hope that the effort may not be without effect in deterring others, who may be that way inclined, from ever tampering with opium, and, at the same time, be of service to those who, having become enslaved, are sincerely desirous of freeing themselves from its trammels. In doing this, I must necessarily make frequent use of the first personal pronoun singular; but it is hoped that *anonymous* egoism may not prove unendurable. I shall, then, treat in succession of the steps by which I became addicted to the use of opium; of some of the effects which it produced upon me; and

of the mode by which I freed myself from its use.

I must, in justice to myself, declare that it was through no vicious disposition towards self-indulgence that I became addicted to the use of opium. That habit came about in this wise. Early in life I was seized with a sudden attack of bronchitis as one of the *sequelæ* of that vile disease, measles. It is not necessary to dwell upon my ailment. I will only say that, under this attack, I soon became reduced to little more than a shadow of my former self; whilst what life remained in me was rendered almost unendurable by an almost incessant and excruciating cough. Various medicines were resorted to, in order to give relief to the latter. I soon discovered that the various mixtures recommended to me for this purpose afforded temporary relief about in proportion to the quantity of opium they contained. I thence concluded that it would be just as well to take the unmixed article itself, which I afterwards did in the shape of laudanum, the form in which I have always used it.

It may be said that it was very unwise even to take opium at all, since it gave only temporary relief, and did not remove the cause of the cough. I am not pretending to write a paper on medical science. I may say, however, in my own justification, that I found even this temporary relief to contribute to a permanent benefit. It allayed for the time that tormenting irritation of the bronchial tubes—otherwise constantly aggravating itself—and thus permitted, with better effect, the use of other remedial measures tending to subdue, it not to remove, the original cause of irritation. That cause has never been wholly removed. The bronchitis became chronic in my ease, notwithstanding a battle of over twenty years' duration to overcome it. During the earlier and by far the greater part of that period, whenever, through some accession of "cold" or other derangement of the system, my cough—from which I had never been wholly free—returned with something of its original violence, I was in the habit of again resorting temporarily to the use of opium as a measure of relief. I only did this, however, when the case became an extreme one; and I resolutely discontinued the use of the drug whenever my breathing apparatus had begun to resume somewhat of its wonted tone, or when I found that its further continued use was materially and injuriously affecting the action of the other internal *viscera*, or when I found myself, as I thought, drifting into a craving for the pleasurable sensations which the drug produced. Experience, in thus recurring from time to time to the use of opium, soon made clear to me these facts: every dose of the drug was required to be larger than the last previous one in order to produce even a like effect; if the use was interrupted, even for many months, and then resumed, I found that the system had not returned to its original tone in the meantime, but that it was still necessary to take a dose in excess of the last previous one in order to produce the same effect; every act of discontinuance of the use of the seductive drug cost a stronger effort of the will.

Thus, for about twenty years, I was addicted to the occasional use of opium. Still, the aggregate quantity consumed by me during that period was not large; for the intervals between the times of my using it at all were often of many months duration, and, in two or three instances at least, were prolonged even to years. On the other hand, the periods of my continued use of the article were never long, usually varying from three or four days to as many weeks. But now a series of rapid changes came over my experience. For a period of from two to three years, I was subjected to a succession of attacks of my old complaint more obstinate and violent than any which I had endured for several years immediately previous. One consequence was a, to me, unprecedented consumption of opium, whether considering the daily quantity taken, or the long continuance of its use without interruption. At length, with the setting in of a cold North American autumn, my old enemy seized me by the throat with a grip more violent and obstinate than ever. Consequently I used opium daily throughout the autumn and winter. Spring came; and with the arrival of the warm weather I could no longer plead to myself a *violent* cough as an excuse for my daily indulgence. But I now found that the time was past when I could discontinue the use of opium by a slight effort of will. I found myself in chains, and helpless, as it seemed to me, to free myself.

I made several efforts, founded on what I at the time thought a very vigorous determination, to regain my freedom; but they proved utterly, miserably futile. There were

several causes which conspired to make them so. I was over a thousand miles away from my own home, and among strangers who did not even know of my habit of taking opium; and who would be quite unable —perhaps unwilling—to aid or sympathise with me in the trial which, it seemed, must be endured. Then my occupation at the time was one demanding great toil of brain —requiring of me every day, as unfailingly as the rising of the sun, whether well or ill, whether in or out of spirits, the performance of a large amount of mental labour. In fact my brain was overworked at the time, and could not have maintained the struggle but for the daily use of opium; for I may here say that, in my case, however it may be in others, opium, down to within a few months of my final discontinuance of its use, operated as a powerful stimulant to the intellectual powers. This it did, not in that vehement and spasmodic action which alcohol exerts upon the brain, but with a sustained power, giving great clearness to the conceptions, and nerving especially the higher faculties of the intellect to a more than normal energy. Thus I was not only in no condition to battle against my enslaver, but the circumstances in which I found myself placed seemed to demand of me to hug the chains more closely. During the summer and autumn of this last year of its use, and only whole year of its uninterrupted use, my daily dose of laudanum had got up to rather more than three ounces. It must be remembered that on each resumption of the use of the article I had found it necessary, in order to experience any effect from it, to recommence with as large a daily allowance as that with which I had last left off. This mention of what had become my daily portion, will, perhaps better than anything else I could say, enable those having some knowledge in such matters to know at what stage I had now arrived in the use of opium.

It is doubtful if opium affects any two persons in precisely the same manner, the experience of every one under its influence being coloured and modified by his particular natural idiosyncrasy. I do not purpose going into any tedious detailed description of the sensations it produces. They have been sufficiently often described. Of its effect upon myself in stimulating the intellectual faculties, up to a certain period in my experiences, I have already spoken. The reader may naturally expect to hear something of opium dreams. The fact is that, up to this time, when I was taking three ounces of laudanum each day, I had no dreams. The use of the drug never had the effect of even making me sleep more than I otherwise would.. Quite the reverse, indeed. One effect of it was to make me especially wakeful. As that effect wore off, I would sink into a deep sleep, but not more profound, or of longer continuation, than would have been the case if I had lost sleep from any other cause than taking opium. I may here observe that I am naturally a light and brief sleeper. What my system seems to require when in ordinary health is from three to—at most—six hours sleep out of the twenty-four.

I found, however, during the summer of this, my last opium year, that the continuous use of the drug was rapidly exhausting my forces, both mental and physical, and apparently sapping my very life. I am somewhat of an athlete, and am naturally fond of, and, when in health, have always been accustomed to, much physical exercise. Now I found myself devoid of either power or inclination to indulge in anything of the sort. My inclination to take food gradually lessened until it almost entirely ceased. First, I dispensed with the formality of breakfast; then, of luncheon; until eventually and during many months I never approached the table except once a day, at the six o'clock dinner hour, and even then I but minced over a few bites of some light dish, or ate a very little fruit. Meanwhile my perspirations—especially night perspirations—were most profuse, so much so as to be alarming to those with whom I was in daily intercourse.

As to the mind, when not under the influence of the usual daily stimulus, it had no capacity except for suffering. The feeling at such times—at all events in my own case—is not easily described. The most prevalent manifestation was an excessive nervous restlessness, but most unlike the so-called nervousness which proceeds from any other cause. This seemed rather the manifestation of the combined yearnings of every single and separate organ in the system for something which was not. Combined with this was a most depressing sadness. Even the most agreeable emotions derivable from the use of opium had already, in my case, a certain dash of melancholy about them, but

this was something quite different. It was a feeling more nearly akin to despair.

At length, in the course of the autumn of the year already so often referred to, I had an opportunity of suspending my close application to business duties, and, at the same time, of returning again to the shelter of my own roof-tree. Now, too, I thought to set myself deliberately to the task of breaking off this opium habit. Although apprehensive that the task would be a severe one, I soon found that I had too lightly estimated it. Again and again I made the attempt, but in each instance, after three or four days of struggling through downright torture, I ignominiously, but in intensely conscious self-abasement, stole back to the old comforter, to enjoy its seductions more delightedly than ever.

About this period I began, for the first time, to have *opium dreams*. I have already intimated that heretofore there was nothing whatever remarkable in my sleep whilst habitually taking opium. I omitted to state that oftentimes, whilst lying wakeful in consequence of having taken it, I became aware, or methought I was aware, of a sort of double existence. It seemed that my soul, or a part of it, would become quite disembodied, and would composedly contemplate the body still lying there, noticing its breathings and its every motion; or it would, from some distant room, cogitate upon how that body was now comporting itself. I mention this as a sample of the vagaries which opium *may* put into the human brain even in waking hours.

But now a new and terrible dream-world was suddenly opened up to me. Why it was that I now commenced to dream, and not before, is a mystery which I can in no way account for. Other opium-eaters, and notably the celebrated De Quincey, have told of the grandeur of their opium dreams, but they have also given us to understand that—at least up to a certain point—there was an enjoyable charm about these sleeping visitants. My experiences were different. My dreams were grand enough, indeed; but they were always so pervaded with the element of the terrible as to make them a perfect hell of torture. A few such would, I think, suffice to drive any mortal man to burst away from the chains of opium, or to put a termination to his existence. I can still recall these dreams in all their grand and terrible vividness; and I do not believe that any one of them will ever fade from my memory whilst memory itself endures. The recording of dreams at all is doubtless a vain—perhaps a very silly—thing to do. Nevertheless, I will venture to recount, as a sample, one of these visions of sleep, remarking, at the same time, that no language which I can command could describe it even as it remains graven on my memory; much less can words describe the harrowing terror which accompanied that dream.

I dreamed that certain friends of mine who are interested in manufacturing operations wherein machinery is largely employed, invited me to look at some new machinery which they had just got into operation in an establishment of theirs. I may here premise, as a fact accounting in some degree for the tone of the earlier part of this dream—the later portion I find it more difficult to account for—that powerful and complicated machinery in motion has always had a sort of awful charm for me. I remember, early in life, on my first visit to an extensive colliery, being impressed with downright awe at the appearance of a great pumping-engine working away mysteriously in its tower—there being no human being visible in the vicinity—quivering, groaning, and heaving up a great stream of water from a depth of some four hundred feet. The recollection of its seeming life and consciousness, and of its lonely, infernal energy, haunted me for a long time afterwards. Later in life, I had often experienced a sort of fascination, not unmixed with awe, when gazing at vast systems of complicated machinery in motion—as, for instance, in regarding the ponderous engines of the *Great Eastern* steamship. Then I had myself had much to do with the direction of certain works in which machinery was employed on a somewhat large scale. Thus there must have been, packed away in the archives of my mind, the records of many sensations connected with the subject of ponderous machinery in motion—records in great measure forgotten until opium rummaged them out and reproduced them with hyperbolical vividness. But to return.

My friends and I were examining these works, which I at once saw were very extensive and in the open air. All was at rest at the time, all the "hands" being off duty. Whilst we were in the midst of this vast

complication of polished metal, suddenly, and without a moment's warning, the whole field of machinery was set in motion. Then, on the instant, there burst upon my ear a very chaos of harsh sounds—roaring, shrieking, clanking, hammering, buzzing, stamping—as if ten thousand steam-engines, with all the machinery they could drive, were in operation around me. I now discover that the great field of enginery covers acres upon acres. All is now fiercely and terribly in motion; and I am in the midst of it! How to get out! My friends were all cut off out of sight at the first outbreak of the terrible hurly-burly. So vast does this accumulation of enginery now appear that I can only fitly use astronomical terms in any attempt to describe it, and speak of its zenith, its nadir, and its horizon. So complicated and so compact is it that any false step on my part would ensure certain destruction, and destruction in its most appalling form; whilst any movement at all, however slight, must be attended with the utmost peril. Shout for assistance! I might as well shout under the Falls of Niagara. Occasionally I catch a distant glimpse of some workman, but I dare not attempt to beckon him. My hand would, in all probability, be severed or crushed before half uplifted. Nor could it be otherwise possible for me to arrest his attention, for his eyes are fixed, unmoved and immoveably, upon some spindle, or valve, or guage, from which nothing can distract them. Great fly-wheels roll up their huge rims, seemingly from the very bowels of the earth away up into the clouds, with an appalling energy of motion which appears as resistless as the whirling of a planet on its axis. Miles of belting are streaming like meteors between me and the sky. Vast oscillating engines are dashing from side to side with frantic clatter. Enormous trip-hammers are dropping around me with blows which seem as if they would crash through the crust of earth itself. Away on every side over this wide field I see immense and wondrously fashioned metallic masses in rapid motion—vertical motion—horizontal motion—revolving motion; and with it all there is ever the roar, the clanking, and the din. All these enormous engines, too, seem to be inspired with a sort of soul—with a fierce determination to crush and destroy, as if Abaddon's self directed their movements. I know now, somehow—I feel—that this gigantic machinery will thus continue in motion for ever. It is only through my own efforts that I can free myself from its entanglements; and with terror and with toil I set about the all but hopeless task.

I see near me a small open space. I am about to put forth my foot to reach it, when, on the instant, from a brazen wall opposite, there shoots forth horizontally, across that space, a great beam of steel, like a flash of lightning, and as quickly returns out of sight. I have just escaped being transfixed as if by a giant's spear. I must now note and estimate, as closely as I can, the intervals between the movements of this far-shooting beam, regulated as they are by some unseen eccentric, before I can take the first step towards freedom. At last that step is taken; but only to bring me face to face with new dangers. So narrow and tortuous is the way in which I must now move amidst firmly revolving wheels and champing bars, that to move either body or limb, by so much as the fraction of an inch, from the line of safety—to be caught, even by a thread of my clothing, by one of those terrible engines, would inevitably lead to my being instantly torn into atoms or crushed to a pulp. Thus, inch by inch, I toil on and on, every instant revealing some new and terrible danger in the way of my progress; for, most unlike the experiences of ordinary dreams, I am not allowed to escape one moment's torture—not for a moment to forget where I am, or the terrors and dangers which surround me. Inexorably every instant of time presents itself in its regular sequence and laden with its inevitable quota of torture. I could, even now—years after the occurrence of this dream—fill pages with the details of that sequence, so indelibly have the imagined events been burned into my memory.

Thus, constantly watching my opportunities, constantly toiling, with every faculty—every nerve and muscle—on the strain, amidst appalling recollections of hairbreadth escapes and more appalling apprehensions of dangers to come, often discovering that the slow and toilsome progress of hours had all to be retraced, inch by inch, for many, many hours, I crept, and writhed, and sinuated amidst and through this world of labyrinthine motion, until, *at last* I found myself free.

I now find myself upon a wide area covered with cinders and slag, as if from the refuse of innumerable furnaces. I hasten across this, away from the infernal din by which my ears have been so long astounded. I soon discover that I am upon an almost boundless plain. The cinders which were lately crunching beneath my feet, have changed to branched and jagged snow-white coral, interspersed with fragments of sharp-edged and pointed obsidian. On making this discovery, I find that already the coverings have been torn from my feet; but a sense of inevitable necessity impels me onward. I must cross this Zahara. No breathing creature, no plant—not an organic object of any description—is to be seen; and a tropical sun is blazing down upon me from a cloudless, opaline sky. Slowly and toilsomely I pick my way, every single step having its distinct agony of apprehension for the results, yet yielding no sense of relief when achieved.

The plain is not quite boundless, however. Far, far in the distance, I discern what seems to be a mountain range, towards which I slowly wend my torturing way. On a nearer approach, I perceive that the range consists of an abrupt mountain wall, rising sheer up from the plain, miles in height, and seemingly composed of one mass of rock crystal and of pink and flame-colored topaz; and its summit and vertical face bristle with crystalline spires and pinnacles of those minerals, all glittering and flashing in the glare of the sunlight. But through this mountain wall, based on my own level, I observe what seems to be a wide and lofty archway, from which there surges a sound like that of an "anvil chorus" of many thousands of performers. A nearer approach informs me that this sound is caused by the breaking and falling of innumerable spear-like crystals which have been hanging stalactite-wise from the roof of this far-penetrating mountain archway, and which are now, from their own weight, falling in an incessant storm. A sense of inevitable necessity tells me that, through this archway, under this rain of gigantic needles, I must pass, although perfectly aware that a blow from any one of these falling crystals would be certain destruction. And through it, somehow, in indescribable terror, I do pass. It is only to find myself in another vast plain precisely similar to the one which I have already passed, save that, far away, obliquely on my left, I can discern a delightfully cool-looking grassy slope, backed by a line of umbrageous forest. But, between me and this region of delicious-looking greenery, there extends a portion of the plain which is utterly impassable. It is as if a lava-like stream of many mingled molten minerals had suddenly become crystallized, and now presented a chaotic surface of jagged protuberances, knife-like edges, and lancet points, across which no human foot could possibly thread its way. I cannot cross this crystalline expanse: I must turn it.

Then—my own particular way being only in a very slight degree less terrible—on, and on, ever onwards; past another sparkling mountain wall; through another crystal rain, and another, and another; and, like a perpetual mirage, that grassy slope, with its fringe of green trees, flies ever before me, and is ever inaccessible. Thus I toil on incessantly, sleeplessly, until hours become days—weeks—months—years. Ay, years have elapsed since I commenced the tramp over this mountain-ribbed Zahara. This is no vague conjecture. I *know* it. The enumerated steps of my dreadful march would show it to be of years' duration. The accumulated moments of my torture, each moment having brought its own special agony, would make years. And all this time, that eternal sun, fixed in its opaline sky, where I know it is fixed forever, blazes down upon my burning brain. During these long years, familiarity with and repetition of pain in no degree inures me to it. The sense of perils escaped affords me no particle of comfort or consolation, until, at last, through utter lack of susceptibility of the mind to sustain a greater tension of pain and yet sleep,—I awake—trembling like an aspen, and with the perspiration trickling from every pore.

The *burden*—I know not how else to call it—of this dream was physical terror. I have therefore selected it from my memories, as one which was more nearly possible of description so far as to be intelligible to the reader. On other occasions, the burden would be the outrage of some *moral* sense, in which the agony endured would be no less keen and continuous and accumulative; but I should find it much more difficult to find any language in which to convey anything approaching to a conception of this latter class of dreams, however vividly the

recollection of them may remain graven upon my own mind.

One object which I had in the foregoing attempt to describe an opium dream, was to note the prodigious, the utterly incalculable rapidity with which ideas succeed each other in the human mind. The experiences of this dream—the sequence of distinct, however painful, ideas, each of them necessarily involving duration of time—seemed to me to extend—and, if we measured time by the succession of ideas in our minds, as we are apt to *suppose* we do in our waking hours, would have extended—to years of time. Yet some circumstances enable me to know that during the time that the above dream, in all its continuity, was passing through my brain, I was asleep for only a few minutes altogether; and I have reason to believe that the whole dream occurred within a very few seconds.

With the certainty of my nightly slumbers being haunted by such dreams, sleep became a thing to be dreaded. As another effect, doubtless, of the use of opium, I became troubled, about this time, with somnambulism. On one occasion, when thus walking in my sleep, unconsciously—not dreaming—I got a fall by which I received serious injuries and narrowly escaped being killed outright. Meantime my waking hours were extremely wretched. Life had become a burden. I finally resolved to break off the use of opium, or die in the attempt.

Having resolved upon my own cure, the momentous question arose: how was it to be effected? I read everything upon the subject upon which I could lay my hands. That all amounted to but little, and afforded me still less of the information which I wanted. Without citing my own or any particular case, I had discussed the subject in general terms with several members of the medical faculty with whom I happened to be intimately acquainted; but I found that they know little or nothing about the matter—less indeed than I did myself. In pursuance of my resolution to effect a cure, I first tried the effect of a gradual reduction of the daily dose. The only result was a prolongation and even an aggravation of misery. Then I tried various things as substitutes, in the hope of thus gradually weaning the system away from the use of opium. I tried alcohol; I tried mercurial medicines, of which I had heard in such cases; all in vain; the stomach, unless previously prepared by a dose of laudanum, speedily rejected everything which was taken into it. Finally, and almost despairingly, I determined upon what I was constrained to believe, and believe still to be the only effectual course to be pursued in such cases. The more learned and skilled members of the medical profession may know of some "short and easy method" of dealing with the victims of opium. I know of none; nor do I believe that there is any cure for the opium habit except the simple but desperate one of promptly and determinedly refraining altogether from the use of the pernicious drug. No paltering with that most seductive of tempters, but most relentless of tyrants, can have any good result. To be effectually freed from its trammels, the victim must totally abstain and endure his agony until healthy nature reasserts her reign in his system. This I did.

To describe particularly the ordeal through which I passed would not be agreeable to the reader; and the reminiscence is far from agreeable to myself. Every organ in my system was deranged, and refused to perform its functions in the normal way. It is no exaggeration—it is the simple truth—to say that for ten or twelve continuous days and nights, I never slept for a moment, or swallowed food, or remained for two consecutive minutes in one position. The nervous restlessness was distressing beyond all description. Now writhing and rolling and tossing upon a bed—from the bed to a sofa—from the sofa to the ground—now prancing, or, eventually and through excessive weakness, tottering up and down the floor, or from room to room—it was dreadful! I make no empty boast when I say that only an iron will in myself could have carried me through that ordeal. Had the restraint been imposed by others, I should certainly have gone mad or died. You, who are now tampering with opium—could you experience but one of the many days of intense misery which I endured in passing through this trial, you would, whilst there is yet time, eschew the seductive and terrible drug forever.

Rest and relief came at last, gradually and by slow degrees. First, I was enabled to snatch a little sleep—a few minutes at a time—and the period of these slumbers gradually lengthened in duration. Then I

was enabled to swallow without being nauseated, and to retain upon the stomach a little nourishment. These symptoms continued steadily to improve from day to day; yet I felt but as a wreck of my former self. Although always and slowly convalescent, I continued to be an invalid for months—incapable of any but the slightest effort, either physical or mental. One predominant class of symptoms which my case presented during this period, was that which denotes what is usually called "a very bad cold." I could now understand De Quincey, when he speaks of the excessive sternutation to which he was subject whilst attempting to dispense with the use of opium. I frequently experienced fits of that sort which would continue, with scarcely a moment's intermission, for half an hour at a time. Indeed, every separate organ in the system seemed just recovering from a diseased state, and required the most tender treatment.

Time and perseverance and care eventually prevailed; and, in from four to six months from the time of commencing the first struggle, I could declare myself not only effectually cured of the opium habit, but fully restored to that measure of health and strength which I had possessed previous to having become subject to the influence of opium. I had—and felt that I had—achieved a triumph. Once only did I afterwards take opium. I then did so deliberately, instigated by curiosity to see what the effect would be. I experienced no agreeable result whatever; quite the contrary. The whole system seemed to resent the improper liberty thus taken with it; and I have never felt any disposition to repeat the experiment. This was years since, and I know that I never can be induced to voluntarily resume the use of opium. I cannot conceive any earthly temptation which could lead me back to renew my experiences in that way. I am *free* and will so remain.

The wholly inexperienced, or the one who has only slightly tampered with opium, may be pleased to believe that the foregoing record of my experience teems with exaggerations. Those who have gone to the depths of the miseries of opium-eating will know to the contrary. I can make allowance for the former class of readers. Even I myself, had it not been for the last three months of my opium-eating experience, might always have suspected that De Quincey and others who have written upon this subject had indulged in, at least, some poetical license in their highly-coloured descriptions. Now I *know* that no language—at least, none at my command—can meetly describe the splendour, the grandeur, or—alas!—the terrors of such dreams as opium eventually suggested to me; or the anguish of soul and body which ensued from an irrevocable discontinuance of the use of that most insidious of poisons.

Should these lines ever meet the eye of any who have become victims and slaves to the pernicious drug, I hope they may derive some comfort from the assurance that they can be cured, I have briefly and cursorily described the process. It is simple but effective. I do not know of, nor do I believe there is yet known, any milder course of treatment which is effectual. Any mode of cure is infinitely better than a continuance in opium slavery, even although, as a part of the essential ordeal, it be demanded—as it doubtless will be—of the victim, patience to pass through the "Valley of the Shadow of Death."

* * *

THE LOVES OF ALONZO FITZ CLARENCE AND ROSANNAH ETHELTON.*

IT was well along in the forenoon of a bitter winter's day. The town of Eastport, in the State of Maine, lay buried under a deep snow that was newly fallen. The customary bustle in the streets was wanting. One could look long distances down them and see nothing but a dead white emptiness, with silence to match. Of course I do not mean that you could *see* the silence—no, you could only hear it. The sidewalks were merely long, deep ditches, with steep snow walls on either side. Here and there you might hear the faint, far scrape of a wooden shovel, and if you were quick enough you might catch a glimpse of a distant black figure stooping and disappearing in one of those ditches, and reappearing the next moment with a motion which you would know meant the heaving out of a shovelful of snow. But you needed to be quick, for that black figure would not linger, but would soon drop that shovel and scud for the house, thrashing itself with its arms to warm them. Yes, it was too venomously cold for snow shovelers or anybody else to stay out long.

Presently the sky darkened; then the wind rose and began to blow in fitful, vigorous gusts, which sent clouds of powdery snow aloft, and straight ahead, and everywhere. Under the impulse of one of these gusts, great white drifts banked themselves like graves across the streets; a moment later, another gust shifted them around the other way, driving a fine spray of snow from their sharp crests as the gale drives the spume flakes from wave-crests at sea; a third gust swept that place as clean as your hand, if it saw fit. This was fooling, this was play; but each and all of the gusts dumped some snow into the sidewalk ditches, for that was business.

Alonzo Fitz Clarence was sitting in his snug and elegant little parlour, in a lovely blue silk dressing gown, with cuffs and facings of crimson satin, elaborately quilted. The remains of his breakfast were before him, and the dainty and costly little table service added a harmonious charm to the grace, beauty, and richness of the fixed appointments of the room. A cheery fire was blazing on the hearth.

A furious gust of wind shook the windows, and a great wave of snow washed against them with a drenching sound—so to speak. The handsome young bachelor then murmured—

"That means no going out to-day. Well, I am content. But what to do for company? Mother is well enough, aunt Susan is well enough; but these, like the poor, I have with me always. On so grim a day as this one needs a new interest, a fresh element, to whet the dull edge of captivity. That was very neatly said, but it doesn't mean anything. One doesn't *want* the edge of captivity sharpened up, you know, but just the reverse."

He glanced at his pretty French mantel clock.

"That clock's wrong again. That clock hardly ever knows what time it is; and when it does know, it lies about it—which amounts to the same thing. Alfred!"

There was no answer.

"Alfred! . . . Good servant, but as uncertain as the clock."

Alonzo touched an electrical bell-button in the wall. He waited a moment, then touched it again; waited a few moments more, and said—

"Battery out of order, no doubt. But now that I have started I *will* find out what time it is."

He stepped to a speaking-tube in the wall, blew its whistle, and called—

"Mother!" and repeated it twice.

"Well, *that's* no use. Mother's battery is out of order, too. Can't raise anybody downstairs—that is plain."

He sat down at a rose-wood desk, leaned his chin on the left-hand edge of it, and spoke, as if to the floor—

"Aunt Susan!"

* Published by arrangement with the Author.

A low, pleasant voice answered, "Is that you, Alonzo?"

"Yes. I'm too lazy and comfortable to go down-stairs; I am in extremity, and I can't seem to scare up any help."

"Dear me, what is the matter?"

"Matter enough, I can tell you!"

"Oh, don't keep me in suspense, dear! What is it?"

"I want to know what time it is."

"You abominable boy, what a turn you did give me! Is that all?"

"All—on my honour. Calm yourself. Tell me the time, and receive my blessing."

"Just five minutes after nine. No charge—keep your blessing."

"Thanks. It wouldn't have impoverished me, aunty, nor so enriched you that you could live without other means." He got up, murmuring, "Just five minutes after nine," and faced his clock. "Ah," said he, "you are doing better than usual; you are only thirty-four minutes wrong. Let me see . . . let me see. . . . Thirty-three and twenty-one are fifty-four; four times fifty-four are two hundred and thirty-six. One off, leaves two hundred and thirty-five. That's right."

He turned the hands of his clock forward till they marked twenty-five minutes to one, and said, "Now see if you can't keep right for a while . . . else I'll raffle you!"

He sat down at the desk again, and said, "Aunt Susan!"

"Yes, dear."

"Had breakfast?"

"Yes, indeed, an hour ago."

"Busy?"

"No—except sewing. Why?"

"Got any company?"

"No, but I expect some at half-past nine."

"I wish *I* did. I'm lonesome. I want to talk to somebody."

"Very well, talk to me."

"But this is very private."

"Don't be afraid, talk right along; there's nobody here but me."

"I hardly know whether to venture or not, but—"

"But what? Oh, don't stop there! You *know* you can trust me, Alonzo—you know you can."

"I feel it, aunt, but this is very serious. It affects me deeply—me, and all the family—even the whole community."

"Oh, Alonzo, tell me! I will never breathe a word of it. What is it?"

"Aunt, if I might dare—"

"Oh, please go on! I love you, and can feel for you. Tell me all. Confide in me. What *is* it?"

"The weather!"

"Plague take the weather. I don't see how you can have the heart to serve me so, Lon."

"There, there, aunty dear, I'm sorry; I am, on my honour. I won't do it again. Do you forgive me.?"

"Yes, since you seem so sincere about it, though I know I oughtn't to. You will fool me again as soon as I have forgotten this time."

"No, I won't, honor bright. But such weather, oh, such weather! You've *got* to keep your spirits up artificially. It is snowy, and blowy, and gusty, and bitter cold! How is the weather with you?"

"Warm and rainy and melancholy. The mourners go about the streets with their umbrellas running streams from the end of every whalebone. There's an elevated double pavement of umbrellas stretching down the sides of the streets as far as I can see. I've got a fire for cheerfulness, and the windows open to keep cool. But it is in vain, it is useless: nothing comes in but the balmy breath of December, with its burden of mocking odors from the flowers that possess the realm outside, and rejoice in their lawless profusion whilst the spirit of man is low, and flaunt their gaudy splendors in his face whilst his soul is clothed in sackcloth and ashes and his heart breaketh."

Alonzo opened his lips to say, "You ought to print that, and get it framed," but checked himself, for he heard his aunt speaking to some one else. He went and stood at the window and looked out upon the wintry prospect. The storm was driving the snow before it more furiously than ever; window shutters were slamming and banging; a forlorn dog, with bowed head and tail withdrawn from service, was pressing his quaking body against a windward wall for shelter and protection; a young girl was plowing knee-deep through the drifts, with her face turned from the blast, and the cape of her water-proof blowing straight rearward over her head. Alonzo shuddered, and said, with a sigh, "Better the slop, and the sultry rain, and even the insolent flowers, than this!"

He turned from the window, moved a step, and stopped in a listening attitude. The faint, sweet notes of a familiar song caught his ear. He remained there, with his head unconsciously bent forward, drinking in the melody, stirring neither hand nor foot, hardly breathing. There was a blemish in the execution of the song, but to Alonzo it seemed an added charm instead of a defect. This blemish consisted of a marked flatting of the third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh notes of the refrain or chorus of the piece. When the music ended, Alonzo drew a deep breath, and said, "Ah, I never have heard In the Sweet By and By sung like that before!"

He stepped quickly to the desk, listened a moment, then said in a guarded, confidential voice, "Aunty, who is this divine singer?"

"She is the company I was expecting. Stays with me a month or two. I will introduce you. Miss"—

"For goodness' sake, wait a moment, aunt Susan! You never stop to think what you are about!"

He flew to his bed-chamber, and returned in a moment perceptibly changed in his outward appearance, and remarking, snappishly—

"Hang it, she would have introduced me to this angel in that sky-blue dressing-gown with red-hot lappels! Women never think, when they get agoing."

He ran and stood by the desk, and said eagerly, "Now, aunty, I am ready," and fell to smiling and bowing with all the persuasiveness and elegance that were in him.

"Very well. Miss Rosannah Ethelton, let me introduce to you my favourite nephew, Mr. Alonzo Fitz Clarence. There! You are both good people, and I like you; so I am going to trust you together while I attend to a few household affairs. Sit down, Rosannah; sit down, Alonzo. Good-by; I shan't be gone long."

Alonzo had been bowing and smiling all the while, and motioning imaginary young ladies to sit down in imaginary chairs, but now he took a seat himself, mentally saying, "Oh, this is luck! Let the winds blow now, and the snow drive, and the heavens frown! Little I care!"

While these young people chat themselves into an acquaintanceship, let us take the liberty of inspecting the sweetest and fairest of the two. She sat alone, at her graceful ease, in a richly furnished apartment which was manifestly the private parlour of a refined and sensible lady, if signs and symbols may go for anything. For instance, by a low comfortable chair stood a dainty, top-heavy work stand, whose summit was a fancifully embroidered shallow basket, with vari coloured crewels and other strings and odds and ends protruding from under the gaping lid and hanging down in negligent profusion. On the floor lay bright shreds of turkey-red, Prussian blue, and kindred fabrics, bits of ribbon, a spool or two, a pair of scissors, and a roll or so of tinted silken stuffs. On a luxurious sofa, upholstered with some sort of soft Indian goods wrought in black and gold threads interwebbed with other threads not so pronounced in colour, lay a great square of coarse white stuff, upon whose surface a rich bouquet of flowers was growing, under the deft cultivation of the crochet needle. The household cat was asleep on this work of art. In a bay-window stood an easel with an unfinished picture on it, and a palette and brushes on a chair beside it. There were books everywhere: Robertson's Sermons, Tennyson, Moody and Sankey, Hawthorne, Rab and his Friends, cook-books, prayer-books, pattern-books,—and books about all kinds of odious and exasperating pottery, of course. There was a piano, with a deck-load of music, and more in a tender. There was a great plenty of pictures on the walls, on the shelves of the mantel-piece, and around generally; where coignes of vantage offered were statuettes, and quaint and pretty gim-cracks, and rare and costly specimens of peculiarly devilish china. The bay-window gave upon a garden that was ablaze with foreign and domestic flowers and flowering shrubs.

But the sweet young girl was the daintiest thing those premises, within or without, could offer for contemplation. Delicately chiseled features, of Grecian cast; her complexion the pure snow of a japonica that is receiving a faint reflected enrichment from some scarlet neighbour of the garden; great, soft blue eyes, fringed with long, curving lashes; an expression made up of the trustfulness of a child and the gentleness of a fawn; a beautiful head crowned with its own prodigal gold; a lithe and rounded figure, whose every attitude and movement were instinct with native grace.

Her dress and adornment were marked by that exquisite harmony that can come only of a fine natural taste perfected by culture. Her gown was of a simple magenta tulle, cut bias, traversed by three rows of light blue flounces, with the selvage edges turned up with ashes of-roses chenille; overdress of dark bay tarletan, with scarlet satin lambrequins; corn-coloured polonaise, *en panier*, looped with mother-of-pearl buttons and silver cord, and hauled aft and made fast by buff-velvet lashings; basque of lavender reps, picked out with valenciennes; low neck, short sleeves, maroon-velvet neck-tie edged with delicate pink silk; inside handkerchief of some simple three-ply ingrain fabric of a soft saffron tint; coral bracelets and locket-chain; coiffure of forget-me-nots and lilies of the valley massed around a noble calla.

This was all; yet even in this subdued attire she was divinely beautiful. Then what must she have been when adorned for the festival or the ball?

All this time she has been busily chatting with Alonzo, unconscious of our inspection. The minutes still sped, and still she talked. But by and by she happened to look up, and saw the clock. A crimson blush sent its rich flood through her cheeks, and she exclaimed—

"There, good-by, Mr. Fitz Clarence; I must go now!"

She sprang from her chair with such haste that she hardly heard the young man's answering good-by. She stood radiant, graceful, beautiful, and gazed, wondering, upon the accusing clock. Presently her pouting lips parted, and she said—

"Five minutes after eleven! Nearly two hours, and it did not seem twenty minutes! Oh, dear, what will he think of me!"

At the self-same moment Alonzo was staring at *his* clock. And presently he said—

"Twenty-five minutes to three! Nearly two hours, and I didn't believe it was two minutes! Is it possible that this clock is humbugging again? Miss Ethelton! Just one moment, please. Are you there yet?"

"Yes, but be quick—I'm going right away."

"Would you be so kind as to tell me what time it is?"

The girl blushed again, murmured to herself, "It's right down cruel of him to ask me!" then spoke up and answered with admirably counterfeited unconcern, "Five minutes after nine."

"Oh, thank you! You have to go now, have you?"

"Yes."

"I'm sorry."

No reply.

"Miss Ethelton!"

"Well?"

"You—you're there yet, *ain't* you?"

"Yes—but please hurry. What did you want to say?"

"Well, I—well, nothing in particular. It's very lonesome here. It's asking a great deal, I know, but would you mind talking with me again by-and-by,—that is, if it will not trouble you too much?"

"I don't know—but I'll think about it. I'll try."

"Oh, thanks! Miss Ethelton? Ah me, she's gone, and here are the black clouds and the whirling snow and the raging winds come again! But she said *good-bye!* She did'nt say good-morning, she said good-bye! The clock was right, after all. What a lightning-winged two hours it was!"

He sat down, and gazed dreamily into his fire for a while, then heaved a sigh and said—

"How wonderful it is! Two little hours ago I was a free man, and now my heart's in San Francisco."

About that time Rosannah Ethelton, propped in the window-seat of her bed-chamber, book in hand, was gazing vacantly out over the rainy seas that washed the Golden Gate, and whispering to herself, "How different he is from poor Burley, with his empty head and his single little antic talent of mimicry!"

II.

Four weeks later Mr. Sydney Algernon Burley was entertaining a gay luncheon company, in a sumptuous drawing-room on Telegraph Hill, with some capital imitations of the voices and gestures of certain popular actors and San Franciscan literary people and Bonanza grandees. He was elegantly upholstered, and was a handsome fellow, barring a trifling cast in his eye. He seemed very jovial, but nevertheless he kept his eye on the door with an expectant and uneasy watchfulness. By and by a nobby lackey ap-

peared, and delivered a message to the mistress, who nodded her head understandingly. That seemed to settle the thing for Mr. Burley; his vivacity decreased little by little, and a dejected look began to creep into one of his eyes and a sinister one into the other.

The rest of the company departed in due time, leaving him with the mistress, to whom he said,—

"There is no longer any question about it. She avoids me. She continually excuses herself. If I could see her, if I could speak to her only a moment—but this suspense"—

"Perhaps her seeming avoidance is mere accident, Mr. Burley. Go to the small drawing-room up-stairs and amuse yourself a moment. I will dispatch a household order that is on my mind, and then I will go to her room. Without doubt she will be persuaded to see you."

Mr. Burley went up-stairs, intending to go to the small drawing-room, but as he was passing "aunt Susan's" private parlour, the door of which stood slightly ajar, he heard a joyous laugh which he recognized; so without knock or announcement he stepped confidently in. But before he could make his presence known he heard words that harrowed up his soul and chilled his young blood. He heard a voice say,—

"Darling, it has come!"

Then he heard Rosannah Ethelton, whose back was to him, say—

"So has yours, dearest!"

He saw her bowed form bend lower; he heard her kiss something—not merely once, but again and again! His soul raged within him. The heart-breaking conversation went on:—

"Rosannah, I knew you must be beautiful, but this is dazzling, this is blinding, this is intoxicating!"

"Alonzo, it is such happiness to hear you say it. I know it is not true, but I am so grateful to have you think it is, nevertheless! I knew you must have a noble face, but the grace and majesty of the reality beggar the poor creation of my fancy."

Burley heard that rattling shower of kisses again.

"Thank you, my Rosannah! The photograph flatters me, but you must not allow yourself to think of that. Sweetheart?"

"Yes, Alonzo."

"I am so happy, Rosannah."

"Oh, Alonzo, none that have gone before me knew what love was, none that come after me will ever know what happiness is. I float in a gorgeous cloud-land, a boundless firmament of enchanted and bewildering ecstacy!"

"Oh, my Rosannah!—for you are mine, are you not?"

"Wholly, oh, wholly yours, Alonzo, now and forever! All the day long and all through my nightly dreams, one song sings itself, and its sweet burden is, 'Alonzo Fitz Clarence, Alonzo Fitz Clarence, Eastport, State of Maine!'"

"Curse him, I've got his address, any way!" roared Burley, inwardly, and rushed from the place.

Behind the unconscious Alonzo stood his mother, a picture of astonishment. She was so muffled from head to heel in furs that nothing of herself was visible but her eyes and nose. She was a good allegory of winter, for she was powdered all over with snow.

Behind the unconscious Rosannah stood "Aunt Susan," another picture of astonishment. She was a good allegory of summer, for she was lightly clad, and was vigorously cooling the perspiration on her face with a fan.

Both of these women had tears of joy in their eyes.

"So ho!" exclaimed Mrs. Fitz Clarence, "this explains why nobody's been able to drag you out of your room for six weeks, Alonzo!"

"So ho!" exclaimed aunt Susan, "this explains why you have been a hermit for the past six weeks, Rosannah!"

The young couple were on their feet in an instant, abashed, and standing like detected dealers in stolen goods awaiting Judge Lynch's doom.

"Bless you, my son! I am happy in your happiness. Come to your mother's arms, Alonzo!"

"Bless you, Rosannah, for my dear nephew's sake! Come to my arms!"

Then there was a mingling of hearts and of tears of rejoicing on Telegraph Hill and in Eastport Square.

Servants were called by the elders, in both places. Unto one was given the order, "Pile this fire high with hickory wood, and bring me a roasting hot lemonade."

Unto the other was given the order, "Put out this fire, and bring me two palm-leaf fans and a pitcher of ice water."

Then the young people were dismissed, and the elders sat down to talk the sweet surprise over and make the wedding plans.

Some minutes before this Mr. Burley rushed from the mansion on Telegraph Hill without meeting or taking formal leave of anybody. He hissed through his teeth, in unconscious imitation of a popular favorite in melodrama, "Him shall she never wed! I have sworn it! Ere great Nature shall have doffed her winter's ermine to don the emerald gauds of spring, she shall be mine!"

III.

Two weeks later. Every few hours, during some three or four days, a very prim and devout-looking Episcopal clergyman, with a cast in his eye, had visited Alonzo. According to his card, he was the Rev. Melton Hargrave, of Cincinnati. He said he had retired from the ministry on account of his health. If he had said on account of ill health, he would probably have erred, to judge by his wholesome looks and firm build. He was the inventor of an improvement in telephones, and hoped to make his bread by selling the privilege of using it. "At present," he continued, "a man may go and tap a telegraph wire which is conveying a song or a concert from one State to another, and he can attach his private telephone and steal a hearing of that music as it passes along. My invention will stop all that."

"Well," answered Alonzo, "if the owner of the music could not miss what was stolen, why should he care?"

"He shouldn't care," said the Reverend.

"Well?" said Alonzo, inquiringly.

"Suppose," said the Reverend, "suppose that, instead of music that was passing along and being stolen, the burden of the wire was loving endearments of the most private and sacred nature?"

Alonzo shuddered from head to heel. "Sir, it is a priceless invention," said he; "I must have it at any cost."

But the invention was delayed somewhere on the road from Cincinnati, most unaccountably. The impatient Alonzo could hardly wait. The thought of Rosannah's sweet words being shared with him by some ribald thief was galling to him. The Reverend came frequently and lamented the delay, and told of measures he had taken to hurry things up. This was some little comfort to Alonzo.

One forenoon the Reverend ascended the stairs, and knocked at Alonzo's door. There was no response. He entered, glanced eagerly around, closed the door softly, then ran to the telephone. The exquisitely soft, remote strains of the Sweet By and By came floating through the instrument. The singer was flatting, as usual, the five notes that follow the first two in the chorus, when the Reverend interrupted her with this word, in a voice which was an exact imitation of Alonzo's, with just the faintest flavour of impatience added, "Sweetheart?"

"Yes, Alonzo?"

"Please don't sing that any more this week—try something modern."

The agile step that goes with a happy heart was heard on the stairs, and the Reverend, smiling diabolically, took sudden refuge behind the heavy folds of the velvet window curtains, Alonzo entered and flew to the telephone. Said he—

"Rosannah, dear, shall we sing something together?"

"Something *modern?*" asked she, with sarcastic bitterness.

"Yes, if you prefer."

"Sing it yourself, if you like!"

This snappishness surprised and wounded the young man. He said—

"Rosannah, that was not like you."

"I suppose it becomes me as much as your very polite speech becomes you, Mr. Fitz Clarence."

"*Mister* Fitz Clarence! Rosannah, there was nothing impolite about my speech."

"Oh, indeed! Of course, then, I misunderstood you, and I most humbly beg your pardon, ha-ha ha! No doubt you said, 'Don't sing it any more *to-day*.'"

"Sing *what* any more to-day?"

"The song you mentioned, of course. How very obtuse we are, all of a sudden!"

"I never mentioned any song."

"Oh, you *didn't!*"

"No, I *didn't!*"

"I am compelled to remark that you *did*."

"And I am obliged to reiterate that I *didn't*."

"A second rudeness! That is sufficient, sir. I will never forgive you. All is over between us."

Then came a muffled sound of crying. Alonzo hastened to say,—

"Oh, Rosannah, unsay those words! There is some dreadful mystery here, some hideous mistake. I am utterly earnest and sincere when I say I never said anything about any song. I would not hurt you for the whole world. Rosannah, dear? Oh, speak to me, won't you?"

There was a pause; then Alonzo heard the girl's sobbings retreating, and knew she had gone from the telephone. He rose with a heavy sigh and hastened from the room, saying to himself, "I will ransack the charity missions and the haunts of the poor for my mother. She will persuade her that I never meant to wound her."

A minute later, the Reverend was crouching over the telephone like a cat that knoweth the ways of the prey. He had not very many minutes to wait. A soft, repentant voice, tremulous with tears, said,

"Alonzo, dear, I have been wrong. You *could* not have said so cruel a thing. It must have been some one who imitated your voice in malice or in jest."

The Reverend coldly answered, in Alonzo's tones—

"You have said all is over between us. So let it be. I spurn your proffered repentance, and despise it!"

Then he departed, radiant with fiendish triumph, to return no more with his imaginary telephonic invention forever.

Four hours afterward, Alonzo arrived with his mother from her favourite haunts of poverty and vice. They summoned the San Francisco household; but there was no reply. They waited, and continued to wait, upon the voiceless telephone. When it was sunset in San Francisco, and three hours and a half after dark in Eastport, an answer came at last, to the oft-repeated cry of "Rosannah!"

But, alas, it was aunt Susan's voice that spake. She said,—

"I have been out all day; just got in. I will go and find her."

The watchers waited two minutes—five minutes—ten minutes. Then came these fatal words, in a frightened tone,

"She is gone, and her baggage with her. To visit another friend, she told the servants. But I found this note on the table in her room. Listen: 'I am gone; seek not to trace me out; my heart is broken; you will never see me more. Tell him I shall always think of him when I sing my poor Sweet By and By, but never of the unkind words he said about it.' That is her note. Alonzo, Alonzo, what does it mean? What has happened?"

But Alonzo sat white and cold as the dead. His mother threw back the velvet curtains and opened a window. The cold air refreshed the sufferer, and he told his aunt his dismal story. Meanti.e his mother was inspecting a card which had disclosed itself upon the floor when she cast the curtains back. It read, "Mr. Sidney Algernon Burley, San Francisco."

"The miscreant!" shouted Alonzo, and rushed forth to seek the false Reverend and destroy him; for the card explained everything, since in the course of the lovers' mutual confessions they had told each other all about all the sweethearts they had ever had, and thrown no end of mud at their failings and foibles,—for lovers always do that. It has a fascination that ranks next after billing and cooing.

IV.

During the next two months, many things happened. It had early transpired that Rosannah, poor suffering orphan, had neither returned to her grandmother in Portland, Oregon, nor sent any word to her save a duplicate of the woeful note she had left in the mansion on Telegraph Hill. Whosoever was sheltering her—if she was still alive—had been persuaded not to betray her whereabouts, without doubt; for all efforts to find trace of her had failed.

Did Alonzo give her up? Not he. He said to himself: "She will sing that sweet song when she is sad; I shall find her." So he took his carpet sack and a portable telephone, and shook the snow of his native city from his arctics, and went forth into the world. He wandered far and wide and in many States. Time and again, strangers were astounded to see a wasted, pale, and woe-worn man laboriously climb a telegraph pole in wintry and lonely places, perch sadly there an hour, with his ear to a little box, then come sighing down, and wander wearily away. Sometimes they shot at him, as peasants do at aeronauts, thinking him mad and dangerous. Thus his clothes were much

shredded by bullets and his person grievously lacerated. But he bore it all patiently.

In the beginning of his pilgrimage he used often to say, "Ah, if I could but hear the Sweet By and By!" But toward the end of it he used to shed tears of anguish and say, "Ah, if I could but hear something else!"

Thus a month and three weeks drifted by, and at last some humane people seized him and confined him in a private mad-house in New York. He made no moan, for his strength was all gone, and with it all heart and all hope. The superintendent, in pity, gave up his own comfortable parlour and bed-chamber to him and nursed him with affectionate devotion.

At the end of a week the patient was able to leave his bed for the first time. He was lying, comfortably pillowed, on a sofa, listening to the plaintive Miserere of the bleak March winds, and the muffled sound of trampling feet in the street below,—for it was about six in the evening, and New York was going home from work. He had a bright fire and the added cheer of a couple of student lamps. So it was warm and snug within, though bleak and raw without; it was light and bright within, though outside it was as dark and dreary as if the world had been lit with Hartford gas. Alonzo smiled feebly to think how his loving vagaries had made him a maniac in the eyes of the world, and was proceeding to pursue his line of thought further, when a faint, sweet strain, the very ghost of sound, so remote and attenuated it seemed, struck upon his ear. His pulses stood still; he listened with parted lips and bated breath. The song flowed on,—he waiting, listening, rising slowly and unconsciously from his recumbent position. At last he exclaimed,—

"It is! it is she! Oh, the divine flatted notes!"

He dragged himself eagerly to the corner whence the sounds proceeded, tore aside a curtain, and discovered a telephone. He bent over, and as the last note died away he burst forth with the exclamation,—

"Oh, thank heaven, found at last! Speak to me, Rosannah, dearest! The cruel mystery has been unraveled; it was the villain Burley who mimicked my voice and wounded you with insolent speech!"

There was a breathless pause, a waiting age to Alonzo; then a faint sound came, framing itself into language,—

"Oh, say those precious words again, Alonzo!"

"They are the truth, the veritable truth, my Rosannah, and you shall have the proof, —ample and abundant proof!"

"Oh, Alonzo, stay by me! Leave me not for a moment! Let me feel that you are near me! Tell me we shall never be parted more! Oh, this happy hour, this blessed hour, this memorable hour!"

"We will make record of it, my Rosannah; every year, as this dear hour chimes from the clock, we will celebrate it with thanksgivings, all the years of our life."

"We will, we will, Alonzo!"

"Four minutes after six, in the evening, my Rosannah shall henceforth"—

Twenty-three minutes after twelve, afternoon, shall"—

"Why, Rosannah, darling, where are you?"

"In Honolulu, Sandwich Islands. And where are you? Stay by me; do not leave me for a moment. I cannot bear it. Are you at home?"

"No, dear, I am in New York,—a patient in the doctor's hands."

An agonizing shriek came buzzing to Alonzo's ear, like the sharp buzzing of a hurt gnat; it lost power in travelling five thousand miles. Alonzo hastened to say,—

"Calm yourself, my child. It is nothing. Already I am getting well under the sweet healing of your presence. Rosannah?"

"Yes, Alonzo? Oh, how you terrified me! Say on."

"Name the happy day, Rosannah!"

There was a little pause. Then a diffident small voice replied. "I blush—but it is with pleasure, it is with happiness. Would —would you like to have it soon?"

"This very night, Rosannah! Oh, let us risk no more delays. Let it be now!—this very night, this very moment!"

"Oh, you impatient creature! I have nobody here but my good old uncle, a missionary for a generation, and now retired from service—nobody but him and his wife. I would so dearly like it if your mother and your Aunt Susan——"

"*Our* mother and *our* aunt Susan, my Rosannah."

"Yes, *our* mother and *our* aunt Susan— I am content to word it so if it pleases you; I would so like to have them present."

"So would I. Suppose you telegraph aunt Susan. How long would it take her to come."

"The steamer leaves San Francisco day after to-morrow. The passage is eight days. She would be here the thirty-first of March."

"Then name the 1st of April; do, Rosannah, dear."

"Mercy, it would make us April fools, Alonzo!"

"So we be the happiest ones that that day's sun looks down upon in the whole broad expanse of the globe, why need we care? Call it the 1st of April, dear."

"Then the 1st of April it shall be, with all my heart!"

"Oh, happiness! Name the hour, too, Rosannah."

"I like the morning, it is so blithe. Will eight in the morning do, Alonzo?"

"The loveliest hour in the day—since it will make you mine."

There was a feeble but frantic sound for some little time, as if wool-lipped, disembodied spirits were exchanging kisses; then Rosannah said, "Excuse me, just a moment, dear; I have an appointment, and am called to meet it."

The young girl ran to a large parlour and took her place at a window which looked out upon a beautiful scene. To the left one could see far up the charming Nuuana Valley, fringed with its ruddy flush of tropical flowers and its plumed and graceful cocoa palms; its rising foot-hills clothed in the shining green of lemon, citron, and orange groves; its storied precipice beyond, where the first Kamehameha drove his defeated foes over to their destruction—a spot that had forgotten its grim history, no doubt, for now it was smiling, as almost always at noonday, under the glowing arches of a succession of rain bows. In front of the window one could see the quaint town, and here and there a picturesque group of dusky natives, enjoying the blistering weather; and far to the right lay the restless ocean, tossing its white mane in the sunshine.

Rosannah stood there, in her filmy white raiment, fanning her flushed and heated face, waiting. A Kanaka boy, clothed in a damaged blue neck-tie and part of a silk hat, thrust his head in at the door, and announced, "'Frisco *haole!*"

"Show him in," said the girl, straightening herself up and assuming a meaning dignity. Mr. Sidney Algernon Burley entered, clad from head to heel in dazzling snow—that is to say, in the lightest and whitest of Irish linen. He moved eagerly forward, but the girl made a gesture and gave him a look which checked him suddenly. She said, coldly, "I am here, as I promised. I believed your assertions, I yielded to your importunities, and said I would name the day. I name the 1st of April—eight in the morning. Now go!"

"Oh, my dearest, if the gratitude of a lifetime—"

"Not a word. Spare me all sight of you, all communication with you, until that hour. No—no supplications; I will have it so."

When he was gone, she sank exhausted in a chair, for the long siege of troubles she had undergone had wasted her strength. Presently, she said, "What a narrow escape! If the hour appointed had been an hour earlier—Oh, horror, what an escape I have made! And to think I had come to imagine I was loving this beguiling, this truthless, this treacherous monster! Oh, he shall repent his villainy!"

Let us now draw this history to a close, for little more needs to be told. On the 2nd of the ensuing April, the Honolulu *Advertiser* contained this notice:—

MARRIED.—In this city, by telephone, yesterday morning, at eight o'clock, by Rev. Nathan Hays, assisted by Rev. Nathaniel Davis, of New York, Mr. Alonzo Fitz Clarence, of Eastport, Maine, U. S., and Miss Rosannah Ethelton, of Portland, Oregon, U. S. Mrs. Susan Howland, of San Francisco, a friend of the bride, was present, she being the guest of the Rev. Mr. Hays and wife, uncle, and aunt of the bride. Mr. Sidney Algernon Burley, of San Francisco, was also present, but did not remain till the conclusion of the marriage service. Captain Hawthorne's beautiful yacht, tastefully decorated, was in waiting, and the happy bride and her friends immediately departed on a bridal trip to Lahaina and Haleakala.

The New York papers of the same date contained this notice:—

MARRIED.—In this city, yesterday, by telephone, at half-past two in the morning, by Rev. Nathaniel Davis, assisted by Rev. Nathan Hays, of Honolulu, Mr. Alonzo

Fitz Clarence, of Eastport, Maine, and Miss Rosannah Ethelton, of Portland, Oregon. The parents and several friends of the bridegroom were present, and enjoyed a sumptuous breakfast and much festivity until nearly sunrise, and then departed on a bridal trip to the Aquarium, the bridegroom's state of health not admitting of a more extended journey.

Toward the close of that memorable day, Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Fitz Clarence were buried in sweet converse concerning the pleasures of their several bridal tours, when suddenly the young wife exclaimed: "O, Lonny, I forgot! I did what I said I would."

"Did you, dear?"

"Indeed I did. I made *him* the April fool! and I told him so, too! Ah, it was a charming surprise! There he stood, sweltering in a black dress suit, with the mercury leaking out of the top of the thermometer, waiting to be married. You should have seen the look he gave when I whispered in his ear! Ah, his wickedness cost me many a heartache and many a tear, but the score was all squared up, then. So the vengeful feeling went right out of my heart, and I begged him to stay, and I said I forgave him everything. But he wouldn't. He said he would live to be avenged; said he would make our lives a curse to us. But he can't, *can* he, dear?"

"Never in this world, my Rosannah!"

Aunt Susan, the Oregonian grandmother, and the young couple and their Eastport parents are all happy at this writing, and likely to remain so. Aunt Susan brought the bride from the Islands, accompanied her across our continent, and had the happiness of witnessing the rapturous meeting between an adoring husband and wife who had never seen each other until that moment.

A word about the wretched Burley, whose wicked machinations came so near wrecking the hearts and lives of our poor young friends, will be sufficient. In a murderous attempt to seize a crippled and helpless artisan who he fancied had done him some small offence, he fell in a caldron of boiling oil and expired before he could be extinguished.

MARK TWAIN.

"SHINE INWARD."—*Milton.*

"O LIFE, where is the life that seemed so fair,—
A kindled atmosphere of rapture, born
Of joy-streams roaming o'er the fields of morn
That smiled and waved the restless spirit there?
Discord and gloom afflict the torpid air."
Cease, plaintive soul! mark Love's young planet sweep—
Her cloud-hewn cradle spurned—adown the steep,
Impetuous to indrench her sleep-tossed hair
In that flushed haze of crimson-kissing blue,
Which, as she comes, more and more darksome frowns.
See her own forehead now, deep-charged with light;
She flames triumphant, empress of the night.
Millions of stars leap forth as retinue;
Archangels rise and offer her their thrones.

LAURENTIUS.

THE SPECTROSCOPE AND ITS LESSONS

THE ether of interplanetary and interstellar space is traversed by myriads of light-waves, rushing in every possible direction, and with the inconceivable velocity of 187,000 miles per second. Every tremorous ray comes to us freighted with messages from the luminous body that sent it forth. It is the problem of science to discover the method of interpreting these messages. The telescope collects many diverging rays, and unites them in such a way as to intensify their action; and hence it is called "the light-gatherer." By this means the astronomer has learned much about the heavens around us. The spectroscope is a still more wonderful instrument of research. It is marvellous in its simplicity, and yet more marvellous in its truth-revealing power. By it we are able to analyze the light, and thus to discover its most subtle secrets. It is called the light-sifter.

In reference to this, as to most other discoveries of science, Bacon's aphorism holds good: "Truth is the daughter of time." Says Professor Tyndall, in his recent address at Birmingham, "It is not given to any man, however endowed, to rise spontaneously into intellectual splendour without the parentage of antecedent thought. Great discoveries grow. Here, as in other cases, we have first the seed, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear, the last member of the series implying the first." It is more than two centuries ago that the seeds of this great discovery were first scattered, and it is only during the last twenty-five years that men of science have begun to reap the harvest of golden fruit.

We think it was Grimaldi who first noted the peculiar effect of passing sunlight through a prism. It remained, however, for Sir Isaac Newton, the intellectual Hercules of the race, to interpret at least a portion of the meaning of this strange phenomenon, and to lay the foundation of spectroscopic analysis. In 1682, in a letter to the Royal Society, he says, "I procured me a triangular glass prism to try therewith the celebrated phenomenon of colours. And in order thereto, having darkened my chamber, and made a small hole in my window-shuts to let in a convenient quantity of sun's light, I placed my prism at his entrance, that it might be thereby reflected to the opposite wall." His prism was placed with its base uppermost, and at right angles with the vertical. To his astonishment, instead of a white spot on the wall, round like the aperture, and in the direct line of the incoming beam of light, he found that there was produced a rainbow-tinted streak or ribbon, being violet at the top and thence changing through indigo, blue, green, yellow, and orange, to red at the lowest point. Neither above nor below was the streak well defined, but passed gradually into darkness. At the sides, however, the streak was sharply defined, and in breadth it was equal to the horizontal breadth of the hole admitting the light. The whole image was shifted above the point in a straight line with the incoming beam. From this simple experiment Newton drew the conclusion that ordinary white sunlight is a compound composed of rays of different colours, which he classified as seven, the shadings from one colour to the next being caused by the mingling of the two. He experimented with prisms of different substances and of different angles, and found in all cases the rays were bent, the violet most, the red least, and the others in the order named. Hence, the violet rays are called the most refrangible, and the red rays the least refrangible.

The rainbow-tinted streak seen by Newton seemed to be continuous, that is, did not appear to be crossed by dark lines. He, however, suspected that there might be such dark lines, as he thought it possible that sunlight might not possess rays of all degrees of refrangibility between the extreme violet and red ends of what is now called the solar spectrum. It was not until the beginning of the present century that Dr. Wollaston actually demonstrated that there were these dark lines or gaps. He substituted a narrow slit,

parallel with the refracting angle of the prism, through which to admit the light, instead of the circular or triangular opening used by Newton; and thus he prevented, to a great extent, the mingling or overlapping of the different colours. He also received the refracted light directly into the eye, instead of viewing it on a screen; and he saw five dark lines across the coloured streak and parallel with the slit. He therefore concluded, that light of at least five degrees of refrangibility is absent from the solar beam.

The next important link in this interesting history is furnished by Fraunhofer, an optician of Munich. He improved on the contrivance of Wollaston by passing the light through two prisms instead of one, thus obtaining greater dispersive power. He also viewed the spectrum through a telescope, instead of the unaided eye. He saw the lines already noted with great distinctness; but, instead of five, he saw them in great numbers. In 1814, he counted no less than 576 lines. He drew a diagram of the coloured streak, and mapped with great care the exact positions of the lines, assigning letters to denote the principal ones. These are known as Fraunhofer's lines; and although the lines of the spectrum are now counted by thousands instead of hundreds, Fraunhofer's nomenclature is still used in practical science. His laborious researches did not stop here. He satisfied himself that the number and position of the lines are exactly the same, of whatever substance the prisms are composed. He then examined solar light after reflection from a variety of objects, including the moon and the planets, and found the result the same as by examining direct sunlight. He then examined the spectra of many of the fixed stars, but here he observed a considerable variation. Some lines of the solar spectrum were wanting in the spectra of the stars, and others were added. Also, no two stars gave the same spectrum. From these observations, he drew the important conclusion that these lines are not caused by any influence our atmosphere might exert on the rays of light passing through it; but must be due to the properties inherent in the light itself, which the sun and the stars severally emit. He then examined the spectra of various artificial sources of light; and it was found that an incandescent solid or liquid gives a continuous spectrum, or a simple rainbow-tinted streak crossed by no dark lines. In the case of the flame of a lamp, also an incandescent substance, he observed two bright lines corresponding to the double dark line D in the orange of the solar spectrum.

With glowing vapours the case is entirely different. The spectra of these were carefully examined by Sir David Brewster, Sir John Herschel, and others; and they were found to consist of bright coloured bands only. In 1822, Herschel said:—"The pure earths, when violently heated, yield from their surfaces lights of extraordinary splendour, which, when examined by prismatic analysis, are found to possess the peculiar definite rays in excess which characterize the tints of the flames coloured by them; so that there can be no doubt that these tints arise from molecules of colouring matter reduced to vapour; and held in a state of violent ignition." He suggested that it might be possible on this principle to work out a new system of analysis.

Sir David Brewster initiated an important series of experiments by allowing sunlight to pass through some vapour before entering the spectroscope. In this way he obtained a number of new dark lines, varying as different vapours were used. In the case of nitrous gas, the new lines were collected in a remarkable degree in the violet end of the spectrum. He further proved that these lines are seen, whatever light was substituted for that of the sun.

In 1830, Mr. Simms placed a lens in front of the slit, so arranged that the slit was in the focus of the lens. The light passing through the slit was then turned into a cylindrical beam, with its rays parallel. In this manner the overlapping of the colours was entirely prevented, and this part of the instrument was perfected.

Hitherto, the phenomena of the lines, whether dark or bright, had defied all attempts to infer the laws by which they are governed, though the labour and thought of eminent physicists had been concentrated on them for half a century at least. Kirchhoff, a German chemist, increased the dispersive power of the spectroscope by using a battery of four prisms of flint-glass; and determined to repeat the experiment of Fraunhofer, by which, when examining the flame of a lamp, he had observed two bright lines occupying the position of the double dark line D, in the orange of the solar spectrum. It had

been shown that these bright lines were due to a small quantity of sodium present in the flame. Kirchhoff now determined with his improved instrument to see if the coincidence was exact. He says: "I obtained a tolerably bright solar spectrum, and brought the flame coloured by sodium vapour in front of the slit. I then saw the dark lines D changed into bright ones." The coincidence was exact. He then varied the experiment. "In order," he says, "to find out the extent to which the intensity of the solar spectrum could be increased without impairing the distinctness of the sodium lines, I allowed the full sunlight to shine through the sodium flame, and, to my astonishment, I saw the dark lines D appeared with an extraordinary degree of clearness." He had here two kinds of light shining through the slit, sunlight and the li ht of the sodium flame. The former alone would give the dark lines D, whereas the latter would give two bright lines exactly in the same place. What he naturally expected then was, that the dark lines D of the solar spectrum would be rendered less dark by the interposition of the sodium flame. On the contrary, they actually appeared darker. He at once suspected that there must be some subtle connection between the bright lines of the sodium flame and the dark lines D of the solar spectrum. He substituted for sunlight the oxy-hydrogen lime-light, which, it will be remembered, like all incandescent solids or liquids, gives a continuous spectrum. He now naturally expected that the bright sodium lines would be rendered still brighter; but, to his further surprise, they were changed into dark lines. Other metals were experimented on by the aid of the electric lamp. The spectra of various metals had been already carefully examined, and, when in the form of burning vapour, they had been found to produce spectra of bright lines, each metal having its own peculiar set. When the light of the electric lamp was made to pass through the vapour of a metal, forming, so to speak, the background for the expected bright lines, it was found that what before were bright bands on a dark ground, were now dark bands on a bright ground. This great discovery of the reversal of the lines, led to the enunciation of the important principle, that "vapours of metals at a lower temperature absorb exactly those rays which they emit at a higher." This is one of the most important truths known to men of science, and upon it is founded "the noblest method of research yet revealed to man."

Fraunhofer had shown that the dark lines of the solar spectrum could not be due to the influence of our atmosphere, but must be inherent in the light itself. Having established the general law of spectroscopic analysis, Kirchhoff at once turned his attention to the sun, and inferred the perfectly obvious conclusion that the dark lines D of the solar spectrum must be caused by the light of the incandescent substance of the sun coming through the vapour of sodium in his atmosphere. The common metal sodium must therefore exist in the sun. The spectra of other metals were also compared with the solar spectrum, and it was found that with many metals the exact counterpart for their bright lines was to be seen in the dark lines of the latter, as regards both their identical position and their number. He found this the case with the spectra of iron, calcium, magnesium, chromium, nickel, and cobalt. "Barium, copper, and zinc," he says, "appear to be present in the solar atmosphere, but only in small quantities; the brightest lines of these metals correspond to distinct lines in the solar spectrum, but the weaker lines are not noticeable." At the present time, many other elements are known to exist in the sun's atmosphere.

The main principles of spectroscopic analysis, deduced from long series of experiments, the chief points of which we have endeavoured briefly to indicate, are as follows:—

1. "An incandescent solid or liquid gives a continuous spectrum.

2. "A glowing vapour gives a spectrum of bright lines, each vapour having its own set of bright lines, so that from the appearance of a bright line spectrum one can infer the nature of the vapour or vapours whose light forms the spectrum.

3. "An incandescent solid or liquid, shining through absorbent vapours, gives a rainbow-tinted spectrum crossed by dark lines having the same position as the bright lines belonging to the spectra of the vapours; so that, from the arrangement of the dark lines in such a spectrum, one can tell the nature of the vapour or vapours which surround the source of light."

Many improvements have been made in the spectroscope, in order to increase its dispersive power, and, at the same time, to secure easy and exact adjustment. Mr. Browning used six prisms hinged together at the angles of their basis, each prism being attached to a slotted bar running on a central pivot. This battery, in the form of the letter C, would bring the light around as far as possible without interfering with the rays falling on the first prism. By a simple contrivance, the light can be reflected back through the whole battery, thus doubling the dispersive power. Mr. R. A. Proctor devised a plan by which a second battery can be added, in the form of the letter S; and, by reflection, the light can be thrown back through the double battery. In this way a dispersive power is obtained equal to that of nineteen equilateral prisms. The modern spectroscope, then, consists of an exceedingly thin slit to admit the light, a collimating lens, a battery of prisms, the number of which depends on the nature of the investigation, and a common telescope of low power, through which the spectrum is viewed.

Spectroscopic analysis has already many applications in the chemist's laboratory, and in the useful arts. It enables the chemist to analyse compounds with an exactness hitherto unknown to him, detecting the presence of the smallest possible quantity of any element. We have it on the authority of Kirchhoff and Bunsen, that the eighteen-millionth part of a grain of sodium can be recognised. Before this method was applied, lithium was only known to exist in connection with four minerals. It is now shown to exist almost everywhere. By means of this analysis, four new elements have been discovered, viz., cæsium, rubidium, indium, and thallium, the latter being already extensively used in the manufacture of fireworks. All coloured matter can be subjected to its scrutiny. Blood can be discovered in its most diluted form. Mr. Sorby asserts that a stain of human blood, so small that it only contains the one-thousandth part of a grain, can be readily detected after a period of fifty years. He has successfully applied this method in several important criminal cases. In wines, any foreign colouring matter can be easily discovered; and even the year of vintage can be known with exactness up to six years, and after that period, within reasonable limits. The air we breathe gives certain spectral lines; and it has been hinted that the spectroscope will yet take the place of the barometer, as, it is said, by means of it the signs of coming storms can be discovered with accuracy. It is used in the Royal Mint to detect the presence of an alloy; and, by the careful measurement of the length of the absorption lines, the exact quantity of a foreign substance can be determined, even when it is so small as the ten-thousandth part. It is of great value in the manufacture of steel by the Bessemer process. As is well known, steel is nothing but cast-iron, minus some carbon. The process, therefore, depends on getting rid of the carbon, and is of such delicacy that a mistake of ten seconds either way spoils the whole quantity operated upon. It is, then, of the utmost importance that the exact time should be known when all the carbon is expelled. This is ascertained in this way. The heat from the incandescent iron is so intense that the vapour of the different substances is visible above the retort in which the metal is placed. We have, therefore, only to examine the spectrum of this vapour, and watch carefully the moment when the carbon lines disappear, and that exact moment marks the time when the transformation of the iron into steel is complete.

It is, however, in examining the heavenly bodies that spectrum analysis is chiefly valuable. It has completely revolutionized the study of astronomy. By it many previously adopted theories have been confirmed, others have been corrected, and many new ones have been started. Identified with the very history of its development has been the analysis of the sun's substance. Already some sixteen elements have been discovered in his atmosphere, identical with those about us; from which we cannot doubt that the sun and the earth are composed of the same kinds of materials throughout. By it the existence of an atmosphere in the superior planets is verified, and we are assured that they shine with the reflected light of the sun. But we are not confined within the boundaries of our solar system; the far-off stars and nebulæ have been brought under this searching method of inquiry.

The magnitude of this extraordinary triumph of science grows upon us as we contemplate the distance of these luminous bodies. The diameter of the earth's orbit

exceeds 180 millions of miles, and yet with this enormous base-line of observation, the surrounding stars exhibit no perceptible change of place. It is only when the astronomer brings to his aid the exact instruments of modern times, that he is able to detect a change of place in nine of these bright orbs; and yet his instruments will detect a displacement equal to the ten-thousandth part of the moon's apparent diameter. By the earth's orbital motion the nearest fixed star is made to appear to describe an exceedingly small oval path on this celestial sphere, the greatest diameter of which is equal to the nine-thousandth part of the moon's apparent diameter. From this it is calculated that his distance is about twenty millions of millions of miles, or 210,000 times the distance of the earth from the sun. Light travels at a rate equal to about eight times the circumference of the earth in a second. It takes this swift-winged messenger eight minutes to come from the sun to us, and from Alpha Centauri, the nearest fixed star, over three years. It is truly astounding that we should be able to decipher the messages brought us by light-waves that have been three years on their journey to us—nay, more, that the man of three score years should be able to analyze a ray of light sent forth at the time of his birth, and which has been on its abysmal flight ever since, speeding onwards in a direct line at the inconceivable rate of 187,000 miles per second, and that he should be able by that analysis to determine the elements of which its parent star is composed, some of its physical conditions, and the rate of its motion through space. And yet this is exactly what a glass prism, such as adorns our chandeliers, when properly applied, enables the astronomer to do. Drs. Huggins and Miller have successfully analyzed the spectra of many of the fixed stars, and have been able to infer with certainty the presence in those stars of many elements that we find in the earth. The very fact, that their spectra present the same general appearance as the solar spectrum, proves conclusively that they are incandescent bodies whose intense heat surrounds them with seas of metallic vapors, that their surfaces are the scenes of intense activity, cyclonic storms, and the uprush and downrush of matter, that they are veritable suns not unlike our own. Not, indeed, that there is an exact identity of composition between star and sun, or between star and star. This might not be expected, for there may be more of some elements in one star than in another; but there is a general resemblance of structure.

When the heavens are swept with a telescope of sufficient power, it is found that "one star differeth from another star in glory"—that many of them shine with coloured light. While some are white, others are red, green, blue, purple, and so on, through all the tints of the rainbow. The noted constellation, the Southern Cross, is composed of no less than 110 stars, and when seen in a telescope of sufficient size, Herschel tells us, "appears like a casket of variously coloured stones." The French astronomer, M. Doppler, supposed that these various tints are due to the proper motions of the stars, according to a principle presently to be considered. Huggins and Miller have suggested that the cause is the difference of physical constitution. In the atmosphere of the brilliant star Sirius, they were able to recognise sodium, magnesium, hydrogen, and iron. The hydrogen lines were strong and the metallic lines faint, which seems to be characteristic of white stars. In the orange-red Betelgeuse, they detected sodium, magnesium, calcium, iron, and bismuth, but no hydrogen. In the noted red Aldebaran, they found hydrogen, sodium, magnesium, calcium, iron, bismuth, tellurium, antimony, and mercury. From these few examples it is apparent that a considerable diversity exists in the chemical composition of the stars, and their difference in colour is probably due to this fact.

The recently developed law of continuity has greatly modified our views of the old classification of substances as gaseous, liquid, and solid. We now know that these qualities only mark the different stages of molecular compactness; in other words, that a body may be made to pass gradually from a gaseous to a liquid and then to a solid condition, as its molecules are crushed more closely together. We think Dr. Frankland was the first to observe that hydrogen, when under very great pressure, gives out a white light and a continuous spectrum. Generally stated, beginning with an element in its most rarefied condition, and then following its spectrum as the molecules come nearer together, so as ultimately to reach the solid form, he found that the spectrum becomes

more complicated as this approach takes place, until at last a vivid continuous spectrum is reached. We are thus enabled, not only to differentiate betweeen vapours and liquids or solids, but also between gases and vapours under different degrees of pressure. This is of immense value to the chemist as well as to the astronomer. Dr. Huggins applied this principle to the examination of the spectra of certain nebulæ, when, instead of a continuous spectrum crossed by dark lines, as in the case of the sun and the stars, he got three bright lines only. He was able to identify two of these lines as due, one to hydrogen and the other to nitrogen. Dr. Frankland and Mr. Lockyer had already obtained, in their laboratories, spectra of these two gases, giving only one line each, in which cases the gases existed in an exceedingly tenuous condition. Dr. Huggins was able, therefore, to conclude, not only that these nebulæ are gaseous, but also that their gases exist in an extremely rarefied condition. Other nebulæ give more complex spectra, showing that their elements are more compact, until from some we get spectra nearly resembling that of the stars. Thus is the inference of Sir John Herschel confirmed, that nebulæ are stars in the process of formation.

Astronomers have been much puzzled by the appearance of red prominences around the body of the sun during eclipses. The spectroscope has shown these to be nothing more nor less than masses of hydrogen gas. Frankland and Lockyer found, when experimenting on hydrogen under different degrees of pressure, that the F line peculiar to this gas was widened in proportion to the pressure. In the case of the coloured prominences the F line is often widened at its base and gradually tapers to a point, showing the gradual lessening of the pressure of the hydrogen from the body of the sun outwards. In this way has been determined approximately the pressure of these circumsolar regions; and it is suggested, when the pressure of the chromosphere is completely determined, we shall be able to know something definite of the temperature of the sun.

We have now to consider a still more wonderful application of the spectroscope, viz., to the detection of motion in a swiftly travelling body. The principle here involved is so interesting that we cannot forbear a somewhat detailed account of it. It was first noted by M. Doppler in his endeavour to account for the different colours emitted by certain stars. Though in his calculations he omitted some important facts, which rendered his theory useless in application, it yet led to an important discovery. It is well known that light travels in a series of waves of extreme minuteness, and propagated with extreme velocity. The average length of these waves is about the forty-eighth-thousandth part of an inch, or the united length of five of them would be about equal to the thickness of a *razor's edge* after shaving. But they are not all of the same length, and light-waves of different lengths produce light of different colours. The length of a wave of red light is about the thirty-nine-thousandth of an inch, and of violet light about the fifty-seven-thousand-five-hundredth of an inch. Now, Doppler thought, if the body emitting the light under examination were approaching us at a sufficiently rapid rate, the light-waves would be shortened, so that those producing red light would have the effect of producing orange. In like manner all the other colours would be shifted towards the violet end of the spectrum, and what otherwise would produce violet light would disappear. We should thus have no red light, and the colour of the star would be correspondingly changed. Conversely, if the luminous body were receding from us, the light-waves would be lengthened, so that those producing violet light would have the effect of indigo, and all the other colours would be likewise shifted towards the red end. The star would thus appear to be wanting in violet light, and the red would predominate. To make the subject as clear as possible, let us borrow the illustration of another. Suppose a stream of water flows with a perfectly uniform rate, and at one place on its banks an observer is stationed, and at another place further up the stream a person throws corks into the water at regular intervals, say ten per minute. These corks will be on the surface of the water at equal distances apart, and will be carried down by the current past our observer at the rate of ten per minute. Now, let the cork-thrower slowly walk up stream and cast his corks as before. They will plainly be further apart, and will be carried past the observer at a slower rate, say nine a minute. If the observer still knows that the corks were thrown at the rate of ten

a minute, he will conclude that the thrower is moving away from him at the rate of one-tenth of the velocity of the stream. *Vice versa*, if the corks pass him at the rate of eleven a minute, he will conclude that the thrower is approaching him. Doppler, however, omitted the important fact that there are rays outside of the red and violet ends of the spectrum, which are invisible to us. If, then, there be a shifting of the whole spectrum towards the violet end, as he contemplated, the result would be that the invisible rays at the red end would simply become visible as red light; and all the colours would be present, as if the luminous body were at rest. Likewise, if the colours were shifted towards the red end, the invisible rays beyond the violet would be shifted into the violet place, and all the colours would appear. Doppler's theory, therefore, failed to account for the colours of the stars. Huggins was the first to discover that Doppler's principle, when rightly applied, would, after all, detect motions of approach and recession, and that by the shifting of the dark lines. These lines, it will be remembered, always occupy exactly the same relative position to each other for each element, line to line and group to to group. Iron alone gives more than 450 lines. If then, by the shortening or lengthening of the light-waves, the colours of the spectrum be shifted towards the one end or the other, though all the colours will still be present, the lines will be shifted, and there is nothing to take their place. If we can in any way detect the shifting of the lines, we can infer whether the luminous body is approaching or receding; and, if we can measure with sufficient accuracy the amount of the shifting, knowing the length of the light-waves for every part of the spectrum, and their velocity, we can infer the rate at which the body is approaching or receding. Problems are here presented of enormous difficulty, but they have been attacked and solved by the skill and indefatigable labour of physicists. Dr. Huggins applied this new method to Sirius. He first satisfied himself that certain lines in the spectrum of this star correspond to the hydrogen line F of the solar spectrum. He then brought the spectra of Sirius and of incandescent hydrogen side by side, and he found that there was a displacement towards the red end of about the two-hundred-and-fiftieth of an inch. His hydrogen was at rest, therefore Sirius must be receding from the earth. At the time of the experiment the earth was in that part of her orbit where she was herself travelling away from Sirius. Deducting her velocity from the total, he found that Sirius was receding from us at the rate of 930 millions of miles annually. We need not now stop to consider the motion of our solar system, and the transverse motion of Sirius, which, if taken into the account, will give his true motion through space at about 1,000 millions of miles per annum.

It has been long known that at least some of the so-called fixed stars are in motion, but without the spectroscope it was only possible to detect transverse motions; and, even in such cases, only by observations carried on for long series of years. We now know that they are all in motion, some moving in one direction, and others in another; and, in case of approach and recession, we know something of their enormous velocities. They appear to us to be stationary simply because of their inconceivable distance. It had been suspected that many groups of stars have a common direction of motion, and, therefore, probably belong to a common system. Mr. R. A. Proctor had assigned the same direction of motion to five stars in the Plough, omitting the pointer and the one marking the third horse. Huggins confirmed that supposition by his new method.

Mr. Lockyer was the first to apply this method of detecting motion to solar prominences. He found that they were not simply mountains or heaps of hydrogen gas, but were vast masses ejected from the sun; and he was able to measure the rate at which they were ejected. At times they contain other elements besides hydrogen, as if a part of the photosphere itself were lifted. The velocity of ascent has been known in some cases to exceed 150 miles per second; and the prominences have reached the enormous height of 200,000 miles. Further, this new method has been applied to determine the rate at which storms travel over the sun. It is sometimes found, when examining the spectrum of the sun near his limb, that the hydrogen line F is, so to speak, torn asunder, part being inclined towards the red end and part towards the violet. This indicates a motion towards us and away from us, as would be produced by a cyclonic storm on

the side of the sun, appearing to us edgewise. The velocity of some of these cyclones has been estimated at something like 100 miles per second.

Spectroscopists have succeeded in detecting motions where the rate is vastly less than in those cases that we have been considering. They have even recognized the turning motion of the sun on his axis, which at his equator is about one and a quarter miles per second. Indeed, Professor Young has so perfectly mastered the difficulties of the problem as to be able to rely on his measurements, and affirms that the possible error cannot be greater than a few hundred yards per second, or ten or twelve miles per minute. It is suggested, when the spectroscope is successfully applied to measure accurately the rate of approach and recession of the planets, that we shall be able to infer, with corresponding exactness, the sun's distance—the great base-line of astronomical surveying. If so much has already been known, though it is not more than ten years since this method was first understood, what may we not expect from it in time to come.

The spectroscope is not only valuable as a means of determining actual facts, but it opens up to us interesting fields for reasoning on those facts. If the sun and the earth be composed of the same kind of elements, may we not infer that the planets have a like constitution? Though the superior planets, at least, may not now be inhabited, is it unreasonable to suppose that they will some day become the abodes of life? Nebulæ, of which so many thousands have been recognized, are shown to exist in all stages of complexity, from the faintest cloud of luminous gas up to bodies nearly approaching the appearance of stars. Is it unreasonable to conclude that these patches of firemist are the beginnings of unformed stars, that will shine during the eternities to come with all the splendor of the brilliant Sirius? Stars themselves are shown to be suns not unlike our own. May it not be that they have also their families of planets and satellites, meteors and comets, circling around them in endless variety and complexity, and yet with the utmost harmony. Indeed, this is no longer a matter of conjecture. A planet has actually been seen revolving around Sirius, and the time and shape of his orbit have been calculated. The fact that the path sketched for him is not his real orbit around his central luminary proves that there are other planets whose attraction affects his path. What a field is here open to the imagination! Sirius, the blazing Dog Star of the ancients, is one of those nine or ten stars whose distance does not actually defy computation. As we have seen, the gulf separating him from us is being widened at the enormous rate of 930 millions of miles per annum. Though one of the nearest stars, his distance is yet so vast that, notwithstanding his rapid motion of recession, his apparent brightness is probably not much less now than when first observed by man. It is shown that he shines 300 times more brightly than the sun. But it is probable that each square mile of his surface does not give out more light than each square mile of the sun's surface. Hence it follows that his volume must be 2,500 times that of our sun. If his scheme of worlds be constructed on the same relative scale of grandeur, it must be twelve times vaster than ours. We have recognized in the atmosphere of Sirius the familiar elements sodium, magnesium, hydrogen, and iron. His circling worlds must have a like constitution. May it not be that some of those worlds, at least, are now passing through a similar stage of planetary life to that of our earth? May it not be that their surfaces are diversified by land and ocean, river and lake, woodland and plain, hill and dale, mountain and valley, but on a scale of magnificence surpassing far that with which we are familiar? May it not be that their plains are fragrant with the perfume of flowers, that their woods are vocal with the melody of birds, that their landscapes are dotted with villages and cities, that their metals are put to useful purposes, that the iron horse speeds across their prairies, that great ships plough the waters of their mighty oceans? In a word, may not those worlds be the abodes of intelligent beings not unlike ourselves, engaged in similar employments, and pursuing similar methods of study? May it not be that they are now examining with their telescopes and spectroscopes our sun, and wondering if he too has a scheme of worlds circling around him? For, unless their powers of investigation far surpass our own, they could not be able actually to detect any of our planets, as we have theirs. What of their moral condition? It may be that they have not partaken of the fruit,—

"Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,—"

that they still dwell in Paradise, and that their delight is ever to rise through nature to nature's God. But Sirius may not be the largest sun in the universe, nor his system of worlds the grandest. The number of the stars is infinite. May not the number of their worlds also be infinite? If only a few comparatively be now passing through that stage of their existence when life as we know it is possible, yet the number of inhabited worlds must be infinite. "End there is none of the universe of God. Lo! also, there is no beginning."

S. H. JANES.

LOVE AND PRIDE.

FROM AN OLD SCOTTISH LEGEND.

HE spoke in low and earnest tone,
He pled his long and faithful love,
He asked a token of her own,
If but the gift of one small glove.
She pointed to the cruel wars
That raged through the distracted land;
She bade him win his knightly spurs,
And *then* come back and seek her hand.

He heard her,—bowed a mute assent,
All silently he left her side,
And to the foremost ranks he went,
Where death was stalking far and wide.
And then she knew no craven fears
Had kept him from the battle plain;—
The lady's eyes grew dim with tears,
She could not call him back again!

And daily prayed she in her bower,
And nightly lay awake and wept,
Till came at last the cruel hour
When 'neath the victor's bays he slept.
They bore him to his ancient home,
With sorrow in each rugged face;
They laid him in his fathers' tomb,
Last scion of a noble race.

They sought to dry the lady's tears,
They brought her horse, her lute,—in vain!
New lovers came, as passed the years,—
The lady never smiled again.
"I sent away my love," she said;
"My dearest joy to pride I gave;
Now sleeps he with the noble dead;
My heart lies buried in his grave!"

FIDELIS.

A MODERN PROSERPINE:

A LONDON STORY.

"Pluto saw a Company of very beautiful Virgins gathering Flowers in the Fields of Enna (a beautiful Place, situated about the middle of the Island). One of them, Proserpine, pleas'd him above the rest, for she surpass'd 'em all in Beauty. He came raging with Love, and carry'd her with him from that Place."

OLD MYTHOLOGY.

CHAPTER I.

THE KING IN HIS OWN LAND.

GEORGE DRAYCOTT was sitting alone in his London rooms, smoking. None of his numerous friends and admirers had yet dropt in according to their never-failing custom, so for a short while he was left to his own thoughts, which occupation just now was very grateful to him, for he was in love, very much so indeed, and the time he could devote to solitary meditations was sweet and precious to him. The young person he aspired to was far his superior in worldly position, and lived in a sphere unknown to him and his. Indeed, had it not been that a certain leader of fashion had taken it into her aristocratic head to have literary evenings when all the thinkers and *savans* of the day were supposed to congregate eagerly and gratefully at her house, and had it not been that a friend who knew the requisite "open sesame" to these entertainments, had introduced George, that young newspaper hack (for he was no better) would never have met, conversed and madly fallen in love with the belle of the season, Miss Gertrude Bruce.

But George was dauntless; a republican amongst reformers, he could not see the outrageous impropriety of his conduct. Was he not, he argued, making a respectable income by his profession? did not all his friends look up to him and consider his criticisms the keenest, his reviews the spiciest, and his articles the most telling amongst all their productions?

The young women of his acquaintance had never shown themselves backward in receiving his courtesies, then why should Lady Louisa's daughter be so far above him? His friends knew his craze and pitied him; *they* were not admitted to the sacred circles where George had met his fate, and they accordingly rather despised George for aspiring so high.

The meditations of this evening were not at all confined to Miss Bruce's inaccessibility; on the contrary, George was reckoning how soon he should see her again and wondering what impression he had made upon her (a very strong one, he imagined), and he was recalling how lovely she had looked the other night while listening to Professor Hawson's lengthy dissertation on the rise and progress of a certain school of poetry, which George had found tedious in the extreme.

His recollections were broken in upon by a rushing up the stairs and a banging at his door, which he had locked.

"Oh! you are in, then, Draycott," said one of the two young men who had entered and seated themselves; "how long have you taken to locking yourself up here to pine in solitude?"

"You are really getting quite thin, Draycott," laughed the other. "By-the-bye, several of our fellows are going to meet here this evening to congratulate you on that spiffing article in the ——, and to drink your health according to rule."

"All right," said George, "I am glad you liked it, though I hardly thought you would all agree with me."

"Well, I never heard a dissenting voice; we are determined to acknowledge you as king of hacks; likest thou the name?"

"'Modesty compels me to say, No," began George, when the two friends laughed.

"Modesty! who ever heard of such a commodity in an author? Avaunt the idea!"

Several others now entered, and enquiring into the joke, joined heartily in the laugh, and George was loaded with such epithets

as the "bashful writer," "blushing Georgy," and others equally appropriate.

They spent a merry evening, and when they had all gone, George had imbibed enough admiration and flattery to make any young man "wise in his own conceits." They had of course alluded to his lady-love, and jokingly encouraged him to go in and win, and now that he was once more by himself the idea seemed less and less absurd to him.

"She already evidently takes great pleasure in my conversation, and seems always glad to see me," he reflected. "Next time I will be more personal and see what comes of it. I cannot help fancying I have some influence over her, and my will, I think, is a pretty strong one," concluded this self-satisfied young man.

CHAPTER II.

THE KING ABROAD.

LADY LOUISA BRUCE belonged to the *crême de la crême* of society. Fascinating in her youth, she had in later times always been foremost in whatever was fashionable or "the rage" for the time being. Now that she was no longer young, all her ambition, all her desire for admiration and applause, all her pride, were translated from her own person to that of her only daughter, Gertrude, who was without doubt a very beautiful and charming young girl. Gertrude had received an education fitted to her rank, consisting in the acquirement of numerous accomplishments; she could sing and paint, and converse freely in French, Italian, and German. She had, moreover, notwithstanding the disadvantages of her up-bringing, a latent capability of appreciating what was noble, and a dauntless courage inherited from her long deceased father, who had been an officer of great bravery and determination.

Gertrude was delighted with the gaiety of her first season, and gave herself up to it heart and soul, feeling it might be her only season of unmarried enjoyment, as her mother had already in her mind selected the Hon. Grafton Egerton, a patrician of noble birth and large fortune, as an eligible match for her, though Gertrude was at present to consider herself unengaged, in case some one of still nobler birth and yet larger fortune should present himself.

Lady Louisa was charmed with her friend the countess's literary evenings. "It was so amusing and novel," she said, "to watch the ways of 'that sort of people.'" In fact she spoke and thought of them much as she would have done of the fishy inhabitants of the Brighton Aquarium. She never missed being present at these evenings, with Gertrude, and invariably appeared much diverted by the entertainment.

Gertrude went because she was taken, at first with no very great interest, feeling rather that she would have preferred being at the opera, but she soon took great delight in listening to the conversation of the various people she met, and in time looked forward to these *réunions* as the most enjoyable of all her evening amusements.

This, it is needless to say, was after Mr. Draycott had been introduced to her. His perfect freedom from all restraint when talking to her, and his conscious superiority of intellect, charmed and influenced her in no common degree. She would think during the week of all the most puzzling and problematical questions she could hit on to discuss, or rather to leave to his discussion, when they met, and she was delighted to find that he was never at a loss, and that she always came away with some thought or idea that had never come into her head before. Gertrude hardly liked to acknowledge to herself how much she enjoyed his society, or what a powerful influence he was gradually exerting over her.

It was a night or two after George's meditations that they met again. George was there before Gertrude had arrived, and was eagerly looking out for her when she appeared with her mother, seeming more than usually lovely, he thought. She was, of course, instantly made the centre of an admiring group of friends, but his heart beat high when he saw that she glanced round the room quickly, and somewhat anxiously, as if looking for some one. Their eyes met, and Gertrude blushed. An excellent omen, thought he, and he made use of the first opportunity to get to her side. For this purpose he stationed himself in a small conservatory where he knew she was sure to come, being particularly fond of flowers. Thither he soon had the pleasure of seeing her led by his

old friend the Professor, who soon quitted her when he found she was so much engrossed in examining some daffodils recently placed there that she forgot to pay much attention to his discourse.

This evening Gertrude had no question ready to put to George, and was unusually silent, but he was determined not to allow these precious moments to be wasted, and rushed at once into conversation.

He asked her if she had seen his article in the ——— Magazine. She had, of course, seen it, for he had long since made her acquainted with every periodical and newspaper he contributed to, but she owned it was much above her comprehension;—would he explain it?

"I am afraid," he answered, smiling, "my style cannot be very clear."

"Oh, yes it is; but it is I who am so ignorant," said Gertrude.

George then went fully into the subject, making her interested at once, and obliging her to understand.

"You must read an immense deal," she said at last; "you know everything; I never met any one so clever."

"And yet, putting aside the kind flattery of your remark, I suppose you consider me immeasurably beneath you, Miss Bruce?" He looked earnestly at her while he spoke, wondering what she would say.

"Beneath me!" she exclaimed, colouring. "I told you, just now, I feel ignorant—painfully so—beside you."

"Yes, but I mean that you consider—that is, you and the countess and Lady Louisa—that it is a great condescension to mix with us literary men in this way, do you not?"

"You are here as my aunt's invited guests," began Gertrude, with dignity.

"Oh, Miss Bruce, please don't be offended; I merely wanted your opinion on the matter, treating it as an abstract question; I do not wish to be personal. Now, don't you really think that, no matter how clever and well-educated a man may really be, he is not, and never can be, on a level with an ignorant but long pedigreed scion of your aristocracy?"

"I think you *are* personal, Mr. Draycott," said Gertrude, nervously; "but I will answer your question, nevertheless. I think you are unfair to us, and that we are always ready to acknowledge worth of any kind."

"That is no answer, Miss Bruce; to acknowledge a man's worth is not the same as feeling he is on a perfect equality with you. I acknowledge my washerwoman as a very superior person of her kind, and yet am conceited enough not to feel that she is on my level. Would you now, for instance, permit any one of us," he said, looking round the room, "to entertain a personal friendship with a member of your own circle? and could you do so without considering you were conferring a favour, but that the pleasure was mutual?"

"Yes, I think I could."

"You could!" he repeated, enthusiastically; "then I believe you to be unique in thought and feeling, as I have always believed you to be in beauty and grace."

Gertrude made no answer except by blushing deeply, and turned to pluck a daffodil, hardly knowing whether to be offended or not; but Mr. Draycott perceived her confusion, and changed the subject with much tact, till the countess called her away from him.

"How kind of you, dear Gertrude, to talk so much to that young man; it is such a help to me; I forget who he is, but Maudsley brought him here one night, and he seems a well-informed person. Of course, one need never know these people again when one comes across them. There is your mother, dear, evidently wanting you."

CHAPTER III.

THE FIELDS OF ENNA LEFT BEHIND.

LADY LOUISA continued indefatigable in attending these *réunions*, and remained perfectly blind to the attentions Gertrude received from Mr. Draycott. Even had she noticed them they would have given her no uneasiness whatever, as she could never have brought herself to see that they might possibly mean anything. So, when the blow came, it fell upon her unprepared, and she was struck as if in the dark.

She had been talking to her daughter for some time about where they should go when flight from London became necessary, and one day, on receiving a letter from a friend abroad, begging them to join her, she rang her bell and ordered the footman to tell

Miss Bruce she wanted to see her. James returned in a few minutes, saying the young lady was not in the library or morning-room or conservatory, but that he had sent her maid up to her own room to seek her. The maid presently came down to announce no better success.

"Miss Bruce has not gone out without my knowledge, has she?" asked the anxious mother.

"No, my lady," returned the maid, "she never rang her bell for me to dress her."

"Then she must be somewhere about the house; go again and look for her."

James and Sharpe the maid made a diligent search everywhere, but could not find her; upon which they came back to Lady Louisa with the positive assurance that Miss Bruce was not in the house.

Dinner-time came, but no appearance of Gertrude. Her mother had already become most uneasy, but dissembled her anxiety as well as she could. She sat down and calmly thought of all the engagements Gertrude had mentioned for that week, but could think of none that would take her out without her mother. She racked her brain to imagine who would be likely to call for her to take her for a drive; but almost all their intimate friends had already left town. She then went up-stairs and began seeking for evidence in Gertrude's own room; nothing was disarranged in it outwardly, but Lady Louisa, locking the door, began to rummage her daughter's wardrobes. After about an hour's careful investigation, she came to the conclusion that several walking and morning costumes were missing, with many other things that Gertrude was accustomed to have about her, such as some favourite books and two medallions of her parents. Lady Louisa was now sure she had left her home of her own accord and run away, but where could she have gone, and to whom? What possible object could she have had in thus stealing off without a word? Long and deeply she pondered over the mystery. The Hon. Grafton Egerton came uppermost in her thoughts. How had he looked when she last saw him? But no, it could not be he.

At last she rose with a deep sigh, unlocked the door, and descended to her boudoir. Here she spent the evening in deep thought.

Ere she rose next morning her resolution was taken; no scandal should be made of this affair; none should hear of it; no newspaper should report about it: to her friends Gertrude should be taken very suddenly ill; to the servants she calmly announced that she had heard from Miss Bruce, who had called on a friend and had been prevailed upon to remain; and the farce was gone through of having her clothes immediately packed and sent away. But to herself she could give no satisfactory answer to her torturing questions. Her whole life Lady Louisa would now devote to finding her child and bringing her back, but it should be done in secret and none should aid her. From that time to the end of the season she went out much as usual, lamenting publicly her daughter's ill-health, and scanning privately all countenances. Did she miss, or fancy she missed, any well-known figure, she never rested till she discovered what had become of him; but all to no purpose; she was as far from the truth as ever, and her heart sank within her more and more from day to day.

Meanwhile Gertrude had indeed eloped, and with George Draycott, whose very existence was unknown to her mother. So well had he prevailed upon her by his clever reasoning and facile tongue, that not only had he compelled her to own her love, but had persuaded her to hide their plans from Lady Louisa, whom he had long since found would never for an instant countenance such an engagement. Gertrude was completely led by him; she allowed herself to be made to believe that running away was the only thing she could possibly do under the circumstances; and such was his power over her that she felt herself utterly unable to say anything in opposition to his wishes. So one day she had slipped out of the house without being seen, and joined George at the end of the street, where he was waiting in a cab: he took her at once out of London, far away into the country to an old aunt to whom he had confided a totally different tale. And there, in an out-of-the-way village, they were quietly married.

After their marriage they came immediately to London, and took up their quarters in George's old and somewhat dark and dingy rooms. Here it was, the first excitement over and George settled down into his old routine of living, that Gertrude first began to be aware of what she had done. It was not a noble or heroic act after all, she found out; she had been cruel to her mother, who

loved her so truly, and unfair to herself. But she did not think of herself during those lonely hours when George was either busy writing and must not be disturbed, or away from home. She thought with a strange longing of the fair and joyous life she had left behind, a life serene and cloudless; but she loved her husband, and did not regret the luxuries she had all her life been accustomed to, but gladly gave them up for him.

It was when she thought over what she knew she was to her mother, and how intensely that mother would miss her, that Gertrude felt oppressed and crushed. She longed to write or go to her, but this George would not hear of. They were both much surprised when day after day passed, and still no account of a "strange disappearance in high life," nor any similar announcement appeared in the papers. Gertrude wondered each day more and more what Lady Louisa was doing and thinking about, and began to have the worst apprehensions that her mother had either utterly hardened her heart towards her and cast her off, or had fallen ill under the blow.

This last fear was, however, speedily removed by seeing her name amongst the list of fashionables at balls or at Court, and one day Gertrude came across the news that "Lady Louisa Bruce has left her London house for the season and has gone abroad." Where could her mother have gone to, poor Gertrude wondered; now all hope of communicating with her directly was cut off for the present. She began to mope and look miserable, though she struggled hard against it. She had never been in London before during those dreary months when every one was away from it. George had hoped to have taken her away somewhere, but he found he was unable to do so. He did every thing in his power to amuse her; invited friends of musical, artistic, nd argumentative turns, to entertain her, and even promised, seeing how pale she was growing, to let her write to her mother directly she returned to town. Of course he could easily have found out her address, but as George was not at all anxious that his august mother-in-law should suddenly bear down upon him, and do he knew not what with his wife, he kept his own counsel in the matter.

So the autumn passed wearily away, and Christmas came, and still no news of Lady Louisa. George comforted Gertrude by declaring she could not possibly be ill, as it would have been reported at once, but that she was no doubt perfectly happy at Rome or Vienna. Gertrude indignantly denied that she was perfectly happy, though in her heart the idea that her mother had entirely given her up was fast taking root.

In the spring a tiny creature came to bless her, and for a while she forgot every sorrow in the delight she found in her babe. But by-and-by an intense yearning to be with her mother, to be happy once more in her love, came over her; a yearning that could not be suppressed, born of this new tie on her love and duty.

"What should I do," she thought, "if this little one left me when it grew up, as I have done," and her conscience could not be appeased. At last, about the end of May, the long looked-for announcement appeared, "Lady Louisa Bruce has returned to town."

Immediately Gertrude wrote to her, being afraid to go herself, telling her of her marriage, imploring forgiveness, and begging her mother to write or come to her.

For two days there was no answer. Gertrude, during that dreadfully anxious time, never left the house, and hardly her chair by the window, where she could see any arrival at the door.

On the third morning, as she was sitting in her old place with her infant in her arms, a brougham—the well-known brougham—drove up, and a lady alighted. A fearful dread took possession of Gertrude, now that she was really so near. She wished she had never asked her mother to come to her, she wished she could hide, but still she did not move, and Lady Louisa entered the room. Gertrude could only gaze at her, she could speak no word; there stood her mother, calm and grave-looking, but oh! how much changed! Her face lined with care, her hair grey, and her whole being transformed. With no word of reproach she went up to her daughter, but Gertrude shrank away and sank into a chair. There, bending over her baby, she wept out, "Oh, mother, mother! I have killed you. What shall I do?"

"No, Gertrude," said Lady Louisa, quietly, "I have suffered, but I am not a dying woman; you may yet save me. Come away with me, come at once."

Gertrude looked up. "Can you forgive me then, mother?"

"My child, do not let us talk of forgive-

ness. I love you; it is enough. I cannot live without you."

Gertrude's tears fell afresh. Putting down the child, she threw her arms round her mother's neck, and sobbed out all her sorrow. Lady Louisa wept too, and they both felt amidst their tears that they were again one.

"And, mother dear, will you forgive George, too?"

"George!" exclaimed her ladyship, in the tone she might have said "A serpent!" "Do not let us mention that low-bred person, my darling."

"But, mother——" and leaving the sentence unfinished, Gertrude cast a look of tenderness upon her baby.

"You will leave this life altogether, dearest," added Lady Louisa; "you will come home now with me, and forget this miserable time."

"Oh, mother, mother, I cannot! I have taken solemn vows to love and honour my husband. I cannot, dare not leave him now."

"Gertrude!" was the only answer her surprised mother could make.

"You do not understand, mother dear," said Gertrude, humbly, taking Lady Louisa's hands lovingly in her own. "I love George and feel as much bound to him as if--as if he were a duke."

"And you will not give him up for me?" Lady Louisa was surprised, stunned almost. She had fully meant coming with a royal forgiveness to her daughter, bearing her in gratitude away from these low scenes; and never again, she thought, would she make any allusion to her folly. But here was Gertrude, evidently declining to go. She paused a few minutes, and then said suddenly: "You are afraid of him."

"No, oh no, it is not that," said Gertrude, shaking her head and looking despairingly at her mother, feeling she could never make her see the matter in any other light but the present one, and fearing they were very far from being on their old footing.

Lady Louisa presently said: "I will come and see you again, Gertrude. I have taken you too much by surprise; you have grown unconsciously accustomed to your misery. You must think over it all."

She bade her then a tender farewell, and without vouchsafing a look at her grandchild, left the room and drove away.

Of course when George came in Gertrude told him all with many tears.

"I knew that would be what she would want," he said, "but you won't leave us Gerty, will you?" he asked.

"You and our baby, George! Oh! I could not," she answered.

CHAPTER IV.

POMEGRANATE SEEDS.

IN spite of Mrs. George Draycott's protestations, her mother's broken health and spirits, together with her passionate entreaties, began in due time to have much weight with her.

Lady Louisa often visited her, timing her visits most religiously with George's absence; and she never ceased urging her daughter to leave her home and to join her once more.

Each time she came Gertrude saw, or fancied she saw, that her mother grew more aged and frail, and more eager to be reunited to her. She seldom or never upbraided her with her cruelty. And it was this mute fading away that appealed most strongly to Gertrude's heart. At last, after a lengthened visit from her mother, during which Lady Louisa appeared so weak that she several times almost fainted, Gertrude summoned up courage to say to her husband that she believed they were killing her mother, and that something must be done.

"But what can be done?" asked George. "She won't be reconciled."

"Don't you think I ought to go back to her for a little time?" suggested his wife, timidly.

"Do you wish to?" said George, quietly.

"I feel——I feel," stammered Gertrude, "that it is I who have made her so ill, and that it is only I who can do her any good."

"As you wish," was George's stern rejoinder. And he immediately turned away and left the room.

Two or three days elapsed before Gertrude broached the subject again, and when she did George stopped her at once by saying, "I thought that it was all decided, and that you had made up your mind."

"But George, you cannot let us go away

in anger," said Gertrude tenderly, and putting her soft hand upon his arm.

"No, go to your mother," he said, more kindly, "and I will take care of your baby while you are gone."

"Baby!" exclaimed Gertrude; "must I leave it behind?"

"Does Lady Louisa require that sacrifice, too?"

No, Gertrude felt that her mother had no wish or desire even to look on George's child, so she could say nothing to this.

After this conversation her mind was more unsettled than ever; sometimes she felt as if she could never bring herself to part from her husband and infant; and then again the image of her mother, wan and ill, and perhaps dying, would appear before her. Finally it was settled for her by a messenger coming to her suddenly one morning, and begging her to come immediately to Lady Louisa.

Without a second thought she hastily put on her hat and hurried down stairs, where the brougham awaited her. On her arrival at her old home she at once went to her mother's room, where she found her very ill, but delighted to see her. In the excitement and impulse of the moment Gertrude said that she had at last come to be once more with her mother; and so the deed was done, and her husband and little one left without even a farewell.

Gertrude found to her surprise that the servants knew her only as Miss Bruce; and so well had Lady Louisa kept her secret that no member of the household suspected the truth.

Under the loving care of her daughter, Lady Louisa was soon up again, but not being sufficiently strong to join in the gaieties of the season, and Gertrude very much dreading meeting all her old friends, the mother and daughter very shortly left London, and took a schloss near Baden-Baden for a few months.

Once away from the city and all its memories, Lady Louisa felt indeed that her child was restored to her. The change, the idea that she was doing something to make up for her previous want of duty, for a time kept up Gertrude's spirits, and she seemed so light-hearted and so like the Gertrude of old that Lady Louisa was deceived into believing that she would never wish to recall her past life.

As her mother grew stronger and happier, so in proportion did Gertrude's health begin to decline; inward forebodings that she was still doing amiss kept coming to her. The sight of a child in its mother's arms would at times convulse her with grief; and many a bitter hour, when she was supposed to be sleeping, did she spend in her room in fruitless tears and yearning agony for the love she had thrown away. Whatever steps she took seemed to lead her into wrong-doing. Should she now go home, her mother might relapse and die, perhaps, under the second blow; did she remain—but she could not endure the thought of remaining and its consequences. She seemed indeed expelled from her recent home; a few cold words from George on her first arrival at Baden-Baden, with no expressed wish for her return and no mention of her child, were all she had received from him. She felt she had no right to write; of her own free will she had deserted him and chosen her mother.

In the meanwhile George Draycott was miserable enough. A nurse had been procured who took entire charge of the infant, whom he could hardly trust himself to look at. He worked away harder than ever, and his few leisure minutes he spent alone, his pipe for his sole companion. King he still was among his confederates, but a king who reigned in silent and solitary dignity. He earned for himself much praise in the path he had chosen, but he felt he had made a mistake in his marriage, and that he and his child must all their lives suffer for it.

He was in the midst of melancholy reflections one evening, and heaving many a weary sigh, when a friendly step came up the stair and an old comrade entered the room.

"Come, old fellow, this moping will never do," said his friend kindly; "come and join Howard's little party this evening; it will do you good."

"Oh! you must excuse me"—began George, when his friend interrupted him with,—

"No, no, we have excused you too much of late; we can't let you off this time."

Still George protested and urged feeling seedy and disinclined, and having work to do. But without effect; his friend would take no denial; so ultimately, though most unwillingly, he went.

He did not return to his rooms till a very

late hour, and trod softly for fear of disturbing the little one. Listening at his bed-room door, where its tiny cot was always placed, he thought he heard some one sobbing. It was not a child's weeping. Surprised, he gently opened the door and stepped in. The light was burning faintly in the room, but he could just discern a figure bending over the cradle, with its face buried in the coverlet. He could not be mistaken—he knew it at once—it was Gertrude!

AMY RYE.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL'S "MATERIALISM."

DESPITE his brilliant scientific achievements, there is reason to fear that Professor Tyndall, in his theory of the universe as a whole, and of man's intellectual and moral nature, has thrown in his lot for good with the Philistines. To those who virtually assume, not only that the expenditure of immense energy in one direction leaves adequate energy at command to be put forth in another and quite different direction, but that success in the one case is a guarantee of mastership in the other, the charge of Philistinism must seem preposterous and unintelligible; as it must appear to those, also, who have found rest and repose in that 'mechanical mixture' of science and metaphysic which constitutes the philosophy of Mr. Herbert Spencer. "What kinship," it will be demanded, "can there possibly be between a man of splendid natural endowment, developed and strengthened by the severest mental discipline, and small-brained, unideaed, ponderous dulness? What point of likeness connects the unspeculative 'practical' man, whose every idea is a prejudice, with the fearless exponent of scientific conceptions, whose whole life has been, in one form or other, a warfare with dogged use-and-wont and pretentious ignorance?" No connection certainly, if the materialistic, or semi-materialistic, creed outlined in Mr. Tyndall's recent address at Birmingham, can be established; an undoubted connection, if that creed is not only unsound, but founded upon a misconception of the problem it pretends to discuss. Generically, Philistinism consists in impenetrability to ideas lying beyond the more or less limited circle of conceptions within which the mind from habit finds it easy to move; and in this sense, as it seems to me, Mr. Tyndall has become a pronounced Philistine. It cannot but seem invidious to speak in this disparaging way of one whose unrivalled faculty of popular exposition has done so much for the spread of science; and certainly if no higher motive existed for doing so than the desire to draw attention to the intellectual limitations of our foremost experimental physicist, I for one should decline the task. But when Professor Tyndall lends the weight of his well-won reputation to prop up a detected sham, the matter assumes a different aspect; it becomes the duty of those who have devoted sufficient attention to the subject to warrant them in giving their results, to say emphatically that they refuse to bow down the knee to Baal; and to indicate the reasons which compel them to resist the scientific prestige which is clamorous for their submission to the idol of the hour.

The address in question may be roughly divided into three parts: the first, theological; the second, metaphysical; and the third, ethical. An examination of it in its entirety would be a tedious, and on the whole an unprofitable task; and I shall therefore confine myself to the second part, dealing with man as an intellectual being. The theory advanced is, with a reservation to be afterwards considered, a thoroughgoing Materialism, that resolves intelligence into non-intelligent elements, and explains knowledge as an effect of the molecular vibrations of the brain. Speaking of the "hypothesis of a human soul"—or, as he also puts it, the hypothesis of a "self within the self, which acts through the body as through a skilfully

constructed instrument"—Mr. Tyndall assures us that "adequate reflection shows that instead of introducing light into our minds it increases our darkness. You do not in this case explain the unknown in terms of the known, . . . but you explain the unknown in terms of the more unknown. Try to mentally visualise this soul as an entity distinct from the body, and the difficulty immediately appears. From the side of science all that we are warranted in saying is that terror, hope, sensation, and calculation are psychical phenomena produced by, or associated with, the molecular processes set up by waves of light in a previously prepared brain."

The device of setting up a man of straw, only to knock him down, is one sufficiently familiar to the reader of controversial literature; but it is not always that the man of straw is first set up, then knocked down, and finally restored to the perpendicular by the vigorous hand that dealt the blow. We have an instance of this triple process here, however. The "human soul" of which mention is made, exists nowhere except in the crude imaginations of those who have never had a glimpse of what the problem of man's nature really is. We are asked to figure to ourselves a mysterious "entity," which lies coiled up within a "prepared brain," and when we fail in our attempt to "mentally visualise" it, we are led to understand that the evidence is all in the direction of showing that everything that is intelligible lies in the domain of "molecular processes." As Mr. T. H. Green remarks,* "there are 'mysteries' that are near akin to nonsense;" and here assuredly is one of them. If the "soul" is a synonyme for conscious intelligence, as it is assumed to be, what could be more absurd than any attempt to "picture" or "mentally visualise" it? Nothing can be "pictured" except that which is extended and in space, and the only thing which will answer to this description is that which is material. We cannot even picture a force; we may aid our lagging thought by drawing lines in space that give a picture to the eye of imagination, but the force itself can only be apprehended by thought. Much less then, can it be expected that conscious intelligence—that which is for us the *sine qua non* of the existence of all reality, and therefore of space, matter, force, and other conscious intelligences — can be "visualised," *i. e.*, thought of as that which it is not, and cannot possibly be. Consciousness may be said to be incomprehensible, either because it cannot be compressed within the frame which is wide enough for a material thing, or because it is incompetent to understand itself as it really is. Professor Tyndall confuses together these discrepant reasons for the incomprehensibility of thought, and seeing the impossibility of describing it as material, straightway flies to the conclusion that it is not comprehensible at all. The soul as "an entity distinct from the body"—in other words, intelligence as a subtle kind of matter acted upon by the vibrating atoms of the brain—certainly is not only unknown but unknowable, for the all-sufficient reason that it is said to be exactly that which it is not. Thought is not like a piece of matter lying alongside of another piece of matter, and set in motion by impact of the latter upon it. The perplexity experienced in the effort to account for consciousness in this crude way, is aroused by the self-contradictory attempt to make it yield itself passively to a materialistic explanation. And that Mr. Tyndall does not free himself from the fiction of a mysterious "entity distinct from the body," is evident from the fact that he supposes "psychical phenomena" to be "produced" by "molecular processes," *i. e.*, by the vibration of material atoms; for although we cannot "mentally visualise" the soul, it is nevertheless affirmed that "the prick of a pin suffices to prove that molecular motion can *produce* consciousness." Consciousness, then, is a fact just as much as molecular motion, and it is also a fact that the former is an effect of the latter. Now the only thing that gives plausibility to this account, is the assumption that the consciousness of each individual man raises around him an impassable barrier which separates him from all real existence except his own "subjective" states, and that reality gets somehow into his consciousness by the action of matter upon it. But so conceived, consciousness is just that "entity distinct from the body," against which Professor Tyndall directs such ponderous blows. Thus the "soul" is a fiction which it is convenient to set up and demolish; it is knocked over with one hand, and lifted up with the other; and meanwhile it is assumed that the materiality of thought

* Contemporary Review for December, 1877, p. 39.

is rendered at least possible, when in reality, the only thing to which the attributes of matter have been plausibly attached, is this wretched fiction itself.

A true answer cannot be obtained if the wrong question is asked. Professor Tyndall supposes that the dispute between himself and anti-materialists is in regard to the rise and perpetuation of consciousness in man, considered as a self-enclosed individual, who knows nothing but his own feelings as they come and go in ceaseless procession. The question he asks is: How am I, an individual whose consciousness cannot transcend its own fleeting states, to be accounted for? It does not seem to have occurred to him—and yet it certainly has been more than once put before him—that there was a preliminary question to be considered, which might alter the form of the problem entirely. It is *assumed* that human consciousness is purely individual or separative, and hence that the only possible explanation of the phenomena of consciousness is to be sought in a supposed impact of an outer world upon a passive consciousness. But is consciousness purely individual? Does this assumption cohere with the other assumption that reality is actually known? This is the real problem, and until it has been solved all talk about "molecular processes" as the cause of "psychical phenomena" is mere shooting in the air. Should it turn out that the materialistic account of the relation of nature and thought overthrows that very supposition of real knowledge, without which the materialisation of the "soul" could not even plausibly be effected, it must become apparent that whatever be the true account of intelligence, the one adopted by Mr. Tyndall is utterly untenable.

When it is said that we can "present to our minds a coherent picture of the physical processes" of nature, it is plainly assumed that these "physical processes" exist *in rerum natura*—that there is no doubt whatever as to the actual existence of a real universe. And when we say that the universe is real, we mean that there are real objects, differing from each other in an infinite variety of ways, but all possessing real properties, distributed in space, and having certain real relations to each other. Of these relations the simplest are those of space and time; every real object perceptible by us is in some part of space and exists in a given time. And not only are there real things, but these do, as a matter of fact, alter their spatial relations to each other; the motion of the objects known to us is as real as the objects themselves. Moreover, the changes which take place in the universe do not occur in a hap-hazard way, but according to certain fixed, unchanging laws; objects are causally connected, and act and re-act upon each other in manifold ways. Taking the world as a whole, we can say of it that its matter is indestructible, and the quantity of force in it absolute; however the parts of matter may change their position relatively to each other, there is no creation of new matter, and no annihilation of the matter already existing; and similarly there is no increase or decrease in the force stored up in the universe; there is an incessant forthputting of force, but not the smallest quantity of it is lost, and there can be no addition to the sum of force that already exists.

Turn now to the question of our knowledge of this real world. There cannot properly be any dispute as to the reality of the fact; indeed any denial of the reality of knowledge must be subversive of the reality of the world itself; if a real world is not known, then, so far at least as knowledge is concerned, the world would not be real. No doubt it may be said that the world as it is in itself is not known and cannot be known; that our knowledge is limited to phenomena or appearances. This view I believe to be one of the most gratuitous fictions ever invented to bolster up an unsound theory, but at present it is not necessary to question it; all that is required to be admitted is that the real world—whether called a world of phenomena or not—actually is real in the sense of forming a whole of objects connected together in certain fixed and unchanging ways; and this is assumed by every materialist as the necessary fulcrum by which the spirituality of intelligence is to be overthrown. This real world of phenomena is not identical with the transient sensations and emotions of any one or of all individuals—it is in fact in contrast to the "subjective" states of the individual that it is called real. It is evident, therefore, that just so far as there is a real world is there real knowledge of the world; if there were no real world there could be no knowledge as distinguished from the creations of fancy, and, on the

other hand, if there were no real knowledge, the world, even supposing it to exist, would at any rate not be real to us. Thus, reality and knowledge are in a sense convertible, and it is mainly in view of this that real objects have been called phenomena. A phenomenon, as we have seen, is a real existence in space and time, and it is that which *appears* or presents itself to intelligent beings as real. We may distinguish the knowledge from the reality, but to express the facts of the case thoroughly we must say that the knowledge is real knowledge, and the reality a known reality. The same thing may be expressed by saying that fact and fiction are essentially different, the former being something actually existing, and the latter something only supposed to exist. It is to be observed then that, whatever we may mean by saying that all knowledge is individual, this individuality of knowledge does not in any way keep back the individual from reality. The reality exists, and he knows it to exist, and these two assertions, although they are distinguishable, are not separable from each other.

What has just been said may seem to be so trite and commonplace as hardly to merit the expenditure of so many words upon it. Should this be the reflection called up in the mind of the reader, the next step to be taken will be understood in its full force. What has just been put into words is in its essential features what is meant when it is said that anything has a real existence. Individuals may vary considerably in the greater or less completeness with which they conceive the coherence and systematic connection of things, but however incomplete may be any one's knowledge of the world, what he knows is real, and the real is known to him. Especially must the scientist maintain the objective reality and orderly connection of things, because with it the possibility of science necessarily stands or falls. So, too, every intelligible theory of the universe — dogmatic or sceptical, idealistic, realistic, or materialistic—must account for the fact of the knowledge, or seeming knowledge, of a real or apparently real world, on pain of extinction as a theory. The problem of philosophy then, shortly stated, is this—to explain by a self-consistent theory the reality of knowledge, or otherwise the knowledge of reality; and the theory which fails in this attempt is self-condemned.

Now observe the procedure of the materialist. "What is the causal connection," asks Professor Tyndall, "between molecular motions and states of consciousness?" The assumptions here are, first, that thought is a peculiar *thing*—a thing, however, which somehow or other cannot be "pictured"—placed inside the brain, with which it is, in some way that cannot be mentally visualized, connected. Secondly, the "states of consciousness" are, so far as their connection with "molecular motions" is concerned, sensations or immediate feelings, peculiar to this or that individual. Thirdly, the form of the question implies that the "molecular motions" have a "causal connection" with the "states of consciousness," the connection being such that the former excite the latter. That this is really the view he takes is evident from the whole tenor of Mr. Tyndall's language, one instance of which occurs in the sentence already quoted, which tells us that "the prick of a pin suffices to prove that molecular motion can produce consciousness."

It would seem then that the only way in which the individual knows anything about the real world is through his "states of consciousness," otherwise called his sensations, and that real objects, here called "molecular motions," act somehow—we cannot tell how—upon the self-enclosed individual, the result of which is that he has sensations. And here we get into difficulties. The theory must explain the admitted fact that there exist real things, independently of the particular feelings of any one, and if it cannot do this, it fails at the vital point. Moreover, the theory must be consistent with itself, and hence it has to explain why we are justified in speaking of a material world, or more particularly of "molecular motions," as real. Now, as we have assumed that each individual is a unit by himself, whose sensations are his own, and cannot possibly be shared by anybody else, we are at once launched on a sea of perplexities. Suppose a ray of light, falling upon my eye, sets up "molecular motions" in my brain; still this must take place unknown to me until I have the sensation produced by the "molecular motions." My knowledge of the ray of light is dependent upon my sensations, for it is through my sensations that the real world is said to be known to me. And the same must be true in all cases. The

real object must be supposed to exist, and to act before any sensation is produced in me. The same is true of every single individual; each alike is to know the real world through his sensations, and if he does not get a knowledge of it in that way, he cannot get a knowledge of it at all. And if this is true of each man individually, it must be true of all men taken together; if *each* is confined to his own sensations, *all* must be so confined. But if each and every individual is limited to his own sensations for a knowledge of the real world, how is any one to burst through the barriers which confine him within his own individual consciousness, and get out to the real world assumed to lie beyond? Shall we say that the sensations are real, and that being so, they give a knowledge of a reality distinct from them. But that hardly seems to be the case, seeing that my sensations are —*ex hypothesi*—entirely distinct from yours. Nor will it do to say that each man's sensations constitute for him the real world, inasmuch as the whole account of the "causal connection" of real things must then fall to the ground. One can understand what is meant by saying that "molecular motions," conceived as real phenomena that do not depend upon any individual's consciousness, act upon the individual's consciousness, and produce as effect sensations; but what could be the meaning of saying that sensations which are not, and cannot be, distinct from themselves, act as causes upon themselves, no man who has any regard for his reputation as a sane being would attempt to say. It is, of course, quite possible that some explanation of this difficulty may be found by which the sensations may be shown to be the only reality, but such a theory must evidently abandon its "materialism," its conception of a real world independent of sensations, and its account of the "causal connection" of that real world and the sensations excited by it. We have come, then, to the curious result that, starting from the assumption of material things as realities, we end with a theory that gets into such a dead-lock that it cannot explain how we can come to know any material reality whatever. Further, as no theory which fails to explain the real world can possibly be sound, so far the conclusion is that a materialistic theory is a complete failure. By a process which it unwittingly goes through in trying to establish itself, materialism begins with the assertion that all known reality is independent of consciousness, and ends with the conclusion that there is no reality knowable beyond consciousness.

The difficulties of the theory are not yet over. It is strenuously maintained by the 'materialist' that man has come to be what he is by a long process of development. By the transmission of hereditary tendencies, and the action upon him of external circumstances, the complex nature of the individual man has been gradually evolved. The truth of this theory is not at present in question; what we wish to point out is, that it is utterly inconsistent with the account of knowledge given by the materialist. We have seen that, shut up within the circle of his own conscious states, the individual, on the theory which accounts for the rise of consciousness by the causal influence of "molecular motions" in the brain, cannot have any knowledge of a reality distinct from his own sensations. Now the development of man involves that, outside of individual consciousness there is a real world of things in space and time, and moreover that there are other individuals beside himself who can act upon him in various ways. But if we are to be consistent in explaining the reality of knowledge by the action of molecular forces upon consciousness, the knowledge of other individuals can only be to the individual himself the knowledge of certain sensations which he as an individual experiences. In the illustration quoted by Professor Tyndall from Lange, of a merchant to whom a telegram is brought announcing the failure of a firm in which he is deeply involved, the "complex mass of action, emotional, intellectual, and mechanical, is evoked by the impact upon the retina of the infinitesimal waves of light coming from a few pencil marks on a bit of paper." The same method of explanation must be applied to our knowledge of human beings. Perfect consistency demands that, as the individual knows nothing until the "molecular motions" have produced sensation, all knowledge of external realities should be explained by the sensations of the individual. Other individuals therefore are to me nothing but certain aggregates of my sensations: I cannot get out beyond my own individual consciousness, and hence I can speak of no reality except of that which alone reveals itself to me, viz., the reality of my own impressions.

Need it be said that this is utterly inconsistent with a theory which assumes that there is a real world of objects apart from my sensations, and that I am myself the net product of the interaction of real existences, including human beings, upon each other, continued for an immense period of time! The development theory, like every theory which can be stated in intelligible words, assumes that the real world is completely independent of the individual's sensations and emotions; the materialistic explanation of knowledge leads to the conclusion that the individual is alone in the universe with his own fleeting impressions. Materialism is thus essentially self-contradictory: it pretends to explain intelligence as due to the impact of a material thing, the brain, upon the mind, and in doing so it comes upon a view of knowledge that leads to the denial of that very 'matter' which is to effect the overthrow of spirit. How comes it, then, that the fundamental incoherence of the theory has not been seen? The answer is that, in various ways, its self-contradictory character has been concealed. The reality of knowledge, and the knowledge of reality, cannot be seriously questioned by any intelligent being, but the explanation given of this reciprocal reality may be unintentionally such as logically to overthrow what nobody seriously questions. The course of our argument has shown that intelligence can in no proper sense be said to be purely individual: in other words, that man is not tied down by the limitations of his merely sentient nature, but on the contrary comprehends both his animal organism and a real world in which it is placed and to which it is in manifold ways related. The main reason that this universal side of human nature has been overlooked is that the real world is supposed to be independent, not only of the feelings of the individual as such—that is, of the peculiar sensations that belong to his animal organism—but of the individual as a thinking, rational, intelligent being. But we have already seen that the reality of the world is bound up with the reality of knowledge, so that if we deny the one we equally deny the other. There cannot therefore be a greater absurdity than first to speak of a real world, *i. e.*, of a world as actually known, and then to proceed to explain knowledge as if it were an effect of this reality. As reality is known reality, it is as preposterous to say that this known reality is the cause of real knowledge, as that knowledge is the cause of known reality; neither the one nor the other is true, knowledge and reality being alike a relation of an intelligence to that which is intelligible. The reality which is to account for knowledge must be known reality, and if so, it is too late to seek to explain what is already explained. This however is not usually observed, and hence we have a compromise of the kind suggested by Professor Tyndall when he tells us that he "cannot see the connection between molecular motions and states of consciousness." The view is expressed much more clearly by Mr. Spencer in a now famous passage, and it will be most profitable to consider it in this clearer form.

"See, then," says Mr. Spencer,* "our predicament. We can think of matter only in terms of mind. We can think of mind only in terms of matter. When we have pushed our explorations of the first to the uttermost limit, we are referred to the second for a final answer; and, when we have got the final answer of the second, we are referred back to the first for an interpretation of it."

There is no reason to doubt that Professor Tyndall would endorse this theory, although in his latest utterance he does not explicitly say so. Assuming this, let us ask how it harmonises with the asserted dependence of consciousness upon material processes. Now, in the first place, it seems evident enough that if "matter" can only be thought of "in terms of mind," we can no longer say that consciousness is an effect of "molecular motions," inasmuch as these have no meaning apart from consciousness. "Matter," it is admitted, is for knowledge absolutely nothing except as interpreted by mental phenomena, and as the matter which is spoken of is matter as known, it is preposterous to say that it can be the cause of mind. If we are to use the category of causality at all, we should rather have to say that mind is the cause of matter, in the sense that it is that which renders matter possible, not only in knowledge, but—since knowledge and reality are inseparable—in reality also.

* *Principles of Psychology*, § 272. For a fuller criticism of Mr. Spencer's theory than can here be attempted, I may refer the reader to an article of mine in the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, for January, 1877 (New York: John Wiley & Son).

The view here taken is therefore the contradictory of that which assumes that man is a mere individual, whose consciousness may be likened to something shut up in a box, and who is passively played upon by material forces lying beyond the range of his consciousness. According to the one view, the individual is an exclusive unit, that, as Mr. Spencer says elsewhere, is "absolutely incapable of knowing any feeling but his own," and who is therefore incapable of breaking through the walls of the prison that confines him; hence the material universe must be conceived to act upon him by impact, as one billiard ball knocks against another. According to the other view, the material world is nothing until it is interpreted in terms of consciousness, and hence it must be conceived as in some sense dependent upon that very mind which before was supposed to be dependent upon it. No amount of ingenuity can reconcile two conceptions so radically different, so that here again the attempt to carry out materialism to its logical issues lands us in contradiction. Secondly, Mr. Spencer tells us that we can only "think of mind in terms of matter." Now this is rather confusing; we can understand what is meant by saying that matter has to be translated into terms of thought before it is intelligible, for this need mean no more than that knowledge and reality reciprocally imply each other. But how it can possibly be that "matter" is first thought of in terms of "mind," and then "mind" in terms of "matter," and yet we don't know anything about matter and just as little about mind—this riddle is hard to read. Apart from this difficulty, what are we to make of the statement that we can "think of mind only in terms of matter?" If we "think" of matter at all, we should certainly say that what we think of is *matter as known*, and hence that in thinking of mind in terms of matter, we are nevertheless thinking of mind in terms of itself. No intelligible meaning can be extracted from Mr. Spencer's statement except that mind taken in pure abstraction and matter taken in pure abstraction, are neither of them knowable: that for knowledge we must think of mind as that which knows nature, and nature is that which is known by mind. Hence, instead of speaking as if we first think of mind as a product of matter, and then of matter as a product of mind—and this is what Mr. Spencer's theory ultimately comes to—we must, tenaciously holding the two sides of the antithesis together, assert that intelligence is not identifiable with the feelings of the individual, but comprehends the real world and the feelings of the individual as contrasted with it, and therefore that it cannot possibly be shown to be dependent upon matter, one of its own objects, any more than it is dependent upon the feelings which it renders possible. Human intelligence is thus not a thing in space and time, but is of such a nature that it enables its possessor to make himself at home at once in the natural world, in the world of others' thoughts, in the world of his own feelings, and, it may be added, in the supersensible world where is revealed the absolute perfection of the Infinite Intelligence. The only view which will account for real knowledge is that which discards all such conceptions as that of the mechanical impact of unconscious atoms upon a conscious mind, and the unthinkable fiction of a consciousness that is confined by the crass limitations of animal nature.

JOHN WATSON.

MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI.

IS Margaret Fuller to be classed with the fugitive visitants of this earth? Among those who, by the strong attraction of personal magnetism and transcendent genius, influence contemporary minds and hearts, she certainly is pre-eminent, surpassed by but few; but will this influence gradually grow faint and powerless as the circle of friends who surround her, one by one, disappear? As it is impossible to look down the interminable vista of future years, this question cannot be answered. We stand too near the star to analyse the nature of its light. Her writings, though indeed inadequately representative of her genius, still remain to us, and in them was infused much of that magnetic eloquence which made her power almost unbounded. For an explanation of this we must glance at the prominent facts of her beautiful, yet sad, life. The sketch must necessarily be brief and hurried. Only in the noble record left by her three friends, Clarke, Channing, and Emerson, can a complete and satisfactory view be obtained. One will be almost bewildered by the multitude of thoughts it suggests, the strong rush of admiration, nay, of love and reverence, it inspires.

Born in 1810, her education may be said to date from the very beginning. Her father, an eminent lawyer of Cambridgeport, Mass., evidently perceiving the wonderful genius of the child, exacted a great deal of study from her, which taxed the excitable brain, made her thoughts and feelings too intense and precocious, and laid the foundation for that highly strung condition of the nervous organism which was a continual torture through life, and prevented the free and full development of her powers. At an age when most children have advanced no further than long division or spelling words of two syllables, she was analyzing the principles and mechanism of language, and absorbing the deep thoughts of the deepest minds the world has seen. There is something very sad and touching in her own description of this "unnatural childhood." But books soon became to her a world of far-reaching and inexhaustible delight, and she paid the homage and reverence of her childish nature to those great poets whose works demand affinity of mind and heart to appreciate their hidden beauties and profound wisdom.

Underneath all this intellectual training from the close study of Latin, French, and English literature, a warm and loving heart was continually beating. Margaret had few companions in her childhood, and her affection vented itself on her mother's flowers—thus early indicating that intense love of beauty and perfection which afterwards became an absorbing passion.

At boarding-school she captivated her associates by the irresistible magnetism of her character, by her wit and her talent for entertaining them, although she was made unhappy by the consciousness of isolation from their sphere on account of the peculiarities of her education. Hence a totally different range of thought. On her return home at the mature age of fifteen, she began that course of reading which coloured her whole subsequent life. Her energy and ambition found full and unremitting exercise here. It embraced Greek, French and Italian literature, and English philosophy. She brought to the study of these authors a calm, critical judgment, rigidly analytic and untramelled by conventional prejudice. She did not hastily accept their theories of life and destiny, nor yet was she coldly sceptical—their falsehood harmed her but little, their truth was received as a rich and abiding heritage for her intellect.

In 1829 she met James Freeman Clarke, one of her biographers. He thus alludes to their relationship: "Her intellect was intensely active. What eagerness for knowledge! What fire, what exuberance, what reach, grasp of thought, shone in her conversation. She accepted me as a friend to whom to express the ideas which were dawning and taking shape in her mind. To me it was a gift of the gods—an influence like none other. This friendship brought light to my mind, enlarged my heart, and gave elevation and energy to my aims and

purposes. And what she was to me she was to many others." Though rumours were afloat that this brilliant girl was haughty, sarcastic, and disdainful of those below her in intellectual rank, none who came within reach of her fascinating, magnetizing influence could resist, but all laid their prejudices at her feet, enthusiastic votaries at her shrine. Though exacting great attainments from her friends, she herself often created, or at least developed in them the very forms of thought and character which most won her approval. Those who had never thought deeply of life were inspired by her contagious enthusiasm—in fact, felt challenged to aspire towards a nobler state of being and action. She addressed their highest nature, and that nature seldom failed to be responsive. Her fine tact, and broad, deep, yet delicate sympathy, joined to an unerring insight into the inner recesses of their hearts, even into their most secret motives, enabled her to understand just what they needed for success or progressive attainment. Therefore, her counsel was definite and effectual. This can be best explained by a letter written to her from a prominent lawyer: "What I am I owe, in large measure, to the stimulus you imparted. You roused my heart with high hopes, you inspired me with a great ambition, and made me see the worth and meaning of life, worked in me confidence in my own powers, showed me my distinct work, and quickened my individual consciousness by intelligent sympathy with feelings and tendencies I but half understood. *You gave me to myself.*" Wherever Margaret Fuller went she commanded respect by her dignity of character, won affection and unreserved love by her warm, noble, womanly heart, and attracted admiration by her brilliancy of thought and speech; for even at this early age was displayed that wonderful genius for conversation which eventually drew around her the wise and great of America.

In 1832 she began German, and in less than three months was reading its glorious literature. Her eager eyes caught the best beauty of Schiller and Richter, but in Goethe her ideal, intense temperament found its fullest expression. Emerson afterwards said: "She found her moods met, her topics treated, the liberty of thought she loved, the same climate of mind. It was one of those agreeable historical coincidences, the appearance of a teacher and pupil between whom exists a strict affinity. Nowhere did Goethe find a braver, more intelligent or sympathetic reader." She translated "Tasso," Eckermann's Conversations, and the Letters of Gunderode and Bettina, and began to collect materials for a life of Goethe; but, amid the harassing cares of her busy life, the work progressed but slowly and was never finished.

We know not by what grand outgrowth from her deep and earnest thinking we should be enriched if only that gaunt spectre, ill-health, had given her a brief respite. In the midst of beautiful dreams and ambitious projects, "comes this great vulture and fastens his iron talons on my brain. It has been depressing to be able to do so little, when there was so much I had at heart to do. It seems that the black and white guardians depicted on Etrurian monuments are always fighting for my life. Whenever I have any cherished purpose, outward obstacles swarm around which the *hand which would be drawing beautiful lines must be always busy in brushing away.*" These nervous headaches completely took away her strength; and while she did not yield weakly to the sway of pain, she accomplished the most during the few happy days in which her naturally strong constitution was victorious. Thus her life was too intense and concentrated.

But Margaret Fuller had not only to contend with bodily disease and pain. She had to fight her faults—the weaknesses inherent in this human nature of ours. She had from childhood been "petted and praised as a prodigy;" she had lived in a society which regarded her as its queen, and as such superior; and the universal homage received from intellectual men and cultured women had caused the rank weeds of arrogance and self-love to grow in her heart, sometimes shading the lovely flowers which, nevertheless, were there. Increasing wisdom and larger experience brought humbler views of her attainments, and these egotistic tendencies afterwards, to a great extent, disappeared—a change surprising and touching in one naturally so self-possessed and dogmatic. The keen sensitiveness of her nature, underneath its independence and pride, made her feel deeply any want of appreciation or affection from those who were blinded by her faults from seeing the rare beauty of her character. Her intellectual power no one ever disputed; but the

womanly heart craved love boundless and unquestioning. When instead of this she had to endure coldness and indifference she was made very unhappy.

Then, because her conception of the possibilities for development of the human mind was exalted, because her ideal was too high for realization, she was disappointed and often discouraged. "It seems to me that I have reached the parting of the ways in my life, and all the knowledge I have toiled to gain only serves to show me the disadvantages of each. All my friends would smile or stare could they know the aching and measureless wishes which make me pause and strain my almost hopeless gaze to the distance." It is often thus. Bounds are set to our intellectual conquests, and the range of our insight is limited. The children of genius sigh after the unseen and strive for the unattainable. Like the home-sick bird whose home is in the skies they dash themselves against the bars of their prison-house and long to soar away. The outward obstacles which she had continually to brush away also caused her much unhappiness. The energy which should have been devoted to embodying fine conceptions expended itself in conflicts with circumstances opposed to the complete development of her genius. "Her athletic soul," says Emerson, "craved a larger atmosphere than it found." Impetuously desiring a more adequate sphere for culture, the trivial hindrances in the way were galling to one of her high, proud spirit; her life was forced to spend itself in small currents when the full, harmonious flow of the river might have been hers. W. E. Channing says: "I saw before me one whose whole life had been a poem—of boundless aspiration and hope almost wild in its daring—of indomitable effort amidst poignant disappointment—of widest range yet persistent unity. Yes, here was a poet indeed, who had steadfastly striven to brighten and make glad existence, to fuse most hard conditions, to piece fragmentary fortunes into a mosaic symbol of heavenly order. Here was one, all radiant with imagination, longing for communion with artists of every age in their inspired hours; fitted by genius and culture to mingle as an equal in the most refined circles of Europe; and yet her youth and early womanhood had passed away among the very decent yet drudging descendants of the prim puritans. Trained among those who could have discerned her peculiar power, and early fed with the fruits of beauty for which her spirit pined, *she would have developed into one of the finest lyrists, romancers, and critics the modern literary world has seen.* This she knew, and this tantalization of her fate she keenly felt." But Margaret Fuller was no "pining sentimentalist," sinking into despair because hopes and plans were thwarted. A less strong and resolute woman, because of the obstructions which narrow conventionalism, her sex, and circumstances caused to rise before her, would have allowed these aspirations to dwindle into worthless dreams, and put forth no volition to quicken them into actions.

The weary, worn traveller sees before him in the darkness the faint glimmer of a light far up the mountain-side, and knows where that light is there are rest and joy. He struggles on along the rock-strewn path—often he falls—now the light is hidden by some jutting crag,—then he emerges and it shines out clearer than before.

So Margaret Fuller strove to reach the high altitude of life and experience of which in her youth she had caught glimpses. She had the true "climbing spirit," and though foiled and baffled many times, at length came as near to her ideal as mortal can. She willingly relinquished any pleasure or luxury which tended to make her forget her purpose; no earthly joy had power to allure; thus she went "onward, ever onward; then indeed she had gone far enough."*

This life-aim—this end for all her energy and self-denial—was *culture.* She did not seek knowledge to gratify ambition or vanity, or intellectual eminence to win fame or applause, nor did she make the mistake, too common, alas! among men of genius, that this comprehended culture of the intellect alone, leaving the heart so capable of the warmest, most loving impulses, to become frosty and unloving through neglect. Margaret Fuller aimed at the complete development of her *whole* nature; for the great law of culture is—to use Carlyle's words: "Let each become all that he was created capable of being; expand, if possible, to his full growth, resisting all impediments, casting off all foreign, especially all noxious adhesions, and show himself at length in his own shape and sta-

* Goethe, as quoted by Clarke.

ture, be these what they may." And Margaret Fuller herself says :—"Very early I knew that the only object in life was to *grow*. I was often false to this knowledge in idolatries of particular objects, or impatient longings for happiness, but I have never lost sight of it, have always been controlled by it, and this first gift of thought has never been superseded by a later love." Though she often came into collision with the hindrances of which we have spoken, the heroism, strength, and courage inherent in her nature increased by exercise; though in these hand-to-hand grapplings with fate and destiny her intellect lost, her heart gained.

For years Margaret Fuller's eyes had been turned wistfully towards Europe—longing impetuously to be there. Instinctively feeling that the elements lacking in her opportunities for culture could there be supplied and her highest self be developed, she formed a most alluring plan to sail with Harriet Martineau in 1835. But in October Mr. Fuller died very suddenly, leaving his family dependent upon the eldest daughter. Her duty was clear. Although urged to fulfil the plans she and her father had formed together, Margaret's self-sacrificing and noble disposition was shown by the prompt cheerfulness with which she gave them all up in order to help the family fortunes, and sustain her mother by her presence and tenderness of sympathy. The syren voices were calling to her, but with heroic decision and fortitude she lashed herself to the mast, and saw her friend Harriet Martineau depart without her. Next year she went to Boston to teach modern languages in Alcott's celebrated school. Her spirits were much depressed by grief at the loss of her beloved father and a severe fit of illness through which she had just passed; but she bravely battled grief, pain, and disappointment, and bent the gigantic powers of her mind to the means of culture still within her reach. Emerson says: "She had indeed a rude strength which, if it could have been supported by an equal health, would have given her the efficiency of the strongest men. As it was, she had great power of work. The account of her reading is at a rate like Gibbon's; and that of her letter-writing, considered with the fact that writing was not grateful to her, is incredible."

The same subtle magnetism of genius, which in her youth had charmed and fascinated, now attracted the best and most intellectual society of Boston to her side. Next to Europe, perhaps, Boston was the most fit arena for the exercise of her varied powers. And so the cloud which had threatened to make her life shadowy and dark, rolled off, and its edges were found to be tinged with gold.

She studied art with a true artist's earnestness; and the exact discipline to which she subjected herself in reading the lives of Michel Angelo, Raphael, and Benvenuto Cellini, developed the power of mind and soul to fully appreciate the marvels of that Italy they all loved so well. Her absorbing love of beauty found partial satisfaction in the exhibitions of paintings and sculpture which Boston afforded; also, in the fine concerts. That most expressive of all arts, music, she intensely loved. It revealed to her spirit depths of joy and misery; having a representative value it "afforded a strict copy of her inward life, and led her," as Carlyle says, "to the edge of the Infinite, and bade her look down on that."

In 1840 Margaret Fuller assumed the editorship of the "Dial," to which contributed Emerson, Thoreau, Theodore Parker, and other intellectual men. It was the exponent of what was best and truest in Transcendentalism. The object in view was to elevate the minds of the people to a higher grade of culture, to point out the means for cultivating habits of independent thinking. The editor's rigid analysis of books to be reviewed, and reliable accuracy in criticism were of the greatest service in promoting this object. She wrote vigorously and fearlessly; whatever her judgment and conscience dictated she uttered honestly, even if conflicting with popular beliefs and prejudices. The article on Goethe, which has been so highly praised, was written about this time. It is certainly one of the most impartial estimates of the great German ever formed.

About this time were commenced those "conversation classes," which were not only of great practical benefit in giving accuracy, system, and consistency to woman's knowledge, but aroused many into a nobler moral life. The subjects of these conversations were abstruse and profound, based on classical literature and the best works of art of modern times. Over them all was thrown the illuminating criticism of Margaret Ful-

ler's carefully trained intellect, uttered in words of great beauty, eloquence, and delicate grace.

Thus her days were filled with bright, busy work, yet they were stern and real and earnest. The life of Goethe which she was urged "on most flattering terms" to prepare, had to be relinquished for less congenial literary work which brought in more immediate results. Nevertheless, while many of her cherished purposes had to be quietly hidden away in the deep reserve of her heart, or entirely and forever resigned, Margaret had the happiness of knowing that through her exertions a home had been bought for Mrs. Fuller, and her brothers had "gone honourably through college;" while the number was countless who daily blessed her for her wise, helpful sympathy, and inspiring enthusiasm for all that is great and noble and sublime.

Now she needed change of scene—for her health was failing—and this she found in New York, whither she went in 1844 as book-reviewer for *The Tribune*.

Her fame for great learning and wonderful eloquence in conversation drew around her a circle of friends of much the same range of culture as had been enjoyed in Boston. And yet these literary and social triumphs did not cover up the warm, womanly sympathy which made her life, with all its glaring faults, so beautiful. A high sense of duty, joined to zeal in social and moral reforms, did not allow her to rest satisfied with mere intellectual eminence. She had room in her heart for the uncultured, the wretched, and the lost. She passed one Christmas day among the poor outcasts confined in Sing Sing. "There was," said one present, "a most touching tenderness, blended with dignity, in her air and tone as she looked around upon her fallen sisters and wished them a happy Christmas. A simultaneous movement of obeisance rippled over the audience, with a murmured 'thank you,' and a smile was spread upon those sad faces like sunrise sparkling on a pool." Yes, she had marvellous power to unlock people's hearts and send the bright sunshine of joy and love to chase away the shadows there!

Her best powers are not shown in any of her writings, still less in her articles for the *Tribune*. To one of her mental and physical constitution, forced work at stated times was exceedingly distasteful; and during her entire residence in New York, the dark shadow of headache and pain loomed over her life constantly, sometimes threatening to shroud the brilliant mind in its dusky folds.

At last, in 1846, was opened the way to a more extended career and wider fame, and she sailed for Europe. The descriptions of the distinguished men she met in England, especially Wordsworth, De Quincey, and Carlyle, are good examples of penetration into character and skill in delineation—seizing the most reserved as well as prominent traits and expressing them in a most forcible way. In Paris she formed the acquaintance of Béranger, George Sand, La Mennais, and many others, but her stay there was brief and hurried, for her heart was in Italy and she "sped southward." The last three years of her life were spent there amid the marvels of ancient art. These were probably her best years, glorified by love and intense happiness, though shadowed darkly by pecuniary embarrassments, heart-sickening anxiety, illness, and pain. She loved Rome with the strength of an Italian:

> There were assembled so many master-spirits, and besides,
> In that imperial and hallowed city,
> Each stone has language, every street a story;
> And these dumb teachers in their solemn majesty
> Found an attentive pupil in our poet.*

Her true position was among the most cultured and refined, and in Italy men and women of rank, fortune, and intellect became her friends. Her extensive knowledge of their literature, and her skill in the use of the sweet Italian language, gave her power to enchant and fascinate them by her wonted eloquence.

The Marchioness Visconti Arconati, who travelled with Margaret a good deal, wrote thus to Emerson: "Je n'ai point rencontré, dans ma vie, de femme plus noble, ayant autant de sympathie pour ses semblables, et dont l'esprit fut plus vivifiant. Je me suis tout de suite sentie attirée par elle."

But the lack of money brought small annoyances galling to one of Margaret's proud, sensitive temperament. "My private fortunes are dark and tangled, my strength to govern them much diminished. . . I should have been glad if God would allow me a few years of congenial life at the end of not a few

* Goethe's "Tasso."

of struggle and suffering. But I do not hope it; my fate will be the same to the end; beautiful gifts shown and then withdrawn, or offered on conditions which make acceptance impossible. Italy has been glorious to me. In Rome I have known some happy days when I could yield myself to be soothed and instructed by the great thoughts and memories of the place, But these days are swiftly passing. Soon I must exert myself, for there is this incubus of the future. I find how true was the lure which always drew me towards Europe. Had I only come ten years earlier! Then my health would never have sunk, nor the best years been wasted in useless friction. Now my life must be a failure, so much strength has been wasted on obstructions which only came because I grew not in the right soil."

She could not have chosen a more exciting and eventful time to be in Italy. That long-suffering country was rising in arms against ecclesiastical and monarchical despotism, and Margaret threw herself into the vortex of the struggle with all the fervour and enthusiasm of a native-born. Mazzini was her personal friend, and owed much of his unyielding bravery to the stimulus derived from intercourse with her; indeed, her hatred of treason and intolerance, her advanced views on civil and religious equality, made her a firm partisan, even the friend and counsellor, of most of the leaders of the Republican party. With the wretched inhabitants she endured all the horrors of the siege of Rome, was in fact an eye-witness of the war. "I have been engrossed, stunned almost, by the public events that have succeeded one another with such rapidity and grandeur. . . . I rejoice to be in Italy at this time. It is a time such as I always dreamed of, and I shall return possessed of a great history. Perhaps I shall be called upon to act. War is everywhere."

She was indeed called upon to act. The energy which had vented itself in absorbing study, in struggles with intellectual problems, now expressed itself in heroic action which won her praise and fame. She gave no indulgence to weak nerves or womanly shrinking from scenes of horror and bloodshed, but when she was appointed director of the hospital of the Fate Bene Fratelli, performed her duties bravely. The wounded loved her for her kind, wise ministrations; and the dying, soothed and comforted by her words of hope and joy for them and for their beloved Italy, took their flight into the spirit-world with a fervent prayer to the dear Lord to bless and reward her.

In December, 1847, she was married to Marquis Ossoli, a member of one of the oldest and noblest Roman families. So, at last, the love and happiness she had longed for refreshed her heart with its fragrance. but the marriage brought with it anxiety and care which nearly crushed her courageous spirit. Separated from Ossoli for days, weeks; not knowing whether he lived, or was dead; surrounded by spies, tormented by enemies of republican principles, she had need of all the fortitude and faith of which her noble heart was capable. In order to be where Ossoli could visit her, she went to Rieti, and there, in September, 1848, their son, Angelo Ossoli, came to them. But Ossoli the next day was obliged to return to Rome, reluctantly leaving his wife to the charge of treacherous servants. Yet she was serenely happy in the presence of her boy. "It always seemed that only the feeling of a parent for a child could exhaust the richness of one's soul. In him—my boy—I now find satisfaction for the first time to the deep wants of my heart." But the rapture was soon changed to separation. To be near her husband, to assist his brave countrymen in their struggle for freedom, and to work to better advantage on the history she was preparing, she in November came back to Rome, compelled, however, to leave the boy behind. Then came the siege, during which she was unable to either send or go for him. What her life was is told by Mrs. Story: "She had charge of the hospitals where she spent daily seven or eight hours, and often the entire night. Her feeble frame was much shaken by such a demand on her strength, while her anxiety of mind was intense. I well remember how exhausted and weary she was; how pale and agitated she returned to us after her days' and nights' watching; how eagerly she asked for news of Ossoli, and how seldom we had any to give her, for he was unable to send her word for two or three days at a time." Her anxiety was prophetic. At the end of three months they were allowed to go to Rieti, and found Angelo near death, owing to the cruelty of his nurse. For four long weeks they wooed him back to life, but the strain upon the mother was great

and wearying. "I am tired out, tired of thinking and hoping, tired of seeing men err and bleed. Coward and footsore, I would gladly creep into some recess where I might see a few not unfriendly faces, and where *not more wretches* would come *than I could* relieve." The clouds, however, rolled aside, and through the rift the sun shone out bright and clear. But alas! the sunset hour had almost come.

After the fall of the Republic, all hopes of fortune for Ossoli were blasted. His family refused to acknowledge one who openly confessed radical and protestant principles. But this trial bound Ossoli and Margaret in devotion together by links firm and enduring as iron. Her testimony is conclusive: "His love for me has been unswerving and most tender. I have never suffered a pain which he could relieve. In him I have found a home. Amid many ills and cares we have had much joy together in the sympathy with natural beauty—with our child—with all that is innocent and sweet. I feel great confidence in the permanence of his love. He is capable of sacred love. He showed it to his father, to Rome, to me. He has suffered enough since we met—it has ploughed furrows in his life. He has done all he could and cannot blame himself. Our outward destiny looks dark, but we must brave it as we can." The fate of Italy saddened deeply their hearts, yet Ossoli never regretted that he had given up fortune and position in the terrible struggle of liberty with despotism and wrong. Doubtless much of his singleness of purpose was owing to his wife's influence.

During the winter of 1849 and '50, Florence was their residence. The American and English society there was most congenial to Margaret (among others may be mentioned that of Mr. and Mrs. Browning); and thus these last few months of her life were sweetened and beautified by love, the confidence and sympathy of friends, and the self-consciousness of a development in spirituality which in her proud and impetuous girlhood was unknown.

Although the tendency of her Italian life, in its hurried, intense action, was to make her mind less contemplative and ideal, her intellectual power was not spent in its course, but concentrated itself on the history of the important events which she had so closely and accurately witnessed. We have reason to believe this was her greatest work—the one which would have insured her enduring fame.

And now, to publish this work, and to once more behold the fresh hills of her New England home, she and Marquis d'Ossoli prepared to leave Italy. Though tormented by strange misgivings and anticipations of disaster and shipwreck, they set sail from Leghorn in the barque *Elizabeth*. The voyage was long and perilous, and on the 19th July they were just off the New Jersey coast—almost home. But old Ocean did fatal work that day, and rolled his irresistible waves between Margaret and her home. The *Elizabeth* struck the rocks, and was soon a complete wreck. A few of the passengers were saved by the rafts, but "Ossoli, Angelo, Margaret" (according to the latter's prayer) "went down together, and the anguish was brief." The loss seems greater from their being so near home, in full view of spectators on the shore, who, had they possessed sufficient nerve, could have saved them.

"Was this then thy welcome home, Margaret? A howling hurricane, the pitiless sea, beach pirates, an idle life-boat, and not one friend? In those twelve hours of agony, did the last scene appear but as the fitting close for a life of storms, where no safe haven was ever in reach? Ah, no! The clouds were gloomy on the waters truly, but their tops were golden in the sun. It was in the Father's house that welcome awaited thee.

> 'Glory to God! to God he saith,
> Knowledge by suffering entereth,
> And life is perfected by death.'"*

In casting a farewell glance over Margaret Fuller's life, we find it distinguished by three prominent characteristics: a sincere, affectionate love for humanity, which gave her almost marvellous influence; a strong egoistic tendency; and a deep religious feeling, expressing itself more or less distinctly at different times.

Of her influence in inciting her companions to live a higher life of thought and endeavour we have already spoken. It indicated a strong will and intellect, equally with deep penetration into the subtle workings of the human heart. This power of insight is the

* Channing.

most essential attribute of a novelist. But though Margaret Fuller wrote no novel, the experiences in which she was participator would have furnished enough romance and tragedy for the making of many such.

She has been called a great scholar and thinker. Dr. Johnson used to say that self-confidence is an essential and indispensable accompaniment of true greatness. Undoubtedly Margaret Fuller had a well-defined idea of her mental capacity and attainments, and this, joined to an individual consciousness more marked than is usual in woman, made her conduct sometimes unpleasant and her talk pedantic and arrogant. "With the intellect I always have, always shall overcome. . . . I now know all the people worth knowing in America and I find no intellect comparable to my own." But this pride was but on the surface; underneath was really a moderate conception of her intellectual power. Because she could not embody in *written* language the thoughts which enriched her mind with the brilliancy, eloquence, and effect of which her conversation was capable, she insisted that she had a "second-rate mind," and this in spite of the universal and very perceptible enthusiasm created by her genius.

She had always a deep-hearted reverence for truth, purity, and goodness; believed that these qualities existed in their perfection and infinity in the Supreme Being, whom, from her love of beauty and desire for happiness, she strove to imitate, scepticism being utterly foreign to one with her warm and ardent nature, and earnest, contemplative mind. But for years she stood aloof from a more tangible personal belief, putting in herself a proud trust which sometimes fluctuated, but never brought her anything but disappointment and heartache. And the time came when she needed consolation, "a visible refuge, a positive religion." Into the valley of gloom in which she tarried, came One—a conqueror over the pain, care, and sorrow which embittered her soul; Himself to guide her up the mountain path which Christian pilgrims take, opening to her eager, longing eyes glimpses of glory by the way—the path which ends on those sunlit mountain-tops prepared for the people of God.

A mind with such a speculative and metaphysical tendency could not accept a religion which did not stand the test of reason, for she repudiated with scorn that degrading philosophical belief that the facts of religion lie beyond the sphere of human consciousness. Neither did she assume for her finite, fallible intellect a complete comprehension of the infinite and absolute nature of God. An intuitive grasp of the vital truths of Christianity made her foot-hold strong, and the dangerous quicksands of scepticism and rationalism were alike evaded. And yet her heart-to-heart communion with German idealism tinged her religion with mysticism, and from the thorough study of those grand old pagan Greeks, Socrates and Plato, a taint of superstition mixed with her otherwise unvisionary thinking.

Without entering into a definition of talent and genius, we affirm that Margaret Fuller's talent was revealed by her great acquisition of intellectual wealth, and her skill in its use. Her genius was linked with every manifestation of her individual character. Even as indicated in her writings, it is a strong influence addressing our inner selves and calling our noblest thoughts and impulses into action; it casts a golden sheen of brightness over this dull and tarnished life; its attribute is depth of insight into the "open secret of the universe," and a richer, more beautiful mental existence in consequence.

Genius has existed divorced from faith and pure, loving action; but in Margaret Fuller we see their harmonious union. As far as possible she remained faithful to the rules which the highest genius enjoins—lived an heroic life, which often, as Milton would say, demands more strength of purpose and mind, and more patient renunciation than to write an heroic poem. She had confiding faith that in her soul existed something true, great, and godlike, which no mortal weakness, sin, or error could entirely destroy. Bravely she sought every experience and discipline which would develop this, though sometimes diverted from her purpose by pride and caprice.

She sleeps now: after life's fitful fever she sleeps well; her restless, yearning heart is soothed by Divine peace; and the strong, deep capacity for happiness, which no consciousness of intellectual grandeur and supremacy could satisfy, is now filled by the perfect wisdom, joy, and goodness of Heaven.

G.

† Goethe said, "I never accept from the public approbation which I have not already bestowed upon myself."

RUSSIAN SERFAGE:

ITS RISE AND ITS EXTINCTION.*

AT the present time, when anything relating to the two great nations but lately locked in the death-grip of a fatal war, is important, something relative to the great modern change in the social economy of one of them may be interesting here, and we will endeavour to trace the history, nature, and results of the bondage of the Russian people, and then the history, nature and results of that happily peaceful revolution by which Russia released herself from the fetters which restrained her progress, when she struck off those which bound her serfs, and having thrown off serfage as an unwelcome memory of the dark periods of her history, stepped into the company of the nations all whose men are free.

It may be here premised that these remarks are founded upon a paper written in 1869 for the Cobden Club by Dr. Julius Faucher, of Berlin, and upon Mr. Wallace's admirable book on Russia. Of both works liberal use is made. By Dr. Faucher's aid we may follow more readily Mr. Wallace's chapters on our subject, as well as supply much information which the latter has omitted, as one, himself thoroughly coversant with his subject, is often apt to do when imparting his knowledge to others. Wallace is the more popular in style, Faucher the more exact. Wallace we find often unconsciously supplying illustrations for the diplomat's state paper,—while Faucher's technical report has often given the key to sentences of the descriptive writer otherwise unexplained.

Let us in this paper sketch our subject by a few rough lines which, if we can draw them with a firm hand, should give a recognisable and faithful result. Let these lines be, 1st. The rise and history of Russian serfage. 2nd. Its state at the time of its abolition. 3rd. The former efforts to that end and the cause and history of the legislation of emancipation. 4th. The nature and provisions of the great Ukase of Freedom of 1861. 5th. The effect of emancipation upon the masters or landed proprietors, and 6th, the correlative thereof, its effect upon the former serfs, the new free peasants of Russia.

1st. The servitude of agricultural labour in Russia was a growth of comparatively recent origin, and it is a point not sufficiently noted by historians that while in the earlier centuries of modern ages the Russian peasants were utterly free, those in countries claiming civilization and despising as barbarous this people of the frozen North were really *adscripti glebæ*, *villeins*, serfs, loaded with heavy restrictions and oppressions; that while the peasantries of the West were first quivering with suppressed excitement caused by those restrictions and that oppression, and then rising to rebel against them and gradually overthrow them, the peasantry of Russia was subject to a fate precisely the reverse; it was falling from its free state, restriction was being added to restriction, exactions first illegal then made legal added to former burdens, until long *after* the years when villenage in England at least, long dying was totally extinct, serfage in Russia took its decided form, and continued in the following century increasing in its intensity until it reached at a date as recent as Catherine II.'s reign in 1796, as its climax, a state more abject than that of the villeins of England in the time of the first three Edwards.

It is true that in the early days of Russian history we find *slaves*, properly so called, held not only by the Czar but by the nobles of his court. These, as among many nations, consisted of prisoners of war, insolvent debtors and some classes of criminals and others. They formed, however, a distinct body from the other two great classes comprising the agricultural population, which

* "The Russian Agrarian Legislation of 1861," an essay by Dr. Julius Faucher, of Berlin, published by the Cobden Club in its "Systems of Land Tenure in various countries." Cassell, Petter, & Galpin, London, 1870. "Russia," by D. Mackenzie Wallace, M.A. H. Holt & Co., New York, 1877.

consisted of men still practically free, the free labourer and free peasant of the 15th and early 16th centuries. The labourer had no permanent domicile, but settled temporarily as he could find employment, and moved when better wages or his will drew him elsewhere. The peasants, properly so called, were small farmers or cottiers, and were not wanderers, for they were possessors of small lots of land either in full property or in usufruct, and they were members of a rural commune.

These *mirs*, or Russian village communes, of which we shall have much to speak, were free private aggregations or corporations of peasants, electing their office-bearers from among the heads of families for their internal government, and to represent them in their transactions as to taxation with the state and as to rent with the noble proprietor of the soil, or with the representative of the Crown. For the commune as a whole, not the separate peasants, made contracts by which a yearly rent in money, produce, or labour done on the noble's reserved land, was given as the price of that occupied by the members of the *mir*. The Russian peasants of those days were servants of no one but the Czar. There was no feudal tenure in Russia with its gradations of military superiority. There was no master between the peasant and his Czar. The nobles were the special servants of the crown for whose maintenance it was bound to provide. This maintenance was usually arranged by the allotment, for a term of years or for the life of the servant noble, of a tract of the crown land, to be tilled by his personal slaves already mentioned, or to be leased in whole or in part to the village commune of the local peasants. The *mir* paid to the Czar a land-tax on what it occupied, which tax the Czar sometimes temporarily ceded with the land to favourite nobles. This did not in the least impair the perfect freedom of the peasant; he could remove his domicile in any year upon St. George's day, when the agricultural year ended, if his engagements with his *mir* were completed, and, having paid his share of the land tax to date, he could disregard the noble and his future rents.

The great Mongolian invasion, which lasted over 200 years, had had little effect upon the condition of the Russian peasantry. The Mongols, while practising their exactions upon the great princes and nobles, left the peasants free as before and unoppressed. But with their withdrawal into Asia after their final defeat in 1481 by Ivan the Great, and the consolidation under his autocratic rule as Czar, a title then assumed, began the gradual disenfranchisement of the people and their adscription to the soil. From this time the villages not disposed of to nobles, as already described, were distinguished from those so granted, and called crown villages or free villages. Here we have the origin of the two great classes of serfs afterwards noted, the state serfs and the serfs of private proprietors.

The Czar Boris Godunow bears the popular odium of having chained the peasant to the soil, but there appeared long before his reign a marked tendency on the part of sovereigns, proprietors, and even of the communes to prevent that voluntary removal which the peasant was entitled to claim.

This tendency, beginning after Ivan's expulsion of the Mongols, acted gradually in the succeeding century, and culminated in the ukase of Godunow in 1596. That such a tendency should occur is explained when it is considered that land without labourers is useless, that its value decreases with the decrease of available assistance, and that at that time population was small compared to the available land. Each proprietor held that the real value of his grant depended less on the acreage than on the numbers of peasants settled on it, who would till for him as labourers, hired at rates lowered by their own numbers, the land reserved for his own use, and pay him by their unremunerated labour for his land leased to the commune. Then the communes desired to retain a number of members sufficient to properly cultivate the whole of the communal land, because, as each commune had to pay yearly to the proprietor the fixed stipulated rent in money or in labour, the greater the number available to divide it the less the burden to each member. At the same time, as these reasons for fixing the peasants to the soil began to operate, came new means of preventing migration. For with the centralization of all powers in the Czar, which had formerly been distributed among princes nearly independent, new modes of repression became possible; severe fugitive laws were enacted against those who might attempt to change their domicile without the

full consent of all interested, as well as against those proprietors who should, for the sake of the gain thereby to the number of their own, harbour the runaways of their neighbours. When all those interested thus concurred, the desired end, the retention of intending migrators, was generally in some way, legal or otherwise, attained. The communes, curiously, first went further than the proprietors in the way of violence, for many communes actually prevented members from departing until other persons to supply their places had been found, and this long before the proprietors had the authority of law to insist on such a principle. *They* certainly had endeavoured by indirect obstruction to retain all those once settled on their estates; some actually used force, others acted under cover of formalities for delay, and as the law was not accessible to the weak peasant, he was without remedy. He had in many cases accepted land without implements, cattle, or capital, and had borrowed them of the proprietors. Bad harvests had made him often the defaulting debtor of his landlord; and, in Russia, the laws of debt being terribly severe, this debt was often converted into a legal engine to crush his freedom out. Noting this, we need not be surprised when writers tell us that large numbers of the peasantry were actually serfs long before serfage was recognised by law.

Thus, *gradually*, the general interest of prince, proprietor, and commune, and their united opposition to migration, led to the formal fixation of the peasantry to the soil, and, as already stated, the idea is a mistaken, though popular one, which lays on the usurper, Czar Boris Godunow, the responsibility of serfage, an error, because, as we have seen, the power of the proprietors came into existence, not suddenly as the result of any ukase, but gradually as the consequence of active economic and political causes. Wrongly though it be, popular tradition in Russia has kept alive, in the sad wail of many ballads, the memory of St. George's day, 1596, as the dark day when the usurper published his detestable ukase. By it the peasant was forbidden to quit his village without permission and written passport either from the proprietor–if it was held by one–or from the officer placed over it, if a crown village; and it further provided that every peasant found away from his village without such passport, should be arrested and sent back in irons, that the punishments enacted for the various degrees of fugitive crimes might be there inflicted *pour encourager les autres.*

Dr. Faucher throws out a curious surmise which, if correct, would throw on our own England the responsibility of an involuntary suggestion to Godunow on his great ukase. He says:

"A certain approach had taken place between the Russian government, isolated after the fall of Constantinople from all other governments, and at least one of the governments of western Europe. The English had found the way to the White Sea, and already Ivan IV. had exchanged embassies with Queen Elizabeth, and Boris Godunow continued amicable relations with the Queen.

"His ambassador, Mikulin, took even an active part in the streets of London in the quelling of Essex's insurrection. Mikulin had to report to the Czar on English legislative institutions. In the year 1601, the great poor law, crowning the efforts of the Tudor age in dealing with the difficulty of pilgrims and vagabonds, the bane of the country down from the time when Henry VII. abolished vassalage, had become the law of the land in England. It had been preceded by statute, 14 Queen Elizabeth, in 1572, which ordained that the abode of persons who could not or would not do work, was to be fixed in the parish in which they were born, or in which they had resided during three years, and in case of vagabonds, during one year. Might not Boris Godunow, whose legislative acts in the matter date from 1596, beleaguered by his nobility, and getting the convenient pretext of a famine (which broke out, engendering swarms of beggars and typhus epidemic, which these beggars carried all over the country), and informed by his ambassador of the wise counsel, under similar circumstances, of the advisers of the English Queen, have tried a Muscovite version of contemporaneous English legislation? Indeed, it looks much like it. Proneness to imitation, and reckless boldness in trying it, is a Russian characteristic to this day."

All this, however, appears much more curious than real.

The consequences of thus by legislation attaching the peasants to the soil, did not at once disclose themselves. The serf

retained all the civil rights he had hitherto enjoyed, except that of changing his domicile, and that was not, for the majority, felt an irksome restriction, for change of domicile had never been very frequent, while the proprietors were restrained for a time by the force of old custom from any important alteration in the existing contracts with their peasants.

As time wore on, the changed legal relations of parties produced their natural consequences, which, however, the Czars ignored. They should have foreseen that so soon as the relation between proprietor and peasant ceased to be a voluntary contract, by being rendered indissoluble, the weaker of the two parties must fall under the power of the stronger. When the Czars withdrew from the peasant his right to terminate his contract with the proprietor, they should in fairness have determined the mutual obligations which for the future should exist between them. Taking advantage of this omission, the proprietors soon began to impose whatever obligations they thought fit, and gradually introduced a patriarchal jurisdiction similar to that which they already exercised over their slaves, with fines and corporal punishment as means of coercion.

Even then, however, the proprietor could not *sell* his serfs, except with the land of which they formed an appendage; but in time the nobles ventured on that step, long a flagrant abuse unsanctioned by the law, which had never declared the peasant the private property of the noble. The government, however, first tacitly sanctioned it, and finally recognised it by various ukases in 1675 and 1682.

Still the peasants, sunk as they were from their former freedom by these measures, retained many of the marks which distinguished them from the slaves on the one hand and the free wandering labourers, still absolutely free, on the other. These distinctions were obliterated by Peter the Great, and from his time we find the three classes melted into the common class of *serfs*, all regarded as the property of the proprietor, and saleable at his will.

Peter, in surveying the empire to which he had attained, with the view of increasing the revenue, fastened his attention on the slaves, the domestic servants, and the free wandering labourers, none of whom till his time paid any taxes, while Peter's very proper determination was, that every subject must serve or support the state He took a census of all classes of the rural population, slaves, domestic servants, labourers, and peasants all being set down in one category; and upon that census, he imposed on all an equal poll tax instead of the former land-tax, which had been borne by the true peasants only; and the proprietors were made responsible to the government for this tax due by all their serfs. This, together with another regulation, which required the free wandering labourers to enrol themselves as serfs to some proprietor on pain of the galleys, served to rivet the chains which growing custom and law had thrown around the serfs. By making the proprietors responsible for the poll-tax of his serfs, the law seemed to sanction the idea that they were as much his property as his cattle. By this time every rustic not attached to the land was a vagrant and punished as such, and, as Mr. Wallace says, "there was no longer room in Russia for free men."

During the succeeding reigns, the growing legal pretensions of the proprietors—unchecked, perhaps favoured from reasons of policy by the government—pressed with increasing weight upon the unhappy serfs. They made numerous violent, but disorganized efforts at relief by agrarian risings, notably when, in 1773, the pretender, Pagatcheff, Wat-Tyler-like, caused them to rally to his standard by lavish promises of relief. These recent agrarian efforts also recall the Jacquerie of France and the Peasant war of Germany, the old-time risings by which the peasants of France and Germany made their first demands for freedom, From each struggle the serf fell back unsuccessful and under more galling fetters, and Catharine II. found in Pugatcheff's outbreak an excuse for enlarging the power of the proprietors as the safest means of guarding against any recurrence of such danger. During her reign, serfage may be said to have reached its climax. The serfs were regarded by the law as much a part of the proprietor's property as the trees upon it,—as the working cattle which tilled the fields; and as such they were bought and sold by the hundred and thousand, sometimes with the land, sometimes without, now in families, now individually. The only restriction was, that they should not be sold during the conscription, because that might interfere with

the levy, nor should they be sold by auction, because that was, the ukase says, "unbecoming to a European state." The line had to be drawn somewhere, and Catharine considerately drew it at the auction block.

In Russia, a noble's fortune was spoken of, not by his capital or his revenue or his acreage, but by the "souls" of which he possessed so many, and over these poor "souls" he exercised an authority well-nigh absolute. The serf was utterly without defence; no court was open to such as he; and did he send a complaint to the Czar or his representative, that alone was ground for the application of the knout, or sentence to the deadly mines of Ural or to black Siberia.

We have now reached the darkest days of serfage. Its turning point was in the closing years of last century; till then we have seen the power of the proprietors constantly increase, but now under the Emperor Paul we find the first decided symptoms of a reaction. He placed the first limitation (and it was a great one) on the demands of the proprietor, when he enacted that the serfs should not be compelled to work for their masters more than three days in the week,

With his successor, Alexander I., commenced a long series of attempts to correct the more glaring abuses, and during the long reign of Nicholas, commissioners were appointed to consider the agrarian questions; but the results were really small A ukase of 1841 allowed proprietors to enfranchise their serfs, make them tenants on a certain style of lease, the conditions of which the government undertook to see fulfilled. The object was to ascertain by experiment the nature of the contracts which the parties would voluntarily form, as a guide for future legislation.

Little use was made of this permission. In 1848 Nicholas removed the restrictions which prevented any but nobles from acquiring land, and the peasant who could save enough might buy freedom and his little field. He also issued a ukase endeavouring to stop the sale of peasants without land, and of land without peasants, when the communal acreage should thereby be reduced below 12 acres per head.

Yet till near the present reign the serf could make no complaint; action was only taken against a proprietor when some grosser cruelty reached the ear of the government, and that ear was often dull. In fact, Faucher says, "serfage was dealt with very tenderly as the only sure basis of autocracy."

The state peasants, or serfs on the state lands, had a lot somewhat better than those of proprietors, for they were managed by officials acting under instructions liberally framed by the government as an example to the proprietors. These state lands consisted of those large tracts which had never been granted away by the Czar, those estates which had been resumed on expiration of temporary grants, those forfeited for maladministration or sedition, and in the time of Catharine II. there was added the whole of the extensive church estates which she secularized and added to the crown lands, instead of distributing them among the nobles who had been, perhaps with that very distribution in prospect, the most zealous for such reforms, as was done in other lands of which we know.

2. Let us now turn to the second division of our subject, the state of serfage at the period of its abolition in 1861. At the outset it is interesting to view the numerical distribution of the Russian people. In the year of emancipation we find that the total population of Russia was about 61 millions, of whom over 49 millions were serfs, nearly five-sixths of the whole. Of these serfs about 23 millions were serfs of private proprietors, while over 26 millions were serfs of the state and public lands. The distribution of serfage was unequal but still somewhat symmetrical. It attained its greatest proportion in the centre of the empire, around Moscow, while speaking generally, we find the proportion decreasing as we radiate to the confines of the empire.

As already indicated, the dues exacted by proprietors from their serfs were of three kinds, farm produce, labour, and money. Of the first the quantity was generally small, but it was entirely dependent on the will of the proprietor. As to the amounts of labour and money, much variety prevailed depending on local or personal circumstances. When a proprietor farmed on his own account and had not a large complement of serfs compared to his arable land, he exacted from his serfs all the labour for his fields which he could, and probably dispensed with any money dues. If, on the contrary, he had more serfs than his own fields required,

he put the surplus number on *obrok*, i. e., he allowed them to hire themselves to others on condition of his receiving a fixed annual sum from each. If the proprietor did not farm at all, he probably put all his serfs on *obrok*, and generally gave the *mir* or commune the whole of his arable and pasture land in usufruct.

We must consider that on each estate the serfs formed, dependent on its size, one or more communes or *mirs*, and that the *mir* played the part of tenant to the proprietor for the ground on which the communal village was built, and of the fields around it to a variable extent, and distributed upon the peculiar principles of the *mir* among its members, and farmed by them for their own advantage, while the remainder of his estate was retained and worked by the proprietor by the labour of these serfs for his sole profit. The proportion of reserved land was, as already indicated, very variable; the average may be said to have been one-half.

Since the ukase of Paul I. it was illegal to exact more than three days labour per week; but, as until late in the reign of Nicholas, the serfs could make no complaints to any authority to control their proprietors, they were often compelled to perform illegal exactions of labour and to suffer in consequence perhaps the loss of their own crops.

In reference to the working of serfage as a whole, Mr. Wallace introduces the often heard principle, "that the practical results of institutions depend less on the intrinsic abstract nature of those institutions than on the character of those who work them," and remarks truly that so it was with serfage.

If the proprietor happened to be of the enlightened and humane sort, the lot of his serfs was probably better than that of the average agricultural labourer of England. The serf had his house, his kitchen garden, and a share in the communal land; he probably had acquired a horse, a cow, some sheep, and a good supply of implements, while his share of the proprietor's labour was exacted in a manner not oppressive which left him ample and seasonable time to cultivate his own land. But the proportion of proprietors of this class was unfortunately small; there were many who demanded of their serfs excessive labour and who treated them inhumanly.

Mr. Wallace, treating of the means of oppression, divides them into the legal and illegal. The legal were alone very complete. He quotes from the Russian Code: "The proprietor may impose on his serfs every kind of labour, may take from them money dues *(obrok)*, and demand from them personal service, all with this one restriction, that they should not be thereby ruined, and that the number of days fixed by law (three) should be left for their own work."

Until 1848, he might transform peasants into domestic serfs, which deprived them of their share in the communal land and made them saleable at will, while he also might hire them out to others of his proprietary class.

For all offences against his orders he could inflict coporal punishment to the extent of forty lashes; and if he chose to view any case as a serious one, might present the offender as a recruit to the army or have him exiled to Siberia.

The above was legal, and, as will be seen, the sole judge of the matter was the proprietor. From the ignorance of the serfs and the blindness of the authorities, it is not wonderful that these powers were extended greatly and that the serfs suffered many exactions and punishments not included in the above extensive privileges. Of all the proprietor's powers, that of giving offenders away as conscripts was the most dreaded, and the threat of it the most common means of extortion.

Against all these the serf had no effective remedy; he was prohibited from complaining to the police, but required by law to be "docile and obedient," and the master was never interfered with by an obsequious police unless he made himself unwontedly notorious by his cruelty. To resist oppression, serfs sometimes, but seldom, tried mutiny; it was put down by the stern hand of the military power, and some executions served to restrain the peasants from repetition. The most common remedy was flight, but unless the peasant got away to a distant province where labour was scarce and no questions about his missing passport were asked, he was taken by the police, returned to his master, and received all of the lash which the law, or the blindness of authorities, allowed him to inflict. Occasionally the oppressions of their masters drove their serfs to burning the manor-house and barns, and even to agrarian murder, but in this direction their

efforts never attained the frequency often known in certain parts of the United Kingdom.

The serfs just described were the peasants, members of the *mirs*, who cultivated shares of the communal land, but about seven per cent. of the whole number of proprietor's serfs were *dvorovnie*, or domestic serfs, domestic *slaves* they might be called. They received no wages, could not change masters, possessed no practical legal rights, and might be punished, hired out, and sold at the will of their owners. Their lot was really little different from that of the negroes on a former Alabama plantation. They were obliged to live near the manor-house in a quarter allotted by the owner, where, however, they generally had each a hut and a little patch of ground. They received a monthly allowance of food and a yearly allowance of clothes from the proprietor. They were often trained by their owners as mechanics, and hired out to master-tradesmen. Often if a proprietor had an excessive number, and the labour market in the neighbourhood was well supplied, he could not hire them all, and they had a lazy life, but they were always liable to perform whatever duty he called for.

Before attempting any mention of the emancipation movement and its effects, it is necessary to view a Russian estate with its internal component, the *mir* or commune, of which we have often spoken, its organization, and its working.

An average Russian estate may contain 3,000 or 4,000 acres, divided, probably, about equally between the proprietors and the peasants forming the *mir*. On large estates there may be two or several *mirs*; the proprietor's reserved land being usually around his manor, in which reside those domestic serfs who are his indoor slaves, while near by are the huts of those other domestic serfs who are his outdoor slaves. At a considerable distance, nearly in the centre of the communal land of the mir, stands the village of the peasants, consisting of a number of large, rough wooden houses, where the families live in a patriarchal fashion, the sons and grandsons bringing their wives to their father's and grandfather's house, seldom building new houses or setting up separate establishments, but all residing together unless the house, crowded beyond belief, is insufficient, and actually compels a separation. The head of each family, generally an aged grandfather, exercised a patriarchal control, but the members of the family possessed everything in common; their horses, implements, the produce of their lots of the village land, and the money earned by any member who adopted a trade or went away from home on *obrok*, these were all poured into the common purse held by the patriarch, who was called *khozain*, or administrator of the family. When a family was broken up by reason of having become too large, and when the death of the patriarch gave a fitting time, the whole family joint property was divided between the adult male members. The proprietors, for economic reasons, because their serfs could earn more by saving the expenses of several houses, and thus be open to the levy of larger dues, gave all their influence to the maintenance of the system of large families, however inconvenient for the parties. No family could be broken up or a new house erected without the proprietor's consent. One of the first consequences of emancipation was that vast numbers of families fell to pieces when not held together by the proprietor's power, and the number of peasants' houses was vastly increased.

The communal land of the village may contain 2,000 acres. About half, probably, is arable land, the remainder is composed of meadow or hay field, where the cattle of the *mir* graze in common, or of woodland, where the villagers cut wood for fuel, repairs, &c, The arable land is divided in the greater part of Russia into three immense fields, each of which is parcelled into as many long, narrow, equal-sized strips as there are commoners. The first field is for winter grain, *i.e.* rye, whence the common black bread, their main food, is made. The second grows oats for the horses and buckwheat for the inhabitants. The third lies fallow and is used as pasture land. The three-field system indicates the common triennial rotation of the crops—the rye field of this year may grow buckwheat and oats next year and lie fallow on the third. Each family possesses one strip in each of the three fields. The meadow is not generally divided, but the hay crop is mown by the labour of all, and then the result divided.

3. Coming to the third division of our subject, the cause of emancipation and the history of the legislation which effected it, it

may be broadly stated that the accelerating cause was the Crimean War, and its result to Russia, which, if not disastrous, humiliated the national pride and confidence in its armies. These unbared to the national eye the weakness caused by the bondage of the mass of the people. As to the legislation, it may be said to have been carried by the great personal interest and energy of the present emperor. Nicholas had ruled Russia with one main end in view—the maintenance of a large and perfectly equipped army, and with the holding in readiness of the whole population in one reserve behind another for great and victorious war. The war long prepared-for came, and all the preparation was found vain; the army was everywhere defeated, not from want of bravery, but from departmental inefficiency and physical obstacles imposed by distances and want of communication. The people were astounded, disappointed, indignant at the ministers of the emperor, while, torn by his own feelings of defeated ambition, the iron Czar died. Whether Nicholas would ever, as the result of reform rendered necessary by defeat, have adopted emancipation as his essential measure, may well be doubted of the man who said, "I cannot change; my successor may if he choose."

Alexander, whatever he may be now, was then a man of different disposition from his father. He was humane and kind-hearted, saw clearly the necessity of internal reform, and especially in the social condition of those who formed the bulk of his subject population—the serfs.

At the same date as his accession, the educated classes of Russia, all driven by the one cause, the result of the war, were seized with reform enthusiasm, but there appeared no clear conception at first as to where the great work should begin. Administrative, judicial, social, economic, financial, and political reforms seemed all equally pressing, but it gradually became clear that to the question of serfage the precedence in reform must be given, for it was absurd to speak of progress, education, self-government, equality in law, while five-sixths of the people were subject to the personal will either of private proprietors or of the representatives of the Czar. There could be no real agricultural or industrial progress without free labour. The thinking classes had seen the necessity, and it was discussed much in private, but Russian reformers were chary of expression until the views of the Emperor were by himself announced. This he did in March 1856, a few months after the conclusion of peace, in a speech to the nobles of Moscow, when he clearly indicated a desire, an intention, to emancipate his serfs. He told them, "it is better to abolish serfage from above, than to await the time when it will begin to abolish itself from below," and he was wise.

We have not space here to trace the various means, some of them rather subtle, by which the Emperor pursued to completion, in 1861, his cherished intention of universal freedom. Many were the obstacles which even in that autocratic land, he encountered. The opposition of the nobles was as active, as strenuous as they dared make it, until becoming convinced that the work must be done—for the Czar said so—they acknowledged to themselves that it would best be done quickly and by their own order, rather than by the hated bureaucrats. If the proprietors did the work themselves, their interests could be properly cared for, while by the bureaucrats their interest would be perhaps neglected in favour of that of the many. Accordingly, in most provinces, the nobles gradually fell in and lent their aid.

In the consideration of the subject, it was generally admitted that to sever the link between master and serf, and at the same time break the link between the peasants and the soil, would be false reform charged with direst consequences. For cut off from the land what was to become of the freed serf? The whole peasantry would have been free wandering labourers, often homeless, and the pretext of Boris Godunow would have become a reality. The resolve, therefore, to do away with serfdom involved, admittedly, a second resolve, that of so settling the land question between the master and the late serfs that the bulk of the peasants would be prevented from becoming suddenly unsettled and homeless, and that both parties should stand in equitable relations to each other and to the land. The project of emancipation involved also the land question as between peasant and peasant,—the consideration whether the old institution of the *mir* should be continued. A fourth matter had also to be considered, namely, the form of local self-government which

should replace the patriarchal government of the proprietor now to be abolished.

The original scheme contemplated gradual emancipation, *i. e.*, emancipation with a probationary period; but when the matter came to be fully and finally considered in the commission which elaborated the reports received from the various quarters of the empire, an entirely new project was formed, which ultimately received, with trifling amendments, the imperial sanction. By this the serf was to be *at once* emancipated, a line of demarcation at once drawn between the communal land and that reserved by the proprietor, and a price or rent determined, which should be made for this communal property, as well as for the village land, and the commune was to remain until dissolved by the voluntary act of the peasants.

By his strong will, Alexander I. overcame all obstacles, even those which in the last stages his great council endeavoured to raise, and on 19th February, 1861, he signed and proclaimed his Ukase of Emancipation. It was read in every church and listened to with wonder, but, as might have been expected, hardly with joy by the now free peasants, for in their ignorance they had formed hopes of a freedom which could not equitably have been conceded; they would have taken everything and left their former masters nothing.

4. The nature and provisions of the great ukase, which form our fourth division, are summarised by Mr. Wallace under four fundamental principles, thus:

1. That the serfs should at once receive the civil rights of free rural classes, and that the civil authority of the proprietors should be replaced by communal self-government.

2. That the rural commune should, as far as possible, retain the land they actually held, and should in return pay to the proprietor certain yearly dues in labour or money.

3. That the government should, by means of credit, assist the commune or separate peasants to redeem these dues, or, in other words, to purchase in freehold the lands ceded to them in copyhold tenure.

4. That as to the domestic serfs, they should continue to serve their masters for two years, and be thereafter completely free; but that they should have no claim to any land.

The task of regulating the future relations between the proprietors and peasants, and of organising the new communal self-government, was entrusted to certain officers taken from the local proprietors called "Arbiters of the Peace." The first duty undertaken by each of these officers, after visiting his district to explain the law in public meetings of the *mirs*, was to organise the intended new self-government of the peasants. The old unit was there already in the *mir*, which regained its ancient vitality when the overshadowing authority of the proprietor was removed. By the regulations, however, a new administrative unit of larger size was established, termed the *volost*, a form of municipality comprising several contiguous *mirs*, the officers of which were elected by the voices of all male residents holding land.

When this was done the arbiter entered upon the really arduous portion of his duty, that of regulating the future agrarian relations between the communes and their late proprietors, for, as before emancipation, so now the latter had no direct relations with individuals. The new relations were to be left as far as possible to voluntary contract, and each proprietor was invited to come to some agreement with his serfs. If such could be made, it was drawn up in form of a charter, and submitted to the arbiter of the district for his approval, and if he found it just and in accordance with the law, it was confirmed. These documents set forth the number of male serfs, the quantity of land actually held by their commune, any proposed changes in the quantity, the dues to be levied, and other details. One year was allowed for the completion of such voluntary settlements; if the parties did not come to an understanding within that time, the arbiter visited the estate, examined its acreage and condition, number of serfs, their existing relations with the proprietors, and after hearing the views and complaints of proprietor and serf, proceeded to draw up according to his judgment, but as directed by the law, as we will describe, a charter for the estate, and presented it to the central authority of the province. At the outset, amicable settlements were seldom made; for, though the proprietors often were willing to make arrangements at least as liberal as the law required, the expectations of the serfs had been so excited that they could not understand that they were not to have the proprietor's reserved land as well as the com-

munal, and that they were really to pay dues to the nobles for what they had. They failed to see that equity required some compensation to the noble for the loss of his former privileges. This expectation was the great obstacle encountered by the arbiters, but they generally did their work judiciously and well. It was universally admitted that the government had made admirable appointments to these offices, and having shaken itself clear of the old corrupt class of civil officers which had so long disgraced the administration, had secured men to whom, as Mr. Wallace says, "Russia is in great part indebted for the peaceful character of Emancipation."

Let us now endeavour as concisely as possible to state the substance of this very elaborate and lengthy ukase.

We first find that the domestic serfs were to be absolutely free after serving their proprietor for two years. They received no land because they never had worked any on their own account, and because they were to pay no future dues. In their case all compulsory relations with the proprietor then ceased.

Then, as to the partition of the land in any estate between the proprietor and his peasants, members of the *mir*, the proprietor was bound to transfer over to the *mir*, in hereditary copyfold, against payment of rent in labour or in money, an amount of land, the exact size of which depends on local circumstances stated in the law, and to which we will allude, or else decided by friendly agreement between the proprietor and the peasant.

There was, however, in all cases a minimum amount per adult male fixed by the law, varying in different sections of the country. This provision rendered it possible to correct any infringements, committed by proprietors, of that law of Nicholas already mentioned, but not strictly enforced, that no proprietor should sell land without peasants, unless he left at least four djessastines (about twelve acres) per adult male of the peasants. Then the law, as if to yield a point to the proprietor, enacts for each district a maximum amount for each peasant. Naturally, in the most densely populated country, which was also generally the richest soil, the maximum was smaller than in sparsely settled and barren land, and approached the legal minimum.

For this matter of maximum and minimum, the whole empire was tabulated carefully by experts after surveys, which established what had been the usual quantity held by the *mirs*, and what was actually necessary for subsistence.

In the result it will be found that the real extent of the grant to which the peasants were thus entitled was—and indeed such was the general intent of the law—that of the *nadel, i.e.*, the land which the peasants had under cultivation for sustaining themselves while serfs.

If the *nadel* exceeded the legal maximum, the proprietor could insist on its being reduced to that amount, and careful provisions are enacted to prevent injury to the compactness of the reduced *nadel*.

Again, if the *nadel* fell short of the legal minimum, which generally occurred when the proprietor had, by sales or illegal measures, diminished the original quantity, the *mir* could claim an addition under regulations similarly framed to insure the grant of new land contiguous to the former *nadel*.

These precautions were taken to prevent the proprietor from mutilating the self-sustaining completeness of peasant husbandry. These matters were among the troublesome details regulated between proprietor and peasant by the arbiters after hearing all parties and visiting the premises. Thus, then, was effected the division of the land: the proprietor held what was left him, absolutely; farmed as he wished or could, by the hired aid of his former serfs, as ordinary labourers, or leased it in whole or in parts to such peasants as could farm more than their own shares, or to such speculative farmers as desired it. The *mir* held the allotted land in copyhold against, as the law calls it, a perpetual compulsory copyhold fee,—compulsory, because not generally matter of agreement by the peasant; the law fixed it and he must pay it even if he thought it high.

Let us then note the form and mode of fixing these fees, the most difficult part of the whole scheme.

It was assumed that a sudden transition in the form of compulsory dues, from that of labour to that of money, would be impolitic, if not impossible, if the peasants were everywhere to be able to discharge their new liabilities. It was thought that, as money was generally scarce, the excess of produce would, at places distant from markets, de-

press local prices, enable the proprietor, when unpaid in money, to force his tenants to sacrifice their crops, which he might then buy himself as the one large capitalist of the locality; in fact that each proprietor could and would "corner" the markets of his estate. It was therefore thought necessary, Dr. Faucher says, "in order to preserve a numerous peasantry, to acquiesce in a remnant of compulsory labour," the law prescribing in lieu of what amount of money it should in each district stand.

Accordingly the rent in labour is the normal form established by the law, but every encouragement is held out to adopt the money-rent in substitution for it. In either case the maximum of peasants' land per male head was made the legal starting-point of the calculation. The rent, in the form of labour for a share equal to the legal maximum of the locality, was fixed at 70 days labour. If the share was less than the maximum then the labour-rent was reduced in proportion. Elaborate regulations are made to determine how these days are to be taken throughout the year.

Here, it will be perceived, is where the emancipation process touched the proprietor in his privileges most seriously. Before that event he could claim three days per week, which gave him in practice, when holy weeks and days were allowed for, about 130 days per annum. Now he has only 70 days to claim.

The retention of the allotted land on the above terms was *obligatory* on the peasants for *nine* years. In some parts of the empire (as the rich country of the black soil) this was no burden, because the market-rent value of the land was equal to sometimes more than the *obrok*, but in the poorer lands of the north and of the steppes, the *obrok* was generally more than the normal rent, and it was a burden which the law, for the general good, compelled the peasant to bear for this period. It, however, afforded him some options which might be advantageous. If he chose to abandon to the proprietor one-half of the share which he held in copyhold, he could retain the other half rent-free as freehold.

"This," Dr. Faucher remarks, "in the interest of arriving as quickly as possible at the establishment of a proprietary peasantry holding common or individual property, was rather an ingenious provision, but in form very Russian. First, the peasants are compelled to remain as copyholders *peasants* for the space of nine years after they had ceased to be *serfs*. Thus it was hoped to get them accustomed to peasant life under freedom by means of a little coercion, as the only pardonable and transitory remnant of serfdom, namely, the coercion of continuing to till the soil as copyholders instead of as serfs.

"If they should feel the burden of compulsory payment of the copyholder's fee too extensive, an escape is left them by their becoming proprietors of a smaller amount of land, and the proprietor of the estate, too, is stimulated to secure to himself a less curtailed estate, by assisting the peasants in becoming freeholders."

We now come to one of the most important provisions of the law of 1861, that which confers on the peasant the right to purchase the freehold of the copyhold on which he lives, in other words, to redeem his rent by capital payment. He was *compelled* to accept the copyhold, but the proprietor was compelled to accept his money if he wished to buy his share. This may be done by individual peasants, thus dissolving *pro tanto* the community, or it may be done by the whole *mir*, thus continuing the commune. The price is obtained by capitalizing the *obrok* at six per cent. when a whole *mir* commutes at once; when individuals commute they must pay one-fifth additional as compensation to the proprietor for breaking the uniform nature of his estate.

The government has undertaken to assist the peasants in thus redeeming their rents by advancing to the proprietor, on the security of the *obrok*, to be paid for the future to the government officers, four-fifths of the capital in government five-per-cent. bonds. The remaining one-fifth was to be paid by the peasants to the proprietor as might be agreed, while they were to pay to government six per cent. for 49 years on the four-fifths advanced in order to extinguish it, a very advantageous arrangement for the government when it is considered that the sinking-fund of one per cent. extra over five per cent., the rate carried by the bonds, improved at the same rate, will, even when heavy expenses of administration are allowed for, accumulate in the period much more than the necessary capital. Generally the proprietors were anxious to have this settlement adopted, for it gave them at once

ready money and freed them from the trouble of collecting the dues in detail; but the peasants, Mr. Wallace says, held aloof, expecting that greater emancipation from rent as well as from serfage, and generally declined to commute until, in many cases, the proprietors were compelled to forego the one-fifth and to accept the government advance of four-fifths *in full*. This they had always the right to do, and this was called compulsory redemption, for the peasants were not consulted; the proprietors in effect sold the *obrok* to the government for four-fifths of its capital.

Mr. Wallace furnishes an idea of the extent to which the redemption of the dues has proceeded, and states that in 1875, there being about ten millions of male adult peasants, about seven and one-fourth millions had made redemption of dues, but that in the case of about 63 per cent. of these the redemption had been obligatory, as above explained, on the demand of the proprietor.

Thus was the peasantry of Russia liberated from its old yet modern thraldom, and enabled to seek the position of peasant proprietors of their own holdings.

Mr. Wallace answers the question, "Who effected this gigantic reform?" by giving the chief merit to the Czar, who pushed the measure forward with autocratic zeal, which ill brooked the favourite devices of those who dare not oppose reform—delay and mutilation. Then, to the proprietors Mr. Wallace gives large credit, saying that "when they saw that emancipation was inevitable, they 'hastened to make holocaust of their ancient rights,'" and that when the law was passed it was the proprietors who faithfully carried it to its result, obstructed as they often were by the peasants, who ignorantly expected that freedom meant free land. Yet to the peasantry credit must be given for great patience under what was to the masses a disappointing measure. By the good temper of the two orders of her people Russia is enabled to point with satisfaction to this great social reform, which involved changes and interests so vast, and was yet effected without a national convulsion or a deluge of her nobles' blood.

5 and 6. We have left ourselves little space to treat of the fifth head of our subject, the effect of emancipation on the proprietors, or of the sixth, its effect on the peasantry, but they have been incidentally touched on as we have passed the others. Mr. Wallace points out with care how different the effect has been in the various provinces, both on proprietor and on peasant, differences caused chiefly by variety of soil and modes of cultivation, affirming that in some districts the proprietors have lost heavily, while in others, by being forced to adopt new methods of management, they have, after a few years of depression, actually largely increased their revenues.

It may be noticed, however, that in Mr. Wallace's able and generally thorough book, he nowhere, in treating of the proprietors' new position, mentions that at the very outset they were, by the settlement of the labour-rent of shares, compelled to suffer the heavy reduction of the former rights, to which, guided by Dr. Faucher's essay, we have referred. He omits to note that under the new law the labour-rent was limited to 70 days per annum, while under the old régime the proprietor could exact about 130 days. Nor does Mr. Wallace refer to the often greater loss sustained by the absolute freedom given to the domestic serfs, for the deprivation of whose unpaid services the proprietors received no compensation. Again, Mr. Wallace, in his long and interesting chapters, gives none of those details of the operation of the law which Dr. Faucher enumerates so carefully. On the whole, it seems that Mr. Wallace underrates the sacrifices which the proprietors were required to make in order that Russia might be a land of freemen. He is confirmed, however, in his opinion that the reforms on the management of estates, rendered necessary by emancipation, have conduced to much better farming by both proprietors and peasants, and much greater acreage returns from the soil, by which in many cases the prudent proprietor has ultimately obtained a revenue greater than his former.

As to the comparative past and present position of the peasant, similar differences occur, caused by locality, soil, and other matters, but more by the nature of the former proprietors. When the serf had a good, lenient, humane proprietor, his position, now shorn of all the little claims for delay and consideration which he could make on a liberal master, and limited strictly to his legal rights and his legal dues, strictly exacted by government officers, as is so generally the case under compulsory redemption contracts,

is often found more burdensome. While if the proprietor of the former time had been of the needy and exacting sort, cruel, and addicted to imposition of fines and corporal punishments regulated by his will alone, his peasants are now in a condition vastly improved.

In short, as might be imagined of such a sweeping measure—one which overthrew the whole social system of the empire, the growth of centuries, to build at once a modern structure upon its ruins—it cannot be affirmed in positive terms that every individual proprietor or peasant is either in a better or in a worse position in consequence.

Nor does it surprise us to learn that a measure so vast has had its attendant difficulties in execution. There is a large party of the disappointed in Russia. There are those who foretold that at once, without a throe, Russia free would, in contentment, wealth, and national happiness, put all the nations to shame. These men, and of them the Emperor is one, were doomed to disappointment. The effects have not been instantaneous; there have been drawbacks. The peasants are ignorant, they are accused in many cases of abusing their freedom by drunken habits, and by indolence when no longer compelled to work —and in this there appears to be much truth. But could aught else have been expected from a slave-class kept in densest ignorance and suddenly set free, and no longer held to work by the terror of the knout. Until the measures for the education of the people, which the government has been convinced form the corollary of freedom, are carried into complete operation—the work has but begun —Russia cannot expect to enjoy the full benefit of her great and noble effort.

Still the changes of the last sixteen years, if not all her people looked for, are grandly progressive. The progress has been real, and the effects of emancipation are not limited to the sentiment of Alexander, uttered when he signed his great ukase, "Now slavery is past, my children are all free, Russia joins the free nations of the world." This may be sentiment, but it has had a real result in Russia.

X. Y.

ROUND THE TABLE.

THE following is a tolerably correct report of a *veritable* conversation, reported for the benefit of the Table:—

Diogenes to Urbanus.—Why looks your Grace so heavily to-day?

Urbanus.—Reason enough! You see before you the latest victim to the testimonial-giving mania,—one of the pet manias of this enlightened, high-toned, sensible nineteenth century! I've just added my ten dollars to the pile which is to be presented, with much flourish of trumpets, to a man I know little and care for less, for simply doing what we used to be told, on Nelson's authority, England expected *every* man to do.

Diogenes.—And why did you submit to be victimized?

Urbanus.—Why? Well, for the reason most people do, I suppose. I held out as long as I could, intimating mildly that I knew of no particular reason why I should subscribe. But the collector was zealous and blandly obtuse to objections, I got tired out first, and in despair put down my subscription to get rid of him and get back to pressing work.

Diogenes.—And so you go on helping to keep up the very shams and manias you denounce, for want of moral courage to follow your own judgment.

Urbanus.—Oh, I know well enough all you can say about it; but some things that are very fine in theory are awfully hard in practice, and it isn't very pleasant to have people set you down as a scrub or a churl, or even jealous of distinctions to others.

Diogenes.—It won't be much of a distinction long! By and by the distinction will be, *not* to have had a testimonial given to one. Why, there is hardly anything anybody can do that isn't supposed to deserve a testimonial—except, indeed, *my* line of

philanthropy. I fear all my growling at the follies of society will never bring me so much as a new tub,—the gift of a grateful people,—notwithstanding my most genuine and disinterested efforts for their welfare. But how do you explain this remarkable development of human generosity? People used not to be so eager to spend their substance on folks they didn't specially care about.

Urbanus.—Oh, that's easily explained. Some admiring friend, or some one perhaps who merely wants to recommend himself, starts the thing, gets others to go in, and most people follow like a flock of sheep, though some, like me, are a little refractory at first and try to get out of it decently. The *dread of being thought mean* is the lash by which, finally, most people are driven into the pen of the subscription list. Now, don't frown so; I meant no pun there! Of course I don't mean to say that *some* testimonials are not genuinely deserved and heartily contributed to. I have known a few such; but the abuse of the thing is getting intolerable. Why, even in our schools it is becoming oppressive. I think I pay high enough school-fees, and that my children's teachers are about as well paid for their work as I am. Yet, at Christmas, one of my extra expenses is, regularly, so much for a Christmas present to each child's teacher. And then there is a presentation address and a glowing report in the papers; and the present—squeezed for the most part out of grudging parents like me—is supposed to be a beautiful and spontaneous emanation of the gratitude of the children and their appreciation of the 'devoted labours of their indefatigable teacher.' That is how the reports put it. I should like to put an authentic report in for once, and say: "The Christmas tax, levied on the children of——school, amounted to $——, which was expended in purchasing a handsome copy of Shakespeare," or whatever the article might be. It would be a good deal more satisfactory if it were just put into the school-bills, as they put *douceurs* for waiters in some hotel bills. Fancy my going down to my office on Christmas Eve, and finding a body of admiring and grateful clients armed with the latest edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, as a trifling token of their appreciation of my long and faithful services! But I fear that is postponed *sine die.*

Diogenes.—I fear it is, Urbanus. Lawyers, you see, are popularly supposed to keep a pretty sharp look out on the interests of number one.

Urbanus.—A popular superstition, my dear friend. Lawyers, like everybody else, have to do a good deal of work that is never paid for. You wouldn't believe me, I know, if I were to tell you of my own good deeds in that line, and, indeed, it would be doing violence to the modesty of my disposition. But you see it isn't the quiet, solid work, but the more showy outside things that, as a rule, meet with recognition. There's my friend Chatterton, who is "everybody's body," and delights in running about, doing everyone's business but his own; poor man, he has shown me four parlour clocks which have been presented to him, and I hear he has just been made happy by a fifth.

Diogenes.—Hope they will teach him the value of time, at least. But if people must give testimomials, why don't they find out what a man wants, or, if not, why not give money.

Urbanus.—There seems to be a fatuity about it, often. There's my teetotal friend Aquarius, who was lately presented with a handsome stand of liqueur glasses, while Porter, the most unpoetical mortal I know, rejoices in a presentation set of Tennyson, Browning, and Wordsworth, into which, of course, he never looks. Then there's my clerical friend Theophilus, who really can't afford, out of his limited income, to buy the theological works his heart yearns to possess, who is presented with some silver ornaments for his table, which he holds in as great contempt as you do. And in addition to the vexation of getting what they don't want, they have the feeling which every one who knows anything about testimonial-giving must have, that their ill-chosen gifts represent just a certain amount of grudging and grumbling; disguised taxation; giving because *it is expected* and one feels one *must.*

Diogenes.—I have an idea, Urbanus.

Urbanus.—What is it?

Diogenes.—Every reform has to be accomplished by means of a Society now-a-days. Suppose you form an Association, to be called "The Society for the Prevention of Disguised Taxation in Testimonial-giving." (If you can hit upon a shorter name, do!) Let all the members bind themselves to discourage the giving of testimonials generally, except in the rarest and most exceptional cases, to be decided upon after the most

rigid sifting of their merits, and let them also make a rule that these rare testimonials should be given in money—thus saving all risks of waste and unsuitableness—except where some sufficiently valid reason exists for departing from this rule. Let school-presentations be persistently discouraged, and, if necessary, let the school fees be raised, so that the teacher may be sufficiently paid. And let those insufferable impertinences called 'donation parties,' which lower the standing of our ministers and deprive them of the privacy of their own homes, be utterly and uncompromisingly denounced. If the people *won't* pay their ministers properly, let them not add insult to injury.

Urbanus.—I am afraid such a Society would hardly be very popular.

Diogenes.—The more a reform is wanted, the less popular it usually is. But here, let us form the nucleus of this Society on the spot. You and I can be the first members. Give me your hand now, and swear on our ancient friendship that you will positively frown upon, discourage, and oppose any and every attempt to reward by a testimonial my distinguished services to humanity.

Urbanus.—I swear it, Diogenes!

Diogenes.—And I, in turn, will swear by the same token to do the same good office towards you.

Urbanus.—So be it! I much fear, however, that our virtuous determination is not likely soon to be strengthened by resisting temptation. And people in general are hardly likely to appreciate the good we would do them. Everyone thinks his testimonial deserved, at least—or nearly every one. But, for my part, I would sooner have my name and character drawn through a contested election than through a testimonial canvass. And now that I have got my ten dollars' worth of grumbling out of the subject, I must bid it and you farewell for the present.

—It is noticeable that Mr. Spencer in the first volume of his "Sociology" does not speak so confidently in regard to "evolution" as, in his earlier works, he seemed to do. Relying upon his authority, many persons seem to think that a gradual and uninterrupted improvement in all the conditions of life may confidently be expected. Mr. Spencer, however, in his Sociology, page 106, uses words which place the matter in a somewhat different light, and which supply a useful corrective to a too hastily formed conclusion. "Evolution," he says, "is commonly conceived to imply in everything an *intrinsic* tendency to become something higher, but this is an erroneous conception of it. In all cases it is determined by the co-operation of outer and inner factors. This co-operation works changes until there is reached an equilibrium between the environing actions and the actions which the aggregate opposes to them. A complete equilibrium if the aggregate is without life, and a moving equilibrium if the aggregate is living. Thereupon evolution, continuing to show itself in the progressing integration that ends in rigidity, practically ceases." He proceeds to say that every change made of conditions in an organism or a species does not constitute a step in evolution. "*Only now and then* does the environing change initiate in the organism a new complication and so produce a somewhat higher type." Certain types have "for immeasurable periods neither advanced nor receded," and there are "many in which retrogression has happened. Of all existing species of animals, if we include parasites, the greater number have retrograded from a structure to which their remote ancestors had once advanced." Coming more immediately to the question of the future of human society, Mr. Spencer says: "As with organic evolution so with super-organic evolution. Though, taking the entire assemblage of societies, evolution *may be held inevitable*" (italics mine) "as an ultimate effect of the co-operating factors, intrinsic and extrinsic, acting on them all through indefinite periods of time; yet it cannot be held inevitable in each particular society, or even probable." Then follow instances, taken from history, of nations once great that have fallen from their high estate to a very low level.

This whole statement of the case will, I fear, prove very unsatisfactory to a considerable class of persons who have been planting their feet upon evolution as upon a real "Rock of Ages." They will not care to be told merely that upon the whole evolution "may be held inevitable." A thing that "may be held inevitable," may also *not* be held inevitable, and Mr. Spencer seems to me to furnish good reasons for thinking the negative view quite as plausible as the positive. If "in all cases evolution is deter-

mined by the co-operation of inner and outer factors," and if there is no law—and so far as I am aware, Mr. Spencer's philosophy affords us no hint of any—causing the outer factors to co-operate for the higher development of the organism or species to which they serve as environment, what can we say of evolution, except that it is all a matter of chance? The conditions may or may not be favourable. In most cases, Mr. Spencer tells us, they are not favourable. Evolution then, considered as the progressive improvement of a type, is a thing which may or may not take place; but which, when it does take place, does so by virtue, so far as the highest human philosophy can discern, of a fortuitous concurrence of circumstances. If this is the truth let us know it by all means, and I would certainly recommend Mr. Spencer's exposition to some who have run away with the idea that in the word evolution they have, as it were, a charter for all human good.

For my own part, I am prepared to admit with perfect cheerfulness that there is no necessary tendency in things to improve. If we had to get better in spite of ourselves, what poor machines we should be! Man with his free intelligence should make his own destiny; and the higher souls will ever be ready to show the way to higher conquests over self and over the manifold forms of evil. The very knowledge that there are in society evil tendencies to be combated will nerve many to heroic efforts and sacrifices, and so long as there is room for moral action and reaction, the highest dignity of man will be preserved.

> "Oh, well for him whose will is strong,
> He suffers, but he cannot suffer long—
> He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong."

These words are to me a presage of the moral victories of the future, asserting as they do the predominance of will and of conscience. We can do without demonstrations that things *must* mend if we feel within ourselves some power to make them mend.

—The high character and ability of our judiciary are constantly a subject of felicitation among our countrymen, especially during the moments of generous expansion which succeed a well-furnished banquet. A few weeks ago, a learned Vice-Chancellor grew eloquent, in words selected from the best authorities, over the ennobling nature of legal studies. To apprehend fully the point and truth of the lecturer's eulogy, students who are troubled with distressing doubts should attend in Court when judgments are being pronounced. The sweet security and sober fame of the place suggest the very *templa serena* of divine philosophy. Long years of eloquent wrestling with irritable judges and simple-minded jurors have furnished one learned counsellor with a multitude of profound maxims and well pondered principles, which it needed only the warmth of judicial robes to bring to a successful birth. These priceless drops of wisdom now overflow with unchecked spontaneity, and fertilize the too arid waste of legal argument. It is true that, to the untutored lay intelligence, the relevancy of the maxims to the matters under consideration may not be clear. When the prosaic question of a counsel's right to sue for fees suggests the enunciation of the new and profound truth that "in large communities division of labour is conducive to excellence," who would be so dead to those grand principles which have made the English nation what it is, as to utter a word of depreciation or cavil. That our eulogy is well deserved, a glance through the recent volumes of our Law Reports would convince the most sceptical. Indeed we know no words which would form so useful an addition to the library of a popular preacher or lecturer. They would indeed prove a well, if not of "English undefiled," at least of lofty and irrefutable principles which may always be uttered without fear of contradiction. And if any too-hardened wretch should question this truth, he can at once be annihilated by the production of authorities which are cited for every sage maxim: "Two and two make four." See Sangster's Arithmetic, page 8. "An officer is one who holds an office." See Harrison's Municipal Manual, page 475. "Cassio, I love thee: but never more be *officer* of mine." See William Shakspere's "Othello," Act II., Scene 3.

But it is not merely by infusing philosophy with legal judgments that our Bench strives to ennoble their profession. With an argus eye, each ignoble attempt to destroy the old bulwarks of professional honour and dignity is discerned and defeated. Recently the oft-repeated effort to break in upon the old

rule, which prevents counsel fees being the subject of contract, was again renewed. It is indeed to be deplored that our judges are not of one mind on this important point, but let us congratulate ourselves that there still exist those who "as long as they have any being" will "glory" in the maintenance of this cherished rule. It may be said that the rule is based upon a lie, but we must remember that it is due to it that "there has existed in England for centuries as able, learned, and distinguished a bar as ever existed in any, or does exist in any part of the world." Let it not be forgotten, too, that "in a country like ours, where honour and dignity depend more on personal conduct than on trappings of office," a counsel should not lower his mind by contemplating the degrading fact that his services are to be paid for. We already knew, on the highest authority, that "base is the slave that pays;" we now know, on authority equally unimpeachable, that "base is the slave that accepts payment." *Pay! hiring! service! Pah!* Feelings like those which the Friend of Humanity felt toward the unworthy Knife-grinder, are excited by such vile words.

"I give thee sixpence! I will see thee damned first!"

exclaims the indignant judge, when counsel, forgetful of the honour and dignity of his profession, makes a sordid claim for payment. Then, too, consider the feelings of a jury towards a counsel, knowing him to be guilty of the "effrontery and selfishness" of working for *hire*, no matter how worthy the labourer, instead of remaining under the beautiful illusion that the turgid eloquence which assails their patient race is the unpurchased utterance of enthusiastic philanthropy. It is impossible to read the assertion of such sublime principles without tears of gratitude, "without increased veneration and increased love for the profession to which we owe so much."

—One cannot rise from the perusal of "The Irishman in Canada," without feeling that he has been reading a very remarkable book. There appears, however, to be some misconception as to the exact intention of the title. My own conviction is that "The Irishman in Canada" refers, not to Irishmen in this country generally, but to one Irishman in particular, *the* Irishman in Canada *par excellence*. The title is used merely as a label for the views on subjects comprised in a very wide range, of a single Irishman, just as Dr. Holmes names his collection of discursive essays—"The Autocrat at the Breakfast Table." It is well that readers should understand this at the outset, otherwise they will be liable to disappointment. It is true that they will be told in the book itself that its motive is to trace the fortunes and influence of Irish immigrants in Canada, but it will be found that this, if not Irish modesty, is simply Irish humour. In any other view it would be quite impossible to understand the object of the greater part of a highly interesting volume. For instance, the first three chapters have no more connection with the Irishman in Canada, in the extended sense, than they have with the Irishman in any other place, or, indeed, with any other particular Briton. When our author, starting out with "The Celt in Europe," and proceeding to "the barbarising effect of Danish incursions," leads us an extended tour through Europe, and lands us in India at the end of his second chapter and first fifty pages, while professing to treat of our Irish fellow-citizens in Canada, we are not deceived. We detect the sort of humour in which the late lamented Artemus Ward was wont to indulge when, under the guise of a lecture entitled "The Babes in the Wood," he gave us much fascinating composition, but no Babes in the Wood whatever. The jest is well sustained in chapter three, in which a delightful journey of twenty pages is made through the United States, Australia, Mexico, California, and South America. We are still with the Irishman, happily now a sojourner in Canada; we never forget that fact; but not in the sense the genial writer amusingly requests us to assume. I am aware that, after some two hundred and fifty pages, we arrive at a certain historical narration which gives colour to the view that the author had at times serious intentions of carrying out the idea expressed at the outset. From this point out, we are pretty well confined to Canada, and quite a number of Irishmen, of whose claims to fame most of us were probably ignorant, are introduced to our notice. "Callaghan Holmes," sings the Muse of History, "died of the cholera, on his way to Ireland, in 1868. Pat Deashy remained only a short time with Mr. Hayden after he was left alone. Pat went to Buffalo, where he

soon died. Hayden sold his lot and purchased another, and sold this and opened a store on the Kingston Road." I learn with interest that "Mr. John Dobson is one of the most prominent merchants in Lindsay. He came originally from Cavan. After some stay at Toronto he settled at Lindsay, where he has now conducted a successful business for over fourteen years. His partner, Mr. Thomas Niblock, is also an Irishman." I confess that these facts are new to me.

Many pages of this thick volume are enriched with historical facts no less valuable than the above, but The Irishman asserts himself all through, in his own individual person. The history of Canada needs re-writing; three chapters and ninety pages, with such appropriate reflections and digressions as would occur to the Hibernian genius, are devoted to the rise of responsible government, the good-humoured pretext of writing about Irishmen being kept up by treating as an Irishman the Honourable Robert Baldwin, who was, as we all know, a Canadian. The Irishman's views on "Religion and Education" are set forth in the last chapter but one, and in the closing chapter he summons the historic muse again to his side, and writes "the history of Canada from 1856 to 1877." A friend of mine, who failed to see through the humour of the introductory chapter, said that the book should be called "The Irishman in Canada and elsewhere, with digressions historical, moral, philosophical, and poetical on everything in general and nothing in particular," or, briefly "The Irishman in Canada, and all that sort of thing," but on my explaining the sense in which the title can be justified, he admitted cordially that it must be interpreted in that way. Take it as a whole, "The Irishman in Canada" is undoubtedly an astonishing book. It combines history and philosophy, statistics and sentiment, narrative and rhapsody, the beauties of an epic poem with the advantages of a county directory in a manner which, I think I may safely say, few authors have ever attempted. As a single example—and there are a hundred others equally striking—of exaltation of feeling expressing itself in language and imagery almost startling in their vivid power, take the following passage, interesting also as containing what every one will feel to be a just and delicate tribute to a worthy judge: 'Vice-Chancellor of his University, ultimately Judge of the highest court in the province, he was a strong swimmer who had never to battle with heavy seas, whose teeth never proved the toughness of the *vache enragée*, whose iron fibre has nourished so much human greatness of the Alpine sort—thunder-scarred, solitary, sublime—which flings its vast shadow over the future, and to which generations, as they spread their sails and skim lightly along, turn ere they pass away, once and again from love and laughter, from hoaxing and huxtering, to contemplate with admiration and awe, the slowly piled up monuments of Titanic energy, and mournful immortal longings begotten of some divine despair."

"Gallop apace, ye fiery-footed steeds!" one exclaims enraptured. Many brave men lived before Agamemnon, and for want of a poet have perished in the night of oblivion. The Judges of the Ontario Law Courts need fear no such fate. I observe that the London *Academy*, in its amiable notice of "The Irishman in Canada," ventures on one mild criticism, and only one. Singularly enough, the *Mail*, in reprinting the article, compelled perhaps by the usual "pressure upon its columns," omitted this single sentence. The *Academy* gently suggested that the book was not altogether "artistic" in the execution. But there are many indications of art in this work. Take only the lists of Irish names—catalogues are admissible, on the authority of Homer, in an epic—scattered through some of the chapters. An American humourist dedicated one of his books to "John Smith," in the belief that every man who found a book dedicated to himself would feel bound in honour to purchase it. What Muldoon or Murphy, O'Toole or O'Doherty, with the faintest sense of self-respect, can refrain from buying the book which makes him, perhaps to his own surprise, a character in history. If the conception of these lists is not artistic, no one can deny that it is artful.

—Talking of Bishops—and who does not talk of Bishops just now?—reminds me to make a remark upon the recent attempt to elect a coadjutor in Toronto. I protest, my fellow guests, you need not seem alarmed. I do not know anything of the ins and outs of parties in the Synod. I have had no secret and confidential information imparted to me by any back-stairs

route, and I am sufficiently impartial to exclaim with Mercutio, amidst the jar of opposing factions,

"A plague o' both your houses!"

But one letter which I noticed in the papers merits a remark. It appears that certain of the voters withdrew from their places in order to prevent the election of a candidate who was distasteful to them. Upon this the person who wrote the letter I allude to waxed wroth. He apostrophised these erring individuals in energetic language, and the burden of his complaint, the argument which he launched forth against them with evidently the fullest belief in its power to crush and confound them, was this:—You wicked men, ten minutes ago you were praying for the guidance of the Spirit in the selection of a Bishop, and now, eaten up by partisan feelings, you leave your seats so as to render an election impossible. From what little I know of denominational religion this will be accepted by many good men as a grave and almost unanswerable reproof. This is why I want to draw attention to it, and to show the transparent fallacy on which it is based. It is founded on that erroneous and truly atheistical or God-banishing idea, that in some peculiar and extraordinary way Providence watches over and directs the Church, and that a Priest and, *à fortiori*, a Bishop is expressly chosen by the Holy Spirit. I say this is an idea which banishes God, by curtailing the sphere of His active interference, so to speak, and limiting it to things ecclesiastic, so that there is as it were an absence, or at least a deficiency, of God's choice in other matters. If a Bishop is more chosen by the tongue of flame than a minister or a monarch, then I can understand the indignation of our friend; but, all the same, I say his notion of God is a petty one, and he pictures his Deity as being too much engrossed with the care of the Church to attend to the care of His world. On the choice of a minister, on a party vote given in a heated debate among acrimonious bickerings, may hang the issues of peace or war; that is to say, life and death for hundreds of thousands of human beings. A contested election may turn the balance between a true and a false economic policy, which will influence the well-being—what am I saying?—the very existence of thousands of families, may hurry scores of lives in every town out of existence, and send griping despair into all the hearts it still permits to beat on feebly. What then? According to our friend these are purely mundane affairs, matters which, as George Eliot puts it, are only brought under Providential Government in an imperfect, colonial sort of way, and we need not concern ourselves as to how such issues are worked out. But a Bishop, or even a coadjutor Bishop, is quite a different thing, seeing that he might snuff out a candle or light it again, which, as every sensible person knows, is a far more important point than the decision between peace and war, starvation and plenty.

I do not want to be mistaken. To my mind there is nothing so humble and unimportant, nothing so great and world-stirring (and it all depends upon the Bishop himself whether his election or non-election is to rank at the one end of the ladder or the other), but the Spirit of God moves in it. But in the name of honesty and commonsense let us look things in the face, and confess that if there is nothing unmanly or disgraceful in refraining from voting for a member of Parliament we dislike, if thereby we can secure his rejection, so also there can be no change in the moralities involved because a Bishopric is at stake, and that the mere fact that we have kept up a form of prayer before the one election and not before the other, can affect neither our duty to God nor our duty towards our neighbour.

—I should like to lay before the Table for discussion the question, which has often occurred to me, whether it is morally right or justifiable that the administration of oaths in courts of law should be enforced. My own views are strongly opposed to the practice. To me it seems a strange and humiliating thing that people living in a Christian country and, as it is said, in an advanced age of civilization, should be compelled to go through the degrading ordeal of taking an oath before any confidence is placed in their testimony. That most salutary rule of law which says that every man shall be held innocent until his guilt is proved, is here reversed. Before taking the oath every witness is presumed to be a liar. Surely, in all consistency, the legal presumption should be the other way—that, until the contrary is shown, every man should be presumed truthful. The present practice is a slur upon

Christianity and the clerical profession. It certainly denotes a very low estimate of the effect of eighteen hundred years of religious teaching, that the affirmation of a Christian should be considered false, or at least valueless, until substantiated by oath. No greater confidence is now, by law, placed in a man's word, than before the advent of Christianity; hardly so much, indeed, in proportion to the superior enlightenment of the present age.

An English journalist well says: "The oath-taking of our law courts must have an injurious effect, because it tends to lower the standard of ordinary affirmations, and makes a man's word of no effect unless he (seemingly) adds to its power by calling on the Supreme Being to witness to it. In the eye of the law all persons are liars until they have 'kissed the book;' then they may be expected to speak the truth. Is not the truth as necessary in the ordinary communications that pass between man and man as in statements that are made in our law courts? If it is necessary that witnesses should take oaths in courts of law, it is equally necessary that the Supreme Power should be called on to witness to the ordinary asseverations of life, unless the truth is more valuable in the one case than in the other." Again: "To doubt a person's veracity is one of the gravest acts we can possibly commit, yet every witness in courts of law is as good as told point-blank that he will be suspected of lying unless he has taken the oath."

Is it wonderful that so insulting a practice should defeat its own end? Suspicion begets crime. To cast doubt habitually upon a man's word is the best way to make him a liar. It is notorious that swearing does not encourage truthfulness, but the reverse. When, in ordinary life, a person backs up an assertion by oaths and strong asseverations he may at once be suspected of lying; and there can be no question that judicial oath-taking is largely responsible for making the practice of taking the name of the Almighty in vain, in the most trivial affirmations of daily life, so frightfully common as it is. An oath will not prevent a man from lying if he be so inclined; and so long as men are looked upon as incapable of speaking the truth without the aid of an oath, so long will perjury continue. The uselessness of judicial oaths is shown by the fact that the testimony of Quakers and others who have conscientious objections to take an oath, and whose evidence is admitted without that formality, is, if anything, more trustworthy than the average run of evidence taken under oath. If the law is satisfied with the mere word or affirmation of a Quaker, why should it not be so with that of any other man? Does any one believe that the slovenly, matter-of-course, and irreverent manner in which oaths are administered, or, rather, gabbled over, in our law courts, is calculated to, or actually does, inspire a witness with awe, or make him conscious of the aid or the presence of the Almighty? On the contrary, does it not impress one strongly with the idea that the oath is a mere formality, of no importance whatever, a mockery, a mere relic or "survival" from a time of barbarism, which has become practically obsolete, and should long ago have been discontinued? That it has not been so is to my mind additional evidence of the ultra-conservatism of the legal mind of which such ample proofs were given in an article on "Law and the Study of Law," in the last number of this Magazine. Nor is the demeanour of counsel in cross-examination generally such as to inspire a spectator with the idea that any additional solemnity or weight is lent to evidence by its being given under oath. The irrelevant, trivial, and offensive questions which are often put—the browbeating and the attempts to confuse an honest witness, so as to make him say the exact contrary of what he wishes to say—the insulting reminders to the witness to "remember, sir, you are on your oath;"—these things, it must be confessed, are rather calculated to inspire contempt and disgust, and to indicate that the oath is not so much a guarantee for the extraction of truth, as an instrument of torture, by means of which an unscrupulous legal bully may frighten a timid witness into saying that which is not true.

The fact is, the judicial oath is an antiquated and barbarous method—the offspring of a barbarous and lying age—of attempting to obtain the truth by appealing, not to a man's love of truth, but to his terrors, by placing before his imagination, as the penalty for false-witnessing, an eternity of torment amid the flames of hell. A thousand years ago an appeal to such fears would have been logical and cogent. In this age it is an anachronism. With regard to eter-

nal damnation we are now told, *ex cathedra*, that "eternal" does not mean eternal, nor "damnation," damnation; and hell and its flames have become so attenuated as to be hardly visible. In any case, what vitality the doctrine still possesses, it owes to that same book—the very book which the witness kisses—which says, as distinctly as words can put it: "Swear not at all; neither by heaven; for it is God's throne: nor by the earth; for it is his footstool. But let thy communication be Yea, yea; Nay, nay: for whatsoever is more than these *cometh of evil.*"

CURRENT EVENTS.

IT now appears certain that the present House of Commons, which was elected amidst a blaze of moral indignation, will expire in a wild storm of party rage and recrimination. Whether the Session which opened on the 7th of February prove the last of the present Parliament or not, it will certainly be recorded as the worst. The tone of debate has gradually aud steadily deteriorated during the past few years, and it is not possible that a lower depth remains to be sounded. The acrid and virulent discussions in the House are doubtless an inevitable result of the mad rhetoric indulged in at the pic-nics; yet they are none the less degrading to the dignity of Parliament and deeply injurious to the fair reputation of Canada and its free institutions. These party wrestlings have been marked with unwonted bitterness from the outset; the record of them, when completed, will form an unanswerable indictment against the existing party system; and the charges formulated by each set of public men against its opponents, if massed together, may readily supply ample material for the condemnation of them both.

Whether political parties are or are not necessary to the working of representative government, is an important theoretical question, but it is not the pressing question of the time. What the electorate has soon to decide is whether the existing factions have not clearly forfeited such claims to public confidence as they may have once possessed; whether their *raison d'être*, however valid it may originally have been, has not passed away, and the hour for their disruption arrived. If there be any who have hitherto failed, from party prejudice or otherwise, to recognise the handwriting on the wall, the protracted debate on the address ought certainly to have read and interpreted it for them. It has proved, beyond reasonable doubt, that both the factions are not merely ripe, but rotten. They have overpassed the natural term of their corporate life; principles which serve as the muscular and circulating systems of such bodies have disappeared and are replaced by a galvanic energy of vituperation, not vitality, manifesting itself in the grossest personalities and the most truculent charges of peculation and corruption, disloyalty and intrigue. Not only is there no incisive issue at stake before the electors, but the very semblance of such an issue has vanished in that mist of vindictive accusation which beclouds the political atmosphere and fills it with a foggy phantasmagoria of its own creation. If at times a frank and earnest discussion of the fiscal question seems to shed a gleam of honest sunshine, it is soon overshadowed and disappears, because party exigencies are too pressing to admit of its calm, fair, and honest examination. The leaders of one party appear to use the question as a bait, and so keep it dangling, a fuzzy and indefinable compact of wool and feathers, before the people. On the other hand, members of the ministerial phalanx are compelled to stifle their convictions, and persistently vote in diametrical opposition to the views they have repeatedly avowed. Thus are not only the dignity of Parliament and the honour of our public men seriously compromised,

but the interests of the Dominion are overtly and undisguisedly subordinated to party successes at the polls.

There is but one remedy for a political disease which is thus manifestly poisoning the very springs of our constitutional vitality, and it is in the hands of the people. There is little use in appealing to the patriotism of partisans, one group of whom is as tenacious of official life as an eel or a leech of its physical existence, whilst the other set has almost reached the border-line limiting sanity, in its passionate longing to regain that power which was snatched from its grasp more than four years ago. Obviously both of them have arrived at that stage of party decadence, when, for such useful purposes as they once served, they are of use no longer, and, when, for their own sakes, as well as for the people's, they should be put—quietly and painlessly—out of the way. Can any one believe for a moment, that if either of the factions stood upon firm and tenable ground, this last session of the Third Parliament would have been marked by such scenes as have already been witnessed at Ottawa? Personal assaults may doubtless be made even when men are fired by the enthusiasm of great principles; but where that is the case they are usually episodical, sometimes the consequencies of personal antipathies or idiosyncrasies, and always mere eddies in the strong current of political activity. It is when there are no longer principles to contend for that personalities usurp the vacant place. Then place and power become the end, with slander and scandal as the means. The history of England, which is our best political schoolmaster, teems with stern lessons illustrative of this fact. All that remains, then, is for the people to assert at once its will and its character, by sweeping the wrangling factions out of the arena. In January, 1874, one party was hurled from power; in the autumn of 1878, or the spring of 1879, it remains for the electorate to sweep both of them out of the path—the path of progress, of political honour, of sound and honest principle. In other words, the disintegration of the factions is an urgent necessity; for upon their ruins will soon arise the fair and stately fabric of a policy which will be truly national, because it has been reared by the people and for the people.

There is no strong temptation, and but slight profit, in reviewing the early struggles of the present session; yet a cursory examination of the salient points may point a moral, even if it fails to adorn a tale. The circumstances in which the House met were, as Sir Erskine May is reported to have said, "exceptional;" the question with which we are most concerned is, how came they to be "exceptional?" The mere technicalities are of very small importance as compared with the broader and more serious issue involved in the re-election of Mr. Anglin to the Speakership. There seems no reason for objection to the Premier's argument regarding the rules; and, notwithstanding the professional simulation of confidence running through Sir John Macdonald's plea, it is not difficult to conjecture that it was not sincerely urged. In England, the members elect proceed to the choice of a Speaker without having taken the oath; in Canada, the oath is administered by the Clerk of the Crown in Chancery, and the indentures and returns are in his possession. Mr. Mackenzie evidently quoted from some old authority, because he referred to the now obsolete provision regarding property qualification; still that does not invalidate his position. In the Imperial Parliament there is nothing to prevent any person who chooses to obtrude himself there, from voting on the Speakership; and, although we speak from memory, instances may be found of both claimants to a seat in a contested election voting on that occasion. The tendency of modern procedure is obviously and properly to melt up old forms, and run them into the moulds required by recent practice. In the sentences read by the Premier from an opinion by Sir Erskine May, this tendency is apparent; yet it must be added that that judgment was formed upon an *ex parte* statement of facts, and to that extent is unsatisfactory. What he would have said, had his opinion been asked as a constitutional historian, upon the relations between Mr. Anglin, the Government, and the House, is quite another question. Dr. Kenealy's case was irrelevant, except so far as it made against Sir John Macdonald. The member for the Claimant and for Stoke-upon-Trent had not been sworn, and could not be sworn except by the Speaker, and on some reasonable security that he was the individual he professed to be; Mr. Anglin, on the other hand, had been sworn-in; his return, as well as his identity were guaranteed by the Clerk of the

Crown, and there was no doubt about either. In the case of new members it is, of course, desirable that personal identity should be established; but, as Mr. Disraeli remarked in Dr. Kenealy's case, there was no such question involved in reference to Mr. Anglin. Moreover even if, as Sir John correctly enough urged, the House were not properly constituted, it did not lie with him or any other member to dispute Mr. Anglin's *status* as a member or his eligibility to the Speakership. For aught the House knew, Sir John Macdonald, who was never introduced, and Mr. Holton, whom he proposed as an acceptable successor to Mr. Anglin, might within the previous twelve hours have forfeited their seats. If the "assembly," as Sir John called it, was not a House, then he had no right to contest the ex-Speaker's claim to the seat or his elevation to the chair. In fact this attempt at a *reductio ad impossibile* was a palpable failure, since it would effectually prevent the organization of a newly elected House at the outset. The citation from the British North America Act was equally unfortunate; since Mr. Anglin, who never resigned the Speakership, became "another" member by re-election; that is, he was a new member possessing no disability for the office created either by statute or by the rules of the House. Like most other written constitutions, our Confederation was framed with some wisdom, but with no infallible prescience, and it therefore erred here through want of foresight. The substitution of "one" instead of "another" would at once have deprived an astute statesman of a quibble, and have fully met the object of the clause. At best, it was only a quibble. Clearly the House, without a Speaker, was, *quoad hoc*, a new House, and its members had equal rights, so far as the Speakership was concerned, whether elected one month or four years before.

So far, an independent survey of the technical points of the case leads one to decide in favour of the Government; on the moral and constitutional aspects of the re-election, a very different judgment must, we are satisfied, be given. Fortunately here, the sound common-sense of a layman is worth an entire quarto of professional refinements. To that honest common-sense we venture to appeal in the remarks following. That Mr. Anglin has perhaps surprised, and certainly gained the good opinion of many members opposed to him, is true, and it further seems highly to his credit that the strongest partisans have distinctly disavowed any hostility to him as Speaker. If he had been the only member of the House who was qualified by his impartiality, calmness of temper, and knowledge of Parliamentary law—even on his own side of the House—there would nothing more be said. That, however, was not alleged; and, therefore, so far from its being in "bad taste" to "discuss matters" which were fully discussed last Session, as the Premier alleged, it was the extreme of "bad taste" to urge Mr. Anglin's re-election "without fully considering those matters." When Mr. Mackenzie spoke of Mr. Anglin's case as "fully discussed," he presumably forgot his clever device by which the report of the Committee was delayed, and only presented when Black Rod was knocking at the door of the House. No one will be disposed to blame the Government on that score, because the disorganization of the Commons at the moment it was being summoned by His Excellency to the bar of the Senate would certainly have been awkward; but then the query remains unanswered, when was the question "fully discussed?" And further, why was not the report presented in time to admit of full discussion?

Now, in what position did the Speaker stand at the opening of the present Session? There is no ground at all for crediting the scandalous story that, as some recompense for being excluded from the Cabinet, Mr. Anglin was promised the Speakership and a *douceur* supplementary from departmental funds. It is incredible, simply because Mr. Mackenzie is personally too honest a man to make any agreement, strong partisan though he may be, so flagrantly in violation of the letter, no less than the spirit, of the law as that. Mr. Blake's plea, triumphantly quoted by Sir John, has no bearing on the question, so far as Mr. Anglin's status is concerned; and, besides that, the hon. gentleman's speech has been garbled rather than quoted. The pith of the matter may be unfolded in short space. Whether with or without the connivance or conscious complicity of the Government, and with or without any positive knowledge on his part that he was violating the charter of Parliamentary Independence, he did violate that Independence. From the first of January, 1876, both he and the Government were well aware

that he had forfeited his seat; yet they remained silent. It is not necessary to press the dilemma, upon one horn or other of which both the Speaker and Mr. Anglin must be impaled; all it is desirable to say here is that, under the circumstances, Mr. Mackenzie ought not to have imposed Mr. Anglin upon the House as Speaker; and Mr. Anglin himself should have declined the honour had it been proferred.

It is not so long since a subordinate member of the present Imperial Administration, a man of admitted probity, of unquestionable ability, and exceptional promise, was compelled to retire from office and to resign the brilliant prospects before him, because he had carelessly allowed his name to be used by a tribe of bubble speculators of whom he knew nothing. If that gentleman, against whom no suspicion of fraud had cast even the penumbra of its sinister skirts, felt it incumbent upon him to resign his place, what verdict should be returned in a case where the Ministerial accomplices of a palpable violation of statute law replaced in the Chair of the House the man who was not merely *sub rosâ* aware of the wrong, but actually signed receipts for the money? Was it ignorance or carelessness, or some numbness of the judicial faculty which paralysed all regard for the dignity of the House, or the independence and purity which should attach to the Speaker's office? When Sir John Macdonald alludes to "Cæsar's wife" in that connection, it seems almost ludicrous when one remembers that his own hands and his own skirts have not always been clean or clear of suspicion. Still the fact remains that the first commoner ought not to have laid himself open to the imputation of violating the statute. He, of all men, ought to have been keenly alive to the proprieties of his position, and certainly cannot be permitted to plead ignorance or inadvertency. At all events, so soon as he and the Government became aware of the unfortunate dilemma in which Parliament had been placed by the Speaker's acts, he should have resigned. It was certainly wrong that for an entire year, and then only after an investigation by Committee, which elicited facts long in possession of Mr. Anglin and the Government, the Speaker was retained in his position in a House of which he had so long ceased to be by law a member. And it was merely an aggravation of the wrong, after the truth had been fully disclosed, to force the same gentleman upon Parliament and, by the pressure of a party majority, place him again in the Chair. From first to last there has been a lax morality evident regarding the entire business. Mr. Anglin has shown a want of delicate appreciation of the predicament in which he had placed himself; and the Premier added to the discredit of the unfortunate position by not only supporting Mr. Anglin's re-election, but himself proposing, and, in fact, pressing him upon the House. In whatever aspect the affair is viewed, it must be pronounced unfortunate—a new stab at our constitutional system and a woful sequel to a ministerial career begun with so much promise, not to say pretence, of purity and propriety.

The debate on the Address was a series of not over creditable scuffles between the leaders on both sides of the House. The published report of the debates was merely made use of to place in tangible and permanent form the old stories of jobbery and corruption with which the public ear has been vexed for years past. The longer the existence of the present House is prolonged, the worse it appears to grow, and at present it appears to have met solely to vent its bile and show how much it has deteriorated during the brief time it has played an undignified figure upon the scene. Little complaint can be made of the introductory speeches. The mover's remarks were unexceptional, and Mr. Charlton's harangue, which must have caused him much agony in the preparation, was a trifle too ambitious. From the moment the leaders joined in the fray, all prudence and calmness of debate seem to have been abandoned. Sir John Macdonald is too old a tactician to lose his temper at the first onslaught; but the Premier unwarily betrayed his infirmity at once. He seems to be incapable of restraining himself as a leader of the House should learn to do, and, while making every allowance for the provocation he at times must perforce endure, there would obviously be an improvement in the tone and complexion of the debates if its leader were more self-possessed than he appears to be. It scarcely needs to be pointed out that one who cannot control himself, even when sorely pressed, is not likely to wield any moral power over the proceedings of the House.

It appears to be the strategy of the Opposition, judging by the speeches of its leaders, Sir John Macdonald, Dr. Tupper, Mr. Masson, and the rest, down to the melodious Plumb, to irritate Ministers as far as possible. This may be wise policy, yet we are disposed to doubt whether it will prove so in the end. The savage onslaughts of Dr. Tupper, in which the same subjects for sledge-hammer declamation are hammered at until the din has begun to pall upon the ear, have grown wearisome from their very monotony. The steel rails, the Lachine Canal, Goderich, and Neebing jobs, had a freshness about them once they no longer possess. It is, after all, not surprising, though rather ludicrous, to find the Premier delving in the mythical past so far back as the burning of the Parliament buildings and the pelting of Lord Elgin in 1849. Politics have become archæological, and henceforth the study of antiquities will be one necessary branch of a statesman's education. At the same time, it would, perhaps, be as well if our modern Reformers would study their great examplars of the old time, when Reformers had something to reform, rather than the vagaries of a crazy faction in an agony of frenzied excitement. The careers of Baldwin, Blake, Lafontaine, and their congeners are worthy of profound attention; the recalcitrants of 1849 have doubtless a place in history, but it seems scarcely necessary to hunt for it in the unindexed Sibylline leaves.

To follow the debate on the Address through its week would be at once an idle and a thankless task. With "Hansard" before one it seems out of the question to give an intelligent account of a debate which was, more or less, intended to be unprofitable and fruitless from its inception. That there were some speeches of notable ability is unquestionable; yet, after all, to what did they tend? Mr. Laurier's Ministerial appearance in the House was graceful; but what can be said of Mr. Jones? His utterances ever since the Session commenced have been not so much coarse and bullying, as rude and impertinent. It is difficult, as between him and Dr. Tupper, to give the palm in demerit; it is only to be hoped that Nova Scotia politicians are not all of their character. The mutual recriminations of Dr. Tupper and the new Minister of Militia occupied the greater part of an entire day. It is no business of ours to examine the crop of scandals each of these gladiators from the sea-board had garnished up during some years of vindictive personal and political hostility. Mr. Jones may be the arch-priest of corruption Dr. Tupper pronounced him; he may have been guilty of all the offences against good taste, purity of election, and common honesty laid to his charge. And on the other hand, Dr. Tupper may have speculated in mines, trifled with the public interests in the Pictou Railway matter, and be devoid of veracity—or, as the parliamentary Minister put it, of both credit and character. Yet why should these scandalous revilings be brought up from Nova Scotia? Surely the springs of vituperation are flowing freely enough at Ottawa, without introducing a conduit-pipe—we had almost said an aqueduct—from Halifax. The discussion on the 15th was scarcely conducted with even a semblance of propriety or regard for parliamentary decorum. Any one who chooses to wade through the authorised debates of that date, may form his own conclusions on the dignity of the Parliamentary duel. Dr. Tupper's speech was unconscionably long; Mr. Jones's was not much shorter; and the palm for bitterness of abuse may rest with whichever one the reader deems entitled to the disgraceful distinction. The Minister was probably right in charging the doughty Doctor with merely repeating stale scandals for electioneering purposes; but for what purposes were his own old stories embalmed in speech and print? The singular feature in the squabble was the alternation of mock respect expressed for each of the combatants by the other with the most virulent personal abuse of which we have yet had experience in a Canadian legislature. Mr. Plumb, the dulcet, characterised the debate, with more than ordinary felicity, as one which had "taken a wide range;" the fact was, however, not strongly enough stated. It was not so much the "range" of the warfare, as its irregularity that one notices. In these days people are getting used to long-reaching weapons and far-extending lines. Yet even in the guerrilla warfare of politics, there have usually been some compactness in the organization of party forces and much less wildness of aim than we are beginning to be accustomed to. Whether it be consistent with party interests to make such an

exhibition as this on the eve of a general election is questionable; but, presumably, the leaders know best what will tell at the polls, and their choice of tactics is not by any means complimentary to the intelligence and discernment of Canadians.

The previous section of the debate, which was almost wholly conducted by Quebec members, was more reputable; yet the net results of it were scarcely more satisfactory. It is much to the credit of Messrs. Masson and Langevin that, perhaps under their guidance, instigated probably by Mgr. Conroy, the Ultramontane bull has ceased to butt with his horns or trample with his hoofs. There was a little too much effusiveness in their protestations that they never desired to confuse religion with politics; still it is not well to inquire too closely into that matter. Those Liberals who were ready with Episcopal pastorals, or the utterances of clerical organs and politicians, had little difficulty in proving a case against their opponents; yet, as Mr. Desjardins and others pointed out, the fault was not wholly on one side. Whenever the Rouge party has found or devised an opportunity of coquetting with the hierarchy, it has never felt any scruples of conscience against the political manœuvre. The amnesty question, the New Brunswick School question—anything which turned up—was readily snatched at by the *Reds* as well as the *Blues*. Sir George Cartier, faithful as he always proved to his Church, was tripped up by these sharp-shooters, who temporarily formed the orthodox skirmishing corps.

It is singular to notice how each party endeavours to lay claim to uniformity and consistency in principle and practice from first to last. In point of fact neither Quebec party has any substantial claim to such a distinction, as a cursory glance at the debate may serve to show. Mr. Masson's remarks on the subject were, as already stated, temperate, if not conciliatory, in tone, and Mr. Laurier's reply was conceived in a similar spirit. The question between them turned upon the remark in Mr. Laurier's Quebec Lecture, in which he charged the French Conservatives with "endeavouring to form a Catholic party" in the Province. This accusation Mr. Masson indignantly denied, but the new Minister not only repeated, but emphasized it, adducing evidence in proof, much of which must be familiar to the reader. Now, though the member for Terrebonne personally repudiated the design of which complaint was made, that by no means relieves his party of the charge. Certainly, if the French Conservatives were innocent of the purpose attributed to them, it seems unfortunate that they should have done so much to arouse misconception of their aims and motives. In the first place, the hierarchy —especially the Bishops of Montreal, Three Rivers, and Rimouski—encouraged the formation of a Catholic crusading party, and, in fact, gave it life and inspiration by their pastorals. In the next place, the press teemed with pamphlets and treatises, written chiefly by ecclesiastics, and authorized and recommended by their superiors, in which the wildest claims of Ultramontanism in the sphere of civil government were urged. Not only were the propositions of the Syllabus enforced and enlarged upon, but purposely exaggerated. The supremacy of the Church over the State, the right and propriety of sacerdotal dictation in political matters, and the claim to priestly interference from pulpit and altar, as between candidates of different parties, were all broadly insisted upon. Nor was this all. The Conservative party, in the press and at the hustings, distinctly claimed to be *par excellence* the Catholic party, the defenders of the new and true faith first delivered to the saints in its entirety at the Vatican Council. The celebrated Programme was only one feature of an assault along the entire line, and it continued without any appreciable interval from 1871 to 1877. The *Nouveau Monde* and the *Franc-Parleur* were its special exponents, established for the purpose; but the same doctrines were promulgated in all the French Conservative papers, without rebuke from the leaders of the party—Mr. Masson amongst the rest. One extract from the *Canadien*, quoted by the Minister of Inland Revenue, is worth a waggon-load of Parliamentary sophistry. The Liberal party, claiming to be a political combination simply, and opposed to making religion a party question, are represented as having accused the Bishops of falsehood, because, although the Liberals had warned them that they desired to sever religion from politics, the hierarchy was in fact waging a religious war upon them in the interest of the Conservative party. But there is no need of multiplying proofs, since, from the spring of 1871 until Dr. Con-

roy made his presence felt, every Conservative newspaper in the Province had the same story to tell of their peculiar prerogative, as political partizans, to represent the Church, and to be its champions, not as a religious organization solely, but in its battles with the Government, with Parliament, with the Supreme Court, or, if need be, with the Crown itself.

When Mr. Masson speaks of his desire to keep religion apart from politics, we hope he is not using those words in a peculiar sense, not unfamiliar to the readers of Ultramontane special pleading. When Bishop Bourget denounced any party which refused a complete amnesty to Riel and his friends, there certainly could be no pretence that the interests of religion were at stake. If any question ever were a purely political one, the amnesty question was that one; indeed, we may go further, and affirm that in meddling with it, the Bishop was arrogantly assaulting the royal prerogative, and aiming a treacherous blow at the supremacy and dignity of an Empire to which he and his Church owe the liberties they enjoy—including the liberty to abuse and assail the Imperial authority itself. Perhaps Mr. Masson's views of the sphere of religion are as extended as those of the late Bishop; if so, it is pure trifling to talk of separating it from politics, since the latter only occupy a small corner in the all-embracing domain of the Church, which, in the last resort, is supreme over all. The member for Terrebonne, however, is not quite so wedded to the newly revived notions of Boniface VIII. as either the late Pope or the late Bishop. He is a politician, and not a mere ecclesiastic—the most unreasonable and impracticable type of human being the world has yet seen. Therefore, he may be credited with merely standing aloof from a crusade of which he, like every rational man not a designing partizan, sincerely disapproved. The charge against the party thus preferred, remains valid, and Mr. Laurier has not far to seek for irrefragable and overwhelming proofs of its truth.

Mr. Langevin's speech was the most striking perhaps in the debate; and although it is difficult to look on it as ingenuous, it was certainly a sign of the changed attitude of the high-flying party in Quebec. No one has yet forgotten the *exposé* made in the Charlevoix case, and the decision pronounced so emphatically by the Supreme Court, still less the violent assaults made upon that decision by the Ultramontane press. Notwithstanding the clear evidence upon which the judgment was based, Mr. Langevin has the temerity to declare that he contested the county on purely political grounds; that he was unseated solely because "certain priests had delivered sermons in his county regarding the election; but that honourable gentlemen knew perfectly well that he was not responsible for these discourses, because he knew nothing about them." Now if one fact established by judicial records be clearer than another, it is that, even although Mr. Langevin may have known nothing of any particular addresses from pulpit and altar, he had taken care, through the bishop and the clergy, to ensure the exercise of the whole power of the Church on his behalf. The facts are too plain and notorious to be disputed. Nor is that all; for, as Mr. Laflamme urges with clearness and point, this was only one particular instance of a general system until lately prevalent throughout Quebec. "There never was to his knowledge one contested election in any part, in which was a warm contest, where the clergy, and the press which denominated themselves the organs of the clergy, did not declare that no man could vote conscientiously, and compromised his eternal salvation, if he did not support the Conservatives." He also avers—and this illustrates the distinction between religion and politics from a conservative standpoint — that the Conservative party has "made of every question for ten years a religious question." The one side was "holy," the other sustained by "infidels"—people who had no other end in view but the subversion of everything that was sacred; and "religion, order, and society" would be completely upset by a triumph of the Liberals at the polls. These are, of course, the utterances of a partizan, still they must have been acknowledged truths, or they would at once have been contradicted, if not disproved; and it is a significant fact that although some individual members repudiated any sympathy with a reckless religious crusade, so called, by which they profited, they had no denial or repudiation to make on behalf of their party. The old query, "*Cui bono?*"—for whose benefit was the movement carried on?—and the further question, did they protest against it? remain a sufficient answer to the idle professions of innocence

and disapproval made at this late hour. If the ecclesiastical authorities have repented them of the disloyal assaults made upon the Constitution, the Courts, and the freedom of the people, so much the better; yet there is no reason for attempting to ignore or deny the facts of history; still less is it wise to be lulled into fancied security by the soporific dose lately administered from the Vatican.

That Mr. Desjardins was correct in retorting the charge of connivance with clerical influence upon the Liberals has already been admitted; yet surely the member for Hochelaga, the editor of the *Nouveau Monde*, which has always been the most inveterate and uncompromising friend of the Church, as against the State, is not the man to make such a retort. If the Liberal party were induced to forget its first love and tamper with the Duessa of sacerdotalism, Mr. Desjardins, and such as he, must chiefly bear the blame. It was they who rendered fair political warfare impossible, by entering into a disgraceful compact with the Church; and it was Sir George Cartier who provided the opportunity to the Liberals for coquetry of this sort, when he paused on the path indicated by the extremists of his party. At a later stage of the debate, and after the Nova Scotia fracas, Mr. Fréchette, on the Liberal side, made a singularly unwise and indecorous speech. It is said that the member for Lévis is angling for a seat in the Cabinet, If so, his outburst on the 15th of February can hardly be a recommendation in the eyes of the Premier, with Messrs. Cartwright, Huntington, and Jones already on his hands. The hon. gentleman gave the lie almost direct, whenever he was interrupted, and he was called to order several times by the Speaker for such unparliamentary language as "utterly false," "slandering," and "a bag of wind," and might have been arrested in his reckless course for words of a similar import or even still more offensive. Mr. Blanchet's reply was certainly in better taste; still the passages-at-arms between him and Mr. Fréchette were utterly disgraceful. Illegal clerical interference, and the advantages taken of it by the Conservatives, are no doubt g ılling enough; but yet there is surely a nobler method of encounter with them than that adopted by the member for Lévis.

Au reste the dreary waste of this prolonged debate on the Address affords but slight room for admiration. Some few pointed speeches of intrinsic merit were made; yet the Premier was right in bringing it to a close without delay, even if he had infringed upon the hours of Sunday in order to do it. Surely if there ever was a work both of necessity and mercy, it was the work of bringing that series of passionate declamations and violent personal attacks to an end. The discussions on railway and canal contracts may be passed over, and there is not much to be said about the Budget speech, with Dr. Tupper's onslaught and the Finance Minister's reply. Mr. Cartwright was in his hopeful mood on this occasion; and the confidence with which he looked to wiping off his deficits was refreshing, to say the least of it. It is always a bad sign when he speaks with hope; because it is almost certain that he will be disappointed. So far as regards the loans negotiated in London, the Finance Minister defended them on the ground that by his prescience he had secured them in the nick of time; and yet he foreshadows new drafts upon the English capitalist this year, when he expects the market to be less propitious. The journals on both sides are reaping a rich reward by delving into the Public Accounts and sundry other blue books of equal interest. It has been already proved by figures, "which cannot lie," that the present Government has been at once the most extravagant and the most economical that Canada has ever had; that it has increased the liabilities of the Dominion at an alarming rate, and also that it is rapidly reducing them materially; and, finally, that it is living from hand to mouth on borrowed money, and also that it has nearly made both ends meet. The balance between the two sets of inferences from the same figures may be struck by whoso will. The measures of the Government are hardly under discussion as yet, and Parliament is only beginning to settle down to its ordinary legislative duties. A survey of these must be left until a future occasion.

The Local Legislature of Ontario has been proceeding tranquilly enough, in spite of some party rencontres. The general aspect of the Session has not been over lively or inspiriting, but, on the whole, the actual work done has been creditable because of its practical character. The passage of the

Revised Statutes will, no doubt, prove the culminating work, and then there will be few to regret the prorogation. The Hon. Mr. Fraser has been charged with some sinister design in the Voters' Lists Bill, and Mr. Mowat has also fallen under suspicion for some interpolated amendments in the Consolidated Laws. These slight breezes on the surface of the Provincial pond are of slight interest as compared with the subject of exemptions, and that, as everybody foresaw, has been, not very cleverly, thrown over until the Greek Kalends, if Ministers can project it so far.

In Quebec, on the other hand, a sudden squall has overturned the De Boucherville flat-boat, and a crisis has arisen of which we cannot as yet divine the cause or foresee the issue. There are, of course, two sides to the shield, only one of which appears to each political party. Every one knows that the Lieutenant-Governor, the Hon. Letellier de St. Just, is as Radical as his *sans culottes* namesake of the French Revolution, and that he is afflicted with a Ministry which is of the reactionary sort—Tory and something more. Considering the attitude Mr. de Boucherville and the other Ministers have assumed, not merely to His Honour, but to his political friends both in Quebec and at Ottawa, a rupture was inevitable sooner or later. The Dominion elections are not far off, and a Local Government, with so many face-cards to play, must be peculiarly distasteful to the Reform party in a Province where the odds are already against it. Opposition journals, therefore, are not slow to cry out lustily that a *coup d'état* has been struck, and with it the sacred cause of responsible government. In obedience to orders from Ottawa—so the story runs—the Governor suddenly, and without apparent cause, dismissed a Ministry having a majority, and installed a Joly Cabinet in its stead. In brief, he has committed a McMahonism, with the simple difference that the offence was committed at the expense of the Right instead of the Left.

That is one side of the story; the *Globe* tells the slightly different one, that the De Boucherville Ministry resigned in high dudgeon, because the Lieutenant-Governor refused to sign two of their measures. Until further light is thrown upon the subject it may be as well not to prejudge either side; yet it is not impossible to say that his Honour may be right on the former hypothesis and wrong on the latter. It is quite within the province of a Governor to dismiss his advisers at any time, provided he substitutes in their place another set who shall prove to possess the confidence of the people. If the existing Chamber refuse to extend the necessary measure of confidence, a new one may, and that can easily be tested by a dissolution. On the other view it seems hardly possible to see how two important measures like the Railway and Tax Bills can have been formulated without his Honour's authority being in some form or another pledged to them; and, in that case, the refusal to sanction these Bills when passed, would seem arbitrary in itself and unfair to the Government. In either view the subject requires further elucidation.

It is not difficult to understand in some measure the attitude of a Lieutenant-Governor who, having been a Reformer, perceives with surprise the wasteful extravagance of his advisers. It is a singular fact, that, whilst Frenchmen as individuals are frugal and saving, they have generally been ruled by the most reckless and extravagant Governments. Now, in the Province of Quebec, there have been more Conservative Cabinets than one; but their characteristics in a less or more marked degree appear to be two; and these have been especially the attributes of the De Boucherville Government which has just resigned or received the *coup de grâce*. The first is a perfect mania for intolerance and reaction. The French habitan still cherishes with childlike and unquestioning faith the beliefs of his forefathers, much as the peasant used to do in old France, but can scarcely be said to do, as a class, any longer. The Canadian is tolerant and indulgent by temperament; but he is readily worked upon, if necessary, through his religious hopes and fears, and thus the terrors of the Church become a potent weapon in the hands of designing men, clerical and lay. Conservative politicians have become deft operators with sacerdotal machinery; and they are well aware that they must pay a price for the use of it. If the people are not intolerant, the bishops and priests are, or, shall we say, have been; obviously, if partizans desire ecclesiastical assistance, they must defer to the claims and obey the commands of their spiritual pastors and masters. Hence the eagerness with which the

Conservative party threw itself into the movement of 1871-2, and strove to identify its interests with those of the Church. Hence the introduction upon the statute-book of the ominous words, "the decrees of our Holy Father the Pope are binding," in direct violation of the Act of 1st Elizabeth, which originally extended over all possessions of the Crown, and was expressly applied to Canada by the Quebec Act of 1774. Hence the alacrity with which the House passed a Bill to render nugatory the Judicial Committee's decision *In re* Guibord, enabling the Bishop to unconsecrate any portion of a cemetery, and consequently deprive a man's property of its value as a burial spot. In brief, without multiplying particular instances, the entire tendency of Conservative action has been to make the Legislature a mere registry office for ecclesiastical decrees.

In the House of Commons lately, Mr. Masson complained "that Mr. De Boucherville had been accused of being a reactionist, and behind the times in his ideas; yet he had given Quebec the North Shore Railway and—*quantum distat ab illo*—the ballot. The truth is, that the ex-Premier is not only a reactionary, but an extravagant one. The machinery of legislation and administration has been wasteful and improvident in the extreme. The recklessness with which public works have been undertaken is unprecedented in the annals of colonial legislation. Ministers seem to have imagined that the treasury was practically inexhaustible; they complain that French Canadians are driven to the United States, and yet they have done all they could to make their Province uninhabitable. The Railway and Tax Bills are new devices for grinding the faces of the people, and, therefore, it is not surprising that the Lieutenant-Governor has expressed his repugnance for them. It was high time that a change of administration took place for many reasons; and any possible change that can be made will not fail to be an improvement. Mr. Joly has been charged with the task of forming a Government, and, although the list of Ministers has not been definitively announced, there can be little doubt that, though in great part Liberal, a Conservative element of a rational type will be introduced, which may give strength and stability to the whole. Messrs. Irvine and Starnes do not belong to the *Parti National*, and their presence ought to be a reassuring guarantee to the timid spirits within and without the walls of Parliament. It is impossible to conjecture what the present House may do when the names and programme of the new Government are presented. Probably, rather than precipitate a general election, a majority will pass the balance of the Estimates and allow the prorogation to take place at an early date. Still, some of the members are quite self-willed and imprudent enough to be obstructive, and then there is but one way.

President Hayes has only done his duty as an honest man by his veto of the Silver Bill. Fears were expressed that he might allow it to become law by not paying any attention to it during the ten days prescribed by the Constitution. It is greatly to his credit that he has proved equal to the emergency, and exposed the dishonesty of the measure in a terse and remarkably lucid message. As this document has been published in the daily press, it seems only necessary to call attention to its chief points. Mr. Hayes repeats his desire to concur with Congress in any measure "to increase the silver coinage of the country," which would not impair the obligation of credit. He apparently is an advocate of a bi-metallic currency, although he does not expressly say so. His objections to the Bill are of a different complexion. He protests against calling a coin of 412½ grains of silver a dollar, when it is actually worth only 90 or 92 cents, and especially making such a coin "a legal tender for debts contracted when the law did not recognize such coin as lawful money." Prior to 1873, silver dollars existed, but were used solely as bullion, and were not in circulation; of the funded debt now outstanding, over eleven hundred and forty three millions of dollars belong to that period. The seven hundred and eighty-three millions since issued belong to the gold coin period. Thence, Mr. Hayes argues justly that it would be dishonest to pay interest or principal of any portion of the bonded debt in a depreciated silver coinage. Of course, by a parity of reasoning, the same remark applies to private obligations. Further, in anticipation of the use which may be made of a tricky introduction of the word "coin" into the Bill, the President shows that the public faith was distinctly pledged by the Government in this matter. Doubts

were expressed as to the character of the coin which might be tendered to the bondholders--doubts fully justified by the event. The United States Government then made a public announcement that no retrospective legislation or action of the Treasury should sanction such payments being made, "except in coin exacted by Government in exchange for the same"—in other words, as the United States received gold coin or its equivalent, it should pay in the same. Thus the Bill is not only a piece of national dishonesty, but also of international dishonour. It is surprising to notice a belief entertained by some that the depreciated silver dollar will soon grow to be the equivalent of the gold coin—a notion too wild and absurd to deserve serious examination. The capital defect of the measure, Mr. Hayes urges, is independent of chimerical expectations of that sort, and the objections he makes to it are not in the slightest degree affected by them. The Bill "authorizes the violation of sacred obligations," and no more need be said concerning it. Notwithstanding the clear and incisive logic of the President the Bill was passed over the veto by the two-thirds rule—in the House by 196 to 73, and in the Senate by 46 to 19. This result was not unexpected; but the dignity of the Senate might have been saved if such men as Mr. Conkling had exerted themselves. They are, however, for the most part, Presidential aspirants, and although they voted against the measure, they were too chary of their popularity all over the Union to risk it, even in the cause of national honour and good faith. The consequences of this iniquitous measure are already apparent, and we venture to think that it will be bitterly regretted before long, even by the most infatuated of its supporters.

The death of Pio Nono, and the elevation of Cardinal Pecci, as Leo XIII. must not be passed over without notice, notwithstanding the voluminous literature that has accumulated regarding both since the beginning of February. The romantic life of the venerable Pontiff who expired on the 7th of February, has often been outlined by friends, foes, and indifferentists—and it was essentially romantic. The delicacy of health which turned the current of his life from the army to the church; the early love interrupted by the transition; the Archiepiscopal career at Imola; the mission to Chili; the shipwreck and imprisonment; the Episcopal career of later days, and the elevation of Mastai Ferretti to the Popedom, on the demise of Gregory XVI. on the 16th of June, 1846, as Pius IX. are all too well known to need recapitulation. His election was the result of an accident, and the issue of a career begun so promisingly must have appeared little short of impossible, had it been read to contemporaries by some apocalyptic seer from the mysterious and changeful volume of the future. Almost entirely unknown by the people of Rome, Pius was soon hailed as the *Ré Sacerdote*, their priest-king, who was inspired, like themselves, with burning hatred of the Austrian, and a fervent longing to drive the Tedeschi from Italian soil. The sunshine was soon over, however, and the permanent shadows that fell upon the Papacy deepened apace. The Pontiff's aspirations were not as his subjects'; and soon were heard the connected cries, "War with the Austrian" and "*Ma stai*"—his own name long drawn out—"but you pause." The revolutionary fever of 1848 followed; the reaction of the Holy Father, the assassination of Count Rossi, his minister, the flight to Gaeta, and so on through the wonderful panorama of that eventful period. The year 1850 found the Pope in Rome, on the downfall of the Roman Republic, under the sinister auspices of Louis Napoleon, protected from his subjects by French bayonets, with the redoubtable Antonelli as his Prime Minister. Thenceforth the progress of the temporal power was swiftly downwards, until in 1871 the venerable Pontiff posed, not without a natural dignity and grace, bizarre though the stratagem seemed, as "Prisoner of the Vatican." And so he remained in the palace and its gardens until death took him home into its peaceful embrace in the 86th year of his age, and the thirty-second of his Pontificate. The years of Peter had at last been overpassed, and although His Holiness had long been moribund, it is singular to find that the excitement attendant on the death of the King of Italy was the proximate cause of his own decease. His character is at once too simple and too intricate to be analyzed in a sentence. His simplicity of life, his sincere and undoubted piety, his devotion to his Church, his somewhat prominent vanity and fondness for posing in a dignified and striking situation, are evident upon

the face of his biography. His intellect was not powerful; but with will once thwarted and passions aroused, he was the prince of scolders and the most firmly set of men, priests, or angels. "Death wins this time," was the serio-comic expression of the man in his death-struggle; "Guard the Church I loved so well and faithfully," the fitting passage from a life in which he had loved ecclesiasticism not wisely but too well. Of Cardinal Pecci—Leo XIII.—we have ample materials for biography; but they seem of little practical use. He is sixty-eight years of age, and was, until his elevation, the Papal Chamberlain or Chancellor—the first occupying that office who has ever won the tiara. It is idle to conjecture what his career may be, since he must run more or less in the old grooves. The limits within which a Pope may diverge to one side or the other are much narrower than we are apt to suppose, and it can only be presumed that, as he is not a pronounced fanatic or a determined irreconcilable, he will look towards liberality. Simeoni's dismissal seems to point in this direction; but it is an indication upon which too much stress may easily be laid.

In the chaos of rumour and babblement touching the Eastern question, only one fact stands out clearly—that the treaty of Peace has been signed at last; the war party is, for the time, discomfited, and the world at large considerably relieved. The interests of England, whatever they may be, are secured; Russia has withdrawn some demands which it does not appear that she ever made; Austria is tranquil, because she cannot help herself; and the peace of Europe fully secured—until the next scare. It is somewhat surprising that England, after all the gush of sympathy she poured forth for Bulgaria, eighteen months since, should leap with joy at the prospect of an Austrian alliance. Does not every intelligent Englishman know that an alliance with the Hapsburgs means the undoing of all the work of Christian emancipation already accomplished? An autonomous group of Christian states south of the Danube would meet with determined opposition from the Austro-Hungarians; and no earthly consideration, other than fear of the consequences, would prevent their resisting it. They do not love Turkey much; but they hate Slav freedom and independence still more. We hear much of Poland; what of Austria's Hungary of 1849, and the butcher Haynau, who flogged women and was flogged by the draymen of Barclay and Perkins? Turkey's "integrity and independence," for which England fought in the Crimea, are irretrievably gone, and Austria's assistance in curbing Russia would be the very worst that could possibly be asked or accepted. If England has any good reason for going to war, let her certainly do so, and every true Briton will say "good speed" to the gallant men who bear her standard; but let us know that she has a cause and that it is a good one, and repudiate at once any entangling alliance with the selfishness of any European power. If our cause be just, we need not fear to fight for it alone; to go to war along with the jealousies and ambitions of the mongrel empire of Vienna would be a blunder, as well as a crime.

March 5th, 1878.

BOOK REVIEWS.

IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS. By Walter Savage Landor. Vol. 5. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Toronto: Hart and Rawlinson.

De Quincey regretted that Landor was a comparatively unknown author, and, in spite of the evidence afforded by this new and convenient reprint, we are afraid the ground for the regret remains. Here and there, from the upper shelves of some old library, the 'Conversations' have looked down in their dingy paper boards upon the ephemeral productions of the day, and seen these flippant or trashy books handled or tossed aside by readers who yawned to find nothing new in them. Perhaps now and then a young reader would climb up

to the height of their position, lug one of them out, and posture on the top of the hand-steps while he tried the contents. Ah! those bygone days when an old writer like Landor (for everything that is grand is old at once) was new to one! Then there were the lofty thoughts of all the sages before us, from the beginning of historic times, all locked in their magic web of words; all waiting for our touch to set them free again. What joy is comparable to the joy of those old days, when amongst our searchings and blind gropings through the infinite possibilities of those shelves, we happed upon such a treasure as Landor? Happy times never to return again:

> 'A night of memories and sighs
> I consecrate to thee.'

But there is a most happy thought vouchsafed us, that though those early flowers have lost their bloom and first fragrance for us, we can live over again our first love for them. We cannot pluck them again, but yet they flower afresh for each new generation, and as we turn our children in among the blossoms we may feel that sacred warmth again refresh and kindle us. If words could tell what pleasure we found when we first read Landor, this new edition would not sleep upon its shelf as did the old one.

In the first place, before his poetry, before his imagery, before his style, before his depths of insight and criticism, there is his love of liberty. He thinks and he writes, a freeman for freemen; let no one with a slavish heart draw near to its shrine or listen to its oracles! Alas! too often will even the liberal-minded find cause to shrink in self-reproof at finding some inward likeness or meanness depicted there. Love of freedom gives Landor his strength, it even at times betrays him into weakness. Viewed from his standpoint, Bonaparte, the extinguisher of French liberty, the creator of mushroom monarchies, the tyrannical general and administrator, appears as small and contemptible as Bonaparte, the head of the Republican armies, the destroyer of legitimate royalties, the audacious administrator and legislator, appeared from the far different standpoint of the English Tory. Nor need we think that since two such different critics found Napoleon I. petty and insignificant, denied his courage and found fault with his generalship, that their criticism must be just. Both viewed him from afar off, one from an inferior, the other from a superior position; both looked only at the qualities they hated, and ignored the rest of his nature; and it is only by examining their contradictory suffrages in an impartial manner that we can detect the real man lying hidden beneath them.

So far did love of freedom warp the merely historical accuracy of Landor. But we must remember that he lived in Italy, where Napoleon's victories had, perhaps, been the most brilliant, but were certainly the soonest obscured by faults of administration. Listening to a brave people recounting the wrongs they had suffered from the leaders of an avowedly republican army, what manner of man would it have been who would not have felt his heart bleed with them?

If it be true, as it has been said, that to know some men is a liberal education in itself, surely there is a charm about Italy which makes a residence there a politically liberal education. Is it the traditions of the past? Is it the prospects of the future? Can we put it down to the strange contrasts that have ever made it their shifting scene? Is it the memory of the old republic, modelled like an army in battle array, succeeded by the vastness of the world-embracing empire, then shrinking till our interest centres in a few persecuted heretics among the tombs, expanding again with triumphal music into an Imperial Church, following the renovated nation into a mad carnival of beneficent despotism, small republics, and mercenary wars, all environed in the blaze of poetry and of art, celebrated by the tongue of Dante, made immortal by the chisel of Angelo? Italy has certainly had much attraction for English heroes, and our northern blood has seldom or never taken a nobler cast of feature than when it has sojourned awhile among the olives and chesnuts of the Appenines. Here Milton walked, and long years after Shelley sang; and the burning love of freedom that inspired them both does more to bind them together than religious acrimony can do to tear their names asunder. The two Brownings also—where will you find braver thoughts clad in sweeter words than when they uttered fearlessly the inmost wish of the soul-stifled thousands around them? where will the future historian of Italy find the verses to deck his patriotic pages, if not on their lips? And it was thus that Landor wrote, and in this spirit that he lived. Oppression anywhere was poison to him. He had seen the wars of the revolution lie down. Europe had succumbed in the vast combat. The bravest voices were quenched, some on the scaffold, some on the battle-field, some, more unfortunate still, had turned with Burke and blasphemed against their former principles. It was the era of little great men and petty overgrown kingdoms. The Holy Alliance ruled the continent; Poland, Hungary, Greece were ground to powder; Louis Philippe might do to Spain with impunity what the great Napoleon was not allowed to do; reaction reigned supreme, but not unchallenged. In wrathful denunciation, in crushing irony, in scathing scorn, Landor spoke from time to time. The Greek patriot might be hunted down in his mountains, the Hungarian leader cast into prison, the Arab chief stifled by French cruelty in the caverns of Algeria. But there was one spot where they could meet their antagonists on equal terms, nay on

such superiority of terms as conscious right possesses over conscious villainy. The voice of the child of the desert might be smothered by the rolling smoke that still tarnishes the glory of the French eagles, but in Landor's pages it could be heard. Face to face with Marshal Bugeaud, the Bedouin could rebuke him and his master, and all the civilized world could overhear it. If any man would fain have his sons hate vice, oppression, despotism, and superstition, let him teach them to read and love Landor early.

We need not mention particularly any one of the conversations in the volume now before us. There is not one that will not repay careful study; you can read Landor more than once and can learn something from him every time. One thing we regret in this edition; it is that Landor's erratic spelling has been corrected, and one source of piquant pleasure, one peculiar flavor of his style, has gone with it. The generation which learns its Landor from this Websterized issue will not understand De Quincey's playful allusion to our author as an 'orthographic mutineer.'

EVENINGS IN THE LIBRARY: Bits of Gossip about Books and Those who wrote Them. By George Stewart, Jr.: Toronto: Belford Bros.

This little book consists of papers first published separately in *Belfora's Magazine*, consisting of light and gossipy critiques of a number of modern authors, almost exclusively American. Had the author entitled his book "Gossips about *American* books," &c., it would have been better described. He gives us no reason for this preference, except that he has selected "such of the great names of literature as please me best." It is a little curious, that, with the exception of Carlyle, these great names should be taken entirely from our neighbours across the line,—that about Tennyson or Browning, George Eliot or George Macdonald, and a host besides, he should have nothing to say. However, he has a right to make his own choice, though hardly to make the title of his book so general. Possibly he may have thought that we, in Canada, stand more in need of information about American authors. It is not easy to see, moreover, why he should have thrown his critiques into the dialogue form. Where there is no attempt at characterization, where question and answer clearly do duty only as pegs to hang opinions on, it seems to us they are generally *de trop*, and that the author would have done better to follow the straightforward essay form, as Leslie Stephen has done in his "Hours in a Library," which probably suggested the title of this little volume. However, it is possible that the dialogue form may catch a few readers who shrink from pages of unbroken essay. Apart from these minor exceptions, the book is pleasant reading, and contains a good deal of information about the authors discussed. As to Emerson, the writer grows in our opinion a little too enthusiastic over "the apostle of a new faith;" but Holmes and Aldrich and Howells he describes very truly and with a good deal of vividness of expression and discrimination of quality. The criticism of Whittier, enthusiastic as it is, strikes us as very inadequate, because some of the poet's noblest poems and passages are entirely ignored. In such poems as "The Eternal Goodness" and "The Master," he strikes some of the highest chords he touches, yet these are left entirely unnoticed. It is a happy comparison, however, to say that, "in many ways Whittier is another Wordsworth. He is fully as homely, and as eager a lover of nature as the English bard. He has written nothing like the 'Excursion,' as a whole, but there are bits in his composition which sound the same echoes."

Taken as a whole, the book contains a good deal of information for young readers, pleasantly expressed, and we heartily endorse the author's hope that it may lead these to "turn to the pages of [some of] the great geniuses who have enlightened an age, and read the delightful poems, sketches, and stories, which they have given us."

PETITES CHRONIQUES POUR 1877. Par Arthur Buies. Quebec: C. Darveau. 1878.

The writer of this little work desires to be better known than he is by his English-speaking fellow-subjects. He is an able and graphic writer, as readers of the persecuted *Réveil* know well; and he is an earnest and honest man, as his struggles and sufferings testify. Perhaps the best account of M. Buies will be found in Mr. Charles Lindsey's "Rome in Canada" (pp. 31 and 217). His purpose in establishing *Le Réveil* was to ascertain whether politics had any sphere apart from religion. All that was asked was freedom of political discussion, without interference in any way with the proper domain of religion. It might have suggested itself to M. Buies—and probably did—that the effort was hopeless from the outset. Before the journal appeared, the hierarchy and its sleuth-hounds had smelt danger. The prospectus had announced the promise to avoid religious questions, and that was deemed a sufficient reason for its condemnation. The Archbishop of Quebec denounced this promise "as a species of apostacy," because "the very nature of political, social, and educational questions recalls the idea of religion." Perhaps the new advocates of separating politics from religion will condescend to inform us what independent standpoint is left for the former? *Le Réveil* was placed under the ban of the Church; every

priest in the diocese was ordered to find out if the proscribed journal were read by any persons in his parish; and, if any such there were, to interdict them for a repetition of the offence. Now the offences alleged against *Le Réveil* were—copying something written in favour of evolution, without refuting it; copying an extract from an address of Castelar in favour of religious liberty; but really, for advocating toleration. M. Buies, in his journal, encroached in no respect upon the domain of dogmatic religion; his offences, in the shape of clippings, were such as no one in an English country need fear to publish, in apprehension of penalties, either civil or ecclesiastical. In Quebec, unhappily, our French neighbours live in another atmosphere—rather Spanish, than French—in which, if a *littérateur* refrains from the expression of religious opinions which might prove unacceptable, he is ostracised by the hierarchy, deprived of his livelihood, and pilloried before a superstitious people as an atheist or a communist—a pariah, breathing and moving in the atmosphere of free British institutions—the liberties of which are withheld from him by the illegal and meddlesome intrusiveness of the Roman hierarchy. If it be necessary to protect the freedom of election from priestly interference, it is equally necessary to strike a blow for the freedom of the press.

M. Arthur Buies is a Canadian martyr to freedom of action, more than of freedom of opinion, though he has suffered in the attempt to assert both. For that reason it seems to us that he deserves fitting introduction to the free English-speaking people of the Dominion, and cordial recognition at their hands. It was our intention to attempt, by translation, to give some notion of the author's lively and clear style in these *Petites Chroniques*. They relate to a variety of subjects, and it might be possible to make some extracts which would show, to some extent, the author's power and piquancy of expression. It is to be feared, however, that the aroma would evaporate in the process of translation, and therefore we recommend the lively little papers to the attention of French readers. They will find in them, photographed by the hand of a master in the literary craft, the social life, the politics, and the intellectual life of Quebec as it is to-day. The sketches of our Canadian watering-places on the Lower St. Lawrence and Saguenay are exceedingly graphic—indeed, it would be difficult to find their counterparts in English. Finally, the writer's views on the Temperance question will strike the reader as fresh, original, and certainly worthy of attention.

It is sad to think that the advent of the Liberal party to power has not improved M. Buies's fortunes, or returned him any recompense for the persecution he has undergone. This is the opening of his "Prologue," in which, in a humorous pathetic fashion, he makes his complaint: "More Chronicles! Yes, Chronicles again. I desire, however, from the opening page, to dissuade my readers from perusing them. And since they are the only resource left to me, whose name is marked on no other budget, to me, an advanced *Rouge*, so far advanced that my friends had lost sight of me on their advent to power, now erelong four years ago. Four years! It is nothing in the career of governments, may be; yet, how it reckons in the life of individuals! I have beheld my fortunes dwindle in proportion as the Liberal vote increased, and so soon as the Liberal majority becomes overwhelming, I shall be nearing the verge of starvation. If my party remain in power two years longer, the Ultramontanes will find themselves obliged to bury me at their own expense, and—I shall be avenged. I am not even an Honorable, in spite of my grey hairs, and I have seen Fabre pitchforked into the Senate without having any such fate threatening myself. Already I am drifting, with full sail, to a mature age—an age without rashness, because it has lost its illusions—and have not been an office-bearer for a single day; I know not the blessing of an official chief, and already my past is reckoned by lustres whose numbers inspire me with solemn disquiet as to the number of them which are left for me to run. All official delights are unknown to me, and I have spent whole nights in dreaming of a sinecure which would enable me to erect a literary monument for the benefit of posterity—I mean the posterity nearest; that which will follow the monument at once on its erection, and prove itself worthy of it, by heaping up for me the proper reward." Then follows a passage worthy of the irony and serio-comic vein which pervades the foregoing, in which M. Buies assures us that he despises all earthly things, and amongst them either office from the party or contributions from the public. Indeed, there is a Parisian flavour throughout, which seems to come as an hereditary gift to some choice spirits in Canada—the humour and the plaint, the sadness and the jest, are so inextricably wedded in one compound. And if we could hope, as reasonably we may, that M. Arthur Buies, with the limpid and vigorous language at his command, might be induced to try his hand at some sustained *Causeries de Lundi*, more earnest in purpose, though not less lively and critical than those of Paris, he might be the Ste. Beuve of Quebec, if only the ecclesiastics would but leave him severely alone.

A PRACTICAL GUIDE TO ENGLISH VERSIFICATION; with a Compendious Dictionary of Rhymes; an Examination of Classical Measures, &c., &c. By Tom Hood. A New and Enlarged Edition. London: John Hogg; Toronto: James Campbell & Son. 1877.

This little volume has a superabundance of title and sub-titles, of which that on its cover, "Rules for Making English Verse," best describes it. The present edition is a reprint of "The Rules of Rhyme," by the same author published some years ago by James Hogg & Son; the only difference that we have been able to detect being the addition of Bysshe's "Rules for Making English Verse," in the appendix; which contains also so much of the introductory matter of the "Young Poet's Guide" (on which this treatise is founded) as appears to the author to contain profitable hints, though it differs somewhat from his views. The result of all this is, that the little book is somewhat of a patchwork performance, of which the appendix rather overweights the body. It would have been preferable had the author extracted the essence of this appendix and merged it into his own part of the work, especially in view of the excellence of that part. As it is, the first principles of versification are impressed on the reader a good deal on the "poll-parrot" plan; and the differences of opinion between the three "treatises" in one and the same volume are less likely to aid the novice in verse than to make him ask ruefully, "who shall decide, when doctors disagree?" As we have said, the author's "Rules of Rhyme" are excellent. They are written in a pleasant, concise, and common-sense style, with here and there such touches of humour as are to be expected from the editor of *Fun*. There are as few technicalities as possible, and a clear explanation of such as are necessarily used. The intention of the book is adequately carried out, and its purpose is deserving of more sympathy than is commonly accorded it, —the teaching of the art of versification. The preface disclaims as its object that of being "a hand-book for poets, or a guide to poetry. . ." A poet, to paraphrase the Latin, "is created, not manufactured." But to become a *versifier* is generally esteemed by no means desirable. Certainly, to insist on versifying in print is not only undesirable, but morally reprehensible. But we fancy that a knowledge of some of the difficulties of versification would serve to restrain the ingenuous self-confidence of the "bards" of newspaper "Poet's Corners;" or would, at any rate, abate the evil they commit by infusing some metre into their mediocrity. Among persons of sound mind, however, a knowledge of versification, accurate if not profound, is really very well worth having, as it is by no means common. The most obvious advantage of it is in the increased appreciation it necessarily gives of the metrical beauties of our poets. But, besides this, we would urge that the writing of verse, as a part of education, cannot be too highly valued as conducing to clearness of thought, conciseness of expression, choice of language, and power of building it skilfully, delicately, and, last not least, musically. It is hard to see why the cultivation of a delicate ear for language should be deemed unimportant, especially in a country where it must be acknowledged that there is a predominance of harsh voices and inelegant speaking. To quote from Mr. Hood's Preface: "Were English versification taught in our schools, I believe the boys would acquire a better understanding and appreciation of their own tongue. With such a training, a lad would shrink from a mispronunciation as he does from a false quantity in Latin or Greek. He would not fall into the slipshod way of pronouncing 'doing,' as if it were spelt 'doin',' 'again,' as if 'agen,' and 'written and spoken,' as if 'writtun and spokun.' He would not make dissyllables of words like 'fire' and 'mire,' or of the trissyllable 'really'.....The purging of our pronunciation would be of general benefit. At present it is shifting and uncertain,—because it is never taught.....There being no standard set up, the pronunciation of English becomes every day more and more degraded by the mere force of the majority of uneducated vulgar. The Americanizing of our language—which seems to me a less remote and no less undesirable possibility than 'the Americanizing of our institutions,' about which we hear so much —can only be checked by some such educational system. Surely the deterioration of our language is not a minor matter, and when it can be removed by the encouragement of verse-writing at our schools, strictly and clearly taught, it seems astonishing that no effort has been made in that direction." For detailed criticism we have not left ourselves space; and the little fault-finding which might be done is not enough to burden our conscience. The Dictionary of Rhymes is well arranged, trustworthy, and sufficiently exhaustive to have met all the tests to which we have been able to put it.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

A HISTORY OF ENGLAND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By William Edward Hartpole Lecky. 2 Vols. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson. 1878.

AN IDLE EXCURSION. By Mark Twain. Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Co. 1878.

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THE MONKS OF THELEMA.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE.

Authors of 'Ready-Money Mortiboy,' 'The Golden Butterfly,' 'By Celia's Arbour,' etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

"Here dwell no frowns nor anger; from these gates Sorrow flies afar."

TWO novices are waiting for the ceremony of reception. They have been placed side by side upon a seat at the lower end of the great hall, and have been enjoined to wait in silent meditation. The low seat perhaps typifies the stool of repentance; but until the reception is over one hardly likes to speculate on the meaning of things. One of the novices is a man and the other a girl. Two by two the fraternity have entered into this ark, and two by two they go out of it. So much only is known to the outer world. The man is about thirty years of age, with bright eyes, and smooth shaven chin and cheek. If the light were better, you would make out that he has a humorous twinkle in his eyes, and that his lips, which are thin, have got a trick of smiling at nothing—at the memory, the anticipation, the mere imagined umbra of a good thing. This kind of second sight is useful for keeping the spirits at a uniform temperature, a simmering rather than a bubbling of cheerfulness. The unhappy people who have it not are melancholy in solitude, rush into any kind of company, often take to drink, commit atrocious crimes while drunk, and hang themselves in prison. Mr. Roger Exton will never, it is very certain, come to this melancholy end. He is extremely thin and rather tall; also his face is brown, of that colour which comes of long residence in hot climates. In fact Mr. Exton has but recently returned from Assam, where he has made a fortune—which we hope is a large one—some say by tea, or, according to another school of thinkers, by indigo. The question, still unsettled, belongs to those open controversies, like the authorship of "Junius," or the identity of the "Claimant," which vex the souls of historians and tap-room orators. The only other remarkable points about this novice were that his hair was quite straight, and that, although he was yet, as I have said, not much more than thirty, the corners of his eyes were already provided with a curious and multitudinous collection of crows' feet,

the puckers, lines, spiders' webs, and map-like rills of which lent his face an incongruous expression, partly of surprise, partly of humour, partly of craft and subtlety. The rapid years of modern life, though his had been spent in the quiet of the north-west provinces, had in his case, instead of tearing the hair off temples and top, or making him prematurely gray, as happens to some shepherds, marked him in this singular fashion.

The reasons why you cannot see things as clearly as I have described them are that it is past nine o'clock on an evening in July; that the hall is lighted chiefly by upper windows which form a sort of clerestory; that most of the glass is painted; that what amber twilight of a summer evening can get in is caught in the black depths of a fifteenth century roof, across which stretches a whole forest of timber, a marvel of intricate beams; or falls upon tapestry, carpets, and the dull canvas of portraits which swallow it all up. In the east, behind the pair who wait, is a rose window emblazoned with the arms and crest; repeated in every light, of the great House of Dunlop. Looking straight before them, the expectants could make out nothing at all except black shadows, which might mean instruments of torture. Half way up the wall there ran a row of tiny gas-jets, which had been lighted, but were now turned down to little points of blue flame, pretty to look at, but of no value as illuminators.

Over their heads was an organ-loft, in which sat a musician playing some soft and melodious sort of prelude. Of course there were lights in the organ-loft; but there was a curtain behind him, while in front the organ, cased in black woodwork of the last century, rich with precious carvings, was capable of absorbing, without reflection, all the light, whether from candles, gas, oxyhydrogen, electricity, or magnesium wire, which modern science might bring to play upon it. So that no good came out of the organ-loft lights.

The minutes passed by, but no one came to relieve their meditation and suspense. The soft music, the great dark hall, the strange light in the painted glass, the row of tiny gas-jets, the novelty of the situation, produced a feeling as if they were in a church where the organist's mind was running upon secular things, or else on the stage at the opera waiting for the procession to begin. An odd feeling—such a feeling as must have passed over the minds of a City congregation two centuries and a half ago, when their Puritan ministers took for Church use tunes which once delighted a court, and therefore belonged to the Devil.

The girl heaved a sigh of suspense, and her companion, who had all this time looked straight before him without daring to break upon the silence, or to look at his partner in this momentous ceremony, looked round. This is what he would have seen had the light been stronger; as it was, the poor man had to content himself with a harmony in twilight.

She wore, being a young lady who paid the very greatest attention to the subject of dress, as every young lady, outside Girton and Merton, ever should do, some sweet-looking light evening dress, all cloudy with lace and trimmings, set about with every kind of needlework art, looped up, tied round, and adorned in the quaint and pretty fashion of the very last year of grace, eighteen hundred and seventy-five. She wore a moss-rose in her dark hair, and a simple gold locket hanging round her neck by a light Indian chain. She is tall, and as is evident from the pose of her figure, she is *gracieuse;* she is shapely of limb as you can see from the white arm which gleams in the twilight; she has delicately-cut features, in which the lips, as mobile as the tiny wavelets of a brook, dimple and curve at every passing emotion, like the pale lights of an electric battery; her eyes do most of her talking, and show all her moods—no hypocritical eyes are these—eyes which laugh and cry, are indignant, sorry, petulant, saucy, and pitiful, not in obedience to the will of their mistress whom they betray, but in accordance with some secret compact made with her heart. Give her a clear-cut nose, rather short than long; a dainty little coral of an ear, a chin rather pointed, and an oval face—you have as a whole, a girl who in her face, her figure, the grace of her bearing, would pass for a French girl, and who yet in language and ideas was English. Her godfather called her Eleanor, which proved much too stately a name for her, and so her friends always call her Nelly. Her father, while he breathed these upper airs, was a soldier, and his name was Colonel Despard.

Taking courage from the sigh, Roger Exton tried to begin a little conversation.

"They keep us waiting an unconscionable time," he said. "Are you not tired?"

"This is the half-hour for meditation," she replied gravely. "You ought to be meditating."

"I am," he said, suppressing a strong desire to yawn. "I am meditating."

"Then please don't interrupt my meditations," she answered, with a little light of mischief in her eyes.

So he was silent again for a space.

"Do you happen to know," the man began again—men are always so impatient—"Do you happen to know what they will do to us in the ceremony of reception?"

"Tom—I mean, Mr. Caledon, refused to tell me anything about it, when I asked him."

"I hope," he said, fidgeting about, "that there will be no Masonic nonsense;. if there is, I shall go back to the world."

"I presume," she said, "though I do not know anything about it, really—but I expect that the Sisters will give us the kiss of fraternity, and that——"

"If," he interrupted her—"If we have only got to kiss each other, it would be a ceremony much too simple to need all this mystery. After all, most mysteries wrap up something very elementary. They say the Masons have got nothing to give you but a word and a grip. The kiss of fraternity—that will be very charming."

He looked as if he thought they might begin at once, before the others came; but the girl made no reply, and just then the organ which had dropped into a low whisper of melodious sound, which was rolling and rumbling among the rafters in the roof over their heads, suddenly crashed into a triumphant march. At the same moment, the long row of starlike flame-dots sprang into a brilliant illumination: the double doors at the lower end of the hall, at the side opposite to that where was placed the stool of repentance, were flung open, and a Procession began, at the appearance of which both novices sprang to their feet, as if they were in a church.

And then, too, the hall became visible with all its adornments.

It was a grand old hall which had once belonged to the original Abbey which Henry VIII. presented to the Dunlop who graced his reign. It was as large as the hall of Hampton Court, it was lit by a row of windows high up, beneath which hung tapestry, by a large rose window in the east, and a great perpendicular window in the west. There was a gallery below the rose, and the organ was in a recess of *pratique* in the wall at the lower end. Along the wall at the upper, or western end, was a row of stalls in carved woodwork, the wood was old, but the stalls were new. There were twenty in all, and over each hung a silken banner with a coat of arms. Each was approached by three steps, and each, with its canopy of carved wood, its seat and arms in carved wood, the gay banner above it, and the coat of arms painted and guilded at the back, might have served for the Royal Chapel at Windsor. Between the windows and above the tapestry were trophies of arms, with antlers and portraits. And on the north side stood the great fireplace, sunk back six feet and more in the wall; around it were more wood carvings, with shields, bunches of grapes, coats of arms in gold and purple, pilasters and pediments, a very precious piece of carving. There was a daïs along the western end; on this stood a throne, fitted with a canopy, and overlaid with purple velvet fringed with gold. On the right and left of the throne stood two chairs in crimson velvet, before each a table; and on one table were books. In the centre of the hall was another table covered with crimson velvet, in front of which was a long cushion as if for kneeling. In front of the candidates for reception, was a bar covered with velvet of the same colour.

The novices took in these arrangements with hasty eyes, and then turned to the procession, which began to file slowly and with fitting solemnity over the polished floor of the long hall. The organ pealed out the march from Scipio.

"I haven't heard that," said the man, "since I was at Winchester, they used to play it when the judges came to church."

First there walked a row, in double file, of boys clad in purple surplices, with crimson hoods; they carried flowers in baskets. After them came twenty young men in long blue robes, tied round the waist with scarlet ropes; they carried books, which might have been music books, and these were singing-men and serving-men. After them, at due intervals, came the Brethren and Sisters of the monastery.

There were eighteen in all, and they

walked two by two, every Brother leading a Sister by the hand. The Sisters were dressed in white, and wore hoods; but the white dresses were of satin, decorated with all the splendours that needle and thimble can bestow, and the hoods were of crimson, hanging about their necks something like the scarlet hood of a Doctor of Divinity. If the white satin and the crimson hood were worn in obedience to the sumptuary customs of the Order, no sumptuary law prohibited such other decorations as might suggest themselves to the taste of the wearer. And there were such things in adornment as would require the pen of a poetical Worth to pourtray. For some wore diamond sprays, and some ruby necklaces, and others bracelets bright with the furtive smile of opals, and there were flowers in their hair and in their dresses—long ropes of flowers trailing like living serpents over the contours of their figures, and adown the long train which a page carried for each. As the two novices gazed, there was a gleaming of white arms, and a brightness of sparkling eyes, an overshadowing sense of beauty, as if Venus Victrix for once was showing all that could be shown in grace and loveliness, which made the brain of one of these novices to reel, and his feet to stagger; and the eyes of the other to dilate with longing and wonder.

"It is *too* beautiful," she murmured. "See, there is Tom, and he leads Miranda."

They were all young and all beautiful, these nine women, except one who was neither young nor beautiful. She was certainly past forty and might have been past fifty; she was portly in figure; she was dressed more simply than the rest of her sisters, and she walked with an assumption of stately dignity; but her face was comely still and sweet in expression, though years had effaced the beauty of its lines. The brother who led her—a young man who had a long silky brown beard and blue eyes—wore a grave and pre-occupied look, as if he was going to take a prominent part in the Function and was not certain of his part.

All the brethren were young, none, certainly, over thirty; they were dressed alike in black velvet of a fastness never seen except perhaps on the stage; and they, too, wore crimson hoods, and a cord of crimson round the waist.

Last came the Lady Abbess—the Miranda of whom the novice had spoken. She was young, not more than one or two and twenty; she wore the white satin and the crimson hood, and in addition, she carried a heavy gold chain round her neck, with a jewel hanging from it on her bosom. She, too, by virtue of her office, advanced with much gravity and even solemnity, led by her cavalier. Two pages bore her train, and she was the last in the procession. The doors closed behind her, and a stalwart man clad in white leather and crimson sash stood before the door, sword in hand, as if to guard the meeting from interruption.

The Brethren and Sisters proceeded to their respective stalls; the elder Sister was led to the table on the right of the throne, the Brother who conducted her took his place at that on the left; two stewards ranged themselves beside the two tables, and took up white wands of office; the boys laid their flowers at the feet of every Sister, and then fell into place in rows below the stalls, while the Lady Miranda, led by that Brother whom the novice irreverently called Tom, mounted the throne and looked around. Then she touched a bell, and the armed janitor laying down his sword struck a gong once. The echoes of the gong went rolling and booming among the rafters of the roof, and had not died away before the organ once more began. It was the opening hymn appointed to be sung on the reception of a pair of novices.

"You who would take our simple vows,
Which cause no sorrow after,
Bring with you to this holy house,
No gifts, but joy and laughter.

"Outside the gate, where worldlings wait,
Leave envies, cares, and malice,
And at our feast, with kindly breast,
Drink love from wisdom's chalice.

"No lying face, no scandal base,
No whispering tongue is found here;
But maid and swain with golden chain
Of kindliness are bound here.

"To charm with mirth, with wit and worth,
My Sister, is thy duty;
Bring thou thy share of this good fare,
Set round with grace and beauty.

"And thine, O Brother? Ask thy heart
Its best response to render;
And in the fray of wit and play,
And in the throng of dance and song,
Or when we walk in sober talk,
No borrower be, but lender.

"Stay, both, or go: free are ye still,
So that ye rest contented;
No Sister stays against her will,
Though none goes unlamented.

"And, last, to show where here below
True wisdom's only ease is,
Read evermore, above our door,
'Here each does what he pleases.'"

The first four lines were sung as a solo by a sweet-voiced boy—the first treble in fact in the cathedral choir three or four miles away. The rest was sung as a four-part song by the full choir, which was largely recruited from the cathedral, not altogether with the sanction of the chapter. But receptions were rare.

When the organ began its prelude, two of the attendants with white wands advanced side by side and bowed before the novices, inviting them to step forward. The man, whose face betokened entire approval so far of the ceremonies, offered his hand to the girl, and with as much dignity as plain evening dress allows, which was he felt nothing compared with the dignity conferred by the costume of the Brothers, led the new Sister within the bar to the place indicated by the stewards, namely, the small altar-like table.

Then they listened while the choir sang the hymn. The Brothers and Sisters were standing each in their stall; the Lady Superior was standing under her canopy. It was like a religious ceremony.

When the last notes died away, the Lady Superior spoke softly, addressing the Brother at the low table on her left.

"Our orator," she said, "will charge the novices."

The Brother, who was the man with the blue eyes and brown beard, bowed, and stepped to the right of the throne.

"Brethren and Sisters," said the Lady Abbess, "be seated."

"It is our duty," began the orator, "at the reception of every new novice, to set forth the reasons for our existence and the apology for our rites. Listen. We were founded four hundred years ago by a monk of great celebrity and renown, Brother Jacques des Entonneurs. The code of laws which he laid down for the newly established Order of Thelemites is still maintained among us, with certain small deviations, due to change in fashion, not in principle. In externals only have we ventured to make any alterations. The rules of the Order are few. Thus, whereas in all other monasteries and convents, everything is done by strict rule, and at certain times, we, for our part, have no bells, no clocks, and no rules of daily life. The only bell heard within this convent is that cheerful gong with which we announce the serving of dinner in the refectory. Again, whereas all other monasteries are walled in and kept secluded, our illustrious founder would have no wall around his Abbey; and, whereas it was formerly the custom to shut up in the convents those who, by reason of their lacking wit, comeliness, courage, health, or beauty, were of no use in the outer world, so it was ordered by the founder that to the Abbey of Thelema none should be admitted but such women as were fair and of sweet disposition, nor any man but such as was well-conditioned and of good manners. And again, whereas in other convents some are for men and some are for women, in this Abbey of Thelema men and women should be admitted to dwell together, in such honourable and seemly wise as befits gentlemen and gentlewomen; and if there were no men, there should be no women. And, as regards the three vows taken by monks and nuns of religion, those assumed by this new fraternity should be also three, but that they should be vows of permission to marry, to be rich, if the Lord will, and to live at liberty.

"These, with other minor points, were the guiding principles of the Thelemites of old, as they are those of our modern Order. It is presumed from the silence of history, that the Abbey founded by Brother Jacques des Entonneurs fell a prey to the troubles which shortly after befell France. The original Abbey perished, leaving the germs and seeds of its principles lying in the hearts of a few. We do not claim an unbroken succession of abbots and abbesses; but we maintain that the ideas first originated with our founder have never died.

"Here you will find"—the orator's voice deepened—"none of the greater or the lesser enemies to culture and society. The common bawling Cad will not be more rigorously exiled from our house than that creeping caterpillar of society, who crawls his ignoble way upwards, destroying the tender leaves of reputation as he goes. The Pretender has never in any one of his numerous disguises, succeeded in forcing an entrance here. By

her Ithuriel wand, the Lady Miranda, our Abbess, detects such, and waves them away. The fair fame of ladies and the honour of men are not defamed by our Brethren. We have no care to climb higher up the social scale. We have no care to fight for more money, and soil our hands with those who wrestle in the dusty arena. We do not fill our halls with lions and those who roar. We are content to admire great men, travellers, authors, and poets, at a distance, where, steeped in the mists of imagination, we think they look larger. We do not wrangle over religion or expect a new gospel whenever a new magazine is started, whenever a new preacher catches the town ear, and whenever a new poet strikes an unaccustomed strain. And we are thankful for what we get.

"Newly-elected Sister! newly-elected Brother! know that you have been long watched and carefully considered before we took upon ourselves the responsibility of your election. You did not seek election, it was conferred upon you; you did not ask, it was given. We have found in you sympathy with others, modesty in self-assertion, good breeding, and a sufficiency of culture. We have found that you can be happy if you are in the atmosphere of happiness; that you can be *spirituels* without being cynical, that you are fonder of bestowing praise than censure, that you love not downcriers, enviers, and backbiters, that you can leave for a time the outer world, put aside such ambitions as you have, and while you are here live the life of a grown-up child. We welcome you."

He descended from the throne, and advancing to the table offered his hand to the young lady.

"Eleanor Despard," he said, "at this bar you leave your name and assume another to be known only within our walls. Brethren and Sisters of Thelema, you know this novice; give her a name."

The Sister at the right of the throne—the one who was no longer young—called a steward, who took cards on a salver from her and distributed them among the fraternity. There was a little whispering and laughing, but when the steward went round to collect the cards, they were all filled up.

The list of proposed names was various. One wrote Atalanta, and there was laughter and applause, and Nelly looked surprised. Another wrote Maud, "because there is none like her;" then Nelly looked at the Brother whom she had called Tom, and smiled. Another proposed Haydee; but when Sister Desdemona read out the name of Rosalind, there was a general acclamation, and it was clear what her name was to be. The officiating Brother led her to the Abbess. She mounted the three steps and knelt before the the throne, while the Abbess bent over her, took her hands in her own, and kissed her lips and forehead.

"Rise, Sister Rosalind," she said, "be welcome to our love and sisterhood."

Then Sister Desdemona beckoned another steward, who came forward bearing a train and crimson hood.

"Sister Rosalind," said the elderly Sister, "I am the registrar of the convent. You must sign your name in our book, and subscribe our vows. They are as you have heard, three."

"First, 'I declare that I make no vow against the honourable and desirable condition of wedlock; that I will not defame the sweet name of love, and that I will never pledge myself to live alone.'"

Sister Rosalind blushed prettily and signed this vow, the light dancing in her eyes.

"The second vow in this: 'Seeing that riches give delight to life, and procure the means of culture and joy, I vow to take joyfully whatever wealth the Heavens may send.'"

Rosalind made no objection to signing this vow also.

"The third and last vow is as follows: "I will be bound while in this place by no conventional rules; in the Abbey of Thelema I vow to live as I please. What honour and gentlehood permit, that will I do or say.'"

Rosalind signed the third.

Then Desdemona produced a box.

"In this box," she said, "is the ring of fraternity. I put it on the third finger of your left hand. Here also is the collar of the order; I place it round your neck. Upon your shoulders I hang the mantle and the hood; around your waist I tie the crimson cord of our fraternity. Kiss me, my Sister; we are henceforth bound together by the vows of Thelema."

Thus equipped, Sister Rosalind again took the hand of her leader, and was by him presented solemnly to each Sister in turn, receiving from each the kiss of welcome.

"This is a splendid beginning," said the other novice to himself, standing at the bar alone, "I wish my turn were come."

The Brothers did not, however, he noticed with sorrow, salute their new Sister on the lips, but on the hand.

The presentation finished,--the Brother led Sister Rosalind to her stall, over which hung, as over a stall in St. George's Chapel, the silken banner wrought with her coat of arms and crest; and behind the throne two trumpeters blared out a triumphant roar of welcome.

Then it was the turn of the other.

The orator went through the same ceremony. First the stewards sent round the cards, and names were suggested.

There were several. One said Brother Panurge, and another Brother Shandy, and another Brother Touchstone; and the one on which they finally agreed was Brother Peregrine.

Contrary to reasonable expectation, the newly-elected Brother Peregrine was not saluted on the lips by the Abbess or by any of the Sisters. As a substitution of that part of the ceremonial, he received a hand of each to kiss, and then the trumpeters blew another blast of welcome.

Just then the organ began again playing softly, like music in a melodrama, while the orator again stood beside the throne, and prepared to speak.

"Brothers and Sisters," he said "we have this evening admitted two more, a man and a woman, to share our pleasures and our sports. Be kind to them; be considerate of their weaknesses; make yourselves loved by them; encourage them in the cultivation of the arts which make our modern Thelema worthy of its illustrious founder, those namely of thought for the joy of others, innocent pleasure in the delights which we can offer, and ingenious devices of sport and play. And all of us remember, that as the Egyptians, so we have our skeleton."

He pointed to the throne. A steward drew back a curtain, and shewed, sitting on the same seat as the Abbess, a skeleton crowned, and with a sceptre in its hand.

"We have this always with us. It saddens joys which else might become a rapture; it sobers mirth which else might pass all bounds; it bids us live while we may. Brethren and Sisters, at each reception this curtain is drawn aside to remind us of what we may not forget, but do not speak. Lady Abbess, I have spoken."

He bowed low and retired.

The Abbess rose slowly. Her white satin, her crimson mantle, her lace, the bright row round her waist, the spray of diamonds in her hair, her own bright eyes, and sweet grave face, contrasted against the white and crouching skeleton beside her.

"My Brothers and Sisters," she said, "there remains but one thing more; you have heard that our founder was the illustrious Friar Jacques des Entonneurs. It is true; but the *creator* of that monk, the real designer of our Abbey, was a far greater man. Let us drink in solemn silence to the memory of the Master." One of the stewards bore a golden cup to every Brother and Sister, and another filled it with champagne.

Then the organ pealed and the trumpets brayed, and as the Abbess bowed from the throne, an electric light fell full upon a marble bust which Rosalind had not seen before. It was on a marble pillar at the end of the hall. It was the bust of the great Master—François Rabelais himself—and beneath it were the words in golden letters,

"FAY CE QUE VOULDRAS."

CHAPTER II.

"These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live."

AFTER the reception, it was only natural that a ball should follow. By the time the first guests arrived the throne had been carried away; the crowned skeleton was removed to the place where such mementoes should be—a cupboard. All the properties of the recent ceremony—the red velvet bar, the tables and carpets, had been put away out of sight. Only the stalls remained, with their beautiful carved work in wood, and these were stripped of cushions, crimson carpets, and banners. The hall, save for the rout stools, was absolutely empty; the organ-loft was dark, and the band were collected in the music gallery, which ran along the east end of the hall, waiting for the dancing to begin.

There was no one to receive people; because none of the Order were present. But when a thin gathering of guests had arrived, the band struck up the opening quadrille.

It was not a large ball, because the number of possible *invités* was limited. Given a country place, four or five miles from a small Cathedral town, in a district where properties are large and owners few; given the season of mid-July, the possibilities of selection do not look promising. There was, however, the Vicar, with his wife and three daughters. This particular Vicar, unlike many of his reverend brethren, did not regard social gatherings, when young people dance, as a Witches' Sabbath of the Black Forest. He had in his early manhood perpetrated a play, which had been actually brought out, and which ran successfully for five-and-twenty nights, once a fair run. He had the courage to justify this wickedness by always going to the theatre when he went up to London, and by attending, officially as the Vicar of Weyland, whatever was going on in the country. "Why should a man," he was wont to say, "who has taken orders, pretend to give up one of the joys of the world, and keep the rest? Why should he go to a dinner and decline a dance? Why should he listen to a concert, and refuse to listen to an opera? Why should he read novels, and refuse to see plays?" As a matter of fact he wrote novels himself, under an assumed name. Does he not enjoy a feast still, in spite of his stiff collar? He was still ready, himself, for any amount of feasting. Does he not laugh at a joke? He himself laughed much, and made many jokes. He spoke good common sense; but I do not desire to see the black brigade in theatres, because the step is short from taking a part among the audience, to taking a part in the management, and then to claiming the whole share, so that one shudders to think what the stage might come to. The Vicar's daughters were pretty; they dressed in simple white frocks, with bright coloured ribbons; and enjoyed all that could be got in their quiet and innocent lives. Above all they enjoyed an evening like this, when to a delightful dance was added the joy of seeing the latest freak of the Thelema fraternity. There was a Canon of the neighbouring Cathedral of Athelstons, which furnished, besides, a good proportion of the guests. The Canon had a daughter who was æsthetic, dressed in neutral tints, parted her hair on the side, and corrected her neighbours in a low voice when they committed barbarities in art. She was not pretty, but she was full of soul, and she longed to be invited to join the Order. Then there were half a dozen officers from the depot twenty miles away, and such contributions as the neighbouring county houses could furnish.

"At the last reception," said Lucy Corrington, the vicar's eldest daughter, to her partner, "when they elected Sister Cecilia, —Adela Fairfax you know—they all wore the costumes of Henry the Eighth. No one ever knows beforehand how they will dress."

"Are you going to join the Order, Lucy?" asked her partner.

Lucy shook her pretty head.

"No! Papa would not like it. We are quiet people, and poor people too. We only look on and applaud. They have made the place very lively for us all; we are grateful, and hope it will last. You will persuade your son to keep it up, won't you, Lord Alwyne?"

"As if I had any influence over Alan," said his father, who was indeed Lucy's partner.

Lord Alwyne Fontaine was the fourth son of the fourth Duke of Brecknock. The red book told everybody what he could not believe, and yet could not deny—that he was fifty-five years of age. How could he be fifty-five? It was incredible. He was a man of moderate height, rather thin, and he had a face still youthful. His hair had gone off his temples, and was more than a little thin on the top. But these accidents happen to quite young fellows, say of forty, and are not at all to be taken as signs of age. His expression was uniformly one of great good humour and content, that of a man who had experienced no troubles, managed the conduct of life without excess, and yet with no solution in the continuity of pleasure, who had not hardened his heart by enjoyments purely selfish, and who still at five-and-fifty looked around him with as keen an eye as thirty years before; who was ready to enjoy life, and to enjoy it in the same way as when he began his career. No one ever found Lord Alwyne bored, out of temper, or *blasé*. No one ever heard him complain. No one ever heard him pour out the malicious theories in which some of his contemporaries rejoiced; he possessed those most inestimable qualities for a man of wealth, contentment of mind, a good heart, and an excellent digestion.

"I have not seen Alan yet," he went on.

"In fact I came down chiefly by invitation of Nelly Despard. She wanted me to see her in all her grandeur. When do they come in?"

"Directly," said Lucy. "They are never much later than half-past ten. Will not Nelly look beautiful? Here they come!"

In fact, as the clock struck half-past ten, the band, which had just finished a quadrille, burst out into a grand triumphal march; no other, in fact, than Liszt's "March of the Crusaders." The doors at the end of the hall were flung open, and the Monks and Sisters of Thelema entered in grand procession.

The guests ranged themselves in double line as the procession advanced, and when it reached the middle of the hall, they formed a circle round them. It was not quite the same procession as that of the reception. There were no choir boys or singing men; there were only two stewards. Sister Rosalind, the newly received, came first, after the stewards. She was dressed now, like all the rest, in white satin. She was led by Brother Lancelot, whom she had called Tom, after the manner of the world; and she bore herself bravely under the eyes of the multitude, who laughed and clapped their hands. The costumes were the same as at the reception.

"Let us talk all the scandal we can about them, Lucy," whispered Lord Alwyne.

Lucy laughed.

"For shame! There is Nelly. Did you ever see any one look so charming as Nelly? To be sure, she is always perfectly lovely, with her bright eyes and her beautiful oval face."

Lucy sighed in thinking of her own chubby cheeks and apple face, which she was disposed to deprecate at sight of Nelly's more unusual style of beauty.

"See, that is the collar of the Order which she wears round her neck; and that crimson cord round her waist is the girdle of the Order. They have christened her Sister Rosalind. You know their motto, do you not? '*Fais ce que vouldras*'—Do what you please. What a motto for a nun! And then, you know Tom Caledon, who leads her by the hand. Poor Tom! They call him Brother Lancelot in the Abbey. Everybody knows that he is desperately in love with Nelly, and she can't marry him, poor fellow, because he has no money, or not enough. Everybody is sorry for Tom."

"I dare say Tom will grow out of it," said the man of the world. "Love is a passion which improves with age—loses its fiery character, and grows mellow."

Lucy looked as if she didn't believe that story, and went on:

"There is your son, Lord Alwyne, leading Sister Desdemona."

"I see him. What is Alan's name in relig—I mean in the Order?"

"They call him Brother Hamlet, I believe, because no one can understand what he will do next."

"A very good name. I am glad the boy has got fun enough in him to enjoy a little fooling. And I am very glad that he is taking care of Desdemona."

"Do you know her, Lord Alwyne?"

"I remember her coming out at the Haymarket thirty years ago, in 'Othello.' She was Clairette Fanshawe. What a lovely Desdemona she made! And how the men went mad after her! Poor Clairette! She threw us all over, and married some fellow called Dubber, who lived on her salary, and, I believe, used to beat her. Four or five years later, her friends arranged a separation, and she retired from the stage. She has had a sad experience of life, poor Desdemona! Dubber succumbed to drink."

"She is the directress and designer of all their *fêtes*," Lucy went on. "She is indispensable. And they all do exactly what she orders. The next are Brother Mercutio and Sister Awdrey. They are a handsome couple, and if they could only agree for an hour together they would marry, I believe. But then they hold opposite opinions on every conceivable subject, and conduct two weekly papers, in which they advocate their own ideas, So that if they married they would have to give up the very chief pleasure of their lives—to wrangle with each other."

"Not at all, my dear child," said Lord Alwyne "not at all. Let me disabuse your mind of that fact. I have known many most excellent people, whose only pleasure after marriage was to quarrel with each other; and the more heartily the better."

Lucy shook her head. She preferred her simple faith.

"There come Brother Benedick and Sister Romola. She is engaged, I believe, to a man in India, and he to his cousin who is an heiress; but I should not be surprised to learn—oh! this is dreadful girls' chatter.'

"I like girls' chatter," said Lord Alwyne. "My son has got wisdom enough for the whole family. Go on, Lucy."

"Well, then—but I will not give you all the idle gossip. In such a dull place as this we talk about each other all the day. The next couple are Bayard and Cordelia. Bayard is a V.C."

"I know him," said Lord Alwyne.

"Then come Parolles and Silvia. Brother Parolles is a Fellow of Lothian College, you know. He is *dreadfully* clever—much too clever for a girl like me to talk to. We are afraid of speaking in his presence; and yet he puts us right very gently, and only as if he was sorry for us. His name is Rondelet."

"I know him too," said Lord Alwyne. "I met him once at Oxford when Alan was up. Now see the advantage we old boys have over the young fellows. We don't know any science, we don't care twopence about the new-fangled things in art; we prefer comfort to æsthetics in furniture. We have quite cold hearts towards china——"

"But you must let us like china a little," pleaded the girl.

"And we have no belief in reforming the world. In a word, my dear young lady, we exist only to promote the happiness of our youthful friends of your sex."

"That is very delightful, I am sure!" she replied. "Well, there go Crichton and Cecilia. He chose his own name because he said he knew nothing and could do nothing. And Cecilia plays. That is Lesmahago, the thin, tall man with the twisted nose; Una is with him. Then Paris and Hero; and last, the new Brother Peregrine—isn't he a funny looking man with his crinkled face? he looks as if he was going to laugh—leading the Abbess, Miranda. Which is the more beautiful, Miranda or Nelly?"

"I should say, Lucy, that for a steady, lasting pattern, warranted to wear, Miranda's beauty is superior to Nelly's. For a surprise, Nelly is incomparable."

"Ah! and then Miranda always looks so queenly. She was born for what she is, the fair chatelaine of a stately place."

"Lucy, you must come up to London for a season, if only to rid yourself of a most unusual fault in your sex."

"What is that, Lord Alwyne?"

"You speak well of other girls."

"Oh! but why should I not? Miranda is the most beautiful girl I know; she is not like an ordinary girl."

She was certainly grand in her robes last night, and she looked her part as well as if she had been all her life an Abbess.

"She would not be Abbess at first," Lucy went on, "but Mr. Dunlop made it a condition of his lending the Court for the use of the Order."

"Hamlet has lucid intervals," said Hamlet's father—not yet the ghost. "Tell me who is the new Brother?"

"It is Mr. Roger Exton."

"Roger Exton! what Exton?" Lord Alwyne's knowledge of genealogies was extensive and profound, as becomes an idle gentleman of ancient lineage. "There are Extons of Yorkshire; is he one of them?"

"I do not know. He has not long come back from India, where I believe he made a fortune. And he has brought out a poem called 'Lalnee and Ramsami, or Love among the Assamese.' I have not read it, because papa will not send for it; but it is said to be clever."

"Pity," said Lord Alwyne, "that poets and novelists and such people are not kept under lock and key. The illusion is spoiled when you see them. Can't they go about under false names?"

"They are going to dance. See, Miranda goes out with Tom Caledon. She always opens with him, because he is the best dancer in England. I waltzed with him once at the last reception ball. O—oh!"

If there is any more stately dance, any more entirely delightful to watch, than the old-fashioned minuet, I should be glad to hear of it. There is the polonaise: there is a certain rhythmic march, whose name I do not know, which one sees on the stage: there is one single figure in the Lancers—the old Greek *entrelacement* of hands, right and left, girls one way, the men the other: all three have their beauty. And there is the waltz danced by a couple who know how to dance, who know that the Teutonic rapture is to be got, not out of a senseless scramble and a Dervish-like spin-totum movement, but by the skilful, swift cadences of feet and figure, when two pairs of feet and two figures move together, actuated by a single will. But the *minuet de la cour* is an altogether stately and beautiful dance. There are suggestions in it—the awakening of love, the timidity of the lover, the respect

due from cavalier to dame, the homage of the strong to the weak, the courtesy of man to woman—which are beautiful to look at when the thing is done as it was done by the Order, smoothly and perfectly. The best among them, despite years and figure, was Sister Desdemona, who trod the boards as if they were the stage, and took no more account of the spectators than if they had been so many faces in the stalls, or so many opera-glasses in the dress-circle.

When the minuet was finished, they had a grand quadrille; and then, forming once more in procession, the fraternity marched down the hall and disappeared.

The music struck up a waltz, and the dancing began again.

Presently the Monks and the Sisters began one by one to come back, this time in ordinary evening dress. The Abbess did not reappear, nor Brother Hamlet, nor Desdemona; but most of the others came in quietly, one by one, after they had changed their dress.

There was a rush for the Sisters. Crafty men, who knew all about the customs on reception nights, had been careful to fill up only the first dances on the card, keeping the rest free till the Sisters should appear. There could be no doubt in any one's mind that the fair inmates of the Abbey were, for the most part, fairer and much more desirable than the young ladies who were only guests Not only were the Sisters all young, but they were all beautiful, and represented nearly every conceivable type of beauty. So that, taken together, they were contrasts; and taken separately, they were models. And they were all young—the united ages of the nine, taking sister Desdemona out of the reckoning, would not make two hundred years—and yet they were not so young as to be girlish and silly. The charm of the very young lies wholly in innocence, ignorance, and wonder. That soon palls: take in its place the charm of a woman who, a girl still, has acquired the ideas, the culture, the sense, and the *esprit* which only a year or two of the world can give. It is a charm of which no man ever yet tired. Across the Channel our unfortunate friends of France can only get it in the young married women. Hence the lamentable tone of their novels, which no doubt represent, not the actual life of Paris, but only what daring novelists believe, or wish to be, the actual life.

Certainly no group of ten ladies more delightful than the Sisters of Thelema could be found in England—and if not in England, certainly nowhere else in the world. They were not united by any bond of common tastes or pursuits, but only by the light chain of gentle breeding and regard for others. Thus, Sister Silvia was a Ritualist, who thought that the oftener you go to church the better it is for your soul, and that Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley were let off very, very cheap, with mere roasting. Cecilia, on the other hand was a Catholic, who held Ritualism in the contempt which is natural to one of the old creed. But she kept her opinion behind the portals of sight and speech, and did not allow it to be apparent. In the same way, both Silvia and Cecilia lived in amity and perfect love with Romola, who was scientific, had a laboratory, and made really dreadful stinks. By the aid of these she proposed to carry on a crusade against ecclesiasticalism among her own sex. Una, on the other hand, was artistic. She painted, modelled, sketched; she had strong ideas on the subject of form and colour; she had a tall and slender figure which lent itself to almost any costume; and she liked heroines of novels to be *sveltes*, lithe, and lissome. Sister Awdrey was a genius. She went to see all the new plays, and she had actually written a play all by herself. It was offered in turn to every manager in London. Their excuses were different, but their unanimity in declining to produce it was as wonderful as it is always upon the stage. For one manager while regretting his decision very much, said that if it wanted anything, there was a lack of incident; and another, that the overloading of incident rendered the play too heavy for modern dramatic representation; a third said that the leading incident was absolutely impossible to be put on any stage; a fourth, that the leading incident had been done so often as to be quite common and stale; a fifth, that the dialogue, though natural, was tame; a sixth, that the cut and thrust repartee and epigram with which the dialogue was crammed, gave the whole too laboured an air. And so, with one consent, the managers, lessees, and proprietors refused that play. In revenge, the author, who was an amateur actress, started it in her own company, and represented it whenever she could get a hearing. There was some piquancy at the idea of an

amateur play being given by an amateur company, but few of those who saw it once desired to see it again, and even the company rebelled after a time. So that now Sister Awdrey had only the reputation of an amateur success to go upon. She was planning a second play on the great Robertsonian model, which, like many other misguided creatures, she imagined to consist in having no story to tell, and to tell it in a series of short barks, with rudeness in place of wit. That was *not* Robertson's method, but she thought it was. A bright, clever girl, who, had she been content to cultivate the art of conversation, as she did the art of writing, would have been priceless. Sister Awdrey also wrote novels, for the production of which she used to pay a generous publisher £50 down, and afterwards, the cost of printing, binding, and advertising, multiplied by two. So that she did pretty well in literature. In her novels the heroines always did things just ever so little unconventional, and always had a lover who had, in his early and wild days, been a guardsman. He had an immense brown beard, in which she used to bury her innocent face, while he showered a thousand kisses on her tresses. And he was always punished by marrying the bad girl, who was big and languid, quite heartless, and with a taste for port, so that he lived ever after a remorseful life, haunted by the memories of his little Queenie gone broken-hearted.

Another of the Sisters, Cordelia, yearned to see womankind at work; broke her heart over committees and meetings for finding them proper work; lamented because none of them wanted to work, and because, after they had put their hands to the plough, most of them turned back and sat down by the fire, nursing babies. This seemed very sad to Cordelia.

Hero, again—she was a little bright-faced girl, not looking a bit fierce—was a worshipper of "advanced" women. She admired the "courage" of those who get up on platforms and lecture on delicate and dangerous topics; and she refused to listen to the scoffer, when he suggested that the love of notoriety is with some people stronger than the sense of shame.

The least remarkable of the Sisters, so far as her personal history was concerned, was the Abbess. Miranda had no hobbies And yet she was more popular than any. This was due to the charm of her manner, which was sympathetic. It is the charm which makes a woman loved as well as admired. Everybody confided in her; she was the confessor of all the Sisters and a good many of the Brothers.

As for these, we shall make their acquaintance later on.

All this time the ball is going on.

Nelly Despard found her card filled up in a few moments, save for two little scratches she makes furtively opposite two waltzes. She was flushed and excited by the strangeness of the whole thing: the reception, the *minuet de la cour*, and the ball itself; but the minuet above all. The reception was cold, comparatively, because there was no audience. For the minuet she had a large and appreciative assemblage.

Tom Caledon presented himself without any *empressement*, and quite leisurely.

"Did you think, Tom," she asked, with a little *moue*, "did you think that I was going to keep my card waiting till you condescended to ask me?"

"All gone, Nell? Not one left?"

"Suppose I have kept two waltzes waiting for you."

"Thank you, Nell; I knew I could depend upon you. You always were a good fellow. Which are they?"

Then she was caught up by her partner, and disappeared from his sight.

Tom went wandering around the room good-naturedly talking to chaperons, and asking wall-flowers to dance with him, and presently came his reward—with Nelly.

Two o'clock in the morning.

In the supper-room, Lord Alwyne, the Vicar, and the Prebendary.

"The Church should countenance all innocent amusements," said the dignitary. "Will you have another glass of champagne?"

"That is true," said Lord Alwyne; "but I have looked in vain for a Bishop at a Four-in-Hand Meet. It was very pleasant fooling to-night, glad to see Alan in it. I am going to visit him to-morrow at his cottage. Fancy the owner of Weyland Court living in a labourer's cottage. Fancy a man five and twenty years of age—sweet five and twenty—with Miranda only half a mile away, and this perfect Paradise of Houris in his own house, and yet—*can* he be my son?"

And at the same time, in another room in the Court, Alan Dunlop, Miranda, and Desdemona. These two ladies are sitting with shawls tied round their heads, at a window, opening to the garden. Alan is standing half in, half out the room. They have forgotten the fooling, and are talking gravely.

"And you are not satisfied, Alan?" asked Miranda.

"No," he replies, "I am very far indeed from being satisfied: every thing is going badly. I believe everything is worse than when I began; and I fail more and more to enter into their minds. We do not understand each other, and every day, the possibility of understanding each other seems more remote."

"All this trouble for nothing? It cannot be, Alan."

"I fear it is. But it is late, Miranda; I must go and get three hours' sleep. I have a thatching job to begin at six."

He left them, and walked rapidly away across the park.

Desdemona looked after him and sighed.

"What a pity," she said, taking a different view to the poet, "that he cannot give—to one—to a woman—that noble heart which he squanders on mankind!"

But Miranda would not discuss that question.

"Listen," she said; "that must be the last waltz. I almost wish I had gone back to the ball. But I wanted to talk to Alan quietly. Good-night, dear Desdemona."

CHAPTER III.

"They swore strange oaths and worshipped at strange shrines;
They mocked at what the vulgar hold for holy:
They scoffed at teachers, preachers, and divines:
And taught despair, with cultured melancholy."

"THE only fault in my son, Alan Dunlop," said his father, "is that he wants youth. He has never been young, and yet he is only five and twenty."

To want youth is a fault which, with most of us, grows every day more confirmed. It is an incorrigible vice, which only gets worse as the years runs on. Here indeed we are all miserable sinners, and the greater the sin, that is, the farther off we are from youth, the greater the sorrow. Which is as it should be.

Alan Dunlop as a boy was a dreamer, with a strong physique. This impelled him into action. The way to make a great reformer, is to get a boy whose brain is like a sponge for the reception of ideas, and like a hot-house for their growth; but when his physique is of iron, then you may make a bid at a Luther. No use, however, to produce boys whose ideas are magnificent, and temperaments torpid. He was brought up in the country altogether, at Weyland Court; and as his mother foolishly thought him delicate, he was educated till eighteen by private tutors, under her own eyes. He was not delicate at all. And one result of his training was, that he learned a great deal more of books than if he had been at Eton; but had no taste for boys' games, and read immensely. By his father's orders, he was made, when quite a small boy, to ride every day. Riding and walking were his only methods of taking exercise. His father, however, who spent a large part of his time in London, did not otherwise interfere; and on finding how very different from himself this son of his was likely to turn out, ceased to manifest much interest in his education. It was clear that a boy who would joyfully spend his whole day in reading philosophy and history, who delighted to hear conversations on books, and the contents of books, would never have many points in common with himself, who, as he frankly ackowledged, aimed at nothing more elevated than to get out of life whatever pleasures a cultivated creature can. He found that there are a good many pleasures accessible to the man who has health, a good digestion, and a longish purse; and he discovered as the years went on, that with the drawback of east wind in the spring, London offers a larger field of amusement than any other spot on the habitable globe. To be sure, Lord Alwyne Fontaine enjoyed exceptional advantages. He was the younger son of a Duke. That gave him social position, without responsibilities. He received an ample younger son's portion. He married a beautiful woman—beauty was a necessity in his scheme of life—who was also an heiress. Money was also a necessity in his scheme. With his own fortune, his wife's fortune, and the splendid estate and rent-roll which came to her, there was no obstacle to his gratifying any reasonable wish. On the other hand,

he did not go on the turf; nor did any sharks of the green table dip into his purse; nor did he bet, save in moderation; nor did he buy china.

When his son Alan was eighteen, and on the point of entering Lothian College, Oxford, his wife died. Weyland Court, with the broad acres round it, passed to the son, who took his mother's name. The widower for his share, had all that was left of his wife's original fortune.

Then Lord Alwyne took chambers in London, and lived there, seeing little of his son, who paid him dutiful visits at the beginning of vacations, if he passed through town, or when he came up to London, not with the frivolous hope of finding amusement and innocent sport in the "little village," as some undergraduates do, but in order to follow out some side-path which led in the direction of culture and light, generally something to do with art.

He was a shy, reserved man, while an undergraduate. He joined in none of the ordinary pursuits of the place; was not seen on the river or in the cricket-field; apparently did not know the meaning of billiards, and would have shrunk in horror from such a feast as a freshman's supper party, with songs after it. He rode a good deal, but chiefly in a solitary way. He furnished his rooms with great sumptuousness, and was always changing the furniture for new or old things, as, from time to time, he changed his notions of advanced taste. He read the customary things, but without enthusiasm, and subsequently obtained a "second." He wrote a good deal of verse, and astonished rather than pleased himself by getting the Newdigate.

He was not, however, given over to solitude. On the contrary, he lived a great deal with his own set.

This was the set who, in religion, politics, the science of life, and literature, possessed the advanced ideas. It was the "thoughtfut" set. This class read Mill, or pretended to; read Comte, or pretended to; read Ruskin, and talked about putting his ideas in practice; read—which is the shortest road now-a-days to learning—all the reviews on all the new books, so that they could talk as if they had read the books themselves; stood before pictures in a row for half an hour together, in silence, as if the thoughts that arose in them were too deep for words; took up an engraving and laid it down with a sigh; circulated little poems, not unlike the sonnets of Mr. Rossetti, or the earlier poems of Swinburne, to whom indeed they owed their inspiration, which they showed to each other, and carried about as if they were precious things which only they and their set were worthy to receive. Mostly the verses turned on events of but little interest in themselves, as for instance one, written by Rondelet himself, mystic and weird, showed how the poet stood beneath an archway during a shower, and saw a girl, who came there for the same purpose, having no umbrella. That was all. That was the pathos of it; she had no umbrella. Some, of course, were on hazardous subjects, the disciples holding the creed, in common with the author of "Jenny," that Art can be worthily bestowed upon any subject whatever. They read, or affected to read, a good deal of certain modern French verse—not Victor Hugo's *bien entendu*.

When Alan Dunlop was in his second year, the Great Movement of the Nineteenth Century began; at least, that is what they called it. I believe it was Alan himself who started it. I mean, of course, the project for advancing humanity by digging ditches and making roads. They sallied forth, these pioneers and humanists, spade in hand; they dug and were not a bit ashamed: in the evening they came home slowly, with backs that ached a great deal, with hands blistered where they were not horny, and with a prodigious appetite, to dine in each other's rooms, talk much about the canons of Art, which they thought they understood, drank vast quantities of claret, spoke judicially on all subjects under the sun, sighed and became melancholy over the little poems of which I have spoken, and lamented the deplorable ignorance of their elders. A distinguishing mark indeed of the school was the tender pity with which they regarded the outer world; another was their contempt for all other views of life or things. If they met men who held other views—a thing which will happen to even the most exclusive set—they sought to overwhelm them with a single question—only one. They would look up quickly, when there was a pause, and fire their one question, after the manner of Sokrates, as they spelt his name. They did not look for a reply. Now and then they got one, and were even sometimes held up to public derision by some blatant North-

countryman, who not only would keep his own vile Philistine opinion, but also dared to defend it.

Their leader was Mr. Paul Rondelet, the author of most of the little manuscript poems. He really was almost too highly cultured, so much so that he could not possibly avoid pitying his fellow-creatures. He was rather a tall man, with a droop in his head; and he had long white fingers, which played plaintively about his face while he sat. He spoke in a low voice, as if exhausted by the effort of living among humans; and he spoke with melancholy as if his superiority were a burden to him; he affected omniscience; he talked in a vague way, but a good deal, about the *Renaissance*—an epoch which his school keep bottled up all for themselves, as if it were to be enjoyed only by the worthy—he said that we have only one great living poet, Mr. Rossetti; and one who would be great if his meaning were not so plain and simple, Mr. Browning. He said also that the greatest master of modern English is Mr. Pater, and that Mr. Whistler is the greatest artist. He shuddered when Christianity was mentioned; he groaned when any one admired any other modern writer, poet, or painter. As regards politics, he thought a refined despair the only attitude worthy of a great intellect, and he wished to convey the impression that behind his brow lay infinite possibilities—things—which would make the whole world wonder when they came to be actually done, could he be only—ah! if only—persuaded to pass from meditation to action. He had got a First in the History Tripos, and was a martinet in historical matters; went into agonies if any one used the word Anglo-Saxon; grew angry over the Holy Roman Empire; called Charlemagne, Karl, and Lorrane, Lothringen; spelt his Greek words as in the Greek character, and started the unwary by talking of Kuros, Thoukudides, Alkibiades, and Korkura, almost ahead of the most advanced line; admitted nothing good except in Germany, yet had a secret passion for Zola, Feydeau, Belot, and other writers. He had no money, being the son of a county vicar, with a living of £500 a year; and his fellowship would expire unless he took Holy Orders in a very few years. If it had not been for the amazing conceit in expression, in attitude, and in voice, Mr. Rondelet would have been certainly good-looking. Nature meant him even to be handsome; too much culture spoiled that intention.

It was, as a matter of fact, a school of prigs. The truthful historian cannot deny it. Many of them were unhealthy and even morbid prigs. Some of them are still at Oxford; but some may now be found in London. They lounge about sales of china and *bric-á-brac*, they take afternoon tea at the Club, and they worship at the Grosvenor Gallery. They are not loved by any men that I have come across, but are greatly believed in by certain women. They are always promising to do great things, but nothing ever comes. Meantime, they grow daily sadder and yet more sad over the wretched stuff which the outside world, the babbling, eager fighting world, calls art, poetry, and fiction. Alas! the outside world cares nothing for its prigs; it goes on being amused; it refuses any hearing to people who neither amuse nor instruct; it is, as it ever has been, a world of humanity and not a world of prigs. Things there are which one cannot understand about these young men. What will they be like when they grow old? Why do they all talk so much about the *Renaissance?* And will they go on thinking it a proof of superior intellect to affect the atheist of the Italian scholar type? Surely the works of Beccadelli and Fililfo must pall after a time.

Alan Dunlop was, as an undergraduate, no mean disciple of this academy; but he had saving qualities. He was in earnest, while the other men were mostly playing, and he had the courage of his convictions. He was the last to abandon the sacred task of digging ditches and making roads, and only gave it up when it became quite clear to him that he could do no more good, single-spaded, to humanity. Then he began to cast about for some other and some better way. Nothing was to be too rough, nothing too difficult; nothing was to require too hard work, if it only was the best thing to do.

He remembered, too, that he was wealthy, and with his friends of the exalted school, began to talk about the responsibility of wealth. It is rare and highly refreshing to find a rich man trying to pass with all his baggage on his back through that narrow archway, intended solely for unladen foot-passengers, known as the "Camel's Eye." Many, therefore, were the discussions held among the small circle of intimate philoso-

phers, as to the duties which this responsibility involved. Prigdom was agitated. As none of them had a farthing except Alan, all were agreed on the doctrine of self-sacrifice. The advancement of humanity was to be the aim: the means, so far as one set of most superior spirits could effect, were to be the fortune of the only rich man among them. There were some, Rondelet among them, who went so far as to hint at a general division of the property, so that, instead of one, there might be half-a-dozen apostles. Alan Dunlop could not, however, be brought to see things in this light, and it was clearly impossible to ask him to divide in so many words.

"There is no work," said Rondelet, who would not have gone a step out of his way to pick up a fallen man, "that is not honourable in the cause of humanity."

"True," murmured a certain weak brother whose faith was small, and who afterwards became that thing which young Oxford mostly contemns, a clerical fellow, and a methodical parish curate. "True; you remember, by the way, how Jerome Paturot, in the sacred cause of humanity, blacked the boots of the fraternity."

"Of course," Rondelet replied, "one means real work."

"Blacking boots *is* real work, as well as digging ditches. Try it for an hour or two."

"The thing is," said Dunlop, "to find what is the best work to do, and then to do it, whatever it may be. We have to find out, each for himself, our proper place in the great army, and our work when we get there."

"One thing at least is certain," said Rondelet, loftily; "it will be ours to command."

"Say, rather," Dunlop replied, "to think."

With that conviction, that his business was to lead, he left Oxford. It was not a bad conviction for a young man to begin the world with.

His friend, Rondelet, as I have explained, was fortunate in obtaining a fellowship. He remained behind to lecture; sitting sadly, for this was a sort of thing far below a man of intellect and culture, in the College Chappel; listening mournfully to the talk of the senior Dons, poor harmless creatures, contented with the wisdom of their forefathers; commenting to undergraduates on Plato with the melancholy which comes of finding that all modern philosophy and all modern theology are exploded things; an object of interest to some, and of intense dislike to others. As most of the undergraduates revolted from the new paganism of these young lecturers, and went over to Ritualism with a tendency to become 'verts, Mr. Rondelet grew sadder. Also it grew daily into a more melancholy subject of reflection with him, that unless he took Holy Orders, unless he became that despicable thing upon which he had poured out so many vials of pity and contempt, his fellowship would shortly leave him, and he would actually—he—Rondelet—become penniless. He, with his really cultivated taste for claret, and with a love for little dinners in which dining was exalted to a fine art, and with a taste for all that a young bachelor mostly desires!

For it is an extraordinary thing to observe how the superior class, while they can never sufficiently deride and pity the British workman who gets drunk, Tom and 'Arry who go down to Margate brandishing bottles of stout, and the honest British tradesman who when his income expands lets two puddings smoke upon the board, are of all men the least inclined to forego the pleasures of the senses. No anchorites, the prigs of the nineteenth century; and if they do not drink so much as their ancestors, it is that they have discovered the very much greater pleasure to be got by keeping the palate clean, in which we had better all imitate them.

At two-and-twenty, Alan Dunlop returned to the Weyland Court, eager to start upon his career as a regenerator of the world.

How to begin?

Miranda, who was now eighteen, and as beautiful as the day, was as eager as himself to witness the rapid strides in the direction of culture about to be made by the peasantry of the place. They held constant council together. The experiment was to be tried by Alan Dunlop on his own people first, and, if successful, was to be repeated on hers. That was right, because, as a girl, she would not enter personally on the struggle with such vigour or such authority as her friend. She would watch, while he worked; she would make notes and compare, and set forth results. Meantime, they had no doubt but that in a short time the manners of the people would be raised almost to their own level.

"Of course they will give up drink, Alan," said Miranda.

"That must be the first thing. I will begin by becoming a teetotaler." Alan said this with a sigh, for like the majority of mankind, the juce of the grape was pleasant unto him. "We must lead, Miranda."

"Yes." She too sighed, thinking of champagne at suppers and luncheons.

"And smoking too," said Miranda.

"Yes, I shall burn all my cigar-cases, and turn the smoking-room at the Court into an additional study." This, too, was a sacrifice, because the "school" at Oxford were fond of choice brands.

"And they must be encouraged to choose subjects of study."

"Yes," said Alan, "of that we must talk very seriously. What should they study first?"

It was decided that they could not do better than begin with the science of Hygiene.

The two conspirators took a leisurely stroll down the village street, which was half a mile long, with cottages on either side.

There was clearly a good deal of work before this village could become a city of Hygeia, and the hearts of both glowed at the prospect of tough work before them, just as the heart of Hercules must have glowed when he smelt and beheld the Augean stable; or that of Mr. Gladstone must bound with gladness when he stands before some more than usually tough monarch of the forest, while crowds are there to witness his dexterity.

Miranda Dalmeny, not yet Abbess of Thelema, was in one respect like Alan. She was an heiress and an owner of an estate, which matched with that of Alan Dunlop. Her father was dead, and by his death she became at once one of the richest girls in a county. Her house, far inferior in stately grandeur to Weyland Court, stood on the edge of Weyland Park. It was called Dalmeny Hall. Here she lived with her mother, who was an invalid; a fact which kept her almost entirely in the country. And here, from infancy, she had known Alan Dunlop. As children they walked, ran, and rode together; as boy and girl they played, quarrelled, made it up, and told each other all their thoughts. Then came a time when Miranda, *more feminino*, retired within herself, and felt no longer the desire to pour confidences into Alan's ear. He, however, went on still. So that she followed him through his boyish readings; through the speculations with which he amused his tutor in the critical age of sixteen to eighteen; and through the realms of impossible culture which his imagination, while an undergraduate, revealed to the astonished girl.

They were, in a way, like brother and sister. And yet—and yet—Brothers and Sisters may kiss each other with kisses, which Hood calls "insipid things, like sandwiches of veal." And indeed they do lack a something. Brother and sister may know each other's tendencies and motives without being told; they may tease each other; they may depend upon each other, ask services of each other, and exact as well as give. Alan Dunlop and Miranda did not kiss each other; they did not exact any service, nor did they tease each other, nor did they pretend to any knowledge of motive, tendency, or aim in each other. So far they were not brother and sister. Yet they always confirmed each other with the thought that such was their relationship. They wrote long letters one to the other, and they had long talks, rides, and evenings together. Weyland Court was a dull great place for a young man to be in all alone; and he spent most of his time, while in the county, at Dalmeny Hall.

Alan began his grand experiment in the advance of humanity with a lecture in the school-room.

The labourers all came, all listened with the same stolid stare or closed eyes with which they received the Vicar's sermon. The Vicar was there, too; he sat in the chair and contemplated the audience with a benevolent but incredulous smile.

When the lecture was over, he began to throw cold water, as experienced Vicars will, on the young Squire's projects.

"It was delightful, Alan, and so true," cried Miranda.

"Yes, yes!" said the Vicar. "Did you notice their faces, Weyland?"

"Not much, I was thinking of my subject."

"I did, they wore exactly the same expression as they have in church, during the sermon. My dear boy, I have watched them for five and twenty years; I have tried them with every kind of sermon, and nothing makes any difference with them."

Miranda looked as if the appearance of

a young prophet would make all the difference. The Vicar understood her look, and smiled.

The lecture had been on the "Beauty of Cleanliness." It will hardly be believed that next day not one single attempt was made to improve the village, and yet the language of the discourse was worthy of Ruskin, an imitation, indeed, of that great writer's style.

This was disheartening.

The young Squire tried another lecture, and yet another, and a fourth; yet no outward improvement was visible.

"You have sown the seed, Alan," said Miranda, consoling him.

O woman—woman! when disappointment racks the brow——!

But this was seed which, like mustard and cress, ought to come up at once if it meant to come up at all. It did not come up.

"What shall I do?" Alan asked the Vicar.

"You are young; you are anxious to do the best, and you do not see your way. That is all natural. Tell me, Alan, do you think that a three years' residence at Oxford has been quite enough by itself to teach you the great art of managing and leading men? Believe me, there is no task that a man can propose to himself more mighty, more worthy, or more difficult."

Alan assented to the objection.

"You think I have begun too soon, then? Perhaps a year's more reading—"

"Hang the reading, man! You have begun without comprehending mankind, Alan. Put away your books, and look around you. Whenever you are trying to find out how other people look at things, remember that there are a hundred ways of looking at everything, and that every one of these ways may be burlesqued and misrepresented, so as to become contemptible to ninety-nine men; but not to the hundreth man. That is the important thing. You've got to consider that hundreth man; you'll find him always turning up, and he is, I do assure you, the very deuce and all to manage."

Alan laughed.

"And if I were you, my boy, I would travel. See the world. Go by yourself, and forget your theories."

Alan consulted Miranda. She urged him, because, with womanly insight, she saw that he was yet unripe for the task that he had set himself, to take a year of quiet wandering.

"Travel," the Vicar wrote to Lord Alwyne, "will knock the new-fangled nonsense out of his head."

It would, in fact, do nothing of the kind, it would only modify the new-fangled nonsense, and give the traveller new ideas with which to mould his schemes.

Alan packed up his portmanteau, shook hands with Miranda, and went away by himself.

(To be continued.)

CANADA.

"The hulking young giant beyond St. Lawrence and the Lakes." W. D. HOWELLS in "Their Wedding Journey."

A YOUTHFUL giant, golden-haired,
With fearless forehead, eye of blue,
And large and clear its frosty depths,
With fire within its dark'ning hue.

His spear, which dwarfs the tallest pine,
Is bound around with yellow grain,
His shield is rich in varied scenes,
To right and left loud roars the main.

A-top eternal snow is piled:
Bright chains of lakes flash down through woods,
Now bleak, now green, now gold, now fire,
Touched by the seasons' changing moods.

He dreameth of unborn times;
With manhood's thoughts his mind is braced;
He'll teach the world a lesson yet,
And with the mightiest must be placed.

Heaven's best star his footsteps guide!
Give him to know what's truly great!
Not wealth ill-got or ill-enjoyed;
For power, no thrall to lust or hate;

But equal heart—the thirst for truth—
A mind strong to produce and pry -
The love of man—the generous heat
That makes the hero glad to die!

If pure in purpose as he's strong,
Nothing of danger need he fear;
But better far than base success,
To ride on an untimely bier.

But fear be hushed! Good omens beckon;
Who counselled wrong will soon be far.
Beyond the hill a voice is calling;
Its notes ring clear above the jar

Of passing strifes and paling passions—
Hell's wild battle 'mid mortal graves;
And with it, hark! the great bass mingles
Of Atlantic and Pacific waves.

Not Scotch, nor Irish, French, nor Saxon,
But all of these, and yet your own;
There are no beaten paths to greatness,
Who'll scale those heights must climb alone.

Ierne's heart, compact of joy
And sorrow, wealth of feeling brings;
France, sweetness for each word and act—
To gaiety that ever sings.

From Scotland thrift and strength you borrow—
John Knox's strength and Burns' liberal heart;
The Saxon breath and compromise
Shall lend; but you the larger part

Of your own destiny must be;
Yours to direct—you light the fire—
The animating soul's your gift,
For all fair things the high desire.

The voice dies o'er the dews of morn,
Which round him glitter while shadows flee;
Bright concord beams from shore to shore,
Glad union peals from sea to sea!

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

THE PRACTICAL PRINCIPLES OF CANADIAN NATIONALISM.

IT is curious to observe the almost imperceptible process by which a nation is built up. It is very much like those processes by which innumerable islands are formed in the ocean by minute animals which, without even an instinct except that of self-preservation, build up all those great lime deposits, which have such an influence in determining the surface of the earth. In the same way the labourer, intent only on the welfare of himself and family, goes into the woods of a new country, and with sturdy arms soon lays out cultivated fields, blossoming with orchards and harvests. Then comes the merchant, intent merely on making money to supply the agriculturalists with those commodities which he can only obtain from foreign countries. We have, after him, the magistrate and the lawyer to interpret the different laws by which such different classes are governed and held together; and finally come the men of science and the ministers of religion, intent only on their peculiar functions, but all, nevertheless, building up unconsciously those fabrics called nations, which are the safeguards of the welfare, happiness, and liberties of the human race.

In observing the work of these different classes, one is not disposed to give them credit for the result of their united labours, as we see so easily that this result is altogether apart from, and outside of their several provinces, and is, indeed, the last thing which any of the classes enumerated think of. But there is a class whose acknowledged work is to direct the unconscious labours of all the best men to one focus, as the sun-glass concentrates the rays of the sun towards one object—that object, the forming of the whole into one integrated mass with the view of obtaining the greatest possible amount of happiness for the greatest number. These men are called statesmen. In the mass thus formed by them there are no doubt many evils; but these must be expected. Where the units are intent on individual or class benefit, there must necessarily be a great amount of evil in the whole, and he is the best statesman who can form his compact community or nation with the least amount of evil.

It is supposed by many that the labours of the statesman might be reduced to a minimum, or indeed dispensed with altogether, by the forming of individuals into smaller communities than nations, but all experience, so far, goes to prove that the evils of nations, such as war and a host of others, would only be multiplied by the application to humanity generally of what is known as Communism.

The reader can see at a glance the application of the foregoing remarks to our own country. Canada has passed the stage in the natural process when individual interests have ceased to be paramount; but classes still reign supreme. At present, even when an individual can divest himself of his unselfishness, he can look no further than the interest of his church, his class, or his party. It may be said that this is most natural at the present stage of the national work. To be liberal and broad in thought we must have intelligence and education; but it is useless to talk of a man's educating himself when all his time is taken up providing the means of living. We cannot expect to run before we can walk; and the true lover of his country will be satisfied if the community is advancing and is not stationary, knowing full well that that advance, made slowly and naturally, is more sure to be lasting than any spasmodic action can be. Canada should make no spurts on the road to freedom. The long, steady, measured stride which brings every one of her citizens with her is far more profitable and more conducive to her lasting prosperity and honour.

All this may be granted, but, nevertheless, there is a class in the country which thinks that more progress could be made compatibly with perfect safety to the state. This class is reproached with being young and inexperienced—with entertaining ideas which are nebulous and immature, and generally impracticable. What is the use, it is said, of asserting that the cultivation of a

national spirit is beneficial; every one now sees the necessity of something of the kind, especially in a country of the geographical position of Canada. In the first place, it is necessary to unite the different races, religions, and parties, and, in the second place, to protect it from the United States. "You send your young men to protect your frontier," said an eminent man, years ago, "but what is there to protect your young men?" Hence, a national sentiment is an absolute necessity to Canada. This statement seems very vague; something more definite must be enunciated, and it is with a view to supply this want that the present paper is written.

Now the first principle inculcated by Canadian nationalism is patriotism. Patriotism is limited philanthropy; and is really not so much a love for one's country as for one's countrymen. The question then which first arises is: Who are Canadians? This on the face of it seems easily answered; but unfortunately, under our present condition, it is one of the most vague and uncertain of questions. It used to be, in times now passed, that no one could throw off his natural allegiance—that is, a born Briton, German, or Frenchman, must always remain so. Blackstone gave as a reason for this, that the care bestowed on a man, during his helpless infancy, by the country in which he was born, created such an obligation that he could never throw it off. However this may be, it is certain now that any man can throw off such an obligation who is born in any of the principal countries of Europe, or in the United States. This has been effected by means of treaties between the different nations. For instance, a British or a German subject can throw off his natural allegiance at any time he pleases, and become a citizen of the United States. When he does so, he gets rid of all the obligations, such as military service, which he owes his native country; of course he also gives up the natural right he has to call upon his native country for protection, when outside of its borders. This, as has been said, he is enabled to do, because there are naturalization treaties between Germany and the United States. But whether there are treaties between England and Germany, or between England and the United States, has not the slightest effect on Canada, inasmuch as England has not conceded to Canada, as yet, the right to make a British subject. Canada can only enable a German, or any other foreigner, to vote in Canada; it cannot give him British protection. Hence the German who has lived all his life in Canada, and has during that time paid taxes and performed volunteer duty, has only to make a visit to Germany to be impressed into the army there, if the authorities should see fit to do so; or if he should go to Buffalo or Detroit on a visit, and get thrown into jail, or otherwise oppressed unlawfully, any application he might make to the British Consul could not be listened to; while if he applied to the German Consul, the reply might be: "You have chosen to live in Canada during your life, and you must put up with the fact that she is nothing but a colony and unable to obtain redress for you. At all events you have no right to look to me for protection, seeing that you left Germany and threw off your natural allegiance, so far as you could, many years ago."

From this it would seem that none but British subjects are Canadians; and it is almost certain that the children of foreigners, born in Canada, are not British subjects, and consequently are not Canadians, and indeed have no country whatever. Now, so long as this state of things exists, it is hopeless to expect immigration; it is impossible for Canada to progress, or to become a nation. Therefore, the first practical principle of Canadian nationalism is to obtain for Canada the right to make a British subject, or to be able to give foreigners an independent status as Canadian citizens.

This is necessary for the purpose indicated, but it is also necessary for the purpose of keeping Canadians in their own country. It is said there are five hundred thousand Canadians in the United States; and it is also said that nothing Canada could offer would induce any number worth mentioning to return. Indeed, it is said that the first feeling a young Canadian experiences, after being absorbed into the national life of the United States, is contempt for his own country. Now, why is this? It is said to be because the Americans have larger cities, and offer better positions and employment to young men, but the real cause will be found to be the fact that Americans offer citizenship and suffrage; and, wanting these things at home, the young Canadian will go where he can find and obtain them. Besides, if it be con-

sidered that the United States offer far stronger material inducements than Canada, plus citizenship and suffrage, it will be seen how necessary it is for Canada to give to her own sons what they can obtain from strangers, which, added to their natural love of country, would be likely to keep them at home. It will be said that they have British citizenship, but one must be blind not to see that it is too remote and impalpable, except to Canadians born in the old country; and even if Canadians have this, they have not the fruits of citizenship. They see that they are liable to the hardest duties—volunteer service for instance—without the privileges, and hence that feeling of dissatisfaction with their native land which induces so many Canadians to become and remain American citizens.

It may be said that it is not safe to give the franchise to young men without property; but it is too late to urge this. The principle of property qualification has been given up in Ontario. The sons of farmers and young men earning four hundred dollars a year are now entitled to vote, and it is but a very short step in advance to grant manhood suffrage. It may seem yet unjust, however, to our rulers to give the franchise to intelligent young Canadians who have passed through our Common Schools and Churches, risked their lives for their country, and are fulfilling all the duties of citizenship, granting it at the same time to such men as were influenced in the back townships a few years ago by the statement that one of the ministers had taken money out of the box in which the money of the country was kept, and similar stories of the politicians.

Manhood suffrage should therefore be a principle of nationalism, subject, however, to the limitation that British subjects, as well as people from other countries than Britain, should have to reside in the country from two to four years before being entitled to vote. In that time they would have some knowledge of the country and of the duties of citizenship, and could vote with intelligence on every question submitted. If this principle be adopted, it will be only an act of justice to our young men, it will assist to retain them in the country, and "crown the edifice" of Canadian suffrage.

It may be said by many that the "representation of universities" is necessary to complete the system; but it is submitted that Canada is the last country in the world where such a system as Hare's, or any other similar one, should be introduced. The efforts of every lover of his country are now required to try and unite the numerous classes of which our population is made up; but these efforts would be useless, if we had a system which is almost universally admitted to be specially adapted to perpetuate classes and keep up distinctions, under the specious pretence of doing justice to minorities.

Another very important measure, although little spoken of, is very necessary, in the present unsettled state of Europe, for the Dominion. The Confederation Act provides for a Deputy-Governor for the Dominion. Why should not a permanent Deputy-Governor be appointed? We see every year the inconvenience of the present system. Every year our present Governor has been away from the seat of government for three and six months at a time. It is unfair to add the duties of Governor to the other duties of the Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court. Besides, that functionary should not be mixed up in ordinary politics; for, in the first place, collisions with active politicians are apt to lessen the respect which should be entertained for such a high officer; and, in the next place, such a position must necessarily have a tendency to prejudice the minds of the people respecting his judgments in questions between the Crown and the people. For these reasons, and others which could be mentioned, the offices of Chief-Justice and Deputy-Governor should never be joined in the same man. The officer most fitted to discharge the duties of Governor is the Speaker of the House of Commons. At present he receives a large salary, and is Governor of the House when it is not sitting, and the judge of all questions of procedure when it is. The duties of the Governor then, in the absence of the Governor-General, or in case of his sudden death, could be more properly referred to that officer than to any other. It may be said that in that case the Deputy-Governor would be indirectly elected by the people of the Dominion. It is not supposed that this would be a serious objection to Canadians—more especially remembering that being Vice-President of the United States does not prevent that officer from performing the duties of Speaker or Chairman of the United States Senate.

In support of this measure it is not necessary to go into the old arguments in favour of vice officers. The self-governing powers of the people of this Dominion could not in the least be affected by the death of any one officer, nor could the slightest confusion arise—not to speak of anarchy—in the *ordinary* transaction of affairs; but it is well to remember, that the relations of England to the different powers of Europe are very complicated at present; that an universal European war is imminent; that we are in front of our watchful and unscrupulous neighbours; and that therefore we should not run the danger of being for one moment without a legal head of the state here in Canada. It is, therefore, submitted that the permanent appointment of the Speaker of the House of Commons to be Deputy-Governor of Canada, in accordance with the British North America Act, should be one of the practical principles of Canadian Nationalism.

The present tariffs in force in Canada and the United States are a subject which ought to be interesting to Nationalists. It is true, that the Canadian side of the question having been taken up by one of the present parties, has the effect of making people out of politics cease to speak of it. But it must be remembered, that incidental protection, or reciprocal tariffs with the people of the United States, is peculiarly a national question. It was seen at once by that greatest of all Canadian Nationalists, Sir Alexander T. Galt, shortly after Confederation, that to apply the doctrines of Smith and Mill to a country situated as Canada is, would be simply to commit national suicide. He therefore, so long ago as the year 1871, advocated and supported a national policy in this respect. By the ridicule, misrepresentation, and tyranny of the *Globe* newspaper, this policy was not allowed to live long, for the chief reason that it had the effect of shutting out English goods. It was soon seen, however, by the Conservatives, that a low tariff did not give the Canadian market to Englishmen but to Americans. Common sense should have told them that in the beginning. The climate and geographical circumstances of a large part of the United States are the same as they are in Canada; hence American manufactures are better adapted to our country. If to this fact be added the other facts, that the States produce the raw material, have just as cheap labour as England, and not one twentieth of the freights to pay on goods, it can be easily seen how a low tariff in Canada completely gives our country commercially to the United States. This seems very plain; and the issue is at once raised, shall we try to manufacture our own goods or be a dependency of the United States? Shall we pay twelve, or for that matter, twenty millions annually to the Americans for manufactures, or shall we pay it to our own people? Shall we Canadians be nothing but farmers and drovers, hewers of wood and drawers of water, or shall we be also merchants and manufacturers? Shall we drive our artizans and manufacturing capital out of the country, or shall we build up a nation? Shall we every year keep risking our eggs in one basket, by depending on the agricultural interest alone in an unstable climate like ours, and so liable to the disastrous years which bring periodical misery to so many Canadian homes when crops fail, or shall we have something else to depend on?

Political economists and Reform Tories tell us that whatever happens we must stick to free trade; that it is treason to England and injurious to Canada to abandon it. If political economy means anything, it means making the most of a country's resources. Now in old Canada we have not much land left for agriculture; all that is valuable or profitable is taken up. Again, owing to our climate, the greater portion of our people, especially agriculturalists, must remain in forced idleness for at least four months in the year, if they have no indoor occupations. Now, all wealth is superfluous labour. It is submitted, then, that it is a question that can legitimately be put to the political economist on his own grounds, how much does Canada lose every year by the enforced idleness of her people through want of manufactures to give indoor employment?

The argument is almost as strong in favour of natural productions; but as the ground has been gone over so often it is not necessary to go over it again. One simple illustration will explain the whole thing.

There is a large distillery in Canada opposite Detroit. The owner is an American. All his grain is imported from the United States. All his workmen come from Detroit. The whiskey is sold in Canada in immense quantities; and the profits are taken across

the lines and invested in brick blocks and a palatial mansion in Detroit. The free trader says this is all right; Canada gets cheap whiskey, and that makes up for the loss she sustains in freights and charges in exporting her own grain, and in looking after her drunkards.

But why go on? These arguments are not necessary to a Nationalist. To him they are entirely beside the question. He says, "we cannot live by bread alone—we cannot make bricks without straw; I support a reciprocal tariff because it will build up a nation and keep me my country; and if to do this it costs me a few dollars more for a short time I am perfectly willing to pay them."

The construction of the Canadian Pacific Railroad is almost universally conceded as a national requirement. The only difference is as to the manner of acquiring means to build it. In the glut of capital at present locked up in England, one would imagine there would be no difficulty in obtaining ample means, especially considering England's interest in the project as a highway to India. The necessity of building it will be more apparent in England now than it was before. There is no doubt that Russia, as the result of the present war, will have the free passage of the Straits which join the Black Sea and the Mediterranean; and, as a consequence, a safer route to India will eventually be looked for across Canada. If so, the obtaining of English capital to build the Canadian Pacific must, in a short time, be easily accomplished.

The principle adopted in electing the Canadian Senate was a subject of considerable prominence a short time ago. It was alleged that the present system is bad; and the present House of Commons passed resolutions adopting, with very slight difference, the American system of electing the Senate—by the Local Legislatures. In Canada the American system might for a short time work well enough; but in time our local Houses would become what they are in the United States—hot beds of corruption and the vile instruments by which railroad corporations and rings control legislation. Our present system, no doubt, is not adapted to the present wants of the country. Something more flexible and more susceptible to public opinion is required. It is not creditable to the Canadian constitution, that a deadlock between the two Houses of Parliament might take place without a constitutional remedy such as they have in England in the power of appointing Peers, or that old men, barely able to get to the House, should go there once a year for the purpose of drawing their salaries. But these defects might be remedied easily without the radical changes projected by the present House of Commons. The Senate might be remodelled on a system by which a third of its members would be appointed every five years by the Crown—*i.e.* the Cabinet. In this way, that body could always be kept in accord with public opinion, as every five years one-third of the old members would fall out and new ones be appointed in their room. Moreover, this system would only allow fifteen years for the longest term, so that if a person was appointed Senator at say fifty years of age he would only be sixty-five at the expiration of his term.

It might be objected, that this system would take the election of the Senators out of the hands of the people. But it would not do so any more than the election of them by the local Houses. In both cases, the Senators would be indirectly elected by the people. The people elect the members of the House of Commons, the House of Commons practically elect the Cabinet, and the Cabinet elect the Senators. It is one remove more from the people than the election by the Local Legislatures; but this makes the chance of having a pure Senate better, especially when one remembers that the Cabinet would have the assistance of the Governor-General in selecting Senators.

Slightly connected with this, is some measure for securing the independence of the Government and Houses of Parliament of Canada. The English school of Manchester politicians are just as selfish as any politicians in the world, as proven by Robert Lowe's paper in the October number of the *Fortnightly Review*. There must necessarily, in the future, be questions between England and the United States, in which English and Canadian interests will conflict. Now England—which may mean a selfish and patriotic Colonial Minister—in these cases should not have the power of affecting the judgment of members of the Canadian Government and Parliament, by conferring titles and pensions on them; and consequently a law should be passed that any member of the Government or Parliament of Canada,

accepting a title or pension from the Crown or any foreign power, should vacate his seat.

The present shipping question between France and Canada is the best illustration of the necessity of such a measure. All the foreign business of Canada must be done through England. The Imperial Government negotiates all our treaties. The English people want to sell their ships to Frenchmen ; so do Canadians. The English will not allow our ships to compete with theirs in the French market. Hence, we have to pay double the duty to France which England pays, to get our ships to its market. Why is this? Because Canada allows England to do her foreign business for her ; and when English and Canadian interests conflict, as in the Washington Treaty, Canadian interests must go to the wall.

The whole shipping legislation between England and Canada must soon be entirely remodelled. The shipping interests of Canada are growing too large, and are diverging too much from those of England, to have the power to legislate respecting them left entirely in the hands of the English Parliament. Where all legislation is for iron bottoms, it must necessarily tend against Canadian wooden ships—not to speak of the special Plimsoll legislation aimed almost entirely at wooden vessels, including Canadian. This legislation, applying as it does to Canadian ships, is taking freight from us and putting it into the wooden ships of Norway, Sweden, and other powers. Our captains and sailors are also harassed by English regulations. It is true, the tyrannical rules which prevented a doctor or officer with a Canadian certificate, from sailing on board Canadian vessels, have been abrogated. Nevertheless, a mate was prosecuted a short time ago in England for sailing on board a strictly British ship with a Canadian certificate. British laws should no more govern Canadian property in ships, than they do Canadian property in horses.

No doubt eventually Canada will make laws to govern her own shipping. It is just as well that our requests for further powers in this respect are complied with gradually by the Imperial Government. When we get full powers, we shall have to face the question of Canadian consuls in foreign ports, and a Canadian flag ; and it is to be hoped that, when the time comes, our self-reliance will be so developed that these will be no obstacles. The separated colonies in Australia fly a more distinctive flag at this present moment than the united Dominion of Canada with all her shipping.

However long Canada can afford to wait to get full powers relative to her shipping, she can afford no time in rectifying the present British copyright law. Any English author can at present sell to an American publisher copyright for the whole Canadian Dominion, which no Canadian publisher dares to violate, and this without paying to the Canadian Government one cent, and without giving to the Canadian author reciprocal rights either in England or in the United States. Not only can this be done, but the Canadian people can be deprived of any English book when the Canadian circulation is purchased with the first sheets—as it usually is—unless His Highness Mr. Harper, or Mr. Jones, of New York, or some other American publisher, sees fit to send the book for sale to Canada. We are reproached by the Americans with being behind the age. It is no wonder, when Imperial laws shut out the intellectual world of books from our people ; at all events they have this effect.

There is one more practical principle which should be mentioned as being exclusively "national"—that is, abstaining from the vicious practice of personally canvassing for votes. This is the source of nearly all the electoral corruption we have to contend against. Moreover it is practically forbidden by the Ballot Act. That act makes a man subject to fine who tries to ascertain how a man has voted, after the voting has taken place. What is the difference whether it is before or after? If it is wrong to do so after, it cannot be right to do so before. Besides, it is useless to canvass, for whatever a man may say, the ballot gives him the opportunity afterwards of doing as he pleases.

It will be admitted by every Nationalist that the isolation of our French-speaking countrymen is to be deplored. It is more than probable that their patriotism is more ardent and disinterested than that of English-speaking Canadians, as there is no other country to divide their affection, France having given them up over a century ago. Those English-speaking Canadians who speak their language, and have associated with them as cadets in military camps, say there is nothing to complain of on the score

of patriotism. Indeed some of these had reason to feel not a little ashamed of their English-speaking comrades at their stolidity in listening to the patriotic songs of Quebec. It is true, these songs were sung in French, and it is hard to appreciate sentiment in a foreign language. But something must be lacking when a man who understands French can stolidly sit unmoved while listening to the *Marseillaise* or *Mourir pour la Patrie* sung as some of our Quebec countrymen sing them. The appreciation of patriotic sentiment in a song may be a poor criterion to judge by, but nevertheless the world will not soon forget Rouget de Lisle.

However, we cannot judge properly the people of Quebec until we know them ; and so long as we are separated as we are at present, we never can become one people. As Canadians, the people of Ontario cannot afford to have a strange people, over a million in number, in their own country, between them and their English-speaking countrymen of the Maritime Provinces; and if the mountain will not come to Mahomet, then Mahomet must go to the mountain. The acquirement of the French language ought to be made compulsory in our common schools—it forms part of the course now in the grammar schools—and the study of French literature ought to be encouraged. Apart from patriotism this would be a benefit. Nothing can have more effect in training the youthful mind to study and reflection than learning a strange language, and it is especially beneficial in exercising and training the memory. Add to this, that the learning of French will bring us into communication with over a million of our countrymen, enable us to know them, dissipate their and our prejudices, and help to form us into one people, and its use as a study cannot be questioned.

As the school systems, however, are under the control of the local governments, it may not be so easy to introduce the necessary change ; but it is to be hoped that the benefits flowing from its study, added to its patriotic use, may induce the Provincial authorities to insist on the learning of French as a compulsory branch of study in the elementary schools of all the English-speaking Provinces.

Hereafter French must be a necessity for every man in the Dominion who aspires to the legal profession, as Supreme Court judgments are now given in French and English.

It is submitted that the advocacy of these principles, that is: Power in Canada to make Canadian subjects, with the rights and protection of British subjects ; manhood suffrage for the Dominion on two years' residence therein ; a permanent Deputy-Governor for the Dominion—such Deputy-Governor to be Speaker of the House of Commons ; a reciprocal tariff with the people of the United States, with the early settlement of the boundary between Alaska and our North-West ; the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railroad ; the appointment of a third of the members of the Senate every five years by the Crown ; the incapacity of members of the Canadian Government or Parliament to receive titles or pensions from the Crown or a foreign government ; the right of Canada to make laws respecting her own shipping and copyright within her jurisdiction ; the abolition of personal canvass for votes ; and making French a compulsory branch of common school education ; must have a tendency to make Canadians patriotic, and to advance our country as a nation. It is asserted by anti-Nationalists that our principles are now too nebulous for any practical good ; indeed recently we have been told by an authority which all Nationalists highly respect—the writer of "Current Events" in the CANADIAN MONTHLY—that "aspirations are in themselves good only so far as they lead to practical effort in a right direction, and it is by no means clear that a national movement is sustainable whose foundation is aspiration merely."

Such being the opinion of friends and foes, the present writer respectfully submits the foregoing principles as a basis for united action. It is to be regretted that national principles have not been enunciated by one of the gentlemen whom Nationalists regard as their leaders—Sir Alexander Galt, Edward Blake, and W. H. Howland. At a time like the present, however, when the young men of Toronto are talking platitudes about the "reformers" of past ages, while afraid or incapable themselves of throwing off the yoke of the *Globe*, or to withstand its invitations to take part in the vile politics which at present obtain, some one must speak out. Until such time as the abovenamed gentlemen think proper to teach us, Nationalists should go on advocating—no matter how

feebly—those principles which will advance our country towards her manifest destiny, looking, even beyond the accomplishment of all those things, to a time when the chaotic confusion which now reigns supreme in our laws and governments shall be turned into order and regularity, and a common code like that of Napoleon shall bind our country indissolubly together throughout all its vast extent.

WILLIAM NORRIS.

THREE FRIENDS OF MINE:

DE QUINCEY, COLERIDGE, AND POE.

IN that fair and beauteous passage in *Queen Mab*, where it is told how Ianthe, the spirit, rises at the bidding of her of the magic car from the earthy encumbrance of Ianthe, the body, and panting for her heavenly and eternal heritage,

> "Ever-changing, ever-rising still,
> Wantons in endless being,"

leaving behind that other Ianthe whose every organ "performs its natural functions," and yet is not Ianthe—we have a picture of the glorious change which takes place when any one whose song has cheered our path, whose beauty has filled our mind, or whose wisdom has helped us on, passes away to the Garden of Death, yet leaves with us the brightest and living part—the soul of him whose mere clay

> "Fleets through its sad duration rapidly;
> Then like a useless and worn-out machine,
> Rots, perishes, and passes."

And this is why when talking of those who are not, we may yet use the personal terms as to those who are still amongst us, since the *non omnis moriar* forbids us to think of them as dead, but, in sweet appeal, points to the still-living portion—which is indeed Ianthe—the spirit, living and panting for its heritage in our hearts, while we, perverse, cannot but mourn that other Ianthe—which is not Ianthe—which has perished and passed away.

So these Three Friends of Mine, though I know them not in the flesh, are yet living and real to me, more real indeed than those who are in the flesh, since their friendship can never fail, and their affection never become less warm,

> "Forever will I love and they be fair."

Changeless as spirits are, and yet warm and flush with human life, as having been of like dust with me, they walk and talk with me, nor ever do their steps falter, or their words lose their wisdom and sweetness. And yet, sooth to tell, while they dwelt amongst us their weakness was no common weakness, and their fall from the high standard of the world's morality no common fall. By no means is it common to see a man of such a mind as Poe's fall, done to death by joys of the wine-cup which many an ordinary soul has withstood; not ordinary is it for men of such souls of harmony as De Quincey and Coleridge to be broken, subdued, and slain by the potency of that golden drug, whose charms men of far commoner mould have resisted. And yet such men were these my friends. They all perished by the intemperate use of their favourite gratification, and yet they live,—live as not all the temperance lecturers that ever castigated with words of scorn such human weakness, will ever live—forever in the hearts of those who have stopped by the way to lend an ear to their singing. And what is the charm? Indeed hard to put into words. It may be, the sweet echoes of their melodies linger, never forgotten in the sense, giving music to what else were harsh and strange—the unvarying monotone of daily life. It may be memory refuses to part with, but retains in that rare storehouse of the brain where is treasured.

up forever the dear remembrance of happy childhood hours and a dead mother's love, the homelike words that give one the feeling they have been heard before, yet rich with such deep meaning and sounding harmony as tell one, that never were they heard by earthly ear, but that now has been woven into words the music which in purer and more solemn moments is heard murmuring within the being. Whatever it may be—lo! the charm is there. And this one great characteristic distinguishes the three, and this one great feature is common to these three and to none else beside, that, whether due to the wine or to the drug, they sing to us of the great dream-world, and we listen and recognise the voices as of beings of that great, fantastic fairy land—the land of dreams. They are inconsistent and purposeless; what dream was ever otherwise? They are fantastic and unreal; still like a dream. And again, as befits such dreamers, they are grand, far above earth, their music is of the spheres, wild and heavenly are the strains, for they tell of the unknown and the unknowable.

I do not purpose to analyze or compare these Three. Why try to explain the wherefore of our tears here; our glad sense of enjoyment there; our deep and solemn feeling, as of Wordsworth's child listening to the still murmur from within "the convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell," whereby the great and distant sea breathes its cadences to those who are far away, at another place? Enough that the gods have given to us such ones; enough that to us their song has been permitted; enough that we have what in them was; enough—quite enough that we may bow head and heart in thankful adoration, and enjoy neither too joyfully nor too tearfully the priceless boon.

And now, as one in the midst of much treasure, at a loss, amid so much of rare, how to pick and choose, not knowing of so many pearls which to take up or wherefore, let me in all humbleness offer a few as sample and allurement to entice into the king's treasure, to see for themselves, those who have passed by unnoticing.

To me it seems that of all fascinating things in literature, none so much rivets the attention by the splendour of its language, by the richness of its picturing, and by the melancholy tone that pervades its beauty, as De Quincey's relation of how that marvellous, fatal drug affected him. Listen to this and say, is it quite earthly?

"I had been in youth, and even since, for occasional amusement, a great reader of Livy, whom I confess that I prefer, both for style and matter, to any other of the Roman historians; and I had often felt as most solemn and appalling sounds, and most emphatically representative of the majesty of the Roman people, the two words so often occurring in Livy—*Consul Romanus;* especially when the consul is introduced in his military character. I mean to say that the words king, sultan, regent, &c., or any other titles of those who embody in their own persons the collective majesty of a great people, had less power over my reverential feelings. I had also, though no great reader of history, made myself minutely and critically familiar with one period of English history, viz., the period of the Parliamentary War, having been attracted by the moral grandeur of some who figured in that day, and by the many interesting memoirs which survive those unquiet times. Both these parts of my lighter reading, having furnished me often with matter of reflection, now furnished me with matter for my dreams. Often I used to see, after painting upon the blank darkness a sort of rehearsal whilst waking, a crowd of ladies, and perhaps a festival and dances. And I heard it said, or said to myself, 'these are English ladies from the unhappy times of Charles I. These are the wives and daughters of those who met in peace and sat at the same tables, and were allied by marriage or by blood; and yet, after a certain day in August, 1642, never smiled upon each other again, nor met but on the field of battle, and, at Marston Moor, at Newbury, or at Naseby, cut asunder all ties of love by the cruel sabre, and washed away in blood the memory of ancient friendship.' The ladies danced, and looked as lovely as the court of George IV., but I knew, even in my dream, that they had been in the grave for nearly two centuries. This pageant would suddenly dissolve, and, at a clapping of hands, would be heard the heart-quaking sound of *Consul Romanus*, and immediately came 'sweeping by,' in gorgeous paludaments, Paulus or Marius, girt round by a company of centurions, with the crimson tunic hoisted on a spear, and followed by the *alalagmos* of the Roman legions."

This has all the weirdness and exaggeration of a dream and it has more—it has all the vividness and terror of reality; and the following passage, in which he relates how in his dreams of lakes and expanses of water, "the human face divine" played so cruel a part, there is something almost maddening in its real, life-like horror:—

"Upon the rocking waters of the ocean the human face began to appear; the sea appeared paved with innumerable faces, upturned to the heavens; faces imploring, wrathful, despairing, surged up by thousands, by myriads, by generations, by centuries;—my agitation was infinite,—my mind tossed and surged with the ocean."

But terrible as this is there was yet a deeper descent for the opium-eater. After

the year of happiness—the intercalary year which he paints in such warm and glowing colours, and withal with such innocent and perpetual beauty of language as siren-like lures us into the belief that lo! here is found, in "just, subtle, and mighty opium," the panacea for all ills, the Lethe for all sorrows—he passes on into the gloom, into the Iliad of woes, and cries out in anguish of spirit: "Farewell, a long farewell to happiness! winter or summer! farewell to smiles and laughter! farewell to peace of mind! farewell to hope and to tranquil dreams, and to the blessed consolations of sleep!"

That De Quincey did not end his days by a suicidal madness is to me one of the most curious features of his character. The hell beneath hell into which he descended; the dread and awful gorgeousness of vision which robbed him of all the gracious blessedness of sleep, and pursued him through all the live-long day till it returned with increased solemnity when his head again sought the pillow at night; these would have tortured out of life and power the reason of most of men. But for him, so frail and meagre in body, so grand and sweet in soul, they offered material and groundwork for such high and harmonious English prose as we find only, indeed, in the sublimest of Milton and Jeremy Taylor, only in the tenderest and most pathetic of Ruskin. While the memory of his Titanic frenzy is fresh upon him he sits down and tells us of the shuddering abhorrence he has for the vast and ancient Asia—birthplace of the human race—the *officina gentium*—its peoples—its customs—its religions.

"Under the connecting feeling of tropical heat and vertical sunlights, I brought together all creatures, birds, beasts, reptiles, all trees and plants, usages and appearances, that are found in all tropical regions, and assembled them together in China or Indostan. From kindred feelings, I soon brought Egypt and all her gods under the same law. I was stared at, hooted at, grinned at, chattered at, by monkeys, by parroquets, by cockatoos. I ran into pagodas; and was fixed for centuries at the summit, or in secret rooms; I was the idol; I was the priest; I was worshipped; I was sacrificed. I fled from the wrath of Brama through all the forests of Asia; Vishnu hated me; Seeva laid wait for me. I came suddenly upon Isis and Osiris; I had done a deed, they said, which the ibis and the crocodile trembled at. I was buried for a thousand years in stone coffins, with mummies and sphynxes, in narrow chambers at the heart of eternal pyramids. I was kissed, with cancerous kisses, by crocodiles; and laid, confounded with all unutterable slimy things, amongst reeds and Nilotic mud."

And here let me give one more extract, which, to him who reads and considers well, must perforce, by the richness of the diction, the grandeur of the theme, and the peculiar and appropriate vagueness of the description—its parallel being found alone in Milton's account of the great prince of the hosts of hell—always seem one of the foremost examples of sounding and majestic melody, like the roll of a great cathedral organ.

"The dream commenced with a music which now I often heard in dreams—a music of preparation and of awakening suspense; a music like the opening of the Coronation Anthem, and which, like *that*, gave the feeling of a vast march—of infinite cavalcades filing off—and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty day—a day of crisis and of final hope for human nature, then suffering some mysterious eclipse, and labouring in some dread extremity. Somewhere, I knew not where—somehow, I knew not how—by some beings, I knew not whom—a battle, a strife, an agony, was conducting—was evolving like a great drama, a piece of music; with which my sympathy was the more insupportable from my confusion as to its place, its cause, its nature, and its possible issue. I, as is usual in dreams (where, of necessity, we make ourselves central to every movement), had the power, and yet had not the power to decide it. I had the power if I could raise myself to will it; and yet again had not the power, for the weight of twenty Atlantics was upon me, or the impression of inexpiable guilt. 'Deeper than ever plummet sounded,' I lay inactive. Then, like a chorus, the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake; some mightier cause than ever yet the sword had pleaded or trumpet had proclaimed. There came sudden alarms: hurryings to and fro; trepidations of innumerable fugitives, I knew not whether from the good cause or the bad; darkness and lights; tempest and human faces; and at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me, and but a moment allowed,—and clasped hands, and heart-breaking partings, and then—everlasting farewells! And with a sigh, such as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of death, the sound was reverberated—everlasting farewells! and again, and yet again reverberated—everlasting farewells! And I awoke in struggles, and cried aloud—'I will sleep no more!'"

Writing such as this is not amenable to criticism; what indeed are we to criticise? We are led as it were by the hand—and by the hand of one we dare not question—in wonder like a curious child led through fairy palaces and gardens, trembling with reverential awe and lest a profane word or deed might dissolve the fair and wondrous scene. We are not at home; we may not stand, as of right, and question of this or that; we may but accept and glory in the gift. Like a recent critic we do not know what it

means; it is all music and beauty—but music indescribable and beauty indescribable. Wrapt, caught up to a heaven of wonder; all our senses steeped with the luxury, our souls filled even to satiety, filled, surrounded, and, for all answer, with Aurora Leigh's question on our lips:

> "If a cloud came down
> And wrapt us wholly, could we draw its shape
> As if on the outside and not overcome?"

Even so—overcome!

And now let us consider that other one—to whom also the subtile influence of that opium drug brought dreams and scenes of surpassing and cloudlike splendour, together with the same weakened purpose and shattered will. Alas, that such workmen should have had, after so long a life, to look back on so many sketches and studies—exquisite and divine indeed—but only sketches, only studies, and so little of work finished and complete! Alas, that musicians such as these should have struck the harp so capriciously—should have swept the chords so wanderingly—leaving indeed grand choral bursts—hymns and songs of most majestic melody, but only random strains—glorious preludes—and but here and there a great dead march or anthem of triumph; enough to witness that to them was handed the plectrum with power to strike the seven strings—but with this, also the curse, "unstable as water, shifting as sand."

And here, in passing to Coleridge, let me say the transition is easy and natural, for the highest form of prose is scarcely aught less than poetry. The same cardinal qualities are requisite in both—fitting and great theme, sufficient and worthy treatment, high imagination, and musical arrangement of words; these, with rhythm and a slightly inverted and archaic use of language, are poetry, without these latter adjuncts, prose. Indeed, did not previous knowledge interfere, it would be easy to believe that he who wrote that most awful and solemn dream just quoted was also the writer of that most miraculous and "wondrous of all poems," Kubla Khan. I do not by any means say that so near were these two—De Quincey and Coleridge—in manner and matter of intellect that, one might have performed the other's work. De Quincey could no more have written "Christabel," than Coleridge could have written "Murder considered as one of the Fine Arts;" but I do say that in considering these two—the one the most musical of prose writers, the other the most musical of the writers of verse—it may be seen how in many points the highest prose is allied to poetry.

And now again, in all reverence, let me—never losing sight of this, that I am in the presence of one of the sweetest and most subtle masters of melody who have sung in any age or in any tongue—choose out here and there a chord to show how ample and full must be the glorious whole; dip a hand into the running stream, and pick out, as sample, here a nugget and there a nugget, to witness how beneath the clear and silver waves the bed is rich with purest gold.

Of this "Kubla Khan," then, the most delicate of modern critics says: "In reading it we seem rapt into that paradise revealed to Swedenborg, where music and colour and perfume were one, where you could hear the hues and see the harmonies of heaven. For absolute melody and splendour, it were hardly rash to call it the first poem in the language."

Just and generous praise! The poem is confessedly an opium-dream, and but the fragment of a dream; and if all dreams were only such, then ever more give us dreams! See the alliteration, rhythm, and music—a holy jingle of harmonious sounds—in the opening lines.

> "In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
> A stately pleasure-dome decree;
> Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
> Through caverns measureless to man,
> Down to a sunless sea."

And again:

> "Five miles meandering with a mazy motion,
> Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
> Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
> And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean;
> And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard fromfar
> Ancestral voices prophesying war!"

This short poem is a very triumph of art. Every line is by itself a pure and perfect gem; and, crowned with a coronet of such rare and precious things, well might the poet leave to others to strive for the chaplet of bays, whilst, with a glorious circlet all his own, each single and separate stone flashing and reflashing back on its companions ten thousand dazzling rays, as the purple gleams of the amethyst mingled and commingled with the bright red of the ruby, and these entered into and lit up the subdued

glories of the emerald—a rainbow round of halo—he proudly took his seat among the immortals. But though the most marvellous, "Kubla Khan" is not the greatest nor altogether the loveliest of Coleridge's works. Two other poems—"Christabel," also a fragment, and perhaps "The Ancient Mariner"—have claim to be considered *the* monuments of his fame. But I pass by these, both because it is bootless to repeat words and verses which have already twined themselves round the hearts and feelings of all to whom the beauties and glories of our English language are a matter not of mere *head*-knowledge, but of *heart*-knowledge, and because I seek to preserve the unity of my trinity, and present these three in the light in which they so wonderfully harmonize with and are akin to each other. Great trigeminal brothers and dealers in mystery, to whom wide open have been thrown the portals of sleep, and to whom alone it has been granted to cull from the fleeting realms of fancy and the fair gardens of the midnight world, flowers of such brilliant dye—of such rare and eastern scent; out of reverence for you, it is not meet that in choosing a bouquet any flowers should be plucked where all are rare in scent and beauty, save those whose beauty is of a kindred and harmonious type, and whose various flavours, instead of neutralizing each other, should unite and make faint the sense with sweetness! Therefore I pass by and give as a kindred example a passage from that halting yet exquisite song, the "Circassian Love Chant."

"Hush! my heedless feet from under
Slip the crumbling banks for ever;
Like echoes to a distant thunder,
They plunge into the gentle river.
The river swans have heard my tread,
And startle from their reedy bed.
O beauteous birds! methinks ye measure
Your movements to some heavenly tune!
O beauteous birds! 'tis such a pleasure
To see you move beneath the moon;
I would it were your true delight
To sleep by day and wake all night.
* * * * *

"Oh! that she saw me in a dream,
And dreamt that I had died for care;
All pale and wasted I would seem,
Yet fair withal, as spirits are!
I'd die indeed if I might see
Her bosom heave, and heave for me!
Soothe, gentle image! soothe my mind!
To-morrow Lewti may be kind."

The last stanza, indeed, as it breathes in living tender words the "hidden want," the unexpressed and indefinite longing of the heart, the very sound and music of whose tones is in such happy and complete harmony with the meaning and feeling to be expressed, with nothing of harshness or discordance, and yet, with not too light and uncertain a touch—is one of those absolute proofs of pure and perfect poetic nature in an author. Mark how little is said, and yet what a chord of kindred feeling is roused in the soul; this is a poet's special art—like nature, to "half reveal and half conceal the soul within"—yet only *half* concealment, showing glimpses of that greater soul which is within. The only parallel passage in English poetry I can recall equal to it is that in the "Princess," in which Ida hovers round the sick-bed of the sore-stricken warrior, and he, on the mystic borderland between sleeping and waking, life and death, asks her, half-doubting, for such a pledge of love as that he, thereby assured that she is not "that Ida," but another and yet the same Ida, noble and gentle as but in a dream could be, may fall back and die. We have, rising like an incense from the perfect words, the very twilight, subdued picture of the sick-room, in which, with such solemn accessories, the strange love scene is being enacted. Words low and soft, as if rather mused by one to himself in a day-dream than spoken directly to her they are addressed to, so apt and consonant with the rest of the picture that we rather feel than see before us the request made.

"'If you be, what I think you, some sweet dream,
I would but ask you to fulfil yourself:
But if you be that Ida whom I knew,
I ask you nothing; only, if a dream,
Sweet dream, be perfect. I shall die to-night.
Stoop down and seem to kiss me ere I die.'"

But now space forbids me to dwell longer on these perfect specimens of art and music. The more thoroughly we make Coleridge's imaginative poems our own, the more are we compelled to exclaim with another: "The world has nothing like them and can never have!" And now to the third of these wondrous and ever-living Three. And though for perfect and pure genius we must ever hold Poe inferior to the other two, yet, in kind of genius he is more famous than they. As Macaulay says of Horace Walpole,—"We may see another Milton, we may see another

Shakspere, but never another Horace Walpole;" so sooner should we expect another De Quincey or another Coleridge, than ever another Poe. Fantastic and diseased as his imagination was, it is to this very morbidness and disease we owe the peculiar and wild charm of his song; yet of poetry he has given to us such as evinces all the great characteristics of the other two. Pure and inexpressibly sweet is his lament for "Annabel Lee."

"It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of ANNABEL LEE;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me."

And then we are told how the angels, jealous of a love so beautiful and true, breathed coldly on her, his love, from a dark cloud, chilling and killing his Annabel Lee; and how away from him, by the angels —her high-born kinsmen—her body was borne, and enclosed in a sepulchre by the sea. And then follows the long result of having loved and lost:—

"Love, strong as death, shall conquer death,
Through struggle made more glorious."

Breathing the same high thought—"Love is love for evermore."

"But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we:
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE.

"For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea."

"The Raven" is another characteristic poem—characteristic that is of the Three—because possessing the same strange and unearthly features. It does not read like a scene from life; it does not read as of pure imagination; it reads like what might be seen by one in the tortures of delirium—by one who, between sleeping and waking, has with the aid of wine lost the golden mean of thought, and magnified and exaggerated, with a splendid eye, into a marvel of mystery and wonder such human sights and sounds as in the sober light of day would be most natural and common.

But more strange and fantastic than even "The Raven," more full of a subtler and diviner instinct; wild as the ecstasy of a madman's midnight terror, "Ulalume" stands forth like a monolith on the plain, a very Cleopatra's Needle in the realms of verse, a puzzle as well as a marvel to all beholders, an approach to whose like can never be seen again. If in making this my last, I also make it my longest extract, it is because neither one nor two stanzas would illustrate my meaning, or give an idea of the meaning of the poem. Through a strange freak and laughter of language the beautiful thought which informs the piece runs strangely, like a river in Greece, at one time plunging through the plain, then rumbling along its subterranean passage to reappear glistening in the sun further on, and, again disappearing, play its mad freak once more.

He begins by telling us mysteriously, as he takes us to the "dank tarn of Auber, in the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir," that it is "night in the lonesome October of his most immemorial year," and then comes the story:—

"Here once, through an alley Titanic
Of cypress, I roamed with my Soul,—
Of cypress, with Psyche, my Soul.
These were days when my heart was volcanic
As the scoriac rivers that roll,—
As the lavas that restlessly roll
Their sulphurous currents down Yaanek
In the ultimate climes of the pole,—
That groan as they roll down Mount Yaanek
In the realms of the boreal pole."

Here Psyche is lost sight of while he rolls out a ceaseless sound about 'scoriac rivers' and 'lavas that roll down Mount Yaanek in the ultimate climes of the pole, in the realms of the boreal pole,' and through a dozen more lines he wanders off about 'this night of all nights in the year,' and then another fantastic stanza:—

"And now as the night was senescent,
And star-dials pointed to morn,—
As the star-dials hinted of morn,
At the end of our path a liquescent
And nebulous lustre was born,
Out of which a miraculous crescent
Arose with a duplicate horn,—
Astartë's bediamonded crescent
Distinct with its duplicate horn."

And then in beautiful words turning to Psyche :—

"And I said, 'she is warmer than Dian :
She rolls through an ether of sighs,—
She revels in a region of sighs ;
She has seen that the tears are not dry on
These cheeks where the worm never dies,
And has come past the stars of the Lion
To point us the path to the skies—
To the Lethean peace of the skies ;
Come up in despite of the Lion,
To shine on us with her bright eyes ;
Come up through the lair of the Lion,
With love in her luminous eyes.'"

And then to Psyche's warning voice :—

"I replied, 'this is nothing but dreaming ;
Let us on by this tremulous light ;
Let us bathe in this crystalline light :
Its sibyllic splendour is beaming
With hope and in beauty to-night :—
Ah, we safely may trust to its gleaming,
And be sure it will lead us aright—
We safely may trust to a gleaming
That cannot but guide us aright,
Since it flickers up to heaven through the night.'"

And then trusting to the light they wander on till they are stopped by the door of a tomb :—

"And I said, 'what is written, sweet sister,
On the door of this legended tomb?'
She replied, 'Ulalume—Ulalume—
'Tis the vault of thy lost Ulalume!'"

At this dread answer all the beauty and hope took wing and flew away, and his heart "it grew ashen and sober ;"—

"And I cried, 'It was surely October,
On *this* very night of last year,
That I journeyed—I journeyed down here,
That I brought a dread burden down here !
On this night of all nights in the year,
Oh, what demon has tempted me here?'"

And now, in taking leave of these Three, let me say, that if, in thus with a loving step wandering through the golden lands beneath their sway, and at random pointing out such gardens and scenes as are of especial and eternal richness, I have quickened the love for what is good and beautiful, and therefore true—for "beauty is truth, truth beauty"—of one single soul, brightened with these sunlit gleams of splendour the sad heart of one who has for the moment sought without, the glorious beauty that can only be found within, my object is fulfilled. For this is true, that as love turns into something noble and sublime even the heart and soul that has been narrow and bestial in its ideas, so poetry, whether found in prose or in strict works of poesy, has the same effect. By drinking oft and deeply of the castalian spring a very fountain indeed of beauty wells up in the heart, casting its refreshing and purifying streams over the dry places of daily life, and with a Midas-hand changing aught dull and poor into a fair creation of gold, and clothing over the nakedness of life with fair and wondrous garbs of richness. And to all as to one will it be possible to speak these words, and to speak them not with lips only but with the heart : "Poetry has been to me its own 'exceeding great reward:' it has soothed my afflictions ; it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments ; it has endeared solitude ; and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me." And in reading, always let this be considered—that the object is to benefit and ennoble ourselves ; and so, leaving to others to find fault, always to discover and extract the beauty of each one, like the dancing children of the sun hovering to draw out the sweetness from each flower that blows.

And not tempted to regret this and that in an author's circumstances, as perchance having diminished the 'glow to which his crescent might have grown,' remember that from each we probably have all that in him was. Of all the thousand thousand poets that have sung, from the time Eden was the only spot on earth that felt the pressure of the foot of man upon its sod till now, when it would be hard to point out a spot that man's foot has not yet trodden, let us remember that never in just the same measure, or with just the same gifts, have the gods blessed any two ; therefore, from each separate one there is to be culled many a flower, many a gem that is his and his alone. Remembering this, then, "let us give thanks for each after their manner and the fates."

ST. QUENTIN.

THE SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT OF HISTORY.*

THE present age has witnessed the occurrence of a large number of events, pregnant with important consequences for the future of mankind. During the last twenty years, we have seen the union of the Italians under one government, the union of nearly all the Germans under one government, and we are now witnessing a series of changes, one of the causes of which is the desire for the union of all the Slavs. We have seen the American civil war, the establishment of a republic for the third time in France, the destruction of the temporal power of the Pope, and an immense change in the world of ideas caused by the general adoption under some form or other of the evolution hypothesis.

Underlying these events we perceive more or less clearly certain tendencies of our time. Among these we may note particularly the tendency of all the people speaking one language to unite under one government so as to make political correspond with national divisions; the tendency of all the governments of Europe, whether democratic in form or not, to consult the wishes of the people more than formerly, which may be regarded as to a large extent a consequence of the first mentioned tendency; and thirdly, the tendency in the world of thought to embrace the belief that all things are under the dominion of invariable and immutable laws. We can also discover causal connections between these events and tendencies and preceding events. The present French republic, for example, like the rule of Napoleon III. which preceded it, can be traced back to the first French Revolution, and this can, in its turn, be shown to have been caused by the misgovernment of the Bourbons. The prevailing tendency in favour of the political unification of nationalities may, with great probability, be attributed to the increase of the average of intelligence produced by the more general diffusion of knowledge in our times, and to the improvement in the appliances for conveying passengers and goods from one place to another by which travel and commercial operations have been much facilitated. These causes, particularly the latter, have done a great deal, by weakening or destroying sectional jealousies and petty antipathies, to pave the way for the ingress of broad political views into the minds of men at large. Again, the improvement in the means of communication just referred to may be traced back to previous improvments in other industrial appliances, and all improvements in industrial appliances may be shown to be both causes and effects of increases of knowledge.

The investigation of these and similar topics is the subject of what is generally called the philosophy of history, a department of thought to which considerable attention has been paid in recent times.

The introduction of the modern philosophical method of dealing with historical facts was a great step in advance. History, as it was formerly written, in the great majority of cases resembled nothing so much as the valley into which the prophet was led "which was full of dry bones." The bewildered student, like Ezekiel, passed "by them round about, and behold, there were very many in the open valley, and lo, they were very dry." An interminable record of names and dates, and victories and defeats, without a single glance at the condition of the masses or a single attempt to estimate the relative importance of events, was once considered a respectable history. That age has passed away, and no work is now considered worthy of the name of a history which does not undertake to give some notion of the relative importance of different occurrences and to explain their causal connections..

Undoubtedly the human intellect has always philosophized, as far as it was able, concerning the causes of events. The Homeric view, that the actions and plans of men, at least those which led to striking results, were inspired by spiritual beings, was an attempt at a philosophy of history. In ac-

* Read before the Canadian Institute on the 9th March, 1878.

cordance with the belief then held, that the world was full of deities of various kinds who interfered with, and in different ways influenced, the concerns of men, he who attempted in that rude age to ascertain the causes of events naturally sought them in the gods. This mode of explaining history has survived in some quarters to the present day. As Homer ascribes the pestilence which afflicted the Grecian host encamped before Troy to the determination of Apollo to avenge the insult offered to his priest, so, in like manner, some modern writers ascribe the woes of nations to Providential chastisement for certain sins.

This crude method of philosophising is equally repugnant to the modern religious and the modern intellectual spirit. The modern race of historians proceed on the assumption that the forces whose workings they undertake to describe are natural, and that the results of their operations can, to a certain extent, be foreseen. Some writers have attempted to trace the influence of climate, soil, food, or innate racial characteristics throughout the history of certain nations. Incidental speculations on such topics occur in many modern works. For example, Mr. Herbert Spencer has suggested the idea that there is a connection between racial energy and dryness of climate. According to him the conquering races have all originated in climates where dryness faciliates perspiration. On the other hand, M. Taine, the able and interesting French writer on English literature, connects Teutonic notions of morality with moisture. "Thrown back," says he of the Teutonic man, after dwelling at length on the humidity of the parts of Europe inhabited by him, "upon himself by the gloom and severity of his climate, he has discovered moral beauty, whilst others discover sensuous beauty."* From a survey of these facts it is obvious that the tendency of the human mind to classify multitudinous phenomena, and to try to discover the laws that govern their production, which has accomplished so much in other fields of intellectual labour, is at work in the historical field also, and the question is forced upon the mind, Is history, like the physical sciences, subject to law?

Before proceeding to discuss this problem, I wish to direct attention to the difference between it and the question whether the principles of the science of history are discoverable. So complex are the phemomena to be investigated, and so much are the difficulties attending their investigation increased by the fact that the mental and moral nature of the investigator himself is a part of the phenomena, that a believer in the universal reign of law might come to the conclusion that it is impossible to place history upon a scientific basis. At present, however, we are concerned only with the question whether there is good reason for believing that there are general principles which govern the occurrence of historical events.

In favour of this view we have the very strong presumption, rendered stronger indeed by every advance in knowledge, that the whole universe is under the reign of law. That the province of history is no exception to this rule may be inferred from the facts that we can to a certain extent ascertain the causes of past events and can even predict what the action of a nation will be in given circumstances. For instance, we can point to the causes of the late contest between Russia and Turkey, and we can predict that if the Russians were to overthrow Turkey in Asia, and to make preparations for annexing Egypt, the English nation would go to war. In fact, our philosophy of history appears to be a science in its incipient stage. We are in possession of a considerable mass of facts, through which we see certain connecting threads running. The connections between and relations among the parts which we see, naturally suggest the notion that, if we only knew enough, we could establish the necessary connection of the whole.

Against the view that history is subject to law, two arguments may be advanced. One is, that the supposition conflicts with the doctrine of an overruling Providence. If by an overruling Providence is meant a Being who is obliged to make up for lack of complete foreknowledge by interfering occasionally to tinker up the universe, the objection is well-founded, but indicates an intellectual obtuseness which nothing can convince. If, on the other hand, by an overruling Providence is understood a Deity engaged in undeviatingly carrying out an eternal plan, which is the view of the most intelligent apologists for Christianity at the

* Hist. of Eng. Lit., Book I., Chap. I.

present day, the doctrine is not only not inconsistent with the notion of a scientific causation of historical events, but, in fact, rather furnishes an argument for that view.

The other argument is that there can be no science of history because the will of man is free, and there is therefore a factor concerned in producing every historical result which acts capriciously, being subject to no laws. This is an objection which seems of great weight to many minds, and therefore deserves full consideration.

It is claimed that we are conscious that our wills are free. Now let us ascertain, if we can, exactly what that is of which we are conscious. Are we conscious that without any change in ourselves we, under the same circumstances and having before us the same motives, at one time act in accordance with one motive, and at another are swayed by another? We never can be conscious of any such thing, because the conditions can in no two cases be exactly alike. Even if all the external circumstances are the same, we ourselves cannot be the same. We must be older on the second occasion than on the first, and the lapse of time between the two, even though inconceivably small, must have wrought changes in us which may affect our volition.

Are we conscious of willing without being swayed by some motive or motives? We are not, and it accordingly follows that if we knew the character of a man at a given time, and the motives placed before his mind, we could predict how he would act. As a matter of fact successful predictions as to how given men will act in given circumstances are of ordinary occurrence.

Are we conscious that we are free to do or not to do the act which is the object of our volition? We are, and it is the consciousness of this freedom which has, in my opinion, given rise to the figment of the freedom of the will. I say figment, because freedom to act is clearly not freedom to will. I am supported in this view of the origin of the belief by the following passage from Mr. Goldwin Smith's first lecture on the Study of History, which is an exceedingly able argument against the possibility of a science of history: "Those who would found history or ethics on a necessarian, or, if they will, a causal theory of action, have three things to account for: our feeling at the moment of action that we are free to do or not to do; our approving or blaming ourselves afterwards for having done the act or left it undone, which implies that we were free; and the approbation or blame of each other, which implies the same thing."*

That we are conscious of freedom to act in accordance with the decisions of our wills requires no explanation, because this consciousness does not bear on the question. No one is conscious of freedom to will in opposition to the motive or set of motives which appears to him to be strongest.

The writer just quoted says, that "our approving or blaming ourselves afterwards for having done the act or left it undone, implies that we were free." Undoubtedly it implies that we could do the act or leave it undone, because if we were conscious of no alternative, conscience would give no sign. But the approbation or censure of conscience serves itself to show that the will is determined by the weight of motives; for that faculty has no *raison d'être* except that of furnishing motives to decide the will. In the same way, it appears to me that while the feelings of approbation or disapprobation which arise in the minds of others imply that acting or not acting was possible, they likewise imply that the will is governed by motives. This, indeed, no one who has looked into the matter can deny; but, as the same set of motives will cause one man to act in one way and another in another, nay, will differently affect the will of the same man at different times, many deny that there are any laws which govern human action. This difficulty is, however, only apparent. As a quantity of steam produced in the boiler connected with one set of machinery would produce very different results if its force were expended in driving other machinery, so the same motives acting on the wills of different men, or on the different wills of the same person, for no man's faculties remain absolutely unchanged for any appreciable length of time, may produce very diverse determinations.

But, says some objector, you make of man a mere machine, a complicated and very remarkable machine,—indeed, a machine which can to a certain extent change itself, can somewhat influence its own mode of acting and that of other similar machines; but, nowithstanding all his wonderful capacity,

* Lectures on the Study of History, p. 52.

still a machine. I feel the full force of this objection. I know what are the gloomy and disheartening corollaries which are held by many to be deducible from the doctrine that man's volitions are governed by law. Yet, *amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica veritas.* If it be true that no man is conscious of his ability to will in opposition to the motive which is to him the strongest, if in fact such a proposition involves a contradiction to its own terms, it follows that a man's decision at a particular juncture is determined by the effect on his mind of the motives presented to him. What that effect will be, will vary in accordance with his mental and moral constitution. The character of his mental and moral constitution at any period of his life will be the product of the influences of the circumstances of his past existence and his inherited tendencies.

This view of the constitution of human nature is confirmed by the fact that it is tacitly assumed in all systems of education. The universal postulate of educational systems is, that, if the child is subjected to the influences of certain sets of circumstances, a superior type of character will be formed. To aid in the formation of this improved type, the influence of the approba tion and disapprobation of parents, teachers, and playmates is brought to bear, clearly on the principle that if a sufficient weight of motives can be placed on one end of the balance, it will decline. The great practical difficulty with educators is that the same motives do not produce the same results in all cases. This does not, however, prove freedom of will, but simply inborn difference of tendencies. Mr. Goldwin Smith says that action is a choice among motives. True, but that which determines the choice is the adaptation of the motive to influence the particular man's will.

The doctrine here presented, which is what is known as the doctrine of philosophical necessity, is rejected by many because they believe that it annihilates individual responsibility; but the doctrine that a man always acts in accordance with the strongest motive or set of motives, is the principle on which those proceed who wish to influence the deeds of others, and it may be shewn to be consistent with the doctrine of moral responsibility in the only form in which that doctrine is tenable.

The foregoing remarks are very far indeed from being a full discussion of a question which has engaged the attention of many acute intellects, but they serve to indicate the line of argument which seems to me to dispose of it. At any rate, the doctrine of the freedom of the will is very far from being generally accepted Accordingly he who holds that it is probable that history is governed by immutable laws may justly claim that his position is not inconsistent with any established truth.

If we admit that the domain of law includes history, the next question that arises is, to what extent is a scientific treatment of history possible?

As I have already said, an enquirer may reasonably come to the conclusion that there is a science of history, but that it is impossible to discover it. The complexity of the phenomena, the intimate relations of the investigator with them, the impossibility of experimenting, the gaps in our knowledge, the uncertain proportion of error in the information we posses, are barriers of defence that may well make the fortress seem forever impregnable. Yet so rapidly has the human intellect advanced in modern times, so numerous are the problems on which light has been let in, that one may without incurring the imputation of great rashness entertain the more hopeful view. Up to the present time, however, no one has been successful in dealing with history scientifically. A science may, in the words of Archbishop Thomson, be defined to be "a body of principles and deductions to explain some object-matter." As far as I know, no one principle of the science has yet been discovered. Certainly no body of principles has been established.

Of course, the only satisfactory proof of the possibility of discovering the science of history would be the enunciation of some of its laws. As this cannot be done, it may be well to examine the principal attempts which have been made to treat history scientifically. We may perhaps be able to form a more correct idea of the nature of the difficulties to be encountered and of the prospect of surmounting them.

The first person to undertake the task of reducing history under the domain of law appears to have been Giovanni Battista Vico, a little known Italian philosopher, who flourished in the eighteenth century. He held that, previous to the creation of the

world, there existed in the divine mind an eternal idea of the material world and an eternal idea of the history of mankind. The former of these is the basis of the physical sciences; the latter, the basis of the science of the history of man. Accordingly "the development of religious creeds, languages, social institutions, and systems of law"—the whole course of history in fact—"is determined by laws which are as certain in their operation as those by which the material world is governed." This is a strictly necessarian view, yet Vico reconciles it with the belief in the freedom of will. "The social world," he says, "is the work of the pre-development of the human faculties; and yet this world has issued from an intelligence which is often contrary and always superior to the particular ends which men have proposed to themselves." It is this fact, that men are the authors of the social world, which will render it more easy to explain the phenomena of history than those of the material universe. "When we reflect on this subject," says Vico, "we are indeed astonished at the hardihood of those philosophers who have attempted to acquire a knowledge of the natural world. God alone, who made it, is acquainted with it and possesses its law. These same philosophers have failed to study the world of nations, or the social world; and yet it, being the work of man, can be made familiar and explained by human knowledge."* From this the important principle follows that the laws of history may be discovered in the workings of the human intellect.† This principle, it will be seen in the sequel, has been adopted by many recent writers.

Proceeding on this basis, he examines universal history, and comes to the conclusion that the history of every nation tends to pursue a uniform course. The first governments are theocratic, these are followed by aristocracies, and these in turn develop into governments of which it is the distinguishing characteristic that all men are equal in the eye of the law. This last class comprises democracies and absolute monarchies. Absolute monarchy Vico considers the most conducive of all forms of government to the happiness of mankind. While a republic may supplant a monarchy, or a monarchy a republic, seeing that they are only varieties of the same kind of government, neither can retrograde into an aristocracy, nor can an aristocracy retrograde into a theocracy. To these three species of governments correspond three stages of human nature, the poetic or creative, the heroic, and the civilized; three stages of morals and manners, the pious, the violent, and the restrained; three stages of natural right, the first based on divine ordinances, the second on force, the third on reason; three stages in the art of expression, the language of religious gestures, that of military gestures, and that of articulate words; three stages of writing, the hieroglyphic or that of picture-writing, an intermediate stage, and the alphabetic stage; three stages of jurisprudence, that in which actions-at-law are determined on religious principles, that in which they are determined according to the letter, and that in which they are determined according to the spirit of the law; three bases of authority for laws, first, a supernatural sanction, second, the sanction of solemn enactment, third, that of the wisdom of the law-makers; three stages of policy, that based on supernatural guidance, that based on the interest of the state, and that based on equity; three kinds of legal decisions, first, those based on ordeals, second, on the literal meaning of the law, third, on equity; three divisions of time, the age of the gods or of divine government, that of the heroes, that of civilized men. In accordance with these principles Vico considered the dark ages theocratic, the period of the feudal system, aristocratic, and the modern times, an age in which the most perfect system of government, the monarchical, prevailed. True, some of the countries of Europe had not reached this stage. "Some," he says, "lying to the north, like Poland and England, retain an aristocratic government; but if the natural course of human and political affairs is not disturbed by extraordinary events, they will no doubt soon arrive at the perfection of monarchy.

Yet perpetual progress is not, according to Vico, the law of human affairs. At times there occur political cataclysms which bury existing civilizations, and after them new nations begin at the lowest rung of the ladder

* Vico, Scienza Nuova, Lib. I., De' Principj.

† "Questo Mondo Civile egli certamente é stato falto dagli nomini: onde se ne possono, perche se ne debbono, ritrovare i Principj deutro le modificazioni della nostra medesima Mente Umana." Vico, Scienz Nuova, p. 195.

to ascend as their predecessors did before them. In other words, history continually repeats itself.

These conclusions are undoubtedly erroneous, but they show that Vico was possessed of an original intellect, and that in his mode of viewing historical questions he was far in advance of his age. The work, *Principj di Scienza Nuova*, in which his views are embodied, is interesting not only on account of the general theory which he advocates, but also on account of the incidental dissertations on the authorship of the Homeric poems and on early Roman history contained in it, which show that Vico in many important respects anticipated the conclusions of Wolf and Niebuhr.

Though since Vico's time there have been many great writers of history, the next to attempt to lay the foundations for its scientific treatment was, as far as I know, the celebrated Auguste Comte. As is well known, the sixth and last of the sciences, according to his classification, is sociology, that is, the science of men in societies, which is, of course, the same thing as the science of history. Proceeding on a principle which Vico had already laid down, he discovers what he considers to be a fundamental law of history in a law of mind. According to him, every science must pass through three stages, the theological, the metaphysical, and the positive. Astronomy was in the theological stage when men thought that the motions of the heavenly bodies were produced by the immediate action of supernatural beings. It was in the metaphysical when men thought that they were caused by nature, or by any other name for our ignorance. It is now in the positive, because astronomers have given up the notion of seeking for causes, and content themselves with establishing laws. Closely connected with this view is his theory of the law of human progress. The most advanced portion of the human race has, according to him, passed through the theological stage; it is now in the metaphysical; it will soon enter the positive. The theological epoch embraces all history except that of the civilized races of western Europe during the last few centuries, and is distinguished by the prevalence of a general belief in the existence of supernatural beings, by the predominance of the warlike and sacerdotal classes, and by the existence of slavery. The metaphysical period, that in which we live, is distinguished by the belief in certain quasi-scientific formulas which are supposed to possess a mysterious efficacy and influence for good, but are really disintegrating agents of great power. Such, for instance, Comte would probably say, in the domain of religion, is the doctrine of the right of private judgment; in the domain of government, that of the efficacy of systems of checks to prevent an undue preponderance of influence on the part of any estate of the realm; in politics, the notion that all men are born free and equal. It is distinguished also by a negative and sceptical philosophy; by the increased importance of diplomacy; by a decline in the military spirit; by the enfranchisement of the labouring classes; by the subjection of the spiritual to the temporal power; and by a relaxation of morals. In the positive period, the worship of supernatural beings will be replaced by the worship of humanity, conducted by a new spiritual hierarchy. Morality will be regenerated; the reign of peace will be inaugurated; the highest position in the social scale will be held by the scientific and philosophical classes, and progress will ever be found compatible with order.

Though this law will hardly be accepted by thoughtful persons as throwing any light on the relations of historical events to one another, it must be admitted that M. Comte has advanced some views on historical subjects which possess remarkable interest. For example, his theory that the natural order of religious belief is first fetichism, then polytheism, then monotheism; and his theory of the cause of the development of polytheism from fetichism, and of monotheism in its turn from polytheism, are very ingenious, and appear to be in essence true explanations of the facts. His distinguishing social statics from social dynamics, *i.e.*, the theory of the spontaneous order from that of the natural progress of human society, seems likely to be of value in guiding the feet of other investigators. He thinks it probable that sociology, when established as a science, will give to the scientific world, in addition to the methods of investigation by observation, experiment, and comparison, already possessed, a fourth method, which he does not elucidate, called the historical.

An English writer, who adopted many of Comte's ideas, the late John Stuart Mill, takes up the question in his "System of

Logic," treats it in a similar manner, and somewhat develops the views of the French philosopher. According to Mill, there may be a science of human nature. This includes Psychology, or the science of mind; Ethology, or the science of the formation of character; and Sociology, or the science of man in society. Of the latter, there probably will be many subdivisions. In one, namely, political economy, considerable work has already been done. The logical method to be employed in pursuing the different branches of sociological inquiry is the inverse deductive, or historical. The laws that govern social changes or cause social equilibrium must, he thinks, be deductions from psychological and ethological laws. But in consequence of the complexity of the phenomena, and the immense number of circumstances to be taken into account, it would be impossible to deduce the order of human development and the general facts of history *a priori* from these laws. What must be done is to establish *axiomata media*, empirical generalizations, which, to be of any value, must not contradict known facts of human nature. When a sufficient number of such generalizations have been made, it will be possible, by comparing them and studying in connection with them the laws of psychology and ethology, to ascertain the reason why they are true, and to deduce them from the laws of those sciences. As very few psychological, and almost no ethological laws have been discovered, no work beyond the discovery of *axiomata media* can be done in the science of history until these other sciences are in a more forward state. Mill concurs with Comte in believing that intellectual progress is a measure of historical progress, and in holding that the law of the three stages indicates the natural order of human thought in speculating on any subject. This law he therefore regards as an *axioma medium*.

Since the publication of Mill's "Logic," Mr. John W. Draper, a physician of high repute in the city of New York, has published a work on "The Intellectual Development of Europe," in which an attempt is made to show that nations grow and decline like individual men. This, if true, would be one of those empirical generalizations of which Mill speaks. Dr. Draper supports his position with a considerable amount of learning. Two quotations will give a sufficiently accurate idea of the views. "A national type pursues its way physically and intellectually through changes and developments answering to those of the individual, and being represented by Infancy, Childhood, Youth, Manhood, Old Age, and Death respectively."* "The intellectual progress of Europe being of a nature answering to that observed in the case of Greece, and this, in its turn, being like that of an individual, we may conveniently separate it into arbitrary periods, sufficiently distinct from one another, though imperceptibly merging into each other. To these successive periods I shall give the titles of—1, The Age of Credulity; 2, the Age of Inquiry; 3, the Age of Faith; 4, the Age of Reason; 5, the Age of Decrepitude."†

It is manifest that Dr. Draper means by the age of credulity, the age of the infancy, by the age of inquiry, that of childhood, by the age of faith, that of the youth, by the age of reason, that of the manhood, and by the age of decrepitude, the old age of a nation.

The analogy between the life of a nation and the life of a man has proved very attractive to some minds, but I cannot bring myself to think that there is an essential resemblance between them. It is true that many nations have, as it were, been born, have grown to manhood, declined, and perished,—

"Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, where are they?"—

but when we come to examine the parallel closely, the figure breaks down. A young human being is a well-defined, separate organism with a clearly marked beginning and end of existence. There are no nations that are in the same sense well-defined separate organisms, with clearly marked birth and death; there never were any such. The English nation had no natal day. By a process of gradual change a part of the descendants of the primitive Aryans became moulded into Englishmen, just as a part of some still more ancient aggregate of human beings became moulded into Aryans. Besides, no nation ever dies a natural death. As among some savage tribes it is considered the proper thing that kind friends should prevent the aged from cumbering the earth too long, so it appears to be the order of

* Intellectual Development of Europe, Vol. I., Chap. I., p. 14.
† *Ibid*, p. 19.

history that every nation that dies shall die by the hands of some neighbour.

The fact of the matter seems to be that all things run their course, and that there is consequently a certain analogy between the history of the life of a man, and that of the duration of existence of any and every thing else. Thus we might talk of the infancy, childhood, youth, manhood, old age, and death of the earth, the sun, the solar system, of the village communities, of a tea-pot, a house, etc. But this way of talking in no degree increases our knowledge. It means nothing more than that change bears sway over the universe, a very obvious truth.

"What man that sees the ever-whirling wheele
Of change, the which all mortall things doth sway,
But that thereby doth find and plainly feele,
How Mutability in them doth play
Her cruel sports."

A much abler work is Buckle's "History of Civilization in England." But it, too, after all, is only a magnificent failure. His account of the manner in which physical influences have affected the beginnings of civilization, though doubtless in some respects true, must be far from complete, and his doctrine, that intellectual discoveries are the all-important element in determining the progress of advanced races, cannot be accepted, if accepted at all, without considerable modifications. Buckle holds that, as the discoveries of moral truths of which we have any record are very few, and those of intellectual truths numerous, and as civilization in modern times has advanced *pari passu* with the increase of knowledge, the discovery of intellectual truths is the real motive power. Now this is not true historically. The increase of the knowledge of the Greeks was very great in the fifty years following the reign of Alexander, but civilization ceased to make progress among them. Knowledge made progress among the inhabitants of the Roman empire during the reigns of the first Cæsars, but civilization stood still and soon after retrograded. My position in regard to the question is, that where civilization advances, moral and intellectual progress go hand-in-hand. It is a mistake to suppose that there has been little progress in the discovery of moral truths during the historical period. The decalogue, strange as the assertion may seem, is very far from being a compend of the moral principles received and acted upon at the present time. The moral laws proscribing polygamy and slavery, the law that thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself, the law of the right of private judgment in matters of religion, and a number of others have come into effect since then, while a whole series of laws based on the belief that the soul thrives in proportion as the body is abused, came into effect in Europe less than two thousand years ago and is now being abrogated. Mere increase of enlightenment is insufficient to cause progress; it can cause progress only by improving morals.

It may, however, be said that some, if not all, the recent improvements in the moral law were contained in essence in general principles long ago enunciated. It may, for instance, be said that slavery is prescribed by the law of altruism, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." This is true in many cases, though not in all; but no inference oppugning my position can be drawn from this fact. For in morals, as in many other sciences, to make new correct deductions from general principles is to advance. In meteorology, for instance, we are acquainted with the causes of spring, summer, autumn, and winter. If we could only deduce correctly the results flowing from the operation of these general causes in one instance, so as to account for the special character of a particular spring, summer, autumn, or winter, the advance would be enormous. The altruistic principle is one which is subject to modification by circumstances. To apply in all or even the majority of the acts of life, the principle of loving one's neighbour as one's self, would disintegrate society. Very benevolent men inflict injury on their fellows; the best men are those in whom the predominant selfish instincts are somewhat modified in action by the benevolent instincts. If any philosopher could determine what the proper compromise is, he would confer an inestimable boon on humanity. The civilized races of Europe, by deciding that slavery is wrong, have made an advance by lessening the number of doubtful cases.

The amount of scientific knowledge in the possession of a people is undoubtedly the most convenient measure of its advancement in civilization. But the strength of the tendency to strive for an increase of knowledge depends on the morale of the race, and the morale of a race does not always improve with the increase of knowledge. The Arabs

whom Mohammedan enthusiasm brought forth from their native deserts, increased their scientific knowledge wonderfully during a few generations, but their morale and with it their intellectual activity declined. It cannot, I think, be shown that to increase knowledge is to weaken morality; probably intellectual activity tends to strengthen the moral nature; but the tendency may be counteracted by others, and it is this fact which leads me to adopt the view, that moral progress has had fully as much to do as intellectual progress with the advances which the world has made in civilization. Each, in fact, tends to promote the other.

I have already said, the only satisfactory proof that could be produced that a science of history is possible, would be the science itself or some part of it. This brief notice of the principal attempts to do scientific work in history proves nothing except that there is an increasing tendency to adopt the view that history can be treated scientifically. I decidedly lean to that opinion, though I am far from thinking that much is likely to be soon accomplished. Sociology may be compared with Meteorology in respect to the complexity of the phenomena to be studied. In both subjects alike, tolerably successful empirical predictions may be made. Meteorology is so far ahead in the race that the predictions of the weather on this continent made for twenty-four hours in advance are accurate in a very large percentage of instances. On the other hand the student of sociology possesses this advantage, that he is able to compare past times with present. His records, though not as accurate, extend further back. He can supplement those records by gaining an acquaintance with the condition of savage races at the present day, and thus enable himself to form some idea of the state of the ancestors of existing civilized races in prehistoric times. It is, I believe, on the extension of our historical knowledge, so as to embrace epochs from which no written memorials have descended, that the possibility of discovering the science of history depends. If we can gain a tolerably correct general idea of the different spiritual, moral, political, industrial, and intellectual stages through which the human race has passed from its origin until the present time, we shall probably be able to lay the foundations of the science of history on a solid basis.

In proceeding, in accordance with the opinion just expressed, to contemplate the stream of history in order to attempt to ascertain its origin and course, we are brought face to face with certain important and fundamental questions. How did man come upon the earth? Has he progressed or retrograded? Is the nature of different races so similar as to justify us in reasoning from the nature of one to that of another? As the discussion of these subjects would unduly lengthen this paper, I do not purpose at present to enter upon it, and I shall content myself with remarking that one benefit at least must follow from the attempt to treat history scientifically. The limits of the capacity of the human intellect can be ascertained only by observing the results of effort, and accordingly, whether success or failure be the meed of those who are endeavouring to make history a science, no one can doubt that our knowledge of what it is possible for us to do will be made less indefinite.

J. M. BUCHAN.

THE RIDEAU CANAL.

IN the course of a recent debate in the House of Commons,* in relation to the expenses of the Rideau Canal, the idea was hazarded by one of the speakers, that the time had arrived when this magnificent work might be abandoned, and the first minister of the Crown, although doubtful as to the time, is reported to have expressed himself as inclined to think that, both as a military and commercial work, the canal is now all but useless.

It may not therefore be out of time or place, at this moment, to resuscitate in the public mind of Canada, the fact that there exists between the cities of Ottawa and Kingston, on a distance of 126 miles, a public work, undertaken by Great Britain in the military interests of the empire, and at an expense to the British treasury of £803,774 6s 5d sterling, or $3,911,701.47 currency, which reflects the brightest honour on those "*hommes de génie*," the Royal Engineers, by whose genius it was devised and under whose superintendence it was executed.

The Rideau canal, or rather the Rideau navigation, for the cuttings or excavations on the line, as a whole, hardly justify the use of the word "canal," was the result of great engineering skill applied to the attainment of a great object in the most convenient and expeditious, and at the same time in the least costly way.

The object to be attained was, in the event of a war with the United States, to provide the shortest and safest line of communication —that most free from interruption and attack —between Upper and Lower Canada. The war of 1812 had proved the risk and costliness of the line of the St. Lawrence as a channel of transport, where, at one time, as many as 10,000 *habitants* and *voyageurs* were employed *portaging* valuable supplies, which were not unfrequently cut off by the enemy. The loss of life and treasure, and the consequent interruption of operations, demanded a remedy, and we believe that to a Canadian mind may be accribed the merit of having first suggested one.

We find in the June number of the *United Service Magazine* for 1848, a communication signed "Prilalethes," which assigns this credit to Colonel George Macdonnell, the "Hero of Ogdensburg," who captured that place 22nd February, 1813, contrary to orders and to all rational probability of success, having crossed the ice, which undulated under the feet of his men, in the face of a strong force and eleven pieces of artillery, all of which were taken. This dashing officer had raised the Glengarry Fencibles, and had lived in the Glengarry settlements and among the Glengarry men, and had probably derived from them the knowledge they had obtained on lumbering and exploring expeditions, that the sources of the Cataraqui, falling into the St. Lawrence at Kingston, and those of the Rideau, descending into the Ottawa, rose in close proximity—that the head waters of both streams were to be found in large and navigable lakes—that the isthmus connecting both systems was low, narrow, and easily surmountable, and that, upon this line a *portage* route might be established, superseding entirely the route by the St. Lawrence, with all its dangers and inconveniences. This information was conveyed by Macdonnell to Sir George Prevost, who authorized his enterprising informant to make a personal survey, which being speedily made, confirmed all expectations. But it does not appear to us that these expectations had then risen to the level of a canal. The idea then was to supersede the dangerous *portage* line of the St. Lawrence by an interior *portage* line from Ottawa to Kingston, not much longer and far more safe.

It is contended that Colonel Macdonell's plan and project were sent to England and finally utilized by the British Government without fair consideration for the gallant originator. Let this be as it may, the idea expanded and ripened in England into a system of navigation—a series of canals, each dependent on, and useless without the other,

* Session of 1877.

but the whole creating a perfect line of inland communication for military purposes between Montreal and Kingston. There can be no doubt but that the Duke of Wellington, with military prescience, took in the whole situation at a glance. In 1826, Sir J. Carmichael Smyth, Major-general, Royal Engineers, was sent to Canada to report on its defences. Shortly after, in the same year, the Ottawa canals at Carillon, Chute à Blondeau, and Grenville were commenced, under the superintendence of the Royal Staff Corps, and almost simultaneously—on the 21st September, 1826—the works of the Rideau navigation were planned and projected by Lieut.-Col. John By, of the Royal Engineers, and brother officers of the same corps, and the work stands to the present day a monument to their creative genius and practical skill.

The ruling idea of the line of the Rideau was not to excavate a canal, but to create a navigation by damming back long reaches of the natural waters, and by utilizing the lakes on the course of the Rideau and Cataraqui rivers, between Ottawa and Kingston. To attain a starting-point, to reach a long continuous level, the eight magnificent locks at Ottawa were constructed, which, at one leap, surmounted an elevation of 82 feet. The descent from the height of land to the level of the St. Lawrence, at Kingston, is mainly effected by a series of locks, marvellously designed, at Jones's Falls and Kingston Mills. It was our fortune to hear the present Duke of Buckingham, an eminently practical man, then Marquis of Chandos, in 1860, apply the term "stupendous" to the dam at Jones's Falls, by which the Royal Engineers dammed and closed up the Falls of the Cataraqui—a cataract 60 feet high—and forced the indignant river to apply its waters to a more useful purpose, the supply of the locks and reservoir basins. The locks and the dam at this and all other stations on the navigation are beautifully and massively executed, and an endurance of 45 years bears testimony to the excellence and stability of the workmanship. We remember to have heard American engineers, gentlemen deputed from the State of New York to examine the structures on the Rideau, loud in their praises of the works at Ottawa, and expressing wonderment greater still at their permanence. The character and faithfulness of the work was shown only the other day, when it became necessary to pump out the lowermost lock on the Ottawa river, to make repairs, when a flooring was discovered of massive cut stones embedded in concrete, and extending out into the Ottawa, a foundation destined to last to the end of all time. But the Royal Engineers built for eternity, and it would be well if more modern builders had followed their example.

It has been said, with a tone of reproach, that the Rideau Canal cost over much. The reproach may be just in the mouth of an Englishman, but the cheek of any Canadian using it should tingle with shame. The cost came out of the pockets of the British taxpayer. With the exception of the iron-work, all the materials were of Canadian product and manufacture; the labour was Canadian, and so was the characteristic shiftiness of some of the contractors, and the chronic exorbitancy of the landed proprietors. Nevertheless, every inch of land was paid for and every claim satisfied. The millions of dollars expended enured to the benefit of this country, and the men of Canada will not find fault with the British nation for providing them with a magnificent work of national defence, and paying them, if even extravagantly, for doing it.

It has been already remarked that the Rideau Canal was built as a military work; the commercial idea was secondary and subordinate. But to the early commercial enterprise of Canada it was for many years an encouragement and a boon. To it may be attributed the rapid progress of Canada West between 1832 and the opening of the St. Lawrence Canals in 1849. Commercially speaking, except for local purposes, its importance diminished on the completion of the St. Lawrence and Beauharnois Canals, but as a military work its value is as great as ever. At the first outbreak of a war, these last-mentioned canals would be destroyed by the enemy—if we did not destroy them ourselves in self-defence. The railroad on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, running for miles exposed to a hostile fire, would share the same fate. At such a crisis, the Rideau Canal, as a second, an interior, and comparatively safe line of military communication, would be invaluable. In this view the Rideau and Ottawa Canals were transferred to Canada, to be kept open and maintained in repair, with a purpose, a foresight, and an insight penetrating far below

the upper-crust of commerce. We believe that they are as essential to the defence or Canada as the fortifications of Quebec and Kingston, and indeed form a part of the same system of defence.

It is to be hoped that before this question comes up again for more serious consideration in Parliament, the Hon. the Premier, and all patriotic men who take an interest in the subject, will make for themselves opportunities of visiting the line of the Rideau Canal, and of judging of the importance of the work in all aspects. It will enable them to estimate the magnitude of the interests involved in its abandonment, the dissatisfaction it would create, and the immense cost for compensation which would naturally ensue from such an act of vandalism.

It is right that I should acknowledge that the greater part of the valuable information contained in this article was furnished to me by my very sincere and beloved friend the late Colonel W. F. Coffin.

WILLIAM MILLS.

SUCH A GOOD MAN.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE.

Authors of 'Ready-Money Mortiboy,' 'The Golden Butterfly,' 'By Celia's Arbour,' etc., etc.

CHAPTER VII.

"'Tis well to be off with the old love,
Before you are on with the new."

IT was all over then. Rose was engaged to her old playmate, and Julian was gone. That was what she said to herself, sitting beside her lover, who talked perpetually, and always of the life they were going to lead. It was a simple and honest life that poor John Gower pictured to himself, the best form of that kind of life which he knew. There was, as we have seen, to to be plenty of work in it—work every day and all day, with, for recreation, an hour of quiet talk over a pipe in the evening, It never occurred to him that to Rose such a life, even in a cottage "with a garden in front and behind," would be intolerable. Other women, those whom he knew, did not find it intolerable. That is, as they never grumbled, of course they liked it. That was to be presumed. The real fact, that the life of a woman in the class to which John Gower belonged is dull, monotonous, and circumscribed to a barbarous degree, was not one of those things which he had learned among his wheels. It is only in the lap of leisure that man finds time to think of the tastes and inclinations of woman. The men of action like their womankind to govern themselves by law, tradition, and the Median rules of custom, which cannot be broken.

All the afternoon, all the evening she endured his talk. He did not want her to talk to him. He was so absorbed in his own pursuits, that he had simply no room in his brain for anything else. Even his love for Rose was a part—so to speak—of his own private work, because he had retained her image in his brain through the years of his apprenticeship, and because in some vague way he had always looked forward to this engagement as one of his ends in life. The other ends were reputation and success. He wanted to be a great mechanician; he wanted to become another Stephenson or an Armstrong.

He was not a selfish man, but he was too intense and eager to be sympathetic. He pressed on his own way, his eyes fixed straight on the goal before him. He had never dreamed of such a possibility as that Rose should cease to care for him in the way that he cared for her. And now that they were actually affianced, the question was less likely to be raised in his own mind than ever.

She was pale and spiritless, not like the girl of seven years ago, so full of life and fun; she was silent; she was undemonstrative. All that he put down to the London air, which he, unmindful of his own smoky town, set down as thick and unwholesome. A few weeks up in the north, in that cottage with a garden before and another behind, in the full enjoyment of the life he sketched out for her, the early breakfast, the one o'clock stoking which he called dinner (after a wash), the six o'clock tea, when he came home and "washed up for the evening," the two hours of quiet while he worked, and then the nine o'clock pipe, glass of grog, and talk. How that delicious, fresh, and eventful life would set her up. John grew romantic as he pictured his own domestic bliss.

He was not to blame; he did not know the companionship which had taken Rose out of her former life and made her look on things from the Life-of-Leisure point of view. One cannot represent to oneself too strongly the immense difference between the way in which people of wealth and leisure look on things and people who *must* work for their daily bread. Think what a difference there is between the lion of the forest and the sleepy good-natured creature in the Zoological Gardens. Suppose again the swallows, instead of alway going after the flies, had the flies brought to them. Life to Rose meant society, ways of pleasantness, softness, and art; to John it meant a struggle in which the strongest and the most persevering get the best things.

"My wife," he said to Rose, "will be never idle." He did not mean it as an admonition, but simply as a part of his dream for the future. Now Rose was always idle, and liked idleness, or at least such work as she could choose herself. "She will be sewing on my buttons and looking after my things and her own all the morning." Rose hated sewing. "She will look after the dinner herself"—was she going to be cook as well as wife? she wondered—"she will go for a walk or call upon her friends in the afternoon." Rose knew by recollection who and of what sort were the friends. "She will sew again or read all the evening. The time will never be dull, Rose, never wasted, never stupid."

He was so impetuous, this man of strong will, that his ardour fairly carried her away. She felt that, with him, she had no will, no power of self-assertion. She would be bound to obey him, whatever he ordered; and she felt without being told, that if he was ever offended, his wrath would be a terrible thing to face. She was afraid of him.

Rose was not one of those self-reliant heroines who can bring against a strong nature one as strong and as unbending. Like most girls she loved things to go smoothly, and would sacrifice a great deal to ensure peace. One result of the leisurely life is, that the combative element in our nature gets rubbed away. We no longer love fighting, even for a good cause, while fighting for its own sake is a monstrous thing. There is a tendency to shirk unpleasantness, which is not always healthy for the moral system.

But this future which lay before her. She was simply dismayed at the prospect. There was not one redeeming feature, not a single ray of light or hope. A husband whom she did not love and who terrified and repelled her by his intensity and strength: the deprivation of all the things which made up her happiness: the loss of her lover and the shame of feeling what he must think of her: a dreary stretch of years before her, in which there should be no relief, no change—no hope of any relief or change.

Perhaps she thought, while her hand lay in John's, and he went on talking, talking talking, talking about his work, his machinery, and his plans—perhaps she might die. Everybody in trouble hopes that. Death, so dreadful at other times, appears in such friendly guise in moments—thank God! life has but few of them—of agony, remorse, or shame. Surely she might die. After a year or two of misery, she might go into a consumption—many girls in books go into consumptions—and die. Perhaps from her deathbed she might send to Julian one last word asking for pardon.

She was only nineteen. She was in desperate trouble of soul. This imaginative nonsense may be pardoned her. Only a very young person would have made up such a drama in her own mind. When we get older, and think how best we might obtain relief, we generally begin with the death not of ourselves at all, but of the sinner who has caused us annoyance. That fellow dead, we think, how smoothly we should go! He deserves to die, confound him! How if he were to get run over in the street, or smashed in a railway accident, or drowned in a

boat, or carried off by typhus fever, or murdered by one of the other people whom he has afflicted? No doubt in old times one would be naturally impelled, after letting their imagination roam among these pleasant suppositions, to take a dinner-knife, and creep noiselessly through the forest to a place where one might meet him. One prod: so! no more trouble from you. And now, having enacted the part of Providence the Avenger, in removing a villain from the world, let us hope that no one will have observed the deed, and so go home with a grateful heart.

Presently John Gower left her, and she was able to go to her own room and rest. The sound of his voice, hard, ringing, and metallic, beat upon her brain like a hammer. And as she laid her aching head upon a pillow, there came upon her ears, as if by contrast, the soft voice and gentle tones of the lover whom she had sent away.

There was silence in the house; it was always a quiet place, except when Julian Carteret was in it, but to-day it seemed more silent than usual. Luncheon was served, but Mrs. Sampson was the only person present at the meal, and she was excited and restless, perhaps suffering from the depression of spirits natural to one who has just lost, so to speak, a third husband.

Luncheon over, she retreated to her own apartments, and then the house was perfectly silent.

About half-past three a note was brought to Mrs. Sampson.

"Lost Lavinia," it began, "grant one more interview, a farewell interview, to your unfortunate Bodkin."

He was waiting outside the house, the footman said, with a smile partly of contempt and partly of enjoyment, because everybody knew how Mr. Bodkin had let out at Sir Jacob. He would not come in without express permission of Mrs. Sampson.

"Show Mr. Bodkin to the morning-room," she said, with dignity; "let him await me there."

She kept him waiting for about a quarter of an hour, remorselessly. When she came down she was got up for the occasion in black silks and with a white pocket handkerchief, a little tear-stained, in her hand."

"Lavinia!"

"Henry!" she applied the handkerchief to the eyes.

A noticeable thing about Bodkin was the fact that he had already given up his semi-clerical dress, and had relapsed to the tweeds of his ordinary wear. These were tight, and perhaps, a little horsey.

"Lavinia, it is all over. The news of yesterday is quite true. Lord Addlehede is locked up for the rest of his natural life, and the Society for the General Advancement of Humanity is no more, I have this morning sold the furniture, which, with the first quarter's salary, will be the sole consolation and remuneration of the Secretary. It fetched £85 6s. 8d. And now, Lavinia, until better times shall dawn, we must part again. For the third time the cup has slipped. I knew what was going to happen when that glass of sherry slipped from my hands. I knew that something dreadful was hanging over our heads."

"Yes, Henry, we must part. What do you propose doing?"

"For the moment, Lavinia—let me rather say Mrs. Sampson—I am going to woo the smiles of faithless fortune as a—a—sporting prophet."

"Henry!"

"It is true, Lavinia. I am not yet certain whether it is more humiliation, or whether it is promotion. Literary work is the only kind of work I have never yet attempted: perhaps I shall succeed in it. Who knows? The name of Henry Bodkin—I have dropped the Theophilus for the time—may yet ring like a trumpet-echo in the ears of the English people. Prophet to the *Breakfast Bell!*"

"But what do you know about horses, Henry!"

"Nothing, Lavinia; but I have occasionally backed a horse that I was sweet upon, and I always lost. Also, I used to be very fond, when I could afford it, of going down to Epsom with a hamper. More is not wanted of a sporting prophet."

"And will it pay?"

"That, Lavinia, I cannot yet tell you. Suppose I come back in a few weeks, what would be the lowest figure, angelic one?"

"You must satisfy me that you can make four hundred a year at least. That, with my trifling income, would be sufficient to maintain us both in tolerable comfort. But, Henry, I cannot promise," here she blushed violently. "It may be—it has happened so twice already—that another—"

"Ha!" he cried. "Another? that would

be Fate's final blow. Have you any idea, Lavinia, who the other may be?"

"In fact, Henry," said Mrs. Sampson, "only last night, Sir Jacob, talking over—"

"Sir Jacob!"

"Talking over his niece's approaching marriage and his own loneliness, was good enough to express a hope that I would remain in the house as its mistress—Lady Escomb."

"Sir Jacob! The viper!"

Mrs. Sampson sprang to her feet.

"Viper, Mr. Bodkin? Is it thus that you dare to speak of my future husband?"

"I was your future husband the other day," he sighed. "It is all over now. Good-bye, *Lady Escomb.*"

"Good-bye, Henry," she said softly; you can wait, can you not?"

"Hang it, madam," cried Bodkin, "are you beginning already to wish him gone after the other two?"

"You are brutal, Henry. Leave me, sir."

"Not but that you will grace the position, I am sure."

"Do you think so? Ah! Henry, if you were only a baronet! A title, a great house, a great income, a husband who is so rich and so good, Henry."

"Humph! yes—and so good, if you like. Well, I must stay here no longer. Farewell, Lavinia; and if you can—why, there, I suppose it must be for ever. I would back Sir Jacob, for holding on, against myself."

The sporting prophet disappeared, leaving Mrs. Sampson alone. She looked about her, and presently began to walk up and down the room, opening drawers in cabinets, pulling books from the library, arranging flowers as if she was already the mistress of the place. Lady Escomb! what a sweet name! what an engine for filling other people's hearts with rage, envy, malice, and spite. Lady Escomb!

"Good gracious! Mr. Carteret, how you frightened me!"

Julian came in, hoping to find Rose alone, through the conservatory.

"Sorry to frighten you, Mrs. Sampson. I met Bodkin at the gate. He looked very wobegone."

"Poor Henry!"

"Are his last chances gone?"

Mrs. Sampson shook her head.

"It is impossible to say what he may do in the future," she said. "For the present, as you say, his chances are gone. But you ought not to be here, Mr. Carteret. You know that Rose is engaged to Mr. Gower. You must not disturb her mind."

"Look here, Mrs. Sampson," said Julian, taking her hands—she was a soft, fat, comfortable figure of a woman, who really had a tender heart. "You and I have always been good friends, have we not?"

"Very good friends, I am sure."

"And you have known all along how much I loved Rose."

"Yes—all along—and very sorry I am for both of you, too."

"Well, I want to see Rose."

She shook her head.

"Anything but that, Mr. Carteret."

"I want to ask her a question, that is all."

"But that would be the very thing you must not do."

"Come, Mrs. Sampson, if you will help me, I will bribe you."

"It isn't right, Mr. Carteret. I am as much surprised at the thing as you can be; and the poor girl is miserable. But Sir Jacob has set his heart upon it, and they are engaged, and it would only make worse trouble."

"I am going to make more trouble," said Julian, doggedly. "I am going to make all the trouble I can. I want to see Rose first, and hear from her own lips what it means, and then I shall get hold of this young Lancashire lad and tell him what I can. And, lastly, I shall try Sir Jacob himself. Between the two of them I shall manage to make things disagreeable."

Julian spoke with great bitterness, being, in point of fact, beside himself with indignation and astonishment.

"But you do not want me to help in making things disagreeable."

"Yes, I do, Mrs. Sampson. Consider the position of things. Rose does not love this man; you know that, of course."

"Of course, any one not a blind bat, as the man is, could see it with half an eye," said Mrs. Sampson the experienced.

"And she does, or she did, love me," said Julian. "Will you not help me to have an explanation with her? I want to ask her why she did it. That is simple enough, is it not?"

"She ought not to think of you any

longer, Mr. Carteret." Mrs. Sampson was visibly softening. "I have had myself the same ordeal to go through. I was engaged to—to Henry Bodkin, many years ago. We had pledged our vows and sworn fidelity; but he had no money, and I was compelled to throw him over for the late Mr. Chiltern. It may have been criminal, Mr. Carteret, but I confess that when I stood before the altar with that good old man, I wished it had been Henry Bodkin instead."

"And you were happy with Mr. Chiltern, although you loved another man?"

"Happiness, Mr. Carteret, is a good deal mixed up with creature comforts. I liked even then, when I was much younger than I am now, to be quite sure that the house would go on and the butcher's bill get paid. I should never have had that assurance with Henry Bodkin. You see that consideration has great weight even with the giddiest girl. Dinner first, dress next——"

"And love last, I suppose."

"Love runs through all," said Mrs. Sampson sentimentally. "Love rules the roast as well as the court and camp. But oh! how much more fondly you love a man when you know that the butcher's and the dressmaker's bills are safe!"

"Well, but that is my case," urged Julian. "I am rich—that is, I am pretty well off. Sir Jacob has got seventy thousand pounds of mine locked up in a box somewhere, and there is another trifle in the Funds which brings in a few hundreds. My wife, at any rate, will have her dinner assured for the rest of her natural life. I never thought about it before, but now you come to mention it, there must be a good deal of anxiety going about the world in reference to next year's dinners. I wonder people marry at all unless they are rich."

Mrs. Sampson shook her head.

"Mr. Chiltern died a few years after our marriage," she said, "and left me with an annuity—a small one, it is true—as a reward for soothing his declining years. That was my reward. Had I married Henry Bodkin, what would have been the cares and vicissitudes of my life? And had Henry Bodkin only been in a position, after the first year of my widowhood, to keep up the expense of a small but tasteful home, I should not have married Mr. Sampson. A very different man from Mr. Chiltern, and perhaps the contrast, for a time, pleased; but——"

"Let us come back to Rose," said Julian abruptly; "I have no business here after yesterday's scene. I feel as if I was in an enemy's camp. Be merciful and send Rose to me."

She who wavers is lost. Mrs. Sampson wavered. Mrs. Sampson was lost.

"If I send Rose down to you," she said, "you will not let Sir Jacob know that I did it?"

"I will never let Sir Jacob know one word about it. Only let me see her."

For it occurred suddenly to the good lady that if Sir Jacob found her out interfering in his projects, there was small chance of her ever becoming lady Escomb.

She left Julian and hurried away.

Rose was lying down, half asleep.

"Rose dear," Mrs. Sampson whispered; "poor child! how hot your head is! Get up and brush you hair. You must go down to the morning-room."

She obeyed.

"Will he not leave me alone for a single hour?" she said wearily, thinking of John Gower. "Oh, me! it will be better when we are married, because then I shall only see him in the evening. Will that do, dear Mrs. Sampson?"

"Stay one moment. You have got no colour at all in your cheeks, my dear, not a bit of colour. Put on this ribbon at least."

She adorned the girl, womanlike, with a ribbon, and saw her creep slowly down the stairs; and then with a sigh of sympathy, she betook herself to the drawing-room, and tried to renew the sweet dream of ladyhood from which Julian Carteret had interrupted her.

"Rose!"

"Julian! oh! Julian."

"My dear love—my own girl." She was in his arms again, and felt at home. "Let me kiss you, just to make me feel that this is all real, and that, whatever happens, you love me still.

But she pushed him from her.

"Let me go, Julian. You must not—you must not. Did you not hear yesterday what I said? I am engaged—do you understand?—engaged to be married to John Gower."

"So I heard. What I want to know is, what it means."

"It means, really and truly, exactly what

the words mean. Julian it is the sad, sad, truth."

"But you *must* explain it all to me. What does it all mean? what does it mean? Have women a dozen hearts, that they can give one away on Saturday and one on Sunday and never feel the loss? Do you think, Rose, that you can accept a man one day and throw him over the next without even an explanation?"

"Oh! Julian, can you not take the fact, and—and not be cruel to me?"

"Good heavens! Rose"—she threw herself into a chair and buried her face in her hands—"good heavens! Cruel to you! But I want to know——"

"Julian, I have no word of explanation—none—none." She burst into a low moaning.

"You have done this thing, Rose, and you will not tell me why. By Heaven! it seems impossible. I had heard of such things, but I said to myself, 'Rose is true, Rose is constant.' What fools men are! We ask but one virtue in women—fidelity. We think we can supply all the rest. They may be frivolous, they may be foolish, they may be vain, they may be petulant, they may be full of whims and fancies: but if they are true, we forgive them all the rest."

Rose lifted her head.

"You never can forgive me, then, because I am not true. I can bear it better, Julian, when you speak like that—better than when you talk of loving me still. But let me go. I am frivolous and foolish, and all the bitterest things that you can think or say; but one thing I was not. I was not untrue when I told you that I—I——"

"When you told me, dear Rose"—he bent over her and caressed her shapely head—"when you told me that you loved me."

"It was true, Julian," she murmured.

"Why—why—then, Rose, if it was true then, it is true now; for I have done nothing to make your love grow less. If it was true, then, that I loved you, it is ten times as true, a thousand times as true, that I love you now—now that I seem to have lost you."

"It is not right, Julian—indeed, indeed it is not right. What you want is impossible. Oh! if I could tell you all!"

"Right—not right? If I love you, if you love me, what place is there more fitted for you than my arms? What have you to do with John Gower? By what right does he come between you and me?"

"By a right stronger than your love, even."

"Tell me, Rose"—Julian's voice was as resolute as John Gower's, and Rose quailed before it—"tell me, or I will go to John Gower and make him tell me what is that right." Had either of them looked round they would have seen a figure in the conservatory—none other than Reuben Gower himself. He stood irresolute for a moment, and then, with strange, pained face, hid himself behind the plants and listened—a mean thing to do at all times. But he did it.

"John Gower," Julian went on—"he has an honest face and will listen to reason. I will go to him and ask him by what right he is going to condemn a girl to a life of misery with a man whom she does not love and can never love. I will move his heart, if he has one, by such a picture of his own selfishness in exacting this sacrifice, and your wretchedness when the day will bring no change and the night will only throw a darker shadow over your heart, that out of very human pity, he will fain give you back to my arms. Remember, I shall say everything that a bitterly wronged man can say for himself, as well as for the girl he sees sacrificed."

Rose remembered all that was at stake. She sprang to her feet in alarm.

"You must not, Julian; you must not. You cannot guess the mischief, the terrible mischief, that will follow."

"I care for no mischief," said Julian, "I am fighting for my own hand. Do you think I am going to part from you without a struggle."

"Then," said Rose, "I must tell you all. I marry John Gower to save my uncle from ruin, perhaps from—from—I can hardly say the word—from disgrace."

"Your uncle—Sir Jacob—the millionaire!"

"He is no millionaire at all. He has no money and no means of meeting his securities. All the people he employs will be turned out into the streets, beggars; and—oh! Julian—all your money will be lost, too."

"Oh!" said Julian. "But how does this connect with John Gower?"

"Because he has made a great invention, on the security of which Sir Jacob can raise more money and carry on his works. I am to be the price of Sir Jacob's sharing in the invention. John Gower thinks that, because

we played together as boy and girl, I love him still. He has always remembered me, and always loved me. Look at those pictures, Julian. They are the plans of his invention. With that in his hand Sir Jacob can retrieve his fortunes; without it, he is a bankrupt."

"I see. This is a very pretty hobble. Poor Rose! And you were to pull us out of it, were you! My money gone, too. Serious for me."

"Yes, Julian. Your money is all gone, and you can if you like, my uncle says, prosecute him for not taking proper care of your fortune."

"Yes," Julian replied meditatively. "That is the way in which he puts it, does he? Blackstone and other authorities call that kind of behaviour by a different name."

"It is to save him, to save you, to save all those poor people, that I must marry John Gower."

"So this is all, is it, Rose? Then you never, never, never shall marry John Gower, that is flat, and I shall tell him the reason why. Sir Jacob a pauper, too!" At that moment, Sir Jacob, returned from the City, stood in the doorway, large and ponderous. Neither saw him. "Gad!" Julian went on, "we shall both look pretty interesting when the sad news falls on a sympathising world. The Jews have got a small trifle of bills of mine; there will be wailing among the tribes when they hear about it. Is that all, Rose—only your uncle ruined? Let him begin again. He knows as many dodges as any. Old Fox, he is sure to get on his legs. As for the poor people, if they are not employed by him, they will be employed by those who carry on the works for the bankrupt. My poor, dear darling girl! What a fuss about nothing! Why, there's Bodkin ruined, too. That makes three. Bodkin, poor beggar, who has lost his Lavinia with his secretaryship. I, who have lost my fortune and gained a bride. We shall have to live as the sparrows live, my angel, and pick up crumbs. Never fear, we will manage somehow. And there is Sir Jacob: he has lost more than either of us, because such a good man cannot afford to lose his name. However, now I have got you back, I am not going to let you go again for fifty Sir Jacobs. He can now, Rose, enjoy the luxury of doing good without drawing a cheque. No doubt he will begin a career of active personal benevolence among the poor. Ho! ho! And now I shall go and find out Mr. John Gower."

As he turned, he faced Sir Jacob, who advanced with grave deliberation and a very stately deportment.

"No, Julian Carteret," he said, opposing both hands. "No, you have done enough mischief already. It is nothing, as you say, that Sir Jacob Escomb is perhaps on the brink of ruin. Do what you please: institute a prosecution against me for your lost money, which is, I suppose, gone with the rest. But with these arrangements, with the solemn contract which I have made with the son of my old friend I will brook no interference. This marriage is no hastily concocted scheme to save me from poverty—the good man is not afraid of poverty—it is the purpose of a life. Reuben Gower is my oldest and dearest friend. We have together, he and I, frequently talked over this match; it is a settled thing for nearly twenty years. I will not consent, Julian, whatever reluctant admissions you have forced from this foolish girl, I will never consent to have her happiness—yes, I repeat it, her solid and permanent happiness—destroyed by your wanton and selfish folly. I thought better of you, Julian Carteret. At one time I thought you might settle down into a sober and earnest man. It grieves me to think that you are the last man in the world to whom I would entrust my niece's hand as your trustee——"

"Don't you think," said Julian, "don't you think that, after the mess you have made of it, the less you say about that trust the better?"

"We will not discuss that now. Leave us, and make no further interference in my plans. Go, sir. There is nothing more to be said."

It was Reuben Gower who stepped from the conservatory and stood between Sir Jacob, whose attitude, morally speaking, was grand, and Julian Carteret, who was hesitating what next to say.

"There *is* something more to be said," he began quietly. "There is a great deal more to be said. Rose, I have overheard all. Julian Carteret, it is true what Rose told you, that Sir Jacob is a ruined man. Look at him, sleek and bold of front as he stands, he is hopelessly ruined. No one can save him from shipwreck, except my son, and he shall not. For he has grown so used to deceiving

all the world, that he has even deceived me. He has deceived me. It is not true that the engagement was the scheme of twenty years."

"You wrong me, Reuben," said Sir Jacob with dignity. "Everybody wrongs me. But never mind. It was *my* scheme for twenty years. That is all."

Reuben took no notice of this interruption.

"The engagement was never thought of by Sir Jacob, or by me, until the night before last, when my boy, who has cherished ambitious schemes, made, as a condition of partnership, marriage with Rose Escomb. You may forgive him, Miss Rose, because he did not know how you have been changed from what you were. You do not understand me, Mr. Carteret. We Lancashire folk, living at home, in our old way, thinking the same thoughts every day, forget that people away up here in London may change. We did not know that you loved him no longer; that you were a London young lady instead of a sonsie Lancashire lass."

Here John himself, is his quick, rough way, appeared, with a bundle of papers in his hands.

"Here you are, Sir Jacob. Here's the deed of partnership. Let us sign, and have done with it."

Sir Jacob seized the pen. That, at least, might be signed before the inevitable explosion. But it was too late.

"John," said Reuben, "there will be no partnership."

"No partnership? Why not?"

"And no marriage."

"What do you mean, father?"

Reuben had his arm on his son's wrist.

"We have been deceived, you and I, John; we have been deceived. I knew, but I did not tell you, that Sir Jacob was on the very eve of being a bankrupt, when your invention interposed to save him. And it would have saved him, and it shall make you a rich man yet. But without Rose Escomb, my boy. Give her up."

"Give up Rose? and to whom? To that —popinjay?" He pointed to Julian.

"Thank you, my friend," said Julian. "Go on, Mr. Gower."

"What did Sir Jacob tell you about Rose? Was it this? You told him that you had never forgotten your sweet-faced playfellow, and that you loved her, after all these seven years, as much as when you were children together. He said that Rose had never ceased to speak of you, did he not?"

"Ay!"

"Have you ever spoken of him to your uncle, Rose?" asked Reuben.

Rose hung her head. The action was sufficient answer.

"After he had opened the matter to her, John, what did he tell you?"

"He said that Rose loved me still, and that I should find a cordial response to my affection."

"Yes," said Reuben bitterly; "that is what he said. He fooled you, boy. He fooled us both. Rose Escomb is not for you. She does not love you. She is wretched at the thought of marrying you; and she loves another man—this man, Mr. Julian Carteret. Give her up, boy."

"Is this true, Rose?" asked John Gower, whose face was white.

"Yes, John; it is true."

John Gower took the drawings of his invention from the table, rolled them up, and put them into his pocket. Then he seized the deed of partnership, and tore it in halves, throwing the pieces on the carpet before Sir Jacob. And then, without a word of reproach, he took his father by the hand and led him from the room.

Sir Jacob looked after them with sorrow rather than anger.

"They will be very sorry," he said. "Some day they will be bitterly sorry. So will you, Julian. So will you, Rose. The blow you have drawn down will fall most heavily upon yourselves."

CHAPTER THE LAST.

SO GREAT AND GOOD.

IT is a month later. The bankruptcy of the great Sir Jacob Escomb has long been published to the world, and commented on by the newspapers, and at every dinner-table in the country. There was a general feeling of sympathy for the fall of a man so prominent in all good works; and one enthusiast even went so far as to propose in the columns of a daily paper that a grand national movement should be set on foot, with a view to restoring Sir Jacob Escomb to his former greatness. This fell through, for want of

backers; but everybody applauded the idea, and for a single day all the world were eager to see all the world produce their money. However, as none was subscribed, the idea dropped.

It had been a sad month for poor Rose Escomb. Julian Carteret was busy looking after his affairs, which were in a glorious state of confusion; and as Sir Jacob would not allow him to call at the house, Rose had to meet him by appointment, chiefly in Kensington Gardens. Julian, at all events, was not broken in spirit by disaster. Not at all. He kept up his spirits, and promised brave things in a vague way.

It was a bad bankruptcy; and although Sir Jacob's friends went about railing at the Eldorado Government, it became known that his affairs had been for years in a rotten condition, and, which was more, that he himself had known it. An honest man, his enemies said, would have made the best compromise possible years before, and then gone on again.

Very little for the creditors out of such an enormous smash; but still, something. Julian found that, after all, he would find himself in possession of a few thousands for his immediate wants. After all, it is better to have a plank in a shipwreck, than to be swimming without one. There is a certain sense of safety connected with a plank, however small. And what next? Well, Julian was not a fool; he could look round him, and form plans at leisure.

It is a week before the day advertised for the Great Sale of Sir Jacob Escomb's Books, Pictures, Furniture, and Plate, two days before those on which the collections can be viewed, the last day that Rose has to spend in the place where she has known so many happy hours. During the last few weeks she has had little communication with her uncle. He has dined in town every day, and taken his breakfast in his own room; so that she has hardly ever seen him. This is the Baronet's way of showing his resentment. He does not reproach; he has no words of sarcasm; he keeps himself apart.

With the first breath of misfortune, Mrs. Sampson vanished, not without an affecting farewell scene, in which her elderly suitor expressed, in the most tender tones, his regret at the misfortunes which made the union, once so fondly thought of, an impossibility. To be Lady Escomb, Mrs. Sampson thought, without a carriage and servants, perhaps with a semi-detached villa at Hornsey, and a maid-of-all-work; most probably, with a husband perpetually lamenting past splendours, was altogether too gloomy a prospect. What she did not know, what nobody knew, was the very comfortable settlement, by which, on Rose's marriage, unless that were with Sir Jacob's consent, the Baronet would step into thirty thousand pounds. Now, with thirty thousand pounds, or fifteen hundred a year, a great deal may be done by an economical person. So Mrs. Sampson vanished. She had her faults; but it was with a sad heart that Rose saw her departure, and found herself left quite alone.

She did not see either Reuben or John Gower. They had both gone down into Lancashire; the former was employed by the trustees in the administration of the works, and the latter was still in uncertainty what to do about his invention. "Perhaps they had forgiven her," Rose thought. Angry or forgiving, they made no sign.

No one came to see her at all. The callers and visitors ceased as if with one consent on the day of the public announcement. No more carriages rolled up the smooth drive, no more invitations and cards came by footmen and by post; at one stroke Sir Jacob and his niece dropped out of society. And yet there was a universal murmur of sympathy. You have noticed how in a flock of sheep if one fall ill and lie down in suffering, the rest all go away and leave him to himself and die or get better if he thinks fit. That is what we do in this highly-civilised country. One of us drops down—it is not his fault, perhaps—he has been smitten by the "Visitation of God," through the crimes or laches of others, by wind and weather; as soon as he is down we all go away in a body and forget him. He no longer belongs to us. The Society of the Well-to-do has no room for those who have fallen out of their own lines. They pass by and forget them. The place of one parvenu is easily filled up by another, the reputation of one *nouveau riche* is very soon forgotten when it is replaced by that of another. Sir Jacob out of the way, Sir Esau supplanted him. No doubt he had excellent qualities of his own, though not resembling those of Sir Jacob. And the very contrast was charming.

It was the last morning. Rose went

round the room taking a melancholy farewell of all. Everything in the house spoke to her of past happiness. There was no ornament, no picture, no piece of furniture but had its association—and all with Julian Carteret, the man she had ruined, as her uncle was good enough to remind her.

Sir Jacob, while she was lingering about the piano, entered the morning-room. Still preserving his dignity, he had assumed a melancholy air which became the resignation of a good man. Sitting down, he lay back in the chair as one who suffers more than the outward world knows, and sighed heavily, allowing his left hand to hang below the chair-arm. It was an attitude of profound resignation.

"Uncle," cried Rose, hotly, "do not reproach me."

"I reproach no one, child," he said, as if he might have reproached all the world but refrained. "You have heard no word of reproach from my lips, not even against either Reuben Gower or Julian Carteret."

He did not say, what Rose felt, that to go round in silence, looking sorrowful reproach, was worse than to give angry words.

"Reuben Gower," he went on, "the man whom I cherished for thirty years and supported in affluence"—he did not say that Reuben was the man who had done his work faithfully, laid the groundwork of his fortune, saved him thousands, and was repaid by the affluence of three hundred pounds a year.

"Julian Carteret, whom you are, I suppose, still resolved to marry, is punished by the loss of his fortune. Against him reproaches were needless." He spoke, and for the moment the girl almost felt as if Heaven had declared against Julian.

"Well. The sale will take place in a week, child, and we leave to-day. Will you please to call in the servants? I should like to say a word to them before we part."

The servants presently came in a body, headed by Downing the butler. All Sir Jacob's servants were eminently respectable and most of them were middle-aged. They shared the universal sympathy with their master, whose failure they attributed to the machinations of the wicked. The housekeeper and the butler stood a little in advance of the rest, as belonged to their superior rank. Behind them were the two footmen, the hall-porter, the cook and her assistant, half a dozen maids, the coachmen and grooms, the gardner and his assistant, and a couple of pages; at the back of all, two stable-boys. It was an imposing assemblage.

Sir Jacob shaded his eyes for a minute or two as if arranging his thoughts. Then he slowly rose and spoke, leaning slightly forward, with the points of his fingers on the table. The same Sir Jacob as of old, with the gold eye-glasses, the heavy gold chain, the open frock-coat, and the breadth of shirt-front; but saddened by calamity, so that his voice was soft and his manner impressive. One or two of the maids burst into tears the moment he began, and the rest of the women got their pocket-handerchiefs in readiness.

"My friends," he began, "my lowly but respected friends, you have of course heard that a reverse of fortune, by which a proud man would be humbled, has happened to me. You have also read, perhaps, in the papers that it is my desire to act honourably by my creditors. I have resolved to part with everything in my possession"—he said this as if his creditors did not possess the power of making him part with everything whether he liked it or not. "In breaking up my establishment, however, I do not class you among my creditors, and by parting with a few perfectly private family jewels I shall be enabled to pay you all which is due to you in full, and with a month's wages in lieu of notice." Here there were murmurs of satisfaction, and more crying among the women. "I call you together to-day in order to bid you 'God-speed' on your departure, and that we may exchange those kindly words of friendship which remind us that we are all, from the man of title to the stable-boy—I say, to the stable-boy" (here all turned and looked at William and George)—"in a certain sense, brothers. Observe particularly, my friends, that the effect of a life devoted to doing good is all calculated to enable you to bear up against misfortune. My example may be a lesson to many: my reward is no longer in the purse. That is empty. My reward is *here*" (he tapped his breast), "and warms a heart which would otherwise be nipped by the cold frosts of poverty. There is left behind the consciousness of having done good. I may still help the good cause by counsels and experience, though no longer with money. Our house-

hold, my friends, breaks up immediately; this day week will see us all separated, never more to meet together again" (sobs from the women servants—all impressed against the two footmen, who would perhaps cry too were it not for the powder in their hair which any wrinkling of the scalp caused by emotion would derange). "I wish you farewell, my friends, and implore you to remember my last words—do good."

It was the butler who stepped forward as the spokesman of the servants.

"Sir Jacob," he said, huskily, "we thank you for your kind words: we've been proud to read your noble speeches, many's the time, reported in the papers, and proud to serve such a good man. And we wish you new success, like the old times; and we're all of us very sorry, Sir Jacob."

It was a genuine and heartfelt speech which the white-headed old man made. He had never had so good a place before, never been so entirely trusted, never been in any cellar—Sir Jacob bought the whole stock of the previous occupant, the Bishop of St. Shekels—where the port was so sound, and he has not yet got so good a place again. Perhaps he never may.

"Thank you, Downing; thank you all," said Sir Jacob—and the servants trooped away.

A beautiful account of the scene appeared in one of the morning papers next day, in which Sir Jacob's speech was given in the Thucydidian style, with many things which he had not said. It came from a certain tavern much frequented by butlers. In that tavern a certain Irishman, who made an honest living by purveying for the Press in a humble way, heard the touching incident in Sir Jacob's life, and wrote it down with embellishments, so that there was more sympathy with the insolvent philanthropist.

"And now, Rose," said Sir Jacob, when the servants were gone, "you will take care that everything, except your own dress and jewellery and such trifles, is left for the sale."

"Of course, uncle. May I not just have one or two little things from this table?" It was covered with the little pretty trifles which girls treasure.

"Certainly not, Rose. Leave every one of them. Nothing more reveals honesty of purpose than the abandonment of everything. Your aunt's jewels, of course, are not my own to give away, and the presentation plate, which was not bought, cannot be sold. Also there are a few portfolios of water-colours, which may be put up with our boxes. For the rest, let everything go—everything."

"But, uncle, the paintings—the jewellery—ought not they too, to go? Is it right?"

Sir Jacob at once assumed the air of superiority.

"You will allow me, Rose," he said, "to be the best judge of what is right in my own house. I am not, at my time of life, to be taught—I hope—common morality."

"Oh! uncle, it seems so hard, so dreadfully hard, for you. Where shall we go? Into lodgings?"

"Lodgings!" cried Sir Jacob, with ineffable disgust; "lodgings!"

Rose had visions of ruin as complete as any she had read of in novels.

"Till I can find a situation as a governess, and work for you."

"Find a situation and work for me!" Sir Jacob grew as red as a turkey-cock in the gills. "Find a sit—— Is the girl really gone stark staring mad?"

"If we are to bear poverty, dear uncle," Rose pleaded, "let us bear it with a cheerful heart. We can live on little, you and I, and I dare say I shall be able to use my little accomplishments. Perhaps we can sell the jewels."

"This girl," ejaculated Sir Jacob, "is gone clear out of her senses. Do you imagine, Rose, that I am in danger of starvation? Do you think that when a man like ME, like Sir Jacob Escomb, becomes insolvent for the moment, he fails like some bankrupt wretch of a small draper, who puts up his shutters and goes off to the workhouse? Understand, Rose, that while failure is death to the small man, to the great man it is only a temporary check."

"Oh! uncle, then there is some money left. How glad I am, because now Julian will get back part of what he has lost."

"Julian," responded Sir Jacob, coldly, "will get his dividend with the creditors. They talk of two shillings in the pound, but I have nothing, literally nothing to do with their arrangements. My lawyers will settle everything for me. Julian, who has behaved shamefully, may take his chance with the rest. Which reminds me, Rose, that I have to speak with you on another matter. You still propose to marry Julian Carteret?"

"Yes, uncle."

"Without my consent?"

Rose hardened herself.

"I owe you much, sir, more than I can ever think of repaying. But I do not owe you the happiness of the future. I obeyed you once——"

"And granted an interview to Julian immediately afterwards. Go on."

"I did not know he was waiting to see me. Had I been allowed to tell John Gower all, this would not have happened. Now I follow the dictates of my own heart and the guidance of Julian."

"Very good—very good. As you will. You know that the thirty thousand which your aunt bequeathed to you——"

"Are they not lost with the rest?"

"Not at all. They are in the Funds. The condition attached to them was that you should marry with my consent. If you marry without my consent the money becomes mine. I withhold my consent to your marriage with Julian Carteret."

He had fired his shot, played his trump card. There was nothing more to say. Stay—one thing more.

"I repeat, Rose, that these little knick-knacks, especially, must be left for the creditors. Nothing looks so well in cases of this sort as total resignation even of the smallest trifles. This clock"—there was a valuable little clock on the mantel-shelf—"belonged, I think, to Lady Escomb. Everything of hers, of course, will be saved from the sale."

He carried the clock away with him. When the sale came off, the creditors were astonished at the very small value of the articles of virtu and art, for which the house had been so famous. China? There was hardly anything; and yet people had called Sir Jacob rich in china, spoken of Chelsea monkeys, all sorts of things. Oils? Well, yes, there were a great many oils; but, somehow they were not worth much; mostly by rising artists, to buy whom was to speculate on the future and lock up your money. There were water-colours, too, portfolios full; but there was nothing of very great value. And as for his collections made for him in Italy, Constantinople, and Cairo, there was really nothing that was not as common as dirt. The sale, so far, was a failure. As for the books, they were handsomely bound, but there were no scarce books among them. People had been led to expect a library of rare and costly volumes. Really, only the books without which no gentleman's library is complete—Gibbon, Robertson, Hume, Macaulay, Carlyle, that kind of library. The furniture, it is true, realised one's fondest anticipations. There, at least, everything was handsome, costly, valuable, and in the best taste. And as the furniture, so the carriages and horses. Sir Jacob had been well served there. The wines were also quite beyond everything that was expected. As for wine, indeed, Sir Jacob was a sensible man. He knew that you can always get plenty of good wine by the simple process of going to a good wine merchant, of whom there is no lack. And he thought that he should not want wine any more, because he intended, for the present, at least, to live at the Club, whose cellars were as amply stocked as those of any merchant.

There are very few people, now, who are allowed the privilege of visiting Sir Jacob at his quiet chambers in Pall Mall. Some of those who do go there remark on the excellent taste and the intrinsic value of the things which decorate his modest three rooms. There is china, for instance, worth anything; there are water-colours by the dozen; there are rare old books in quaint and curious bindings; and there are a few oils, which make the mouths of connoisseurs to water.

"All these things," Sir Jacob says, "were the property of my wife, Lady Escomb. She bequeathed them to her niece, the wife of my late ward, Julian Carteret, who gave them to me. It is, in fact, lending them to me, because she will have them back when my course is run. It is the same with the Presentation Plate. I confess I was not sorry when the dear child refused to let those things go with the rest, at the sale of my effects."

But when he first told Rose what he intended to do, it seemed to her to be wicked. Girls understand the world so little. As if Sir Jacob could possibly do a mean or wrong thing. The whole business, indeed, seemed to her weak understanding cruel and wicked, and yet she dare not whisper her thoughts, even to herself. They, who had ruined so many people, were going from a large house to a small house, and from great magnificence to great comfort. Ought not *all* the money to be given up, everything? And as for her own portion, the fortune left by Lady Escomb

to herself, surely that should be surrendered?

"May I come in, Miss Escomb?"

It is Mr. Bodkin, clad in the tight tweeds, a pocket-book in his hand; of course, no one ever saw Henry Bodkin without a pocket-book in his hand. He peeped in with a curious diffidence unlike himself.

"May I intrude my unworthy presence?"

"Come in, Mr. Bodkin, come in," cried Rose, delighted to get for a moment away from herself; "I am always glad to see an old friend, and especially glad when we are in trouble. My fashionable friends have deserted me, Mr. Bodkin."

"Foolish persons, Miss Escomb." Bodkin placed his hat and stick very carefully on the table, a proof of social decadence, no secretary to a society would do that, "Foolish persons say that it is adversity which tries your friends. That is rubbish. It is prosperity. When you get up in the world your old friends, unless they are real friends, cling on to your skirts and want to get up with you. When you go down again—I am always up and down—you find the same old lot, the jolly helpless lot, in the same old pub., and all glad to see you back again. My old friends are always where I know where to find them, in one of the rooms of the Cheese. Of course when I was Secretary for the Society of—ah, dear me! Poor Lord Addlehede. I was forced to cut them all. Now, I am one of them again."

"And what are you doing now, Mr. Bodkin?"

"I would whisper it, Miss Escomb, did not the—the—uniform itself parade the fact. Does not my garb suggest my present calling?"

"Indeed, no, Mr. Bodkin; not at all. You were in black when I saw you last."

"Clerical black—secretarial black."

"And now you are in colours; but the colours tell me nothing."

"To the initiated, Miss Escomb, to those who attend the Sandown Park Race Course, the Kingsbury Meetings, the Croydon Steeplechases, and all the rest, they do more than suggest: they bawl out at the top of their voices, 'Turf—turf—turf!' I live on the turf."

"But how can any man live on the turf?"

"Hush! Miss Escomb. Let me whisper. I am the Sporting Prophet. I am 'Index' in one paper and 'Sorcier' in another. Enough of my present calling. It has its points. Tell me of yourself, my dear young lady. I see by the paper—here it is." He pulled a paper out of his pocket.

"The enormous extent of Sir Jacob Escomb's operations perhaps proved too much for the gigantic brain which conducted them, but most likely it will be found that the financial embarrassments which stopped them were the results of a complication of events which no human sagacity could have foretold. There happened one of those 'dead points' which occur in all machinery and can be provided for in iron, but not in human affairs. For once the securities by which this dead point could be passed over were not in hand, and the machine stopped. At a meeting of creditors held yesterday, a vote of sympathy was passed as a preliminary, and Sir Jacob, in a voice choked with emotion, informed them that he had already taken measures for the surrender of everything, even the minutest trifle in the house, to be sold for the benefit of his creditors. He added, what we hope will prove true, that he had still confidence in the providential good fortune which had attended him, and that he bade every man remember that full payment, with ample interest, was only a question of time."

"Now, Miss Escomb, directly I read that, I determined to come straight here at once and apologize for the hard things I said to Sir Jacob only a month ago. If he will not see me, will you tell him that Henry Theophilus Bodkin repents, and begs forgiveness and permission to be numbered still among Sir Jacob's humble admirers? Though on the turf, Miss Escomb, one may yet do homage to virtue."

"Thank you, Mr. Bodkin. This is very good of you."

"It is what poor Lord Addlehede would have done in his lucid moments," said Bodkin. "One moment, Miss Escomb, I may not have another chance. Everything going—everything to be put under the hammer. May I—may I—I am always near the bottom of the locker, but there is generally a pound or two left behind—will you let me have the great happiness of being considered in the light of—to put it poetically—a humble family Attenborough."

Rose laughed.

"I think I understand what you mean, Mr. Bodkin, and it is very kind of you. We are not so poor as—as perhaps people think—not quite destitute; but it is just the same, and we shall never, I am sure, forget this kind offer."

Mr. Bodkin took her hand and kissed it.

"We have all been your lovers, Miss Rose, ever since you came here, Reuben Gower and I, as well as Mr. Carteret. The sweetest girl—the nicest spoken that breathes. Were I rich, and were I twenty years younger, it would be hard on Lavinia, for she would find her nose put out of joint. Lavinia—as I remember her, a quarter of a century ago, with a narrow black ribbon tied round her forehead, her braid straight up and down, her sleeves like legs of mutton, and bonnet like a chimney-cowl—had her points—but to compare her with you, Miss Rose—rubbish!"

Rose was going in search of her uncle when she heard the sound of many voices in the hall.

"There's Reuben," said Bodkin. "Any one could tell Reuben's voice a mile off. And there's Mr. Carteret, and they are laughing. And there is John Gower, and he's laughing too. What does it mean, Miss Rose?"

They had little time for speculation, for the door opened and disclosed the very three men, all, curiously, talking and laughing together.

"Rose, my dear," said Julian—he did not look in the least like a ruined man, and kissed her openly before all the other men without any shame at all—"how are you, my angel? Let me kiss you again. It refreshes me like—like Badminton." He did kiss her again, but it was only the tips of her fingers. "I have brought you an old pair of friends, who want to shake hands with you."

"Reuben Gower?" she cried, "and John?"

"Yes, Rose—Reuben Gower—and very much ashamed of himself, too. Reuben Gower, who might have prevented all this mischief, if he had not been an old donkey. Why, I ought to have known that the thing was impossible, and instead of finding out quietly before John spoke to you, I egged him on. Mr. Carteret, my dear, has made me ashamed of myself."

"Don't, Mr. Gower, please," said Rose. "There is nothing to forgive. You acted for the best, I am sure."

"For a fool," said the penitent Reuben; "there is no fool like an old fool. Shake hands, my lass. Why, I've known you since you were that high, and to think that there should be an estrangement between us. And how many a time have you run in to tea with John; and toasted your own bread and butter before the fire. Lord! Lord! kiss me again, my pretty, like you did then."

It was John's turn next.

He spoke up like a man.

"It was a blow, Rose; I don't deny it. But I now see what I ought to have expected. You were in London growing into a fashionable young lady, with new tastes different from mine. Carteret has taught me how you live. You would never have been happy with me. But it was a hard blow. Let us be friends again, Rose, and forgive me"—more hand-shaking. "I called Carteret here a popinjay; that was because I was an ass. I've begged his pardon, Rose, and wished him joy. Now, Carteret, tell her what is coming."

"You see, Rose, I saw that John Gower here, this fellow with the square forehead and the square chin, was a devil of a fellow—by your pardon, the deuce and all, I mean, for work. So I set myself to find him out, and get him to inoculate me. First of all he was a bit sulky, but he came round pretty soon, and the result is, Rose, that we are going into partnership."

"You into partnership, Julian?"

"Yes, Rose, into partnership. Out of the wreck of my fortune, enough will be saved to start us, and John's invention shall be applied in our new works, bit by bit. We have no fear. With John as engineer-in-chief, myself as assistant in office work—don't laugh, Rose; it is sober earnest and reality—Reuben as adviser, and—and—some one if we could find such a man, s—" here Julian looked hard at Bodkin—"such a man—an active man"—here Bodkin started—"an energetic man,"—here Bodkin buttoned his coat vigorously and squared his arms—"one who adds intelligence and experience to zeal for the house which employs him—I say, Rose"—here they all looked at Bodkin—"if we could find such a man—at a salary of say four hundred to begin with, and five if things go well."

"There is such a man, Mr. Carteret," said Bodkin, trembling with excitement; "there is one such a man. I believe only one in all London. He has the experience of having tried all the ways by which men make money and failed in all. He stands before you—he is Henry Theophilus Bodkin."

"What, and give up the turf?"

"Sir, the turf may go—its own way. They may find another Judex. Do you accept my services, gentlemen?"

"We do, Bodkin," said Carteret. "Work for us; stick to us, and we will stick to you."

Bodkin took his hat and stick.

"I hasten," he said, "to convey the joyful news to Lavinia. I tremble lest that incomparable female be already snapped up—snapped up the third time."

"Stop a minute, Bodkin." This time it was of Reuben. "We are both desirous, John and myself, of clearing up our scores with Sir Jacob. We have talked everything over by ourselves, and we are sure that we have done him a grave injustice. I cannot forget that he is my old schoolfellow, and that he and I have worked together side by side for nearly fifty years."

Julian Carteret murmured something about a lion's share of the plunder, but his remarks were not heard.

"And so, Rose. if you will allow me I will ring the bell, and ask if Sir Jacob will see us."

"And me, too," cried Bodkin. "I also should wish an opportunity of expressing my sense of Sir Jacob's noble conduct."

Julian Carteret screwed up his lips, but said nothing; Rose blushed, with a confused sense that she herself ought to express her own sense of shame at certain injurious suspicions, but the shame was not there, somehow.

"I will go myself," she said, "and ask my uncle to see you all."

Presently she returned: Sir Jacob with her.

There was a momentary sensation at the appearance of the martyr. His face, much more solemn than it had been of old, and his deportment was majestic.

"You wish to see me, Reuben?" he said, quietly looking round the group, and of whom Julian was the only member who did not look like a culprit.

"Jacob," said Reuben, speaking in the old Lancashire blunt way, "Jacob, my chap, I'm vexed and troubled that there has come a cloud between us, and I'm more vexed because it has been my fault. I'm clean ashamed of myself."

"Reuben, do you believe that I"—the word choked him—"that I wilfully spoke an untruth when I said that a marriage between Rose and John had been my desire for years? Tell me, Rose—you will believe her, if you will not believe me—did I know at all that there had been any love passages between you and Julian Carteret?"

"No, sir," said Rose, "you did not know."

"Had you spoken to me, Julian? Had you given me any hint of what had happened?"

"No, Sir Jacob, I certainly had not."

"One question more, Rose. Had you or had you not repeatedly and in the most cordial manner spoken of your old friend John Gower when you first came to me?"

"Yes, uncle, often."

"Now, Reuben, and you, John Gower, is it so very improbable that I, a childless man, should have kept an eye upon the son of my oldest and most faithful friend, that I should have seen with pleasure that he was a hard-working and clever young fellow—that I should have looked upon him as the proper person to succeed myself, and that when he came to me with his invention I should see in the thing, not only a means of raising money to carry on my own work—not only, I say, a chance, in which the hand of Providence was clearly visible; but also an opportunity of carrying on my designs into immediate operation? Can you not imagine such a mode of showing my gratitude to you, Reuben, my care for Rose's happiness, and my own prudence for the future all combined? Tell me, is that possible or impossible? You, who know my life, Reuben, is it probable?"

"Jacob," cried Reuben, beside himself with remorse, "forgive me, if for once I doubted you. I will never doubt you again."

"And I too, sir," said John, "will you forgive me?"

Sir Jacob shook hands effusively with both.

"Mr. Carteret and I, sir," John continued, "are to enter into partnership in a modest way, and to carry out the invention."

"Why in a modest way, John? Why not on a large scale at once? The Escomb works have no master—why not take them? I can, I dare say, arrange for you to take them over."

"Take them over?" asked Reuben. "What the need? Take John and Mr. Carteret in."

"What do you say, Julian?" asked Sir Jacob. "Do you still bear resentment at the loss of your money? Do you still think that it was thrown away, instead of being invested prudently?"

"I think, Sir Jacob, that you must first give me leave to marry you niece."

Julian spoke bluntly, because he did not share in the general enthusiasm.

"Granted at once, Julian. Rose, tell your lover that you do not go to him empty-handed. Rose's fortune, conditional on my consent, Julian, is not lost. You have, with her, thirty thousand pounds. Remark, all of you, that if I withheld my permission, it would have reverted to me. Gentlemen" (he stood before them, this splendid shot having been fired, with both hands upraised, bending the fingers downward, as if pronouncing an episcopal blessing), "I now stand before you all, bereft of everything, everything except the clothes I am dressed in. But I have no longer the pain of feeling that those who know me best misunderstand me the most cruelly."

"The works shall still be Sir Jacob Escomb's," said Reuben, shortly. "Mr. Carteret shall invest his money, and John his invention, for shares in the business. Wish you luck, my boy—wish you luck, Mr. Carteret."

"May I," Bodkin advanced, "may I, Sir Jacob, crave pardon for words said in a hurry? Thank you, Sir Jacob. Your noble conduct, reported in the papers of this morning, went to my heart. He has given up all, they said—everything, to the minutest item, to pay his creditors. I have been bankrupt myself, Twice: Once, in the coal line, when my creditors did not wait for me to give up the sticks. They took them. The second time—after I had endeavoured to introduce the wines of Peru to an unsympathising public—there were no sticks left to take. I was in lodgings, and the Commissioners in Portugal Street said unkind things."

So the bankruptcy ended in the rehabilitation of Sir Jacob. He is more prosperous than ever; but he leaves his business entirely to Julian and John Gower. Bodkin, needless to say, is indefatigable.

Not one, except sometimes Rose, who has uneasy thoughts about her uncle; and Julian, who chuckles quietly to himself, but believes that the conduct of this philanthropist, martyr, and Christian was in every way throughout this trying time worthy of him; no one, except Rose and Julian, suspects that his apology to Reuben and John was an elaborate substitution of what might have been for what was; and no one, except those two, but believes but that his misfortunes, which were like a summer storm—black, but brief—were unmerited and nobly borne by this good man.

It is but an episode which we have told. In those volumes which Sir Jacob keeps locked up in his private safe may be found the real history of his career; in them, not in the newspaper reports and the general voice of fame, lies the instructive story of how a fortune can be made out of nothing and a reputation be built upon the shifting sands.

HEATHEN AND CHRISTIAN CANONICAL COINCIDENCES.

IN the numbers of the CANADIAN MONTHLY for January and February, 1878, there is an interesting account of the life and doctrines of Buddha, given by a contributor, FIDELIS, who, like so many others, while admitting the "blamelessness and beauty" of the character and teaching of the founder of what has been termed by some the "Christianity of the East," is, however, of opinion that the "circumstances" in the Buddhistic Canon which "remind us of the life of our Saviour," make "the parallelism far too complete and striking in all its details to be mere coincidence." That, "according to the statement of the Buddhist Canon, there was a miraculous conception, lights beaming from heaven to announce his birth, an acknowledgment of the child as a deliverer by an old Brahman, a presentation in the temple, a baptism of water and fire, a temptation in the wilderness, a transfiguration; a repetition, in fact, of almost every characteristic incident in that still more wounderful life which began five centuries and a half later, except only in the tragedy which closed it."

FIDELIS admits these and other recorded "concidences," but says: "This [*sic*] is easily accounted for, however, by the cirstance that no part of the Buddhist Canon was committed to writing till some time in first century A.D., while many portions of it were much more recent, and that Eastern compilers of Buddha's life, writing after a considerable knowledge of the life of Christ had pervaded the East by means of Nestorian missionaries and in other ways, would deem it no imposture, but simply due honour to Buddha, to supply all that other sources suggested to add to his dignity, and to the veneration with which he was regarded." An extract, mostly in support of these views, is then given from a lecture of Ernest J. Eitel on Buddhism: "It can be proved that almost every single tint of this Christian colouring which Buddhist tradition gives to the life of Buddha, is of comparatively modern origin. There is not a single Buddhist manuscript in existence which can vie in antiquity and undoubted authenticity with the oldest codices of the gospels. Besides, the most ancient Buddhistic classics contain scarcely any details of Buddha's life, and none whatever of those abovementioned peculiarly Christian characteristics. Nearly all the above-given legends, which claim to refer to events that happened many centuries before Christ, cannot be proved to have been in circulation earlier than the fifth or sixth century *after* Christ."

Now, these are very strong and very positive assertions, evidently founded on the greatest misconception, and were they not in plain contradiction to the statements, as direct and as positive, made by well known scholars and writers, certainly somewhat better acquainted with the origin and history of Buddhism, and with other ancient religions and traditions, than either FIDELIS or Ernest J. Eitel appears to be, we should only have to submit, and try to believe that all we have read of the real or the mythical in heathen and pagan theology, and of the admissions of the learned and impartial as to the undoubted antiquity and priority of pagan theological records, has been but the merest unreliable romance.

The question, however, to be decided is, whether the "striking circumstances" recorded in the Buddhistic Canon were introduced into these scriptures after considerable knowledge of the life of other "Saviours," more ancient than Christ, had been obtained; whether, for instance, is the probability—nay, almost the certainty—greater that "every characteristic incident," every "coincidence," every "tint and colouring," now alleged to be Christian, which cannot be established as drawn from actual fact, whether, we say, is not the likelihood, in a marked degree, more apparent that these had their origin in the pagan mind, and were prominent in the ideas and intuitions of primitive pagan piety; and, absolutely, whether they were not first outlined, record-

ed, and perused in the *Vedas*—having, it may be, been plagiarised even into these from far more ancient chronicles—instead of having been first discovered in the comparatively modern writings of the "oldest codices of the gospels?"

Before proceeding to exhibit the evidences and admissions of a few of the highest authorities yet known, respecting the early antecedent date of the establishment of the Buddhistic Canon, previous to the uncertain period in which the "oldest codices of the gospels" are supposed to have been eliminated from an accumulated mass of legends and apocrypha, and of the undoubted priority of the "circumstance," and "prefigurements," which are said to be so "complete and striking," it may be illustrative to notice something of what has been conceded relative to other teachers, saviours, and deified beings—prototypes as it were of Christ—who appeared among men, and whose peculiar doctrines had been incorporated into the religions of whole nations centuries *after* the Hindoo god, Chrishna; perhaps even long previous to the latest *avatar* of Vishnu.

There is nothing more embarrassing to the theologian, at least to the dogmatic and obstinate defenders of the Christian system, than the difficulty which exists in being able to account in a satisfactory manner for the singular parallelisms or coincidences in the lives of Chrishna, of Buddha, and of Christ. Numerous attempts have been made in this direction by the ablest exponents of Christianity, but it is scarcely necessary to observe that these, one and all, have reluctantly been admitted to be inconclusive and unacceptable. Christian commentators, though otherwise greatly perplexed by the many conflicting, contradictory, and irreconcilable passages to be found in the Scriptures, have, so far, met with no obstacle perhaps so insurmountable as the "circumstances" in the histories of the lives of Chrishna and of Buddha, which so singularly and mysteriously "remind us of the life of our Saviour."

To proceed, however, it is found that, besides these, there are other remarkable "circumstances" or "parallelisms," which it may be here useful to note. Much in the stories regarding Esculapius, Hercules, Prometheus, and others, is almost identical with much of what is related of Christ, or said to have been done by Him. The Rev. Robert Taylor, in his "Diegesis," says: "The worship of Esculapius was first established in Egypt, the fruitful parent of all varieties of superstition. Eusebius speaks of an Asclepios, or Æsculapius, an Egyptian and a famous physician. He is well known as the god of the art of healing, and his Egyptian or Phœnician origin leads us irresistibly to associate his name and character with that of the ancient Therapeuts, or Society of Healers, established in the vicinity of Alexandria, whose sacred writings Eusebius has ventured to acknowledge were the first types of our four gospels. The miracles of healing and of raising the dead, recorded in these scriptures, are exactly such as these superstitious quacks would be likely to ascribe to the founder of their fraternity." "By the mother's side Esculapius was the son of Coronis, who had received the embraces of God. . . To conceal her pregnancy from her parents, she went to Epidaurus and was there delivered of a son whom she exposed upon the Mount of Myrtles; where Aristhenes the goatherd . . . discovered the child, whom he would have carried to his home, had he not, in approaching to lift him up, perceived his head encircled with fiery rays, which made him believe the child to be divine."

Bell, in his "Pantheon," says: "Being honoured as a god in Phœnicia and Egypt, his worship passed into Greece, and was established first at Epidaurus, a city of Peloponnesus bordering on the sea." He was acknowledged by the dying Socrates, who said, "Remember we owe a cock to Esculapius." Justin Martyr, in his "Apology," says: "As to our Jesus curing the lame and the paralytic, and such as were cripples from their birth, this is little more than what you say of your Esculapius."

Middleton, in his "Free Inquiry," relates: "Strabo informs us that the temples of Esculapius were constantly filled with the sick, imploring the help of God; and they had tables (tablets) hanging around them in which all the miraculous cures were described. There is a remarkable fragment of one of these tables still extant and exhibited by Gruter in his collection, as it was found in the ruins of Esculapius' temple in the island of the Tyber in Rome; which gives an account of two blind men restored to sight by Esculapius, in the open view, and with the loud acclamations of the people acknowledging the mani

fest power of the god." The "Good Saviour" was a title of Esculapius, and Bryant, in his annotations, vol. 2, p. 406, says: "Both Bacchus and Jupiter also were distinguished by the epithet, our Saviour." "Sir John Marsham had a coin of the Thaisons on which was the inscription (in Greek) of, Hercules The Saviour."

We shall pass over the adventures of Hercules by merely quoting what Professor Spence says in a note in his "Polymetics:" "Though Hercules was born not long before the Trojan war, they make him assist the gods in conquering the rebel giants; and some talk of an oracle or tradition in heaven, that the gods could never conquer them without the assistance of a man." Parkhurst, in his Hebrew Lexicon, p. 520, writes: "But the labours of Hercules seem to have had a little higher view, and to have been originally designed as emblematic memorials of what the *real Son of God* and *Saviour* of the world was to do and suffer for our sakes." Commenting on this, the author of the "Diegesis" expresses surprise that, while certain Christian divines "*boast* of the resemblance between Christian and Pagan mythology," others should assert that "the very idea of naming Christ and Hercules together is held as the most frightful impiety."

Concerning Prometheus, the Rev. R. Taylor writes: "The best information of the character, attributes, and actions of the deity, is to be derived from the beautiful tragedy of 'Prometheus Bound,' of Æschylus,* which was acted in the theatre of Athens 500 years before the Christian era, and is by many considered to be the most ancient dramatic poem now in existence. The plot was derived from materials, even at that time of an infinitely remote antiquity. Nothing was ever so exquisitely calculated to work upon the feelings of the spectator. No author ever displayed greater powers of poetry, with equal strength of judgment, in supporting through the piece the august character of the divine sufferer. . . . The majesty of his silence whilst the ministers of an offended god were nailing him by the hands and feet to Mount Caucasus, could be only equalled by the modesty with which he relates, while hanging on the cross (the cross referring to the attitude of the sufferer), his services to the human race, which had brought on him that horrible crucifixion." "In the catastrophe of the plot, his especially professed friend, Oceanus, the Fisherman, as his name Petræus indicates, being unable to prevail on him to make his peace with Jupiter, by throwing the cause of human redemption out of his hands, 'forsook him and fled.' None remained to be witnesses of his dying agonies, but the chorus of ever amiable, ever faithful women which also bewailed and lamented him. . . . Overcome at length by the intensity of his pains, he curses Jupiter . . . immediately the whole framework of nature became convulsed; the earth shook, the rocks rent, the graves were opened; and, in a storm that threatened the dissolution of the universe, the curtain fell on the sublimest scene ever presented to the contemplation of the human eye—a Dying God." †

A great deal of that which is related of Pythagoras and other deified beings could here be added, but though there may even be much that is mythical in the accounts already given, no one can doubt the strong type of resemblance, or the prefigurement or coincidence with the apostolic story of later centuries. Even could it be proved (as has been attempted in relation even to the actuality of Christ) that these celebrated characters never had an existence, it would not do away with the facts that certain prominent incidents recorded as being exclusively belonging to the life and time of Christ, while on earth, and that certain leading doctrines which He is said to have first taught, were known to the ancient religious world as being prominent incidents in the lives of other "Saviours," who inculcated identical or similar moral truths hundreds of years before the alleged fulfilment of time for "the latest incarnation," or the latest visitation among men of "God manifest in the flesh."

That admissions to this extent have been made by leading theologians none properly informed can now deny. The feeble and futile attempts to show that the ancient theological or religious books of the Buddhistic Canon, for instance, were in some respects but a reflection of the gospels, are useless against notorious facts, and only go to prove to what desperate shifts those are reduced who will ignore the originality of certain doctrines and moral maxims traceable in pagan writings and traditions, and are de-

* See Potter's translation of Æschylus.

† Diegesis, pp. 192-3.

termined to claim, if at all possible, the pristine conception of purity and truth for the Christian Scriptures alone.

The persistent effort, however, though unfair, and, it might be said, not strictly moral, is, at the present day, to a great extent unsatisfactory and unserviceable. So remarkable have been the coincidences, and so comparatively pure the teaching of ancient pagan religions, that, without quoting others, the admissions of a few able historians and divines alone are, it is presumed, quite sufficient to settle the question.

Clark, a Christian writer, in his "Evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion," says: "Some of the ancientest writers of the Church have not scrupled expressly to call the Athenian *Socrates*, and some others of the best heathen moralists, by the name of CHRISTIANS, and to affirm that as the law was, as it were, a schoolmaster to bring the Jews to Christ, so true moral philosophy was to the Gentiles a preparation to receive the Gospel" (p. 204).

Lactantius, the Christian Father, wrote: "And if there had been any one to have collected the truth that was scattered and diffused [by Pagans] among sects and individuals, into one, and to have reduced it to a system, there would indeed have been no difference between him and us. Yes, indeed, they do very many, and often approach the truth; only their precepts have no weight, as being merely human, and nobody believes because the hearer thinks himself as much a man as he who prescribes them." (Lactant. Lib. 3–7.)

Arnobius, who wrote a commentary on the Psalms in the fifth century, admits that "If Cicero's works had been read as they ought to have been by the heathen, there would have been no need of Christian writers."

St. Augustine declares: "For the thing itself which is now called the *Christian Religion* really was known to the ancients, nor was wanting at any time from the beginning of the human race until the time when Christ came in the flesh, from whence the true religion, which had previously existed, began to be called Christian; for this in our days is the Christian religion, not as having been wanting in former times, but as having in later times received this name." (Vol. i., p. 12.)

Justin Martyr, in his "Apology," written in the year 141 A.D., pleading for the Christian religion—the new religion of his day—says: "If then, we hold some opinions near of kin to the poets and philosophers in greatest repute among you, why are we thus unjustly hated? For in saying that all things were made in this beautiful order by God, what do we seem to say more than Plato? And by declaring Christ to be born of a virgin, without any human mixture . . . we say no more in this than what you say of those whom you style the sons of Jove." "There's Mercury, Jove's interpreter, in imitation of the Logos, in worship among you. There's Esculapius, the physician, smitten by a bolt of thunder, and, after that, ascending into heaven. You have your Mercury in worship, under the title of the *Word* and *Messenger* of God. . . As to the objection of our Jesus being crucified, I say that suffering was common to all the forementioned sons of Jove. . . . As to his being born of a virgin, you have your Perseus to balance that, as to his curing the lame, and the paralytic, and such as were crippled from their birth, this is little more than what you say of your Esculapius."

As but a limited number of quotations from Mr. C. D. B. Mills, and from Max Müller have been given by FIDELIS in the articles on "Buddha and Buddhism," it will be serviceable to supplement them by further extracts from the same authorities, especially the latter, who is perhaps the most distinguished Sanscrit scholar in Europe.

Now, in proof that the Buddhistic Canon of Scriptures was written, established, translated from the original tongue, and circulated far and wide long before the time of Christ, in a note on page 54 of Mr. Mills's work on "The Indian Saint, or Buddha and Buddhism, a Sketch, Historical and Critical," 1877, we read: "The agreement in the accounts [of Buddha] preserved among the Northern Buddhists and Southern respectively is singularly close, and shows clearly that they have all guarded with scrupulous care their sacred records, in this regard, from essential change since their separation, and gives good ground to believe that we have them now, in all important respects, as they were when first committed to writing. How soon this was done we do not know, but there is evidence that the Salita Vistara, the chief book of the kind among the Northern Buddhists, and

rendered early into Chinese, Thibetan, &c., is of a date previous to the Christian era." In another place Mr. Mills says: "The Canon is said to have been ratified in the first Council, held a few days after the death of Buddha, but this is doubtful. It is not probable that anything we have was put on record, or at least formally passed upon, earlier than the Council held in the time of King Asôka, and perhaps a good portion of it is of not so early a date as that. According to the Singhalese the Canon was first written down considerably later, say nearly 100 B.C., and according to the Thibetan only at the time of King Kanishka, about the commencement of our era. Still there are two or three small books, as we shall see, that probably are genuinely authentic utterances of the Master, bearing an internal character that gives them decided superiority over most others" (p. 79).

We shall here follow with the important, and, it might be said, the conclusive admissions of Max Müller, taken from his "Lectures on the Science of Religion." On page 16 he says: "No one would venture now-a-days to quote from any book, whether sacred or profane, without having asked these simple and yet momentous questions: When was it written? Where? and by whom? Was the author an eye-witness, or does he only relate what he has heard from others? And if the latter, were his authorities at least contemporaneous with the events which they relate, and were they under the sway of party feeling, or any other disturbing influence? Was the whole book written at once, or does it contain portions of an earlier date; and if so, is it possible for us to separate these earlier documents from the body of the book?" Further on he says: "We have in the history of Buddhism, an excellent opportunity for watching the process by which a canon of sacred books is called into existence. We see here, as elsewhere, that, during the lifetime of the teacher, no record of events, no sacred code containing the sayings of the Master was wanted. His presence was enough, and thoughts of the future, and more particularly of future greatness, seldom entered the minds of those who followed him. It was only after Buddha had left the world to enter into Nirvana, that his disciples attempted to recall the sayings and doings of their departed friend and master" (p. 19).

We are acquainted with the great difficulties which were experienced during successive Christian Councils, in order to discover or determine which books were proper to include in the sacred Canon, so called apocryphal writings being so numerous. A similar difficulty has been found when councils met for the completion of the sacred Canon of Buddhism. Respecting this, Max Müller says: "We know of King Asôka, the contemporary of Seleucus [B. C. 246], sending his royal missive to the assembled elders, and telling them what to do and what to avoid, warning them also in his own name of the apocryphal or heretical character of certain books which, as he thinks, ought not to be admitted into the sacred canon" (pp. 19-20).

In further contradiction to the statement that "no part of the Buddhist Canon was *committed to writing* till some time in the first century, A.D.," and as to the actual time when the Canon was settled and fully established for the benefit of believers, our learned authority again writes: "We should, therefore, be perfectly justified in treating the parables contained in Buddhaghosha's Pali translation of the Arthakatha, *i. e.*, the commentary on the Dhammapada, as part of a much more ancient work, namely, the work of Mahinda, and it is only in deference to an over-cautious criticism that I have claimed no earlier date than that of Buddhaghosha for the curious relics of the fable literature of India. I have myself on a former occasion pointed out all the objections that can be raised against the authority of Buddhaghosha and Mahinda; but I do not think that scholars calling these parables the parables of Mahinda, if not of Buddha himself, and referring their date to the third century *before* Christ, would expose themselves to any formidable criticism" (p. 158).

Again: "If we read the pages of the Mahâvansa without prejudice, and make allowance for the exaggerations and superstitions of Oriental writers, we see clearly, that the literary work of Buddhaghosha presupposes the existence, in some shape or other, not only of the canonical books, but also of their Singhalese commentary, The Buddhistic Canon had been settled in several councils, whether two or three we need not here inquire. It had received its final form at the council held under Asôka in the year 246 B. C. We are further told in the

Mahâvansa, that Mahinda, the son of Asôka, who had become a priest, learnt the whole of the Buddhist Canon in three years; and that at the end of the third council he was despatched to Ceylon in order to establish the religion of Buddha. The Pitakattaya, as well as the Arthakathâ, having been collected and settled at the third council, 246 B. C., were brought to Ceylon by Mahinda, who promulgated them openly" (p. 159).

And again: "It is easy to shrug one's shoulders, and to shake's one's head, and to disbelieve everything that can be disbelieved. Of course, we cannot bring witnesses back from the grave, or from the Nirvana, into which we trust many of these ancient worthies have entered. But if we are asked to believe that all this was invented in order to give to the Buddhist Canon a fictitious air of antiquity, the achievement would, indeed, be one of consummate skill. When Asôka first met Nigrodha, who was to convert him to the new faith, we read, that having refreshed the saint with food and beverage which had been prepared for himself, he interrogates the Sâmanera on the doctrines propounded by Buddha. It is then said that the Sâmanera explained to him the Apramada-varga Now this Apramada-varga is the title of the second chapter of the Dhammapada. Its mention here need not prove that the Dhammapada existed previous to the Council of Asôka, 246 B. C., but only that the Mahânâma believed that it existed before that time. But if we are to suppose that all this was put in on purpose, would it not be too deep laid a scheme for the compiler of the Mâhavansa?" (p. 161).

On this matter, Max Müller thus concludes: "I believe we may safely say that we possess Buddhaghosha's translation of the Arthakatâ as it existed in the fifth century of our era; that the original was first reduced to writing in Ceylon in the first century *before* our era, having previously existed in the language of Magadha; and that our verses of the Dhammapada are the same which were recited to Asôka and embodied in the canon of the third Council, 246 B.C."

In addition to Max Müller's statements, in an article on Buddhism in Chambers's Encyclopædia it is said: "The most important point in the history of Buddhism, after the death of its founder, is that of the three Councils which fixed the canon of the sacred scriptures and the discipline of the church. . . . These canonical writings are divided into three classes, forming the Tripitaka or 'triple basket.' The first class consists of the *Soutras*, or discourses of the Buddha; the second contains the *Vinaya*, or discipline; and the third the *Abidharma* or metaphysic. The first is evidently the fundamental text out of which all the subsequent writings have been elaborated. The other two councils probably revised and expanded the writings agreed upon at the first, adding voluminous commentaries. As to the dates of the other two councils, there are irreconcilable discrepancies in the accounts; but at all events the third was not later than 240 B. C., so that the Buddhist scriptures, as they now exist, were fixed two centuries and a half *before* the Christian era."

Besides many of the parallelisms between Buddhism and Christianity which are said to be so "complete and striking," we must not overlook the moral equality—in some respects the superiority—of the teaching of Buddhism. It inculcated the virtues of mercy, charity, temperance, and chastity. Hospitals were established, agriculture encouraged, roads were opened, and human life held in such regard that under King Asôka capital punishment was abolished. In fact, it gave to the world "advanced ideas upon the great problems of life. Under the influence of its missionaries, the most savage tribes became gentle and submissive, and the undoubted superiority of the whole system consisted in its broad toleration, leaving, in this respect, even Christianity far behind.

As to its morality, Max Müller says that "no religion, not even the Christian, has exercised so powerful an influence in the diminution of crime, as the old simple doctrine of the Ascetic of Kapilavastu." This opinion could be supported by numerous quotations to the same effect from Bishops and other Christian writers. As to the toleration of Buddhism, a single extract from Mr. Mills may be sufficient: "It never lost its pacific, gentle character; never, at least in the early centuries, raised the hand of persecution or oppression, although it long had at its bidding the arm of the civil power. It carried all its conquests by persuasion and the force of character. It suffered wrongs, sometimes great violence, at

the hand of its enemies . . . But the same features of gentleness, reverent regard for life, forbearing to hurt the smallest creature that lives, distinguish the faith to this day."

The undoubted similarity which exists between Buddhism and Christianity is generally admitted by all denominations to be most striking and remarkable, but then we have speculative doubters who say, with FIDELIS: "It is not probable, however, that Buddha originated his whole system. It is much more likely that he embodied and combined in it many of the floating ideas that had existed long before him among a people especially given to knotty questions, paradoxes, and intricate and sublimated thought." And, further, that, "by a strange coincidence or anticipation, the Buddhist natural philosophy hit upon some of the best established hypotheses of modern science." Now it would naturally strike one, that persons whose thoughts could run on such high subjects must have been, for that early period, rather profound and advanced thinkers. If it is probable that such "floating ideas" had existed "long before Buddha," and were deemed of sufficient consequence to be embodied by him, is it not perhaps equally probable that they were also considered of sufficient importance to be made attractive to some succeeding teacher? Is it not also made evident that the Buddhistic religion must have shown more regard for science than has been exhibited by a later faith, which has persecuted the philosopher, and which even now questions the orthodoxy and the motives of those ardently given to scientific investigation.

However, while some feel obliged to make admissions in one direction with regard to the excellence of Buddhism, they are just as ready in another way to assert that its most marked superiority becomes apparent because of its "Christian colouring."

"It appears," says Max Müller, "as if people had permitted themselves to be so liberal in their praise of Buddha and Buddhism, because they could in the end condemn a religion which, in spite of all its merits, culminated in Atheism and Nihilism." And again: "The opinion, for instance, that the pagan religions were corruptions of the religion of the Old Testament, once supported by men of high authority and great learning, is now as completely surrendered as the attempts at explaining Greek and Latin as corruptions of Hebrew. The theory again that there was a primeval preternatural revelation granted to the fathers of the human race, and that the grains of truth which catch our eye when exploring the temples of heathen idols, are the scattered fragments of that sacred heirloom—the seeds that fell by the wayside or upon stony places—would find but few supporters at present; no more, in fact, than the theory that there was in the beginning one complete and primeval language, broken up in later times into the numberless languages of the world" (p. 24). Further still, he says: "Yet between the language of Buddha and his disciples, and the language of Christ and his apostles, there are strange coincidences. Even some of the Buddhist legends and parables sound as if taken from the New Testament, though we know that many of them existed *before* the beginning of the Christian era."

Even now, however, after all the admissions that have been made as to the existence of pagan virtues, FIDELIS looks back, as it were, and says: "Yet viewed theoretically, and taking motives into consideration, the morality of the Buddhist system is far from being the highest. It teaches, 'Do good *that you may be happy*,' not 'Do good *because it is right*.'"

Now, in reply to this, we would say, first, that the writer who has drawn a distinction between the motives for doing good has, to all appearance unwittingly, stepped upon slippery ground, for it brings to remembrance the main inducements which are held forth in the Scriptures—the promises and rewards which are in fact made and offered—in order to have us do good. All through the Bible, is not *fear* also made one of the principal agents in reform? "If ye walk in my statutes and keep my commandments, and do them; then I will give you rain in due season, and the land shall yield her increase, and the trees of the field shall yield their fruit. And I will give peace in the land, and ye shall lie down, and none shall make you afraid" (Lev. 26). "Who will render to every man according to his deeds: To them who by patient continuance in well doing seek for glory and honour and immortality, eternal life: But unto them that are contentious, and do not obey truth, but obey unrighteousness, indignation and wrath" (Rom. 2). "I will forewarn you whom

ye shall fear: Fear him, which after he has killed, hath power to cast into hell; yea, I say unto you, Fear him (Lk. 12). "Tribulation and anguish, upon every soul of man that doeth evil" (Rom. 2).

In fact, all through the Scriptures we find promises of rewards freely offered as incentives to do good, other than those which would follow from the performance of a good act in itself; and we find threats—some of a very terrible nature—freely used in order to urge us to do that which is right. No one can question this fact; it may be called one of the peculiarities of the Christian faith. Intelligent atheists are often asked—and this is not suppositional—"With your belief, or rather, with your disbelief in a Supreme Being and in future state of rewards and punishments, what motive can you have for doing good?" "Well," they reply, "we do so because it is our duty to society—because it is more agreeable than to do wrong—because virtue is its own reward." They are then sure to be told by the orthodox man: "Well, if I had no other restraining motive than that, I should consider myself free to revel in the grossest indulgence, or even free to commit any crime."

Commenting on the superiority of the Buddhist doctrine, Mr. Mills writes: "Probably there never has been a system of morality so purely unselfish offered to the world. It held out no rewards, not even the personal existence of the saint as a thing to be preserved at all; it was pure renunciation, divorce from all regard for one's self. The individual may perish; humanity, the great interests of truth and virtue, welfare of the universe, shall live. I am to die and be extinguished for the life of the world. We compare this man here with the saint we all venerate, the Jesus all our western world prays to, and the comparison is not unfavorable to the former. Jesus seems not to have been quite uniform, forgetting himself and preaching now the doctrines of noblest self-renunciation, then again somewhat asserting himself and making great promises in this life and the life to come to his chosen ones. Sakya Muni *does this last never*. He offers throughout *no rewards other than self-denial and virtue itself*. The self, the person is so far forgotten that he seems extinguished in the work and the grand destiny. Man is to be glorified in humanity. And so the doctrine has been thought but a gospel of annihilation. There are no conquests, no power, no wealth in store. In this we think Sakya Muni is not the inferior of the Galilean youth. It is said that this is taking us to an atmosphere of great rarity, that few here can respire. It may be true, but it indicates the elevation of the founder of this faith, that he would know nothing at all save the great verities that are the life and the end of man—and before which all else is naught" (pp. 130-1).

Admitting, however, for the sake of argument, that the Buddhist Canon was neither written nor circulated until long *after* the time of Christ, leaving it possible for those who wish to "honour a venerated teacher" to give a "Christian colouring" to his life in order "to add to his dignity," and admitting also that all we have read or heard of still more ancient "Saviours," "Words," "Messengers," and deified men, as but creations of the merest idle fancy,—now, conceding all this, how are we to get rid of the "old floating ideas" that had "existed among a people especially given to knotty questions, paradoxes, and intricate and sublimated thought?" In fact the question, put in this form, will, it is probable, be found to be itself a knotty one, for the moment we sweep away, say Buddha and his cotemporaries, we have the spectre of Chrishna and *his* "remarkable coincidences" at once looming up before us; and where shall we find sufficient faith to remove this mountain? How are we to engulph and put out of sight the hoary Atlas who bears upon his shoulders a whole world of superstition? But as we have caused him to reappear in this character, as it were, bent and balancing a mighty globe, let us hear something of *his* history—a mere summary will be sufficient.

Chrishna is said to have been the eighth avatar of Vishnu, and more celebrated than all those whom he had succeeded. Among certain prophecies in the ancient books of the Brahmins, which we are informed related to his birth, one of these from the Vedangas says: "It is on the bosom of a woman that the ray of the divine splendour will receive human form, and she shall bring forth, being a virgin, for no impure contact shall have defiled her."

Chrishna was the son of a virgin named Devaci, or Devaki, and of the second person of the Indian trinity, the god Vishnu. Devaki was the daughter of a royal line, and was also the wife of Vasudeva. Before the

birth of Chrishna, "the planetary bodies moved in brilliant order in the heavens. The virtuous experienced a new delight, the strong winds were hushed, and the rivers glided tranquilly. At midnight, when the supporter of all was about to be born, the clouds emitted low pleasing sounds, and poured down a rain of flowers. Kansa, a mighty demon, being, however, apprised that a child would be born that was forever to overthrow his power, summoned all his principal asuras or infidels, and told them: 'Let active search be made for whatever young children there may be upon the earth, and let every boy of unusual vigour be slain without remorse.' The child Chrishna was saved, however, by means of Nanda, a cowherd, whose wife had a child of the same age, who was also a portion of the divinity Vishnu, and who, under the name of Rama or Bala Rama, is therefore spoken of as the brother of Chrishna. Chrishna was brought up by the herdsman Nanda, along with Rama."

The learned Sir William Jones, in his "Asiatic Researches," writes: "That the name of Chrishna, and the general outline of his history, were long anterior to the birth of our Saviour, and probably to the time of Homer, *we know very certainly* . . In the Sanscrit Dictionary compiled more than two thousand years ago,* we have the whole story of the incarnate deity, born of a virgin, and miraculously escaping in his infancy from the reigning tyrant of his country . . . He passed a life of a most extraordinary and incomprehensible nature. His birth was concealed through fear of the tyrant Kansa, to whom it had been predicted that one born at that time, in that family, would destroy him."

According to the further accounts of the same learned authority, "Chrishna, when a boy, slew the terrible serpent Caliya. . . . He saved multitudes, partly by his arms and partly by his miraculous powers. He raised the dead by descending for that purpose to the lowest regions. He was the meekest and best-tempered of beings. He washed the feet of Brahmins and preached very nobly indeed. . . . Chrishna, the incarnate deity of the Sanscrit romance, continues to this hour the darling god of the Indian women. The sect of Hindoos who adore him with enthusiastic and almost exclusive devotion, have broached a doctrine which they maintain with eagerness, that he was distinct from all the avatars (or prophets), who had only a portion of his divinity, whereas Chrishna was the person of Vishnu (God himself in human form)."

Another authority, in Taylor's "Diegesis," p. 173, shews further coincidences, viz., that "the reputed father of Chrishna was a *carpenter*, and that he was put to death at last *between two thieves;* after which he arose from the dead, and returned again to his heavenly seat in Vaicontha; leaving the instructions contained in the Geeta to be preached through the continent of India by his disconsolate son and disciple, Arjun."

Far more remarkable coincidences relating to Chrishna could he added, were certain "startling" extracts from Jacolliot's "La Bible dans l'Inde," given, but as Max Müller has expressed himself against the authenticity of that work, it may be laid aside, as sufficient quotations from undoubted sources have, it is presumed, already been given. Other coincidences have been discovered in what has been recorded of Osiris. For instance, Wilkinson, in his "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians," says: "At Philæ, where Osiris (the Egyptian Saviour and incarnate God who came down to earth to battle with Typho, the evil spirit) was particularly worshipped, and which was one of the places where they supposed him to have been buried, his mysterious history is curiously illustrated in the sculptures (made 1720 B.C.) of a small retired chamber lying nearly over the western adytum of the temple. His death and removal from this world are there described; the number of twenty-eight lotus plants points out the period of years he was thought to have lived on earth; and his passage from this life to a future state is indicated by the usual attention of the Deities and Genii who presided over the funeral rites of ordinary mortals. He is there represented with the feathered cap which he wore in his capacity of Judge of Amenti, and this attribute shows the final office he held after his resurrection, and continued to exercise toward the dead at their last ordeal in a future state." "Osiris was called the 'the opener of truth,' and was said to be 'full of grace and truth.' He appeared on earth to benefit

* Bunsen says: "The oldest of the Vedas, the purely popular, cannot be younger than 3000 B. C. See Max Müller's "Chips," also Bunsen's "Egypt's place in Universal History."

mankind, and after having performed the duties he had come to fulfil, and fallen a sacrifice to Typho, the evil principle (which was at length overcome by his influence, after leaving the world), he arose again to new life, and became the judge of mankind in a future state."

Hittel informs us that "Herodotus saw the tomb of Osiris at Sais, nearly five centuries before Christ. Similar redeemers were worshipped in other lands, and like Jesus many of them were born of virgins. Grote, speaking of the early legends of Greece, remarks that the 'furtive pregnancy of young women—often by a god—is one of the most frequently recurring incidents in the legendary narratives.'"

Goethe somewhere says: "The phrases which men are accustomed to repeat incessantly, end by becoming convictions, and ossify the organs of intelligence." We have evidence day after day of the tenacity with which persons will cling to old ideas which they have been accustomed to receive as truth. We all see what evasions and subterfuges are resorted to in order to keep from being forced into an unpleasant admission; and the reluctance with which many give in at last often leads one to suppose that, were it not for the veriest shame's sake, the old pleasing delusion would still be preferred to the sternest fact; some, even after every evidence, yet refusing to look beyond the variegated cloud or vapor which hides the shining verity.

Every lover of truth must expect and must be prepared to make a sacrifice in its behalf. In doing this a most unpleasant duty has very often to be performed, and very many know—even by personal experience—how devotedly, and at what a cost, this has been done by those who have ventured to step outside of the sacred circle of sacerdotal authority, and who have been misrepresented, calumniated, dispised, and rejected, particularly by the servile followers of the dogmatic creed which may for the time be the most popular. It can be truly said that it has caused many the greatest regret to feel that they must turn aside from the old well-beaten paths of youth, and of perhaps happier days, and, in a manner, to leave father and mother, and wife and children, to go on even alone along some less frequented track; but in doing this there is a pleasing consciousness that you are free from orthodox usurpation and tyranny, and from the most galling and cumbrous of all fetters—these of mental slavery.

It may be well to close these imperfect observations by a verse from Buddha: "He who lives a hundred years, not seeing the highest law, a life of one day is better, if a man sees the highest law;" and by another text from Manu: "As the most obscure soldier of an army may sometimes by a fiery arrow destroy the strongest fortress of an enemy, so may the weakest man, when he makes himself the courageous champion of truth, overthrow the most solid ramparts of superstition and error."

W. McDONNELL.

SONNET.

FROM morning's train a radiance streams
To tint each modest wild-wood flower
With richer dyes; and in the beams
That bathe its leaves with freshening power,
Its dew-clad glories quick unfold,
And richer fragrance, pure and rare,
Breathes sweetly on the stilly air,
From petals barred with fretted gold.
Lo! as the lustrous, vermeil gleam
Of morning gems with fairer hue
The forest buds, a brighter beam
Would fill those languid eyes of blue
If *Love's* bewitching power had shed
His sweet and all-resistless ray
Within their depths the warmth of May,
And wreathed a glory round thy head.

MARVIN SEATON.

DENISON'S HISTORY OF CAVALRY.*

ABOUT three years ago the Russian Government, through the Grand Duke Nicholas, their Inspector of Cavalry, offered prizes for the best three essays on the "History of Cavalry." Though the subject of cavalry had been treated incidentally by many skilled writers, no history, properly so called, of that arm of the service had been written. Vast improvements in modern weapons had changed to a great extent the conditions of warfare; the sphere of the cavalry service had been much narrowed; opinions were divided upon the relative advantages of the sword, the revolver, the breech-loading rifle, as the proper armament for the cavalry service; so that it had become of the greatest importance to evoke a critical discussion of the lessons of the past as regards the use of cavalry, and the probable necessities of the future existence of an hitherto formidable arm of military service. The door of competition was thrown wide open and all nationalities were given a fair and equal chance.

The time allowed for sending in essays was two years and a half. At the expiration of that period, although twenty-three competitors had sent in their "mottoes," yet we believe but three completed essays were lodged in accordance with the conditions of the offer. Among those who entered the lists was Lieutenant-Colonel Geo. T. Denison, of Toronto, a native Canadian volunteer officer, who, though he had neither a military college education nor experience in the regular army, had always proved himself a dashing cavalry officer and an indefatigable student of military science. It was a bold thing for a Canadian militiaman to dream of success in such a venture when pitted against the scientific soldier of Europe, surrounded by great libraries and having all the advantages incident to the neighbourhood of experience and counsel.

But the pluck which prompted the effort was backed by the industry necessary to give it success, and Lieut.-Col. Denison's work achieved rank as the most meritorious. The result may be best explained in the author's own words: "General Leontieff assured me that my translation was utterly worthless and could never be published in the form in which it was. He had run his eye hastily over the works in the original, and said that my book was undoubtedly the best, but they did not know what to do about the question of the translation. It appeared that the officer who got the first prize was bound to publish his work in the Russian language and was to receive a royalty on every copy sold. I said I had done everything possible to obtain a good translation, and that I did not now know the beginning from the end of it. I asked if they would not allow me to publish my English edition and let them read the proof sheets along with the Russian translation. They agreed to do this; 'but,' they said, 'how about the publication? If you have an award, then you will get the benefit of the publication in Russia.' I said 'If you give me the first prize, appoint one of your best literary Russians to translate it, and let him have the profits; or better still, appoint an officer of ability to translate the book, and let the government publish it at cost price to the army.' In September I received a letter from General Leontieff, telling me the award of the Commission, which was, that under the terms of the competition, it was impossible to give me the prize, but that the Commission had made a special report to the Government, in which they stated that my book had incontestible scientific merits, was likely to be of great use to the army, and they would suggest to his Majesty that a new translation should be made by the Russian Government at their own expense from the English text, and published for the use of the army; and that the 5,000 roubles should be awarded to me."

In glancing through the work under consideration one is struck by the curious features presented by the origin and development of the cavalry service. The horse, when first employed in war, was used to con-

*A History of Cavalry, by Lt.-Col. Geo. T. Denison. London: Macmillan & Co., 1877.

vey the warrior to the place where he was to fight, and the war chariot was not an offensive weapon but solely a means of rapid conveyance. For a long period horsemanship as an art was little practised. The details of fighting at the siege of Troy, as given in the Iliad, the absence of sculptured Egyptian evidence, or of a satisfactory record in the Bible until after the time of David, seem to justify the conclusion that the horsemen of those times were but charioteers. The Assyrian sculptures indicate more clearly the growth of the idea of cavalry in the modern acceptation of the term. When Herodotus wrote, horse soldiers had been in general use in Asia for a length of time, and it is conjectured that the nomadic Scythians were the first people to use the horse to ride upon. The Thessalians were the first among the Greeks to use cavalry, but among the early Greeks the mounted service was not popular, the whole confidence being placed in the phalanx. Their cavaliers used neither saddles nor stirrups, nor were their horses shod; they either mounted their horses barebacked or placed upon them a light mat of skin or cloth. Alexander the Great formed dragoons, or soldiers carried on horseback, but intended to fight either on foot or on horseback, and apparently was the first to form the idea of using the horse and his rider as a projectile weapon; in other words he was the inventor of the modern cavalry charge. The Romans were not naturally a cavalry nation; it was with their infantry that they conquered the world.

Like Alexander in the East, Hannibal in the West obtained a series of most brilliant successes against the finest infantry of his age by the skilful use of his numerous and well-trained Numidian light horse, who rode almost naked and managed their horses without reins, stirrups, or saddles. The wars with Hannibal taught the Romans a lesson which Scipio Africanus turned to good account in creating and drilling a force of cavalry, and whereby he was enabled to win the battle of Iling, carry the war into Africa, win Zama, and settle the fate of the world. For 150 years before Julius Cæsar, a flank attack of a largely superior force of cavalry had almost invariably secured the victory to the general who skilfully employed it, but that consummate master of the art of war adopted precautions which successfully protected him against it, and showed that infantry could still be made to hold its own against cavalry. In Vercingetorix, a chieftain of the Gauls, he met a general whose cavalry tactics were based upon the proper principle, namely, the obtaining of success by the rapidity and force of heavy cavalry charging in a compact mass to burst through the enemy's lines, and so making an opening by which the light cavalry getting through, might fall upon their opponents in flank and rear. While Cæsar was gaining victories in the West, Crassus was being beaten in the East by the Parthians, who united great range of projectiles with superior mobility. It is not difficult, therefore, to trace the idea of using the horse as a means of rapid conveyance to the combat, then the use of the horse mounted for the same purpose, then the fighting from the horse itself and the development of the idea of the charge and the use of the weight and speed of the horse as an element of force.

The growth of the feudal system gave an ascendency to the landed aristocracy and to the heavy-armed horsemen. Continuous wars and skirmishes between rival feudal chiefs destroyed the art of manœuvring in large masses, and gave constant opportunities for the display of personal prowess. This paved the way for the foundation of chivalry, for the confidence of these mail clad horsemen in their personal skill in the use of arms increased their courage and made them greedy of renown. There was then no system of tactical formation, and a battle became simply an aggregation of thousands of single combats. So for a time the military art was lost. Each knight, aided by his own squires, fought a small battle on his own account. Their heavy armour, their skill in the use of weapons, the weight and strength of their horses, and the contempt into which the infantry service had fallen, resulted in making cavalry not only the all-important, but practically the only service in the armies of the day. But the knights, putting their trust in armour, increased its weight and multiplied its pieces until it became so burdensome that the warriors were worn out by the exertion required to carry it, and half stifled by the closeness of the head covering. It could not take long for the infantry to begin again to hold their proper relative position. The Crusades had the effect of dissipating the wealth of the powerful families, and while the monarchical principle acquired

strength, the cities did not lose the opportunity of benefiting by the needs and embarrassments of the nobles, and bands of more reliable foot-soldiers at once made their appearance. The English archers soon made themselves felt. Their weapon was the great bow, over five feet in length, made of yew, and capable of discharging a strong barbed arrow 240 yards. The Swiss pikemen also contributed to the overthrow of chivalry. It remained but for the introduction of missile weapons of sufficient force to pierce the massive defences of the men-at-arms to complete the discomfiture of the encased warriors. The introduction of gunpowder brought this about, though it was long before firearms reached the proper degree of nicety in workmanship to give the invention its full effect. Heavy cannon are first mentioned in 1301. Portable firearms were a somewhat later invention, and they are first mentioned among the Flemings about the middle of the 14th century. The rifled barrel was invented in Germany; the flint-lock in France, about 1640, and soon afterwards the bayonet, with a socket, was introduced into the French army by Vauban. As firearms improved, so did the infantry improve their position relative to cavalry, and the cavalry found it necessary to avail themselves of similar weapons. At first they used the petronel, and then the pistol; in fact, the importance attached to their use led to special organizations of cavalry, based almost entirely upon the idea of making use of the arquebus, pistol, and carbine.

In the Thirty Years War, Gustavus Adolphus produced a new epoch in military reform. When he came on the scene, cavalry tactics were of the clumsiest and slowest type. The charge at speed was unknown until he gave cavalry freedom and mobility, and taught them to rely mainly upon their dexterous use of hand-to-hand weapons. Cromwell proved himself a great cavalry commander, and the cavalry operations of the war in which he was engaged, were marked by solid energy, impetuosity, and iron will. The battles of Marlborough laid the foundation of the system of Frederick the Great, who, of all generals of modern times, most clearly appreciated the effect of the shock of a whole wing of cavalry at full gallop, in close order, and with a regular alignment. His system has been for many years the controlling one in most armies. His first change was to prohibit absolutely the use of firearms mounted, relying upon the charge at full speed, sword in hand. He also trained his squadrons to preserve close order and a correct alignment in an advance of a considerable distance, so that by constant attention his cavalry were enabled to go through all their manœuvres in good order at full speed. Out of 22 great battles fought by him, his cavalry won at least 15 of them. For nearly fifty years both horse and foot in all armies had been relying mainly on firearms. The infantry had abandoned the pike and adopted the bayonet, which, although a good defence against cavalry charging at a slow trot, was not very available against a charge at full speed. Frederick also made improvements in the organization and tactical methods of using cuirassiers, dragoons, and hussars, the first-named being placed in the first line, the hussars on the flanks, and the dragoons in an intermediate position.

The principle of the rifle barrel was well understood so far back as the 17th century, but as the weapons were loaded from the muzzle, the bullets had to be forced with difficulty into the barrel, and this tedious operation was quite unsuited to troops intended to fight in line of battle at close ranges. It was not until 1853 that the elongated bullet was invented by Captain Minié, of the French service. This bullet, which expanded after loading, by the force of the explosion, and so took the shape of the grooves, at once did away with the difficulty of loading, and gave to the infantry a weapon which, to greatly increased range and power of penetration, added much greater precision of aim. This invention has materially affected the tactics and employment of cavalry. The final abolition of armour and the revival of the infantry service were caused by the great power of penetration obtained by the use of gunpowder. The invention of the Minié trebled the range and increased the accuracy of fire; and being followed by effective and practical methods of loading firearms at the breach, increased the rapidity of fire four fold. The effect of rifled and breach-loading weapons upon the mounted service is most marked. In the Crimean War there were few opportunities of testing the value of the cavalry as against the infantry. It is contended that the incident of the 93rd Regi-

ment, under Sir Colin Campbell, meeting, while deployed in line only two deep, the Russian cavalry, teaches nothing, as the Russian cavalry had no intention of charging, but were simply making a demonstration to oblige the allied troops to display their arrangements, and when the 93rd showed their line upon the hill, the object was gained and the cavalry withdrew. In the Italian campaign of 1859 the deadly effect of the new rifles created a sort of panic in reference to the cavalry service. The American Civil War brought with it new lessons, gained amid new conditions. The rifle has been all along in America as necessary as the axe, and the character of the people has been formed under the influence of individual trial and hardship. In illustration of the aptitude of the volunteers of America for the use of weapons, the Battle of Chateauguay, in 1813, is cited: "In this action some 400 Canadians, with their axes and rifles, posted themselves across the path of an American army of some 7,000 men, under the command of General Hampton. Skilful axemen, deadly shots with their rifles, these Canadians used both weapons, and slashing down long lines of trees in the form of abattis, they impeded the march of the American column, while with their rifles they poured in well-directed volleys upon the front and flanks of their enemy. The Americans, entangled in the forest, unable to penetrate the masses of fallen timber which surrounded them, and suffering from the dropping fire of small arms, withdrew in haste, followed and harassed by the victorious Canadians" (p. 437).

In 1812, the idea of mounted riflemen, equipped to fight on foot in case of need, was adopted, and at the battle of Moravian Town, Colonel Johnson and his Kentuckians defeated the British infantry and their Indian allies, under Tecumseth. At the end of the war between North and South, the Northern States maintained no less than 80,000 cavalry, almost all mounted riflemen. The European maxim was that cavalry relying on firearms must suffer defeat. In the American civil war the greatest contempt was felt for the sword. The rifle and the revolver were the favourite weapons, and the feats of Morgan's, Stuart's, and Forest's cavalry, armed with these, seemed to justify the conclusion that the days of the sword were almost numbered. In the Franco-German war of 1870, the most improved projectile weapons were used by trained armies. The cavalry charges at Woerth, Vionville, and Sedan, settled the question of cavalry charging infantry armed with breach-loaders. The result was a fearful loss of life with no gain. The great success of the Prussian horse in the early part of the war was attributable to the extraordinary inefficiency of the French cavalry rather than to any powerful superiority in arms or organization of the uhlans.

It is conceded that the conditions of warfare have changed to so great an extent, that the sphere of the cavalry service has been much narrowed. The infantry have obtained the upper hand. The question of to-day is how the cavalry shall be armed. The Franco-German war furnished ample proof of the inefficiency of the sword as a weapon. According to the official returns, the losses of the Germans amounted to 65,160 killed and wounded. Of these, 218 were killed and wounded by the sabre and clubbed muskets; only six were killed by the sabre. In the American war, where revolvers were freely used on both sides, Mosby's cavalry in one skirmish killed 24 and wounded 12 with their revolvers out of a force of 100. The conclusion is easily enough arrived at, that the sabre should be maintained for use in the pursuit and in combat with the enemy's horsemen, where, through being able to attack without heavy losses in the advance, order might be better preserved and the sabre used to better advantage. Col. Denison candidly admits that the cavalry proper should consist of only one-fourth of the mounted force of an army, as the sphere of cavalry having been so much limited, it would be useless to keep up too large a force of a kind not likely to be much used. But he maintains that the light cavalry intended for protecting convoys, raiding, obtaining information, and covering marches and camps will always be necessary. He contends that mounted riflemen have now an opening such as the old methods of armament did not afford. They can place their horses in the rear, and, taking up a defensive position can begin to annoy at 1000 paces, to inflict loss at 600, and after that to pour in volleys, so that the action may be decisively settled before the approaching enemy can come within 200 yards. There is nothing to prevent them, if their horses are under cover, to

remain fighting until the enemy comes within 150 yards, and then run to their horses, mount, and gallop away in case of being overmatched. In the Franco-German war, the firing of the infantry lines against each other commenced at the distance of 1500 paces, and they rarely came within 200 paces without one party giving way. The crisis of the fight was generally at about 400 paces. Another advantage in mounted rifles is, that if accompanied by light artillery, a movable army is secured which, with the rapidity of movement of cavalry, combines the power of acting on any description of ground either offensively or defensively, mounted or on foot. A breech-loading carbine, a revolver, and a sword, to be used when mounted, are considered the proper armament of the mounted rifle, and the less baggage carried the better. The theories advanced by Col. Denison are supported by facts and arguments which cannot fail to convince the reader of his very interesting book that no exertion has been spared to collect reliable information from all quarters, and his condensed logic carries one along perforce.

The fact of the book under consideration being the production of a Canadian volunteer, leads one naturally to think of the force of which Col. Denison is a worthy officer—our volunteers. Sir Selby Smyth, in his last report on the state of the militia, says: "The Canadians possess in a marked degree qualities to make excellent soldiers, being both hardy and industrious, used to rough life, easily subjected to discipline, and willing to submit to necessary authority: the habit of adapting themselves to the different conditions of life peculiarly fits them for the requirements of a soldier. Accustomed to horses, they ride and drive with ease and self-possession, and these habits are proved by the manner in which their cavalry can be handled and the facility with which their field batteries are manœvred." The active militia of the Dominion is at present constituted as follows: cavalry, 1,803; field artillery, 1.326; garrison artillery, 3,048; engineers, 232; infantry, 27,990; rifles, 9,330; total, 43,729. The reserve militia comprises 655,000 men. Speaking of the cavalry, Sir Selby says: "I am sorry it has not been possible for me to see much of the cavalry this year, owing to the uncertain periods of drill, but this useful arm is in fairly good order for service, and the squadrons in general commanded by officers who have made a study of the service. . . Canadians ride well and are accustomed to horses from their early years; they are good horse-masters, and as they have proved themselves before, so I am confident they would again be a most useful force in the field as the eyes and ears of an army. Among many excellent cavalry officers, I must take the opportunity of specially referring to Lieut.-Col. Geo. T. Denison, the author of a treatise on Modern Cavalry, and who this year was fortunate enough to bring himself, and through him the militia of Canada, into enviable notice, by gaining the first prize of 5000 roubles for the best 'History of Cavalry.' It cannot but be a source of much satisfaction that the prize for this history, completed after much laborious research, though open to all nations, should have been carried off by an officer of the Canadian cavalry against all competitors." The general's report is very severe on the guerilla-like appearance of the Ottawa troop of cavalry.

F.

WILLIAM PENN.

DURING the Wars of the Roses there lived in Bucks, near the town of Beaconsfield, England, an ancient family—the Penns of Penn. The Penns have long since become extinct, but the name will never be forgotten, for WILLIAM PENN, the founder of Pennsylvania, is imperishably written on the world's great muster-roll of worthies, a man who lived in advance of his age, the illustrious champion of civil and religious liberty.

At a very early date a branch of this family went to reside in the north of Wiltshire, where they had a small landed estate, yielding £100 a-year, called Penn's Lodge, a "genteel, ancient house." In December, 1637, Captain Giles Penn, who owned a ship and traded between Bristol and Barbary, was appointed consul at Sallee, Morocco, by Charles the First. When Captain Penn went to Sallee, he left his son, William, in charge of his vessel. At Rotterdam, the youthful Penn fell in love with a daughter of Hans Jasper, "a girl with rosy flesh and nimble wit, and being taken by her comely face, had offered her his heart and taken up her own in pledge." Being a discreet young man, he left his *innamorata* in her father's house until he could provide a suitable home for her. In 1639, when Tromp, the Dutch admiral, hove in sight of Dover Castle, Charles suddenly became aware of his poverty. Ships and men were soon obtained, and Penn's vessel was hired by the Crown, the future admiral entering the service with lieutenant's rank. At twenty-one he was made captain, and shortly after received a regular commission, with the promise of the first ship worthy of his fame. Upon receiving his commission he went to Rotterdam and was married.

The *Fellowship*, a vessel of twenty-eight guns, was given to Captain Penn, who received orders to sail, and having dropped down the Thames, was suddenly called back to his house on Tower Hill. The *Fellowship* lay in the river three weeks, and during this time the subject of our sketch was born, on Monday, October 14th, 1644, just thirteen days before Oliver Cromwell bore himself with such distinguished bravery at the battle of Newbury. "Round in face, with soft blue eyes and curling hair, the boy was 'a love,' not only in his mother's eyes, but in his father's heart."

When not quite eleven years old, his mother removed him from Chigwell, where he was at school, to Wanstead. Here he got into a low state of mind, and, sitting in his room one day, he beheld a vision. A strange feeling seized him, and a sudden radiance filled the place. He could not tell what it was, but "he felt a joyous rush of blood along his veins, and saw his chamber fill with what he called a soft and holy light." He was unable to interpret its meaning, but the incident was never forgotten.

At about fifteen he entered into all kinds of youthful sports. He progressed rapidly in his studies, and the admiral, in conversation with his friends Ormonde and Boyle, determined that his son should enter college. He went to Oxford in 1659, and matriculated as a gentleman commoner at Christ Church. John Locke was then a student of Christ Church, but being Penn's senior by twelve years, it is improbable that these two men formed anything but a casual acquaintance. In after years, however, the friendship was renewed, and in the hour of need each proved to the other "a friend indeed." Penn took a good stand at college, and subsequently became an accomplished linguist. He read the principal writers of Greece and Italy in their native tongues, acquired a thorough knowledge of French, Dutch, and German, and afterwards added to this stock two or three Indian dialects.

He took a deep interest in the doctrinal discussions to which the Puritans gave rise. While the controversy between Cavalier and Puritan was going on at Oxford, one Thomas Loe began preaching the doctrine taught by George Fox. The simplicity of the Friends' form of worship attracted Penn and others, who rebelled against the restoration of Popish services in the Church of England, and objected to wearing college gowns. The young con-

verts to Quakerism were fined for attending Loe's preaching. This incited them to revolt, and the youths, banding themselves together, tore the offensive gowns from the backs of their fellow-students. In all encounters of this nature young Penn took the lead. For this uncomely conduct he was censured and expelled from the University. His father was greatly vexed at his behaviour, and some say he beat him and turned him out of doors. The admiral was occupying a fine position in the world; he was a Naval Commissioner, a Member of Parliament, Governor of Kinsale, Admiral of Ireland, a Member of the Council of Munster, and a favourite of the Duke of York. He brought his son to London, thinking that "a course of dining and late dancing might do him good." Broome's comedy of the "Jovial Crew" was being acted about this time at the old Cockpit, and Sir William took his son to see it. Pepys writes, under date of November 1st, 1661: "To the theatre, to see the Jovial Crew. At my house Sir Wm. sent for his son, William Penn, lately come from Oxford."

The theatre failed to make any impression upon the young man. Sir William tried every means with him, but all to no purpose, and he could not be convinced that he was in error in opposing the king's orders in regard to the college gowns. He was a universal favourite, and possessed great strength of character.

His father sent him to France; he stayed a short time at Paris, where he was presented to Louis Quatorze, and was always welcome at Court. While at Paris he formed the acquaintance of Robert Spencer, son of the first Earl of Sunderland, and Lady Dorothy Sydney, sister of Algernon Sydney. He had been but a few weeks amidst the gaiety of French life, when he threw off his grave manner. One night, upon returning late from a party, he met a stranger who told him in angry tones to draw and defend himself, at the same time flourishing his sword. He accused Penn of treating him contemptuously, said he had taken off his hat in bowing to him, and his salutation was not returned. Penn declared he had not seen him, and could have no motive in showing such discourtesy to a stranger. The latter made a pass with his rapier. Penn, thoroughly angered, returned the attack, and by an adroit move, threw the Frenchman's blade in the air. He picked up the sword and handed it back to the stranger with his politest bow.

Sir William was pleased when he heard of the change in his son's living, and arranged with Prof. Amyrault, of Saumur, on the river Loire, to board and teach him. At nineteen young Penn left Saumur, and, in company with Spencer, travelled through Switzerland and Italy; meeting Algernon Sydney there in exile, he became his pupil and friend. In the summer of 1664, being recalled by his father to London, he returned immediately, having been absent two years. Quite a change had come over him—Pepys says: "A most modish person, grown a fine gentleman Something of learning he has got, but a great deal, if not too much, of the vanity of the French garb, and affected manner of gait and speech."

He "wore French pantaloons, carried his rapier in the French mode, doffed his hat on going in a room, and his French was perfect. He was a strong, graceful, handsome man; his face was mild and almost womanly in its beauty, his eyes soft and full, brow open and ample. Like Milton, he wore his hair long and parted in the middle." He was placed by his father at Lincoln's Inn to study law. After the breaking out of the plague, in 1665, Penn resumed his serious manner, left off speaking French, and spent his time in reading. His father sent him to Ireland, where he was appointed Clerk of Cheque at Kinsale Harbour.

While in Dublin, in May, 1666, a mutiny broke out at Carrickfergus. Lord Arran, son of the Duke of Ormonde, received instructions to put down the rebellion, and Penn joined service with his friend. He distinguished himself by his great bravery and coolness, and Lord Arran was well pleased with him. The Duke of Ormonde notified Sir William that he would confer on his son the command of the company at Kinsale Young Penn was delighted with the prospec. of a captaincy, and had his portrait paintedt dressed in uniform, the only picture he ever, had taken.

Being in Cork, he heard Thomas Loe, the Quaker, preach from the text, "There is a faith that overcometh the world, and there is a faith that is overcome by the world," and that evening he resolved to become a Friend. Attending a meeting of Quakers in Cork, on September 3rd, 1667, he, with

others, was arrested, taken before the Mayor, and imprisoned. He was soon afterwards released, by appealing to Lord Orrery, President of the Council of Munster, with whom he was quite intimate.

He returned to London near Christmas, 1667, and refusing to uncover his head, his father asked him what he meant. Young Penn replied: "I am a Friend, and Friends take off the hat to none but God." Upon being asked how he would conduct himself at Court, he asked time for consideration. "Why?" demanded his angry parent; "in order to consult the ranters?" "No Sir," he quietly answered, "I will not see them; let me go into my room." He retired, and after praying over the matter, returned with his final answer; he "could not lift his hat to mortal man." "Not even to the king and to the Duke of York?" "No, Sir; not even to the king and to the Duke of York."

His father was greatly annoyed, and turned him out of doors. Lady Penn pleaded for her son, and through her influence he was allowed to return home. His religious convictions cost him some sacrifices; he was obliged to resign his commission as ensign, and also his Clerkship of the Cheque. He "hung up his sword and coat of mail; put into a trunk his lace and plume, and dressed in homely garments."

About this time he wrote a tract called "Truth Exalted; in a short but sure testimony against all those religious faiths and worships that have been formed and followed in the darkness of apostacy—and for that glorious Light which is risen and shines forth in the life and doctrines of the despised Quakers, is the alone good old way of life and salvation." On the afternoon of December 16th, 1668, he was thrown into the Tower for the atrocious crime of "*printing a tract without the license of the Bishop of London!*" In this enlightened age it is hard to conceive of such tyranny. During his imprisonment he wrote the most celebrated of his books, "No Cross, no Crown," and "Innocency with her Open Face," a vindication of himself. Through the influence of the Duke of York he was released from prison on July 28th, 1669. On 14th August, 1670, he was again apprehended for preaching, and confined in the Block Dog, in Newgate market. On the 16th September, with William Mead, a celebrated Quaker, he was put on his trial at the Old Bailey. Through the firmness of a juror named Bushel, who urged his fellow-jurymen to stand firm against all the threatenings of the court, the prisoners were acquitted.

On his return home his father was on a dying bed. The valiant old admiral said to him: "Son William, I am weary of the world. I would not live my days over again, if I could commence them with a wish: for the snares of life are greater than the fears of death. Son William, if you and your friends keep to your plain way of living, you will make an end of priests to the end of the world." Sir William died in September, 1670, and left all his property (with the exception of a life interest reserved for Lady Penn), amounting to about £1500 a year, and claims against the Government to the amount of £16,000, to his Quaker son.

In 1671, the young dissenter was again cast into the Tower for preaching, and, refusing to take an oath at his trial, he was committed to Newgate for six months. In prison he wrote four pamphlets; one of them, called "The Great Cause of Liberty of Conscience," was a complete exposition of the doctrine of toleration.

After the expiration of his imprisonment he visited Holland and Germany in company with Fox and Barclay. From the Countess Palatine, Elizabeth, granddaughter of James I., he received much kindness. On his visit to the continent he made several converts to Quakerism. Early in 1672, he married Gulielma Maria Springett, daughter of Sir William Springett. During the next three years he wrote twenty-six books of a controversial nature.

In lieu of the large amount of money due his deceased father, none of which he had received, he offered to accept a tract of land about 300 miles long and 160 broad, lying beyond the Delaware towards the west. After a year had been consumed in debating the matter, Charles signed the charter on February 24th, 1681, making Penn owner of his vast estates. A council was held on 5th March, at Whitehall, at which Penn was present. He had decided to call his province New Wales, but Secretary Blathwayte did not want the Quaker desert named after his native country. Penn proposed Sylvania on account of its forests, but Charles good-naturedly urged the prefix Penn. To this Penn objected, fearing that some might call it vanity in him, and offered twenty guineas

to have the name changed, but his efforts were unavailing.

About a month after Penn had received his charter, he sent his cousin, Col. William Markham, with orders to take possession of the country and to notify the natives that he held friendly feelings towards them, and would soon be over. Upon receiving the charter, Penn said: "God hath given it to me in the face of the world. . . . He will bless and make it the seed of a nation." His intention was to establish a government suited to his views and opinions —"a civil society of men enjoying the highest possible degree of freedom and happiness."

He authorized Philip Ford, a Quaker of Bristol, to act as his agent in the new world. This man was a most consummate villain, and cheated Penn out of a large amount. Penn's sole desire in settling the new country was to act in every instance in the most upright manner, and when the Indians were asked by Markham if they would sell a piece of their land to Penn, and for what amount, they were taken by surprise. He was making active preparations to visit his newly acquired territory. In those days a voyage might last from six to fourteen weeks, and it was necessary to provide provisions for the longer period.

An idea of the "bill of fare" in "ye olden time" may be derived from the following list of "comforts" put on a vessel leaving the Delaware, for a Quaker preacher:—"32 fowls, 7 turkeys, 11 ducks, 2 hams, a bbl. of china oranges, a large keg of sweetmeats, a keg of rum, a pot of tamarinds, a box of spices, ditto of dried herbs, 18 cocoa nuts, a box of eggs, 6 balls of chocolate, 6 dried codfish, and 4 shaddock, 6 bots. of citron water, 4 bots. of madeira, 5 doz. of good ale, 1 large keg of wine, and 9 pints of brandy. There was also much solid food in the shape of flour, sheep and hogs." Really, the unpleasantness of a long voyage would be lessened to a great extent by the prospect of such sumptuous living. This preacher was, to say the least, a "moderate drinker." Mr. Hepworth Dixon, in his interesting "History of William Penn," says: "Imagine one hundred emigrants so furnished, and the reader has a picture of the *Welcome*, as she lay off Deal, on the 1st September, 1682, waiting the arrival of Gov. Penn. In an age of 'ferries,' it is not easy to conceive the feelings of a man about to make the voyage to America. Half a century later a Yorkshire squire conceived it necessary to make his will before starting on a trip to London. Penn wished to take his family with him, but information as to perils and privations, consideration for Guli's health, and the education of his children caused him to abandon the idea. He made his arrangements as if he were never to return, wrote at length parting admonitions to his wife and children. Wishes Guli to be economical though not parsimonious, not to spare in the education of his children. On the 1st September the *Welcome* weighed anchor at Deal and passed the Foreland with a light breeze. At Deal they shipped a case of small pox; before they reached the middle of the Atlantic, nearly every man, woman, and child was sick. During two weeks some one died almost every day, more than thirty fell. By day and night Penn sat in the cabins of infected persons, speaking words of comfort and giving medicines. October 27th, 1682—nine weeks after quitting Deal, the *Welcome* moored off the port of Newcastle in Delaware."

He went through the legal process of taking possession the day after he landed. The meeting was held in the Dutch courthouse; the Duke of York's agents yielded up the country in the name of their master by the custom then in practice, "giving earth and water." Shortly after this, the first Parliament elected by universal suffrage assembled at Chester, in the Friend's meeting-house, a "plain brick edifice." Nicolas Moore, an English lawyer, was elected speaker. The frame of government and provisional laws were discussed, amended, and received with favour. The members evidently worked hard, and wasted no time in "want of confidence" motions. On the third day the session was completed and the House prorogued. The members "had left their ploughs for half a week, they had met together and made a state."

On the 30th November of the same year, Penn held "that memorable Assembly, to which the history of the world offers no parallel, at which this bargain was ratified, and a strict league of amity established." The meeting took place at Shackamaxon, under an immense elm tree. "Artists have painted, poets sung, philosophers praised this meeting of the white men and the red.

There the dense masses of cedar, pine, and chestnut, spread away into the interior of the land, here the noble river rolled its majestic waters down to the Atlantic. Here stood the gigantic elm which was to become immortal from that day; there lay the verdant council chamber formed by nature on the surface of the soil. . . . In the centre of this group stood William Penn, in costume undistinguished from the English settlers, save by the blue silk sash of office. His dress was not ungainly. An outer coat, reaching to the knees, with rows of buttons, a vest of other materials, trowsers extremely full, slashed at the sides and tied with strings, a profusion of shirt sleeves and ruffles; and a hat of the cavalier shape (wanting only the feather) from beneath the brim of which escaped the curls of auburn hair, which were its chief and not ungraceful ingredients." When he rose to address the Indian chiefs, a lady who was near him said he was "the handsomest, best-looking, lively gentleman she had ever seen." This treaty of friendship was faithfully adhered to on both sides. Proud says it was "a friendship which for the space of more than 70 years was never interrupted, or so long as the Quakers retained power in the Government."

Philadelphia, which was then called Wicocoa, was owned by three Swedes, and Penn bought it from them on their own terms, judging it to be the most desirable locality in every respect for the capital. Before a stone was laid he had planned out the whole form of the future city in his mind. "Philadelphia was to cover, with its houses, squares and gardens twelve square miles. Two noble streets, one of them facing a row of old red pines, were to be connected by the High Street, an avenue perfectly straight, 100 feet wide. At a right angle with the High Street, Broad Street, of equal width, was to cut the town in equal halves from north to south. The whole city, therefore, was divided into four sections. In the exact centre a public square of ten acres was reserved, and in the middle of each quarter a similar square of eight acres set apart for the comfort and recreation of posterity."

One hundred houses had been built one year after he landed, and in three years there were six hundred. Penn wrote to Lord Halifax: "I must without vanity say I have led the greatest colony into America that ever any man did on private credit." To Lord Sunderland: "With the help of God and such noble friends, I will show a province in seven years equal to her neighbours of forty years' planting." The first school was opened in December, 1683, by Enoch Flower, in a shanty built of pine and cedar planks, and consisting of two rooms. "To learn to read, 4s. a qrtr.; to write 6s.; boarding a scholar—to wit, diet, lodging, washing and schooling—£10 the whole year." Eighteen years elapsed in Massachusetts before a book or paper was printed, and in New York seventy-three years. An almanac for 1687 was the first book published in Philadelphia.

In 1684 Penn returned to England, in the hope of securing redress for the injuries of his persecuted brethren. His influence with James II. was very great, and he had the pleasure, in 1686, of seeing a proclamation issued, giving freedom to all persons incarcerated on account of their religious convictions, and over 1,200 Quakers were immediately released. He was accused twice of treason after William III. ascended the throne, but was acquitted each time. In 1691 he was arrested the second time for conspiracy, but through the influence of his friends Locke, Tillotson, and others, he was honourably set free. A short time afterward his wife died, and in less than two years he married Hannah Callowhill, a lady of Bristol, whom he had known for a long time. On the 9th August, 1694, an order in council was passed, restoring to Penn his vast province, which had been tyrannically taken from him in March, 1692. On September 9th, 1699, with all his family excepting his son William, he sailed in the *Canterbury* for Philadelphia. About the end of 1701 he returned to England, and found himself nearly ruined by the scoundrelism of his agent, Ford. He was very anxious to return to his province, but had not the money to carry him there. He wrote to his agent, "I assure thee that if the people would only settle £600 a year upon me as Governor, I would hasten over. . . Cultivate this among the best Friends." The "best Friends," however, would not accede to this reasonable proposal. His constitution had become greatly shattered by paralysis, and he died at Ruscombe in Berkshire, July 30th, 1718. On the 5th of August he was buried at the village of Jordans, by the side of his first wife and his first-born son. "A great crowd of people followed the

bier from Ruscombe to the grave-yard, consisting of the most eminent Friends from all parts of the country, and the most distinguished of every Christian Church near Ruscombe, When the coffin was lowered into the grave, a pause of silence followed: after which the old and intimate friends of the dead spoke a few words to the assembly; and the people went to their several homes subdued and chastened with the thought that a good man and a great man, who had done his work and earned his rest, had been laid that day upon the bosom of his mother earth."

William Penn's character and his code of laws have been eulogized by the most brilliant writers, of which the following brief extracts are examples:—"In the early constitutions of Pennsylvania are to be found the distinct annunciation of every great principle; the germ, if not the development, of every valuable improvement in government or legislation which has heen introduced into the political systems of modern epochs."

"To William Penn belongs the distinction, destined to brighten as men advance in virtue, of first in human history establishing the *Law of Love* as a rule of conduct in the intercourse of nations."

"His name has become throughout all civilized nations a synomym for probity and philanthropy."

"Penn's residence in the colony was more beneficial to the colonists than to himself. He suggested, he promoted, many reforms; above all, he inculcated and gave the example of that humane spirit in which he was so far before his age. He branded as iniquitous negro slavery, and to the aged, the sick, and the destitute he was a bountiful almoner. Free from frailty no man is; free from vanity perhaps Penn was not. But his integrity is unimpeachable. Penn cried 'No Cross, no Crown.' He bore the cross, and let us not snatch from him the crown, which the unanimous veneration of mankind has bestowed."

"William Penn deserves to be held in honourable remembrance as an illustrious pioneer in the cause of religious freedom. He showed on all occasions that he well understood and appreciated the free principles of the constitution, and that he was resolved not to surrender one iota of that liberty of conscience which he claimed for others, as well as for himself."

In addressing a committee of the House of Commons in favour of Quakers being allowed to make affirmations instead of oaths, Penn said: "I am far from thinking it fit because I exclaim against the injustice of whipping Quakers for Papists, that Papists should be whipped for their consciences. No, for though the hand pretended to be lifted up against them hath lifted heavily upon us, and we complain, yet we do not mean that any should take a fresh aim at them, or that they should come into our room, for we must give the liberty we ask, and would have none suffer for a truly sober and conscientious dissent on any hand."

He asserted that to "live honestly, to do no injury to another, and to give every man his due, was enough to entitle every native to English privileges."

We cannot do better, in closing this article, than to quote the following beautiful words of Penn, whom Montesquieu styled "the modern Lycurgus:"—"The humble, weak, merciful, just, pious, and devout souls, are everywhere of one religion; and when death has taken off the mask, they will know one another, though the diverse liveries they wear here make them strangers."

T. C. B. FRASER.

IDEALISM IN LIFE.*

THE great problem of philosophy is to render an account of consciousness. The conscious mind arranges, and in a certain sense explains, the facts of which it is conscious; but how it stands related to those facts is a question which has hitherto evaded solution. The metaphysician has applied to it his subtlest formulas; but the true equation has never been reached, and perhaps never will be reached. The highest form of consciousness is self-consciousness. We can imagine a certain sensibility to impressions without any reference of these impressions to a permanent personality to whom they constitute moments of experience. But when an organism not only feels, but says "*I* feel," then the highest mode of being known to us, or indeed conceivable by us, has sprung into existence. Mr. Spencer tells us that there may be some mode of existence as far transcending conscious intelligence and will as the latter transcends mere mechanical action. Possibly. It would indeed be arrogant in man to claim to have exhausted the highest possibilities of being, and to say that what his faculties cannot grasp can have no existence anywhere; but certain it is that our highest thought at present stops at personality,—at the mode of existence which our own self-consciousness reveals to us.

A being possessing mere sensibility without self-consciousness must necessarily be under the law of external circumstances. It is acted upon and re-acts but it is powerless to shape its own destiny or even to step for one moment aside from the narrow path in which it has been bidden to move. The moment, however, that self-consciousness enters upon the scene, everything is altered. Law is not abolished, and yet in a very real sense liberty is established,—liberty within the bounds of law. The self-conscious being says: "I *feel*, I *desire*, I *know*. The whole mystery of the universe is wrapped up in these words, and it were vain to ask ourselves now how their utterance becomes possible, how a mode of being that has absolutely no analogy with the laws of physical nature is superinduced, so to speak, upon a physical organism. What we are concerned with now is the enormous change which the development or apparition of self-consciousness works. The self-conscious being knows what he wants, and within certain limits can gratify his own desires. He does not escape from the control of mechanical or chemical laws; but he can, to a large extent, modify the incidence of those laws. He cannot make the wind blow less keenly, but he can provide himself with clothing; he cannot bring down more rain from heaven, but he can dig wells; he cannot avert a storm, but he can shelter himself from it. He can court this natural influence and shun the other, and thus he can make nature do his work, and subserve his highest interests. Only as his knowledge widens, however, will he thus free himself from the thrall in which all unconscious beings abide. The pestilence and the lightning will smite him till he has learnt the conditions which call the one into malign activity and those which render the other innocuous. Thus he suffers *till he knows*. St. Paul has spoken of all creation "groaning and travailing together being burdened," and true it is that the human race, just in proportion to its ignorance of the laws of nature, does groan and travail, being burdened. There have been cases in which even prolonged and multiplied experiences of the most painful kind have failed to set the essential facts in such a light as to suggest a remedy. The obstruction in some cases is a false theory, in others it is the absence of the habit of analysis; in others again the complexity of

* An address read before the Progressive Society of Ottawa, on Sunday, the 10th March, 1878. The reader will, I trust, bear in mind that these few pages were primarily designed, not as a literary essay, but as a contribution to the proceedings of a Society whose members meet for mutual help and instruction; as otherwise he might be tempted to some severity of criticism in regard to the fragmentary manner in which a subject, well worthy of careful and extended treatment, is here presented.

the phenomena defies all analysis. Yet for all that, self-consciousness means freedom, for it involves the power of choice, and gives promise of the future solution of many questions hopeless enough now.

The highest realization of liberty lies in that force of self-consciousness to which I propose at present to give the name of "Idealism." If self-consciousness involves the perception of an end, idealism, I should say, involves and is based upon the perception of a perfect end. To the mind exercising its faculty of choice, many objects, many possible courses present themselves. Of these, which shall it choose? Shall it be the easiest or the most difficult? the one which promises immediate gratification, or the one which necessitates a long waiting for the desired results? Shall appetite or reason be listened to? the suggestions of selfishness or the dictates of justice? Shall the standards of society, of the world, be accepted as adequate and final, or shall a higher law prompt to higher deeds? I call that man an idealist who aims at bringing his life under the government of a perfect law,—who asks, regarding an action, not whether it is profitable, or safe, or calculated to win applause, but whether it is *the* action which, under the circumstances, ought to be performed. Why do I call him an idealist? Because he pursues ideals; because he believes in something as the best, and tries to realize that best in action. Everybody acknowledges that the artist should be an idealist,—he must be either that or a mere copyist; and the least reflection will enable any one to perceive that if art had confined itself to copying, its highest glories would never have been won. The questions, therefore, which the artist has to ask himself continually,—be he poet, painter, sculptor, or musician,—are, how would this or that sentiment or passion express itself in its purity? What forms would it take? What accessories would be best adapted to bring it into most effective relief? And with these questions he grapples and struggles with an intensity of effort which even the lust of gold has never drawn from its votaries. The world understands, or at least in a general way consents to this. Let the artist, if he will, consume himself in the task of finding perfect forms and bringing to light hitherto unimagined combinations. That is his business; and as his works sometimes bring a high price, the business is, perhaps, as legitimate as another. So judges the world, not, however, without a secret contempt for a class of men who, though they may occasionally make money, do not as a rule seem to *think* money, and who would much rather miss making money than be unfaithful to their art. In most pursuits, money, broadly speaking, is the great criterion and measure of success. In the region of art it is a standard no longer; for the artist worthy of the name does not ask what people are willing to pay for, but what, in the highest sense, it is best he should produce. If he cannot work for this generation he will work for the next, and let who will minister to the taste of the hour.

But the great truth to which the eyes of the world are sealed is this, that the law which the artist is indulgently allowed to govern himself by—the law that binds him to the true and beautiful—is the law which ought to govern all mankind. If we are not all artists it is our own fault; for there is an art ready to our hand which we all might practice, in which we could all do faithful and lasting work, in which some of us might perchance rise to great pre-eminence,—in which we all at least might have the satisfaction of feeling that we were working in the artist spirit, patiently, humbly, loyally, trustfully, looking within and not without for our rule of action and our reward. Do you ask what this art is for which we all have capacity? I answer, it is the *art of life*. Truth and beauty are not confined to the realm of art in its narrow or professional sense; they may shine forth in the actions of the humblest son of toil, or they may add lustre to a throne. "E'en in a palace," said Marcus Aurelius, "life may be lived well;" and, if in a palace, then anywhere. But how many are they who conceive of life as an art, having its own rules quite apart from the maxims which teach how to win what, in the world, is called success. How many are they who ask what is best and highest in their own natures, and who seek above all things, to do justice to *that*, to bring it to its highest development? How many are they who have an equal respect for what is of most worth in others, and who would therefore refuse to have any part in what might tend to lower the tone of another's thought, to debase his taste, or make him less sensitive to the appeals of his higher nature? I should be sorry to under-

rate the good that is in the world; the human race has lived too long upon the earth not to have learned many lessons of mutual helpfulness; but, at the same time, if I say that the conception of life as an art—not as a trade—is as yet present to but few minds, I shall hardly encounter contradiction. Yet eighteen hundred years ago there was one who dealt with life in his addresses to the multitude, and who never presented it in any other light than as something more solemn, more sacred, than any special art that ever engaged human genius in its service, as something whose rules were not to be sought in the customs of the market-place, but deep down in the most secret and intimate convictions of the individual soul, as something whose standard was nothing short of the eternal beauty of holiness. Say, if you like, that he was an enthusiast, that some of his maxims were impracticable, and that the great mass of the Christian Church, in its worship of wealth, and the general poverty of its aims, has turned its back on nearly all that he taught. All this may be admitted, but the great fact remains that he dealt with life in the light of eternal principles, that he raised the hearts and roused the consciences of men, that he made truth and duty supreme over all lower motives, and pronounced a condemnation that has rung, and shall ring, through the ages against every unworthy form of compromise, against every bartering of gold for dross, against every act that could dim the light of truth in the human soul. He was the highest type of an "idealist," as I am now using the word; and the maxims he uttered, he uttered as binding on all mankind. And why not? A gospel like this may in point of fact be embraced by but few; its beauty may be seen by but a a few; but no one can be shut out from it, inasmuch as there is no valid reason why one man, as much as another, should not embrace the highest rule of life, and reap the reward of perfect peace.

Now the practical question for us to consider is, whether we shall strive to maintain our conception of life at the level established by the founder of Christianity; or whether we shall discard that conception for a lower one. Whatever we do let us do it with our eyes open. The great world—the world of business and of fashion—says, in effect, that it will not have this man to rule over it; and accordingly it makes maxims of its own which it does not require any great exercise of virtue to observe. Self-interest is supposed to be a sufficient guide for every one, and by the balancing of opposing interests social equilibrium is maintained. If any man is better than his fellows, better than he need be in fact, he is a fool for his pains. The first great commandment of society is to make money: the second is like unto it—make more money. If you do not make money it is not said that you shall go to hell; but it is tacitly assumed that you are in hell already—the one palpable, material hell about which the modern world has no shadow of doubt. But let us seriously ask ourselves if there is any moral safety in the renunciation of a high ideal, of high conceptions of duty, for a rule of life more consonant with what we are pleased to regard as our interests. Where are we to stop? We adopt a compromise; we are not going to be "righteous overmuch;" we will just give ourselves fair play in a world where a good deal of sharp practice prevails. Supposing then our "interests" seem to require just a little more scope yet—and a little more. Why should they not have it? We have abandoned the ideal; we have come down to the practical; why should we cramp ourselves? And so the world abounds with dishonesty that just stops short of the penitentiary, while now and then an over close calculator finds that he has crossed the line.

But some one will say: "How can *one* adopt an ideal rule of life when all around him recognize nothing higher than custom or expediency." To this question I am not bold enough to reply as Christ would have replied: "He that saveth his life," *i.e.*, carefully and narrowly guards his interests by the ordinary means used in the world, "shall lose it; and he that loseth his life," *i.e.*, risks everything for duty, for the ideal, "shall save it." Yet though I do not feel like using these words, something tells me they are true—something tells me that the world owes much to those who have thought enough of their principles, of their ideals, to suffer and even die for them. What or where would we be now if no patriot had ever faced death, if no martyr had ever triumphed over agony, rather than betray the cause in which he believed? We can only say that our moral inheritance from the past would have been a much poorer and meaner one than it actually is, and that hu-

man history would have been robbed of all its dignity, pathos, and grandeur.

Without, however, attempting to solve any radical question—such as whether absolute subjection to the ideal is possible in a world so full of imperfection as ours—I would endeavour to throw out a suggestion or two in aid of idealism in life. The first thing, it seems to me, that a man has to do who has any desire for initiation in the higher life, is to reduce himself to moderate and reasonable dimensions in the great map of humanity. The natural man has a projection of his own for making maps of the world, according to which self stands out considerably larger than all the rest of mankind put together; and this same exaggerated self he carries about with him as no small burden, though perhaps he may not see the burden nor realize its existence. There can be no ideal life, however, while this distortion exists in a man's thoughts. He must realize that he is *not* of so much consequence as he has hitherto imagined; and that upon a map of the world, drawn upon any true scale, he is a very small speck indeed. This is the beginning of wisdom, and the beginning of peace—of wisdom, for now he can see other things in their true proportions; of peace, because he feels that he has got rid of a pestilent delusion, that he will no longer tax the indulgence of others by an inordinate self-love, and, lastly, that what is left of him is the true man, and is all there. The ways in which this wholesome reduction would work are very numerous. "Who am I that I should do this, that I should speak thus, that I should assume this tone, that I should hold others in subjection and sacrifice their comfort, their wishes, their tastes to mine?" are questions which never occur to many men, but which to the "regenerate" man seem to be at hand as often as he is tempted to transgress the bounds which moderation, and a just regard for the rights of others, impose upon his conduct. To observe how some men comport themselves, in their households particularly, one would imagine that they were absolutely irresponsible beings, raised high above all law, and free to indulge every passing humour, without a moment's consideration for the inferior beings by whom they are surrounded. They may refrain from actual blows, but their words are blows which bruise the heart and crush self-respect. Or perhaps it is mere contempt and indifference which the lordly being's actions express. He was made to be amused, and when his household cannot amuse him, he feels entirely free to seek his amusement elsewhere. He never dreamt of entering into any engagement which would bind him to do his full share towards making others happy: he is a master; do not ask him to descend from his high eminence and help others to bear the burdens of life. Oh man, have *you* then no master? one is tempted to exclaim. If you have lost all sense of an eye that watches your every action, is there still nothing that tells you that your whole line of life is false, that there is nothing in it that is either true or sweet or wholesome, but that it is a fraud, a tyranny, and a nuisance—a thing that the world were well rid of—a thing for Oblivion to hide with her darkest mantle? If there be no master for such, there is at least a moral order of the universe, the violation of which brings its own punishments. Are such men, with their tempestuous passions and selfish ways, happy? Far from it. Happiness is not won upon these terms. "Great peace have they," said the Psalmist, "who love thy law;" and happiness ever comes, not of a constrained, but of a voluntary subjection to *law*—not to an outward code of observances, but to that inward voice which bids a man ever to seek and practice the best.

There are all grades in human character; and the cases are perhaps rare in which we see a systematic ignoring of the higher law; yet how often men of whom better things might be expected give way to despotic or inconsiderate courses of conduct, acting as though their advantages of position, whether as husband, as father, as master, as capitalist, or be it what it may, carried no responsibility whatever. I think that the idea presented in the New Testament, that we are all servants of a higher Master, is a very wholesome one; and, at any rate, whether we can entertain the idea or no, it is well, it seems to me, to put the case from time to time to ourselves thus: "*If I had* a master, one who judged of things by a perfect standard, what would he think of my dealings with my fellow-servant?" To judge thus, to apply such a check to ourselves in our daily business, is what I call idealism in life; it is the pursuit of the perfect and the true.

It would be a very great mistake to sup-

pose that a man, by reducing himself to his proper place and dimensions in the world, must lose either force of character or influence. A French writer, I forget who, has said that this is an age when modest people are very quickly taken at their word; but it is a small loss to the modest man to lose the advantages he might gain by brag or bluster. There are abundant means of influence open to him in his intercourse with his fellow-men; and when people see that he does not make too much of himself, that he has no wish to engross an undue measure of attention, or to encroach on anybody else's rights, they give him ready access to their minds and hearts. The humility enjoined in the New Testament has nothing mean or grovelling about it. Neither Jesus Christ nor Paul will ever teach any man to be a flunkey. "Let no man think of himself more highly than he ought to think, but let him think soberly." *Soberly*—that is the word.

There is another form which idealism will take which I should be sorry not to commend to your attention, viz., the idealism what craves for intellectual truth, which abhors compromise where truth is concerned, which refuses as far as possible to allow convenience, or interest, or prejudice, to arrest enquiry, to suppress its results, or to have any voice whatever in the shaping of opinions. Madame de Stael, in her brilliant and instructive book on Literature, says that "multitudes of men will never admit any general principle without first comparing its results with their own actions and interests," —of course to see whether they can admit it without inconvenience to themselves. It is needless to say that this habit is far from having died out of the world; and it is equally needless to say that it is the very negation of idealism. Truth is a word that has been sadly bandied about in all ages; it has had abuse enough to crush all meaning out of it, had that been possible; but it was not possible, and so the word and its meaning survive. To arrive at truth, however, is not the prerogative of every one. Some men in all their reasonings and observations simply dig pitfalls for themselves. They collate facts, they go through forms of reasoning, and they are not wiser, but less wise, than they were at the beginning. They fare precisely as those do who go to the Bible to prove a doctrine true; the proofs come to hand with delightful ease, and the ingenious individual wonders that all the world is not of his opinion. The first requisite for the discovery of truth is disinterestedness, and the second, I should say, is patience. How is a man to know, some one may ask, whether another man is disinterested? Every student of physics knows that the generation of heat in certain cases is the result of undue friction. Now, where I see undue heat or bitterness developed in connection with the discussion of a question, there I suspect the friction of interest or prejudice, The intense heat that an Orangeman, for example, will display in talking of Popery is hardly to be set down to a disinterested sympathy for those of his fellow-men who are bound in Romish superstition, or to a purely patriotic zeal for civil rights. The bitterness, again, that characterizes the language of some Radicals when speaking of the doctrines of Christianity, *may be* pure zeal for truth, but I confess I am apt to suspect an admixture in it of something else. As to the language which we sometimes hear from the pulpit in regard to free-thought and free-thinkers it bears too obviously the stamp of self-interest and fear to be accepted for a pure apostolic fervour. Let a man, then, judge himself as he would judge another, note the points where he breaks into language more violent or less charitable than he is wont to use, and try to overcome the friction *there*.

I have spoken of patience as the second great condition for the discovery of the truth. Some excellent people insist on treating certain questions as vastly more simple than they really are. They like short deductive cuts—"cross lots," as our neighbours say—to their favourite conclusions. To such I would respectfully tender this advice: When the process of reasoning by which you reach your conclusions is *very* obvious, *very* simple, rather suspect that it is unsuited to the matter in hand than that men as honest and able as yourselves have failed to see it. It has an odd effect to find a person holding up his hands in astonishment that so and so—a man of great eminence and high character, perhaps—had failed to perceive something which, if it had any bearing on the case, would be as conspicuous as the sun at noonday. Far better, I think, to conclude that there are other elements in the question which we do not allow for, than that men who enjoy in a high degree the respect of their contemporaries, are either stark fools or

shameless knaves. Suppose that we have to sacrifice in some measure the definiteness and absoluteness of our own opinions in order to do full justice to those of others—what of that? Any sacrifice for *justice* is worth making; and it is enough for a man to surround himself with an atmosphere of truthfulness, to know himself, and to be known by others, as open to the truth at all times, and above all as true in deed. A man who can do this may keep a great many speculative questions open without much injury to his character.

And now a few words in conclusion as regards the main sources of idealist inspiration. I have already stated that I find in the New Testament idealism in its most perfect form. In saying this I do not for one moment shut my eyes to all that modern criticism has established in regard to that book; but I see there the teaching of one who presented life in its highest conceivable aspect, as a struggle towards perfection. Next to the New Testament for intensity of ethical emotion, I would place the immortal work of Thomas à Kempis—the "Imitation of Christ." I need not tell the members of this Society that the book in question is pervaded by the monastic spirit; its origin and the date of its production would answer sufficiently for that. Its monasticism, however, does not rob it of its power as an instrument of moral culture, does not destroy its hold upon the hearts of many who have left, not monasticism only, but much else, far behind them. When I read such sentences at the following: "What does it profit thee to engage in deep discussions on the Trinity, if thou art lacking in humility, and so render thyself displeasing to the Trinity?" "Many words do not satisfy the soul; but a good life does refresh the mind, and a pure conscience gives great confidence towards God." "O divine truth, make me one with thee in perpetual charity!" "What is a greater impediment and trouble to thee than thine own immoderate self-love?" "A humble knowledge of thyself is a surer way to God than a profound search after knowledge; yet is not knowledge to be blamed, which is a good thing considered in itself, and ordained of God; but a good conscience and life are to be preferred to it." When, I say, I read such sentences as these and scores of others, I feel that the author was toiling in the upward path, and his strong yet simple words are as a helpful voice from the darkness of the past. There is idealism of the highest order in Shakspere and in Milton. Shakspere, it is true, gives us everything; but the pure mind chooses and dwells on what is best, and the best is incomparable. As a literary artist alone Milton carries the mind to a very high elevation; but in addition he makes life what every poet should make it,—a theatre of noble effort and pure aspiration. Coming down to more modern times, we find in the poet Shelley a passionate idealist. His "Alastor," his "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty," and his "Hellas," are each sufficient to make an epoch in the intellectual history of any one who can read them with adequate preparation of mind. In our own day, Tennyson and Browning, not to mention many other lesser poets, are full of the finest enthusiasm for the perfect life. To read these poets sympathetically is indeed to see the world with purified eyes, to see evil in all its hatefulness, and virtue in all its beauty. And yet there is, perhaps, a greater name still to be uttered,—Thomas Carlyle, with all his faults one of the noblest of human souls, and a mighty preacher to this generation. Such a man, overflowing with prophetic fervour, can afford to make a thousand mistakes, and the world will be his debtor still. He takes his stand upon no creed, but he makes the human conscience itself thunder against all baseness and falsehood. In the case of a lesser man his errors might have been more potent than his truths; but the impulse to righteousness that Carlyle has given will, I believe, be more than sufficient to carry his readers safely over the dangerous portions of his philosophy. Nor can I forbear, in this enumeration, to mention the name of Emerson,—a pure soul if ever there was one, a man of infinite delicacy, tact, and insight, inflexible in principle, radiant with hope, and unconquerable in faith. It is his especial gift to refine everything he touches, to breathe upon everything the best and richest influences of human culture. Let us make these men our company, without making them our oracles, and we shall grow into the likeness of what we behold, we shall imbibe their spirit, and receive a portion of their power. The great question for each of us is not, Shall we be free from this or that false opinion? but, Shall the world be beautiful for us, shall our minds be filled with pure thoughts and gen-

erous purposes? Shall we form a noble or a mean estimate of men and things? Shall we walk in a narrow, treadmill path of barren reasoning, or shall we have some sense of the richness and fulness and glory of the universe, and of the infinite resources of the spirit of man? Shall our lives be harmonized and dignified by a moral aim of which reason shall approve; or shall we shuffle through life, infirm of purpose, and trying to content ourselves with a partial rationalization of our conduct? In a word, shall we idealize life, or shall we vulgarize it? That, I say, is the question which concerns us all. Of the two courses open to us, if we choose the second our path may be an easy one, but it will lead away from the proper goal of human effort, and clouds may settle heavily upon it before the close; if we choose the former we choose struggle, but the struggle will be ever upward, and our last days shall be our best.

W. D. LE SUEUR.

HYACINTHUS.

I.

BRIGHTLY on the walls of Sparta,
Streamed the rays of Phœbus' wain;
From the briny baths of Ocean
Climb his steeds of ruddy mane.

And Eurotas, many-murmuring,
Poured its rocky bed along,
Choiring many a Doric herd
In a rugged Doric song.

But the reeds that waved beside him,
As the breeze began to move,
Seemed to rustle and to falter,
Whispering melting notes of love.

And no wonder, for beside them,
All the balmy spring-tide night,
Jolly Pan and all his satyrs
Revelled 'neath the fair moonlight;

And the music of their pipings,
Tangled in the listless reeds,
Waited but the breath of morning
To be wafted o'er the meads.

Now from forth the ancient gateway
Laughing came a youthful crowd,
Sons of Lacedæmon's heroes,
Singing Phœbus' praises loud.

'Twas an ancient, healthful custom,
Handed from their sires of old,
That when morning brushed the hill-tops
With his quiv'ring crest of gold,

All the youth of mighty Sparta
Should, beneath its frowning towers,
Lave them in the cold Eurotas
Bubbling 'mid its rocks and flowers.

Of these youths was one most lovely—
Laughing, rippling, sunny hair,
Eyes as blue as Jove's own heaven,
Skin as Indian ivory fair;

Cheeks that bloomed with Venus' roses,
Graceful lips of equal glow,
Where Dan Cupid oft reposes,
Whence 'tis said he shaped his bow.

Yet withal a manly vigour
Heightened these his other charms;
In the ancient two-kinged city
None more feat at deeds of arms;

In Palæstra, nurse of heroes,
None could better bend the bow;
Or among his youthful compeers
Farther none the discus throw.

So upon this fatal morning
With the other youths he came;
While upon the Grecian mountains
Woke the day in purple flame.

II.

Now among the crystal eddies
Of Eurotas gurgling deep,
Plunged the youth, and scattered from him
All the lingering dews of sleep.

Then, as he was wand'ring homewards,
Holy promptings filled his breast
To enwreath with chastest vervain
Great Athene's altars blest.

So to cull the pleasing off'ring
O'er the dewy meads he sped,
Little dreaming of the evil
E'en then hanging o'er his head.

Now the Archer, King Apollo,
Loved this Lacedæmon boy,
And to meet him and embrace him
Hastened with exceeding joy;

Bearing both his lyre and quiver,
And his mighty-sounding bow,
And the dark and weighty discus,
Which they both rejoiced to throw.

Then the two in friendly contest
Pitched the heavy quoit of stone,
Laughing each as by the other
Was his comrade's mark outthrown.

But the envious Zephyr saw it,
Straight his heart was filled with rage
That so wholly should his rival
Thus the Spartan's love engage.

For the Zephyr also loved him;
And when from Hesperian seas,
In the waking of the spring-time,
Coming back, he kissed the trees;

Then whene'er at sultry noon-tide
On a bank the youth lay sleeping
'Neath a myrtle through whose foliage
Gentle rays of light were peeping,

Would the Zephyr sweetly hover
O'er that bank and od'rous bower,
And with gauzy opal pinions
Fan him in his drowsy hour;

Play about his rosy temples,
Dally with his sunny hair,
And with soothing, soft embraces
Clasp his hands so lithe and fair.

Jealousy now seized upon him;
All his love was turned to hate;
Deeply in his breast he pondered,
Working out a direful fate.

So as once the quoit was winging
Through the stilly air its way,
With his angry wing he struck it,
Marred the pleasure of the day;

For it smote fair Hyacinthus,
Felled him to the dewy ground;
While from out his wounded temples
Flowed his blood full fast around.

Then the Zephyr all relenting,
Sighing, trembling, hovered by;
While with mournful cries Apollo
Seemed to rend the sunny sky.

Though he strove to staunch the life-stream
Pouring in a purple tide,
Unavailing were his efforts,
For at noon the Spartan died.

But within that pleasant meadow
Where his young heart's blood was shed,
Sprung there up a lovely blossom
Painted of a blushing red.

III.

And still when in early spring-time,
Speeding o'er the azure sea,
Come the twittering, swift-winged swallows;
Wake the flowers on hill and lea;

When the Zephyr mourns the sweetest,
When the crocus bursts to flame,
And amid the greening forest
Gentle wood-doves 'gin to plain;—

Then in many a mossy dingle,
Where in conclave sweet are met
Daisy stars, and snowy lilies,
And the tearful violet;

There this flower ambrosial-breathing,
Named of him from whom 'tis sprung,
'Neath the Zephyr's glowing kisses
Opes its bells before the sun.

For the sorrowing West Wind loves it,
Tends it as his proper flower,
As of old, fair Hyacinthus,
Slumbering 'neath a myrtle bower.

R. T. NICHOL.

ROUND THE TABLE.

A WRITER in the "Contributor's Club," of the *Atlantic Monthly* for March, endeavours to meet an idea which seems to have become prevalent in the United States, that the Canadian policy towards the Indians is very greatly superior to that of the United States Government. As the same idea has been a favourite one among ourselves, it is as well to see what is to be said to the contrary. The writer in question enumerates several differences between the circumstances of the two countries, as regards the Indians. He refers to the immensely greater number of Indians that the United States Government has to deal with, as compared with ours. This is true, but there is also a difference between a people of four millions, and one of more than forty. He says that they have to deal with wild Indians, we with tame ones. This is true only to some extent. Our North-west tribes are just as much "bold hunters of the buffalo" as any as theirs, and many of them just as untamed; while every one knows what the Mohawk and Iroquois Indians of central Canada were in the infancy of this country. He remarks, further, that the existence of the large class of half-breeds is a connecting link acting as a means of mutual comprehension, and a help to good feeling and good government. This is quite true, and so also is the remark, that the great organization of the Hudson's Bay Company has always acted as an important agent in the management of the Indians. But after making all deductions that can be fairly made, and admitting that the superiority of our policy has been somewhat overrated as regards its *intrinsic* merits, there seems no reason for asserting, as the writer in the *Atlantic* does, that, even if our "policy were perfect, as it is not, it would not apply." There is no reason why what is good in it should not apply. Although our policy may be by no means *perfect*, still it has always been based on two great principles, which should be of equal application to their circumstances and ours—the first being to found all negotiations with the Indians on principles of equity and good faith, recognising their right to the soil; the second being to carry these principles out by means of thoroughly trustworthy agents. We have not been in the habit of giving very liberal prices for land we have purchased from them, but whatever arrangements we have made with them *have been scrupulously adhered to.* The Indians have not felt themselves at the mercy of whatever might happen to be the convenience or caprice of their nearest neighbours, who might drive them away from their reserves if it so pleased them. Take the following quotations from the speeches of a Comanche and a Waco Indian, extracted from an American official report: "Many years ago we lived in Texas, where the Government opened farms, and supplied us with all other domestic animals, which prospered and made us happy for awhile, but the citizens of that country soon said, 'the Comanches are bad,' and arose and drove us from these homes, destroying all we had. Brothers, I'm very glad to see you doing so well, but my heart feels bad when I look back and think what I might have been had not Texas treated me and my people so bad. . . . When we left Texas, we stopped on the Washita river; here we tried again to live as we had in Texas, but the white man's war came up and compelled us again to leave our homes." So speaks the Comanche; here is the Waco's statement: "It is many years ago since the Wacos commenced to live like the white man, in Texas, and I've often thought had they not been disturbed by the whites, they, at this time, would have been equal in civilization to any tribe, perhaps, in the Council. But we were driven away from our homes there, into Kansas; and when we had made another commencement, we were again driven away. So that, even now, though we are doing comparatively well, *our hearts are not strong, for we are by no means certain that we will not again be driven to some other place.* The Waco's history shows that whenever the white man thinks the Indian

is in his way, he has but to arise in his might and drive him, for there is no law to which the Indian can appeal for protection." This complaint is just. No law exists (unless it has been made very recently) to which an Indian may appeal for the punishment of any wrong done to him by a United States agent. And while the negro freeman is a citizen, the red man is not only a foreigner, but destitute of the rights accorded to unnaturalized aliens in American courts. The Rev. Principal Grant, in his book, "Ocean to Ocean," the new edition of which, I am glad to see, has received well-deserved commendation in the last *Westminster Review* (another proof that Canadian literature is beginning to receive recognition "at home"), thus explains the success of our Indian policy (pp. 385 and 388). "What is the secret of our wonderful success in dealing with the Indians? It can be told in very few words. We acknowledge their right and title to the land; and a treaty once made with them, we keep it. Lord Dufferin has pointed out what is involved in our acknowledgement that the original title to the land exists in the Indian tribes and communities. 'Before we touch an acre, we make a treaty with the chiefs representing the bands we are dealing with, and having agreed upon and paid the stipulated price, we enter into possession, but not until then do we consider that we are entitled to deal with an acre.' It is well that this should be clearly understood, because the Indians themselves have no manner of doubt on the subject. At the North-west Angle, chief after chief said to the Governor: 'This is what we think, that the Great Spirit has planted us on this ground where we are, as you were where you came from. We think that where we are is our property.' . . . Something more than making a treaty is needed. It must be kept to the letter and in the spirit. I am not aware that the Indians ever broke a treaty that was fairly and solemnly made. They believe in the sanctity of an oath; and to a Christian nation a treaty made with true believers, heretics, or pagans, with mosque-goers or with church-goers, should be equally binding. To break a treaty made with these old lords and sons of the soil would be worse than to break one made with a nation able to resent a breach of faith." In such views, and in acting on such views, lies I think our "sovereign" method of dealing with our red brothers, which our neighbours would find equally efficacious in dealing with theirs.

—What can be done, or can anything be done, to avert in any degree the almost certainly demoralizing effects of the next general election? In the keenness of the party contest which we know will ensue, how many falsehoods will be told, wilful misrepresentations originated or repeated, uncharitable and unkind shafts of personality launched at political opponents? And how many of these things will be done by men whom, in ordinary life, we are wont to regard as at least fairly truthful, honest, and kindly disposed? But can the experience of yielding to the temptation to be dishonest for party purposes leave a man as honest as it found him? All known rules of morality must be wrong if it does not demoralize him just in proportion as he yields to the temptation. And—making all possible allowance for the mental discolouration of party bias, for ignorance, for misconception—we admit to ourselves that instances of actual dishonesty among political partizans are far more common than, for the moral and Christian credit of our country, it is at all pleasant to recognize. And the very commonness of the evil has become a plea to be used in defence of it. What everyone, or almost everyone does in politics must be right, or at least not very wrong. This, though generally put in more euphemistic phraseology, is the substance of the justification. And what a man does in political life is held as quite distinct from what he does in private life, so that even a professedly Christian man is held, by some Christians, to be not altogether inexcusable for his falsehood so long as it is a *political* one! "All is fair in love and war!" How often do we hear that wretchedly immoral saying, as if it were quite a sufficient salve to any over-sensitive conscience. But have we, as moral beings, the slightest right to make any such distinction? Christianity as well as conscience teaches that it is not lawful to do evil that good may come; how much more that it is not lawful to do evil for a man's political advancement or that of his party, which is, after all, only an enlarged selfishness. Wherein does a lie for *political* advancement differ from a lie for *pecuniary* advancement? The fallacious idea that it does has done more to demoralize the public life of Canada than perhaps any other

influence. Now, is it not time that we should be growing out of this utterly untenable idea? Should not all persons in influential positions, who care about the morality of their country—ministers, professors, teachers—set themselves in determined opposition to the idea that "politics" form any excuse for any kind of immorality whatsoever? Do we not need special organizations to meet this evil as well as intemperance, for really it is growing quite as common? Why should not high-toned and patriotic men on both sides of political parties unite in a society for the purpose of discouraging utterly all political dishonesty, misrepresentation, unjustifiable personality, or any other wrong? Is there any sufficient reason why this should not be done? Have we not ten (political) men righteous enough to begin such a movement? If nothing is done, the next general election will certainly leave us lower in the moral scale than we stand now.

—If the country wants to be demoralized and means to be demoralized, I do not see how we are going to help it. Every intelligent man knows the hollowness if party cries, the falsity of party statements, the hypocrisy of party pretensions; and if men who know all this are still willing to be made tools of and ready to throw up their caps and drum up votes for the "standard-bearers" of party, they must e'en be allowed to have their own way. "The end is not yet." We should consider this, however, that, in an imperfect state of society, disinterested desire for the public good will never be a very powerful motive among the masses, and that consequently the only way in which interest can be kept alive in public matters is through a large admixture of personal and selfish motives. If we could suppose for a moment party spirit suddenly to flag in presence of a general election, the eloquence of Dr. Tupper, of Sir John A. Macdonald, and of Mr. Mackenzie to fall flat and dead on the ears of their former followers, and the voice of pure reason and patriotism alone to be heard in the land, what would the result be? The result would be that not one-tenth of the whole vote of the country would be polled, and that elections would go just as local interests and private feelings might determine. Does it follow that we all ought to be zealous partizans? By no means. A demonstration that superstition is a natural growth of the human mind does not bind one who has shaken off superstition to try and re-enslave his intellect. No, let us watch the struggle and do what we can to make rational views prevail; but let us not be unduly discouraged if party passions seem to carry everything before them. They must have their fling. The torrent throws up a vast quantity of weed; but there is force and life in it; and anything is better than the cold calculations of selfishness, which would be only too likely to prevail if party spirit suddenly ceased to act. In allegiance to party there is at least a visible advance on simple allegiance to self, and that is something to be thankful for.

—In the March number of the *Fortnightly Review*, Professor Huxley has an instructive article on William Harvey, of which, however, the last page or two suggests the possibly uncharitable idea, that the article might have been written to bring in at the end a masked battery against the opponents of vivisection. He says, indeed, that he does not think the occasion a fitting one "for the discussion of the burning question of vivisection." But he, nevertheless, does discuss it with no little animus and misrepresentation of those who oppose vivisection on the ground that "might" does not constitute the "right" to inflict cruelty, and whose indignation has been stirred—*not* by experiments like that of Harvey, on a "demonstrably insensible animal," but by authentic reports of horrible cruelties perpetrated on highly sensitive creatures, such as dogs, cats, and other domestic animals, the almost humanly intelligent companions of our daily life. And in many cases the experiments had not even the excuse of "the good of the human race," being performed simply to gratify curiosity in verifying the previous experiments of others. The learned Professor closes with a remarkable paragraph, in which he evidently considers he has brought the matter to a *reductio ad absurdum*. He says, "Possibly the world is entering upon a phase in which the recognised whole duty of man will be *to avoid the endurance or the infliction of physical pain*, whatever future alleviation of misery may be its consequence, however great the positive benefit to mankind which may flow thereupon." Observe the words in italics. Professor Huxley puts the endurance and the infliction of pain

upon the same level, as if both were equally heroic! Regulus we all call a hero (never mind that we are told now that his embassy was a myth), but his torturers and he have always been supposed to be morally antipodal. But "*nous avons changé tout cela.*" In the light of modern morality, we shall have to look on inquisitors as no less praiseworthy than their victims, because they at least professed to be guided by the motive of "positive benefit to mankind," and they were so brave in—*inflicting* pain, because they certainly feared not (in Professor Huxley's words) at least "to *inflict* pain" in a good cause! We have always venerated the heroism of the physician who dared personal suffering and death that he might find the secret of some fatal disease. *Now* it turns out that he would have been just about as praiseworthy had he devolved the "vicarious suffering" on some miserable slave! For if a man may cruelly torture an animal because he thinks it is in his power to do so, and because he thinks it for the good of the human race, there are, on Professor Huxley's principles, no reasons why he might not with equal justice, torture some helpless fellow-being, if this also were for the good of the race. Why should a "race" which can claim on no reasonable grounds a higher life than the animal one, be so insufferably arrogant in declaring that all the rest of creation may righteously be tortured for its good? Or if indeed there is a future life after all, and one of these same vivisectors should, on entering it, find himself as absolutely in the power of some member of a superior "race" as the animal was here in his power, what moral plea would he have to urge why he might not in his turn be as relentlessly tortured for the good, physical or moral, of other superior beings? Probably he would then see it in a different light, the light in which a vivisector's victim, if suddenly endowed with reason, would be likely to see it *now*. He goes on to say, however, that when the world has entered upon the phase he describes, various terrible things will happen. First, "crime must go unpunished, for what justification is there for 'torturing' a poor thief or murderer except for the general good of society?" Natural enough for a utilitarian, but he seems to forget that in such a new "phase," it is possible that an old-fashioned idea called "moral desert" might have some influence. Furthermore, "there will be no means of transport, or nothing to ride except steam-engines and bicycles, for the 'torture' involved in the training and in the labour of beasts of draught and burden will be insufferable." Well, we *have* heard it suggested that our methods of *training* might and ought to be improved, so as to avoid the "torture," and that the cruelties inflicted in the *use* of such animals are a fair subject for our humanitarian societies to prevent. Wouldn't this be a possible alternative? But further: "No man will think of eating meat or killing noxious insects." Here again, surely we have heard of "painless killing," which most intelligent people regard as a simple duty towards the animals we use for food. "Sport," terrible to say, "will be abolished." *Ruat cælum!* But the people who do not see the high moral influence of *battues* and pigeon-shootings, and putting thousands of innocent birds annually to a death of lingering torture may be excused for thinking this not so terrible an evil after all! And—climax of all—"war will have followed it, not so much because war is fraught with evil to men, but because of the awful 'torture' which it inflicts directly upon horses and mules, to say nothing of the indirect dyspeptic sufferings of the *vultures and wolves, which are tempted by our wickedness to over-eat themselves!*" Surely, such gross and heartless flippancy in dealing with such a subject is unworthy of a man of Professor Huxley's standing! It seems superfluous to remark that most people in this age have been in the habit of considering war, in *all* its aspects, unnatural, horrible, alike opposed to the spirit of Christianity and of true civilization, and would joyfully welcome a "phase" of the world in which it should disappear. But Professor Huxley tells us he would "be somewhat loath to exist in a world in which his notions of what men should be and do will have no application." He might then have some sympathy with those who now often find *their* "notions" placed out of relation with the actual, and their joy of existence marred by such things as war and *battues*, and the countless miseries which man inflicts on the creatures under his control, human or otherwise. This subject may be a difficult or a perplexing one, but Professor Huxley's remarkable *reductio ad absurdum* will hardly throw much light upon it.

—It seems to me that every one must agree in the condemnation above pronounced upon the tone and language indulged in by Prof. Huxley. The eminent anatomist has never been distinguished for delicacy of moral feeling or of taste. It would almost seem as if constant and prolonged study of nature, "red in beak and claw with ravine," had given him a tendency to shriek against any gentler creed than that of "the survival of the fittest." But—some one may say—we do not choose creeds for their gentleness, but for their truth; and if the "survival of the fittest" is the master principle on which nature works, why should we not adapt all our thoughts and feelings to it? Why should we not brand as sentimentalism every mode of feeling that stands in the way of the fullest recognition and acceptance of that principle. Well, here is just the issue that I should like to see joined, viz., whether the principle of competition, of struggle, involving the destruction or the debasement of the weaker by the stronger, is applicable to the moral and social development of humanity. There is no doubt at all that, in the consideration of social problems, many persons are to-day profoundly influenced by the truth, which only of late years has been duly realized, that throughout nature there is an unceasing struggle for life, and that types are perfected by the destruction of all their weaker representatives. Why should this not hold good in human civilisation? Why should we put forth a hand to help the weak, instead of leaving him to perish in his weakness? Why should we redeem any one from the consequences of his fault, and thereby thwart the teachings and intentions of nature? This drunken man whom we see lying by the roadside on a bitter night should be left to freeze, inasmuch as that is nature's method of punishing such recklessness as his. You need not mind his wife and children; if they perish also that is only what commonly happens to young birds and beasts when deprived of their natural protectors. I say that this mode of viewing things is becoming much more common of late years; and I should like to see it pushed, in theory, to the utmost consequences, in order that we may see whether it is one that we can safely trust in human matters. What has been said above of the drunken man would apply equally to your friend who has casually fallen into the water, and is drowning before your eyes. Some act of heedlessness has brought him to his present position; and why should he not suffer the consequences? Similarly, in the competition of life, everyone should take the fullest advantage of every point in his own favour. For the strong to place their strength at the service of the weak is flying in the face of nature, which says that the weak should be improved off the face of the earth. If this principle, however, cannot be applied in its purity; if human society would sink to the level of the vultures (the regularity of whose digestion Prof. Huxley thinks will engage so much tender solicitude in years to come) were it to adopt any such code as that which maintains the balance of life in the lower creation; then would it not be well to cease from tacit references to that code, and to shun altogether that tone of savage impatience with weakness and savage contempt of compassion? There must be a *human* method of dealing with weakness, and it is for men and women to find it out. The first interest to be saved is the interest of human character. We cannot allow that to be brutalized for any theory. It has been elevated in the past by examples of heroism and self-sacrifice; and if it is to be elevated in the future we may be pretty sure it will be by the same means. The struggle for existence may have made us men; but if we would rise above our present level it will be by a struggle for the higher life of charity and self-renunciation.

—A friend of mine, who was afflicted with an exasperatingly pious servant, used to complain bitterly of the ready and orthodox excuses which the domestic would bring forward in palliation of her misdoings. There seemed to her something essentially mean and underhand in the sneaking way in which the burden was shifted off the offender's shoulders by the ready "Oh, yes, ma'am, I'm very sorry, but I was tempted beyond my power to resist," or the "Indeed, ma'am, it must have been the Evil One himself who whispered such a thought into my ear." These justifications were generally brought forward with such an air of being entirely innocent of the whole affair, such a readiness to hold one's self disconnected from all blame, and so much pharisaical contempt for one's quondam associate in guilt, that I think my friend's indignation will be quite understood, and her vigour of speech ap-

plauded, when I mention that her usual reply was, "That's right, lay all the blame on poor Satan!"

Burns, if I remember right, had the same soft spot for "auld Nickie," and the servant girl had her prototype in Eve, with her "The serpent tempted me, and I did eat." It is a kind of inverted humility that leads us to hand over our bad deeds, like a bankrupt's stock, *en bloc*, to the Father of Lies, and we feel as if a kind of moral whitewashing brush has passed over our souls accordingly. It is *such* a relief to us, and he—why he is so badly off already that an additional turpitude or so can't weigh much with him. In the old wanderings in the desert, when the High Priest had laid his hands, heavy with the curse and the iniquity of an entire people, upon the forehead of the scape-goat, and that unfortunate animal had turned aside to die in the famine-stricken plain, no one would have scrupled to have vented his wrath in a private imprecation upon its devoted head. To add a span of years to eternity would be as futile and unmeaning as to impute another blackness or two to the Devil; so our repentant criminal feels that in blaming Satan, who won't care, and who is not jeopardised in any way, he is, as nearly as practicable, annihilating his fault altogether — surely a very desirable result.

I have been led into this train of thought by the not unnatural idea that, just now, "poor Satan" is having the faults of a prominent temperance lecturer scored down to his account by some hundred cold-water-cure organizations all over the Province. The Devil, and perhaps the Distillers, are credited with the whole affair; whereby, naturally, great honour and glory redounds to the Temperance Cause, whose advocates are found worthy to be tempted by two such powerful adversaries.

Now for a thought to wind up with. What do you say?—'tis my wife that interrupts me. "It is true that men are apt to lay their bad deeds upon the back of the Devil; and not less true nor less natural is it, that they claim all their good deeds as their own."

—Have you never been disappointed, when exercising what Canon Farrar calls "the divinest perogative of friendship," namely, that of communicating to others what you find to be healthful to yourself, to find that the friend to whom you have confided your burning thought has not met you with that sympathy you looked and waited for, that he merely answered you with a "yes, a very pretty idea," calmly spoken, or "a happy suggestion," or something equally commonplace and wholly inadequate to your feelings? You have felt then that what had been to you a rush of refreshing water, where previously there had been dry land, was to him a mere statement "stale, flat, and unprofitable," stirring nothing within him.

I think we ought to bear in mind in these cases that just when a fresh thought comes to us our minds are in perfect readiness and fit to entertain it, and that this is why we "receive it gladly" and it brings forth fruit. On the other hand, our friend's brain has not been working on the same plan as our own, and is consequently unfit to take in our suggestion; probably, too, it is swayed by some dominant idea of its own.

It was a delicate, pale flower that I was watching that made me think of all this, and I was just going to observe to my companion how calmly and quietly it seemed waiting for light and beauty to come to it to make it still fairer and fuller of life, and how contentedly it was "letting be," reminding one of some remarks of the good Dean of Norwich, that we should not flare our light (perhaps, too, an imaginary light—a very will-o'-the-wisp) in other people's faces, saying, "Look here, here's a light!" but remember the Divine command to "*let* it shine." I say, I was going to say something like this to my acquaintance, when I was suddenly seized with the idea that he would certainly respond "h'm," or something equally refrigerating.

CURRENT EVENTS.

ON the eve of a general election in the Dominion, and amid the din of party preparation, public affairs in Quebec have suddenly acquired an interest which fairly entitles them to unusual prominence in a review of current events. It is much to be regretted that the issue to be submitted to the Province at the polls should be so blurred and confused in the presentation. Instead of being required to pass judgment upon the financial or general policy of the late Administration and the programme of M. Joly, the people are called upon to decide a grave and delicate constitutional question, which it is antecedently improbable they will consider calmly, dispassionately, and upon its merits. Apart, however, from the purblind rage of party conflict, there is an essential unfitness in the tribunal to which the appeal is made. The people are the best and surest defenders of popular freedom; and yet it is indisputably true also that, on the finer issues arising from the relations of the Crown to its advisers, they are not competent judges. The broad lines of defence with which our constitution has hedged about the liberties of the people are well marked and easily discernible by them; they can mark the towers and tell the bulwarks with unerring exactness; but it by no means follows that the management of operations within is best conducted by the rough and ready means of a *plébiscite* or a Parliamentary election. No one can possibly go further than we are prepared to go in ardent attachment to representative institutions, and that best form of them known as responsible government; yet it is impossible to conceal the fact that, although all power must come from the people, and all authority be ultimately responsible to them, the inner machinery of government is far too complicated and delicate to be improved by rude overhauling at the hustings. The *ad captandum* appeals to popular fears and prejudice, as well as popular ignorance, now being made, are sufficient evidence that those who raise constitutional issues regarding the Royal prerogative are of the same opinion. A system which "broadens down from precedent to precedent" requires, from those who would rightly comprehend it, something more than a vague enthusiasm for popular rights, or an unreasoning panic over supposed assaults upon them. To call up the ghost of George III., or of Lord Metcalfe, is to unhinge the public mind and unfit it for the exercise of its political functions, to raise false and irrelevant issues, and to appeal rather to the unruly passions of the electorate than to its sober and cultivated common sense.

Let us endeavour, therefore, to strip this Quebec crisis of all adventitious surroundings and examine it in the light of constitutional history. The survey must necessarily be brief; but it may be none the less complete and conclusive; and first, for the facts. The Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, on the 1st of March, dismissed his Conservative Ministers, and subsequently called upon M. Joly, the Liberal leader, to form a Cabinet This having been accomplished, His Honour, by the advice of the new Government, dissolved the House. The reasons assigned for the dismissal were two:—first, that the De Boucherville Cabinet had "submitted several new and important measures to the Legislature without having previously, in any manner, consulted with the Lieutenant-Governor;" and, secondly, that one, at least, of these measures seemed to him "to be contrary to the principles of law and justice." M. Letellier, it must be mentioned, distinctly acquits the Premier of the intention of claiming any right of having "measures passed without his approval, or of slighting the prerogatives of the representative of the Crown;" still, "although not so intended, the fact exists," and "gives rise to one of those false positions which place the representative of the Crown in a difficult and critical position with reference to both Houses of the Legislature. . . . The Lieutenant-Governor cannot admit the responsibility of this state of things to rest upon him." The late Administration and its supporters contend that the Lieutenant-Governor has no right to dismiss a Ministry which is sustained

by a majority in the House, but must accept them and their measures, so long as they are so sustained. They suggest that M. Letellier's act is the result of party or personal feelings; that they are the victims of a misunderstanding; and that, at the last moment, they were willing to reserve their own Bills, to be vetoed at Ottawa, rather than yield the places they occupied with the sanction and approval of the Legislature. It would appear also that they protest against the dissolution granted to M. Joly.

Now, if there be one constitutional principle more clearly defined than another, it is this, that the choice of its advisers is absolutely within the power and prerogative of the Crown, subject to the approval of the people's representatives, either in a House actually in being or a new one to be elected after a reasonably short interval. In dismissing a Cabinet possessing the confidence of a majority in the existing House, the Crown or its representative no doubt incurs a grave responsibility; but of the necessity or propriety of that step the Sovereign is the sole judge, the penalty of a mistake being the return of an ejected Ministry to office. The serious character of such a dismissal is a sufficient safeguard against its frequent recurrence; and so far from being an assault upon responsible government, it is its surest bulwark. The notion that a change of Ministry, with an appeal to the people, is an outrage upon representative institutions, appears to be about the wildest hallucination that ever haunted the addled brain of a political enthusiast. It assumes that, although the existing Government, with its majority, may violate every principle of equity, treat the Crown as a lay figure or a cipher, and resist an appeal to the people, the representative of the Sovereign is to submit to be ignored, to gather all he knows about public affairs, as ordinary people do, from the newspapers, sanction everything, read the little speeches put in his hands, and be content. That, as we shall soon have occasion to perceive, is not the theory of the British constitution; it is only referred to here as connected with the absurd cry of "responsible government in danger." The Crown has duties to perform towards the people as well as the Cabinet or the Commons; indeed, it may sometimes be the better exponent of popular opinions and wishes, and it is therefore the height of absurdity to urge that an appeal to the people is a violation of their rights, or that those rights should be considered of less importance than the partizan views of a moribund Legislature. Without the power of dismissing advisers, responsible government could not possibly exist. A refractory Minister might easily set his colleagues at defiance, as Lord Palmerston did for some time after the French *coup d'état*; the Crown, which is the balance wheel of the constitutional machine must cease to work, and the whole be thrown into confusion because of the usurpation of sovereign authority by the advisers of the Sovereign. There is nothing a corrupt ministry, backed by a servile majority, might not do, until it reached the end of its tether. Popular opinion and political morality might be set at defiance, and, although the day of retribution might come, incalculable mischief might have been done in the interval. Will any one contend that if Lord Beaconsfield were dishonorable enough, in England, to propose a Silver Bill, or the repudiation of a solemn award by arbitrators, the Queen, because he happened to command a majority in the Commons, would or ought to sanction his measures? Is the Crown alone to have no conscience? Is it to permit the good name of the country to be sullied and its own dignity lowered without the power of dismissing the offenders and appealing from them to the country? So much for the common-sense view of the matter; now the precedents may be examined.

The old exercise of the veto in England fell into disuse from the moment Parliamentary rule became a reality. The last occasion on which the Sovereign employed it occurred in 1707, when Queen Anne vetoed the Bill to settle the militia of Scotland. The reason why this prerogative has fallen into abeyance is, as Cox observes, "because the Crown acts under the advice of Ministers responsible to Parliament, and those Ministers do not offer measures to Parliament in opposition to the will of the Sovereign." Obviously, therefore, the Sovereign must be fully informed of the nature and scope of any such measures, and whatever may be said of George the Third's theory of government or his want of fidelity to advisers he accepted, precedents in his reign must carry due weight with them on the point here at issue. There is a steady progress in the

history of the constitution; but there is no breach of continuity, and, therefore, precedents not subsequently overruled are still in full force, no matter whether they are met with under the Plantagents, Tudors, Stuarts, or the House of Brunswick. George III. erred not in exercising "the constitutional right of dismissing a Minister" (the phrase is one used by Her Majesty, Queen Victoria), but in plotting against his Ministers, using the influence of his name against them, and seeking counsel from irresponsible advisers. The Fox-North coalition of 1783 was personally distasteful to him, and he complained that they had put £100,000 in the estimates for the Prince of Wales without consulting him, and that the East India Bill was not properly explained to him. He dismissed them, appointing Pitt, and in 1784 his course was ratified by the people. In 1807, the Ministry of "all the talents" was virtually ejected, because they had, as the King alleged, introduced a Catholic Emancipation Bill without fully informing him of its nature. He was indignant that the Bill should be fathered on him, protested that he would never sign it, demanded its immediate withdrawal and a pledge that Ministers would not introduce a similar Bill in future. The result was a change of Government; Perceval advised a dissolution and carried a majority on the appeal to the people. In 1832, although Earl Grey obtained a majority of two to one on the Reform Bill in the Commons, he was forced to retire—in fact, dismissed—when the King refused to create Peers. In 1834, on the death of Earl Spencer, Lord Althorp, his son, leader of the House of Commons, was removed to the Lords. Thereupon William IV., who was opposed to a majority of the Cabinet on the Irish Church question, dismissed them. Sir R. Peel succeeded and appealed to the people. He was defeated at the polls and Lord Melbourne returned to office in 1835. In 1839, Her present Majesty refused to allow Sir R. Peel liberty to dismiss two ladies of the bedchamber, and he was kept out of office; but in 1841, Sir Robert triumphed in the elections and was made Premier on his own terms. All these precedents bear upon the Quebec case, more or less, and in none of them was any objection made on the ground that the Royal prerogative had been exercised unconstitutionally. The closest parallel, however, occurs in a precedent only twenty-six years old, and appears to have been overlooked during the recent discussion.* Earl Russell was Premier in 1852, certainly, but the objections to Lord Palmerston's course were precisely those made by M. Letellier to that of M. De Boucherville, and similar to those of George III. Let us quote briefly from the *Hansard* of that year; it will be seen that had Lord Palmerston been Premier, instead of Foreign Secretary, the entire Ministry would have been dismissed. In speaking of the position of the Crown in relation to its advisers, Lord John Russell said, "that when the Crown, in consequence of a vote of the House of Commons, places its constitutional confidence in a minister, that minister is, on the other hand, bound to afford to the Crown the most frank and full detail of every measure that is taken, or to leave the Crown its full liberty, a liberty which the Crown must possess, of saying that the minister no longer possesses its confidence. Such I hold to be the general doctrine. But as regards the noble lord, it did so happen that in August, 1850, the precise terms were laid down in a communication on the part of Her Majesty," &c. Now here are the Queen's words:—"The Queen requires first, that Lord Palmerston should distinctly state what he proposes in a given case, in order that the Queen may know as distinctly to what she is giving her Royal sanction. Secondly, that having once given her sanction to a measure, that

* Since these remarks were put in type, Sir Francis Hincks has acknowledged the article in the *Journal*, and fortified his position by a second, which renders it absolutely impregnable. The case of Lord Palmerston is cited from Mr. Todd's valuable book; but one circumstance is omitted that renders it peculiarly apposite to the present discussion, As Lord John Russell stated, the royal memorandum was written, not in 1852, but in 1850. On receiving it, Lord Palmerston had said: "I have taken a copy of this memorandum of the Queen, and will not fail to attend to the directions it contains." In less than eighteen months, he repeated his offence, as above stated, and was dismissed. Singularly, in November, 1877, according to M. Letellier, the ex-Premier of Quebec, having been remonstrated with for acting without the sanction of the Crown, promised that it should not occur again. Early this year, with far less justification, he was once more treading on unconstitutional ground, and was therefore dismissed. It may be remarked, by the way, that the Opposition journals are invoking the Governor-General's personal interference in this matter, without asking or taking the advice of his Ministers; in short, they expect his Excellency to violate the cardinal maxim of responsible Government at Ottawa, in order that he may rescue it from an imaginary peril at Quebec.

it be not arbitrarily altered or modified by the Minister. Such an act she must consider as failing in sincerity towards the Crown, and justly to be visited by the exercise of her constitutional right of dismissing that Minister." It also "so happens that just before the royal memorandum was penned, the House of Commons, after a debate—memorable as the occasion of Sir R. Peel's last speech, only a few hours before the fatal fall from his horse—had distinctly expressed its approval of Palmerston's foreign policy by a vote of 310 to 264. Nor could he have been ejected from the Government if the sovereign had not had power to carry out the Premier's advice to dismiss him. His first offence was committed in the matter of the Hungarian refugees in Turkey, and the second consisted in writing a dispatch approving of the Napoleonic *coup* of the 2nd December. It is hardly necessary to remark that both the Queen and the Premier state a general constitutional doctrine, applicable to all measures, legislative as well as diplomatic; and that the second complaint of Her Majesty was merely an aggravation of the offence charged impliedly under the first head. In 1852, he certainly did not obtain the Royal sanction at all, and that was the immediate cause of his dismissal.

With regard to the dissolution, there is no need to speak at length. It may be remarked, *en passant*, that in 1701, William III. dissolved Parliament, contrary to the wish of his Cabinet, of his own mere motion, because of dissensions between the two Houses and the growing unpopularity of the Commons. From that time, however, no dissolution has taken place except on the advice of responsible Ministers. For example, in 1710, Queen Anne dismissed the Ministers, appointed Harley, and, at his suggestion, dissolved Parliament. These precedents, at least the first, would not bind us without subsequent confirmation, and how the case stands may be gathered from Lord John Russell's Memorials of Fox:—"The precedent of 1784 therefore establishes this rule of conduct—that if the Ministers chosen by the Crown do not possess the confidence of the House of Commons, they may advise an appeal to the people, with whom rests the ultimate decision. This course has been followed in 1807, in 1831, in 1834, and in 1841. In 1807 and 1831 the Crown was enabled, as in 1784, to obtain the confidence of the new House of Commons. In 1834 and 1841 the decision was adverse to the existing Ministry." Three of these cases have already been referred to; the dissolution of Parliament in 1831 was occasioned by the failure of the Reform Bill; that of 1841 by the defeat of the Whig Government, when contending for a fixed duty on corn as opposed to Peel's sliding scale.

The refusal of Sir Edmund Head to dissolve the Canadian House in 1858 has been repeatedly referred to, and therefore deserves a passing remark or two. His Excellency was made the victim of much unmerited vituperation at the time, and, although we think he was clearly wrong, after giving his confidence to the Brown-Dorion Ministry, in refusing a measure absolutely essential to their existence for twenty-four hours, it appears to us that he was only guilty of an error in judgment. Having deliberately invited the Hon. Mr. Brown to form an Administration, he was constitutionally bound to accept him and his colleagues without reservation. Mr. Brown was quite justified in refusing to accept any conditions Sir Edmund might think fit to impose, or the claim to reject his proposed Minister's advice before it was offered, or any opportunity given for offering it. His notice in advance that he would not dissolve the House was a clear proof that he knew such a dissolution must necessarily be asked; and, therefore, to invite Mr. Brown to form a Government under the circumstances, cannot be justified. The fact that the hon. gentleman was the leader of the Opposition might have been the cause of the summons; if it was, either the new Government should not have been accepted and sworn in at all, or the Governor-General should have placed himself unreservedly in their hands, until a general election confirmed them in their places or turned them out. His Excellency, in his explanations, stated, as one reason for his refusal to dissolve, that he believed it possible to form an Administration which would command a majority; if so, considering the nature of the vote which ejected the former Government, he should have at once called upon the man about whom the majority might be expected to rally, and not upon Mr. Brown, whom he had determined not to accept as Minister before he entrusted him with the task of forming a Government. The con-

siderations urged by Sir E. Head are not without weight, and may be fairly admitted as having, in fact, determined his course. The late Government, as subsequent events proved, possessed a working majority in the House, and were only defeated by a union of local jealousies on the Seat of Government question. Moreover, the general elections had only just taken place, and His Excellency was not unnaturally disinclined to plunge the constituencies so soon into the turmoil of an electoral contest, especially when the issue on which the late Ministry retired would certainly not be that upon which the elections must turn, but questions decided already towards the close of 1857. Yet, after an interval of twenty years, the deliberate judgment of dispassionate inquiry must, we believe, be recorded against Sir E. Head. Apart from the objections already suggested, there was an evident want of a broad and comprehensive view on the needs of the time. No attempt was made to effect a fusion of parties, either before or after Mr. Brown's brief tenure of office; perhaps none was then practicable; yet His Excellency could not forecast the results of another appeal to the people, when the pressing and growing difficulties of the time were fully laid before them. A dissolution would not, in all probability, have enabled the new Premier to hold his own; indeed, all the chances were against him; still some *rapprochement* of the leaders might have been hoped for from the altered position of parties, and the country spared the unseemly faction and sectional squabbles of the ensuing six or seven years.

Recurring to the Quebec question, it remains to adjust theory to fact.* Were details of the De Boucherville financial policy, and especially of the Railway and Stamp Bills, to use Lord Russell's phrase, "frank and full," given to M. Letellier prior to their submission to the House? Were the measures "distinctly stated," to quote the Royal memoradum of 1850, so that His Honour might know "as distinctly, to what he was giving the Royal sanction?" If these questions must be answered in the negative, and that we take to be beyond the possibility of dispute, then M. Letellier's course in dismissing his Ministers stands upon irrefragable ground. The notion that a general authorization to use His Honour's name in bringing down the estimates could possibly be strained to cover the Railway Bill, is utterly untenable; and it is certainly a novel constitutional doctrine that the Crown or its representative is to gather the Ministers' policy, not from "a frank and full" exposition of it beforehand, but from newspaper reports of proceedings in the Legislature, after the Government had committed itself before the country, and all the mischief had been done. There appears to have been some misunderstanding as to the extent of the Governor's disapproval of the Railway Bill, but that the Premier anticipated some active step is evident from the memorandum of the Hon. Mr. Angers, which ought not to be lost sight of. His words are, that the Premier "would have, under the circumstances, recommended that it be reserved for the decision of the Governor-General, being in doubt as to the Lieutenant-Governor having the right of his own accord, *proprio motu, to exercise the prerogative of veto.*" Clearly, then, according to their own account, Ministers were not ignorant of M. Letellier's determined opposition to the measure they had introduced without his sanction. It is quite certain that it would have been contrary to every constitutional principle to *veto* the measure without being advised to do so by responsible Ministers, and that could only be done by dismissing those who had urged the measure through without the clear and deliberate sanction of the Crown even to its introduction. The proposal to reserve the Bill for the consideration of the Governor-General was of a piece with their unconstitutional course throughout. Such a step as that of a Ministry reserving an Act passed by both Houses at its own instance—an Act not *ultra vires*, but entirely within the scope of Provincial legislation—would have been entirely without precedent. The New Brunswick School

* The views which follow were formed independently, and before the extremely able and forcible article in the Montreal *Journal of Commerce* appeared. Sir F. Hincks has been mentioned as the author of that article, and although we were not unaware of his reputed connection with the *Journal* before, we should not even now have violated the privileges of an anonymous writer. Inasmuch, however, as the name of Sir Francis has been so frequently used, there seems no reason why we should not have the full weight of his great authority in favour of sound constitutional views, more especially as he certainly cannot be accused of undue bias towards the Liberal side. It is not surprising to learn that Sir Alexander Galt has pronounced an equally clear and distinct opinion to the same effect.

Bill might have been within recollection, and the course taken by Mr. Mowat regarding the Orange Incorporation Bill in Ontario might have served as a warning. In the latter case, the question was an open one at that time, and Mr. Mowat had, as a private member, supported the measure; but in order to cast the odium of vetoing it upon Sir John Macdonald's Government, he reserved it, purely as a piece of party strategy. It was sent back with the information that it was a matter of Provincial concern. Now that Mr. Joly has taken office in Quebec, perhaps it is the only prudent course open to him; his hands are free in the matter, and therefore he is quite at liberty to advise his Honour to reserve the Bill. His predecessor could only have stultified himself and trifled with the Legislature by the reservation he intended to propose. It was a weak device to extricate himself from an awkward predicament of his own creation—a straw snatched at to save the Ministry from drowning.

Complaint has been made that M. Letellier did not arrest the Bill during its progress; the answer is that beyond verbal protest to Ministers he had no opportunity for action; and if the step he ultimately took was as grave and serious as the Conservative party contend, he was fully justified in taking it into earnest consideration, and delaying to take so important a resolution until fully satisfied that he was warranted in doing so. The only breach of the constitution, the only violation of the principles of responsible government—which covers as well the rightful prerogative of the Crown as the Parliamentary responsibility of Ministers—must be laid at the door of the late Government. It was not the Lieutenant-Governor, but the Ministry, who inflicted a deadly blow at our constitutional system, and they alone ought to bear the blame. The very fact that his Honour was compelled to ask for the documents necessary to enable him to form a judgment at the last moment, is clearly sufficient to convict the Ministers of having ignored the Crown in a matter where its name and authority were used more directly than usual. It is not our intention to examine the proposed legislation at any length on this occasion; yet its cause and pretext—the financial necessities of the Province—ought not to be overlooked. Within a few years the reckless expenditure of its rulers has reduced Quebec, to quote from the *Herald*, "from solvency to the verge of ruin." They had reached the end of their tether, and were compelled to resort to any device, just or unjust, equitable or the reverse—as starving men who have flung aside their control of conscience—in order to keep themselves alive. They ventured to constitute themselves into a tribunal to judge the recalcitrant municipalities, and, as M. Letellier complained (Feb. 25), not content "with the provisions of the statute and public laws, and with those of the civil code of the Province, for the recovery of the sums of money which might become due by the said corporations, but without in any manner previously consulting with the Lieutenant-Governor, to propose *ex post facto* legislation to compel them thereto." Ministers were to be plaintiffs and and judges in their own cause; they were to sign and issue debentures in a number of municipalities of their own motion; they were to employ the Sheriff and his *posse comitatus* to seize their property in default of payment; in short, instead of submitting the case to the arbitrament of the Courts, they chose to adopt the most ruinous and wasteful method possible of enforcing their claims. The only pretext upon which this high-handed step was taken is, that they were "impecunious" and could not wait long enough to have the matter properly adjudicated upon in a normal and legitimate way. That is the real issue upon which they are now appealing to the Province; from a constitutional point of view they have not a leg to stand upon.

Imperfect as our review of Quebec affairs has necessarily been, it has absorbed a disproportionate share of our limited space. The proceedings of the Dominion Parliament, however, have not been so interesting as to demand any extended notice. There is a great deal too mach squinting askance, with one eye on Mr. Speaker and the other on the polling booth, noticeable during the Session. The industry exhibited in raking up trifling matters of so-called jobbery and corruption would be laudable if it had been exerted in a nobler and better cause. Mr. Dymond's prominence in this unsavoury work is much to be regretted. He was certainly made for better things than foraging

for complaints against Col. Bernard out of Public Accounts ten years old, on feeble and trivial grounds, simply because he is Sir John Macdonald's brother-in-law. There seems such an essential spitefulness and pettiness in this contemptible job-hunting, that one is surprised to notice the member for North York joining, and even leading the political jackals. He is, to some extent, no doubt, fettered by his connection with the *Globe*; but it is decidedly unfair as well as ungenerous to taunt him with it. The independent action of the journalist, and the power and influence of journalism are clearly incompatible with the continued system of petty persecution to which Mr. Dymond has been subjected; and these are surely matters of vital concern to all writers in the periodical press, irrespective of party views and predilections. Now that Mr. Dymond has, somewhat petulantly, asserted his personal independence, it may be hoped there will be no more assaults upon him of that sort. Our complaint against the hon. Member is of an altogether different character. Dealing with him as a public man, with a clear head, a good stock of political knowledge, and a ready faculty of speech, it seems lamentable that his advantages should be frittered away in the unsavoury work of mud-flinging. There is an evident degeneracy in his manner and tone of late, and the appearance of a semi-sanctimonious air which is exceedingly offensive in point of taste. One expects to hear of "the consciousness of sin" at church, but not in the House, where there is no public man of mark who is in a position to cast a stone. Mr. Dymond's language is growing coarse, also, and we are afraid that "a superfluity of naughtiness" must be charged against him, as well as a superfluity of cant.

Into the charges and countercharges of peculation and jobbery we do not propose to enter; their name is legion and their only object, apparently, to pile up against opponents so grand a mass of prejudice as to be serviceable, on one side or the other, with uncritical audiences during the canvass. The fiscal question is the only one which fairly challenges the examination of the electorate, and even upon that unhappily there is no clearly defined issue. It has been presented in bad form from the first, and now, as we predicted, there is a painful certainty that it will be strangled in the party *mêlée*. Sir John Macdonald's motion, notwithstanding his protest to the contrary, was a non-confidence motion, as every such amendment to going into Committee of Supply must necessarily be. Indeed, at the close of his speech, he distinctly announced that his party pledged themselves "to fight the battle *à outrance* at the polls and in the country." The consequence was that supporters of the Government who have committed themselves to a national tariff policy were forced into line whether they desired it or not. It was no doubt Sir John's purpose to place these gentlemen in a false position before their constituents for party purposes; but that only furnishes another proof that the existing parties are a stumbling-block in the way. Party obligations, according to the prevailing code of political ethics, must be paramount considerations in the conscience of every party man. It is a standing maxim that a member of any such combination must surrender his reason, warp or stifle his most sincere convictions, and vote, as he is bidden, at the beck of his leaders. He must be clay in the hands of the ministerial potter, or, like a well-ordered automaton, move as he is moved by the concealed machinery within. Partizans contend that their factions must possess a certain power of cohesion or cease to exist; but, although the surrender of all independence in critical times may be a necessary evil, there can be no possible excuse why the despotism of party discipline should be so grinding when there is hardly a single principle at stake. And yet, at such a time as this, when men ought to sit loose to these supposed obligations, they seem inclined to hug their chains more closely and fondly. The pretence that the existing practice is essential to the working of parliamentary government is not well founded. "We look in vain for any trace of it," says an English constitutional authority, "in the best epochs of the history of Parliament," and the advocates of the system "do not consider that, in that history, only a very small space is occupied by party Government, and that it has prevailed only for comparatively short and interrupted periods of the last and present century." The pleas on behalf of party obligation, continues Cox, "are founded on speculative and not on historical considerations; that they advert not to evils which have resulted, but to evils which are deemed likely to result from the abolition of party obligations."

As might have been anticipated, the subject of tariff readjustment, at first more or less an open question, has gradually been appropriated by the Opposition, and is not to be decided at the polls upon its merits, but according to party prejudice and at party dictation. It has become a mere shuttlecock—a thing of cork and feathers, as Bulwer says in his comedy—to be hurled to and fro by those who wield the battledores of faction. The Ministerial *doctrinaires* have grown more and more fanatical and dogmatic. Mr. Cartwright has gone out of his way to prove that he has completely emancipated himself from the pestilent theory of Protection. Wherever he fancies an increased duty might by any possibility foster a nascent industry, he is sure to shun it as he would the plague. Even where it is a matter of indifference, from a revenue point of view, upon which of two commodities a new or increased impost be placed, he is sure to choose the raw material or the article we cannot produce in Canada, rather than that which, by judicious protection, might prove the source of a flourishing manufacture, increasing the wealth of the country and affording new openings for the employment of both capital and labour. Indeed, one would suppose the Finance Minister to cherish the settled conviction that manufactures are absolutely a hindrance to national prosperity and the accumulation of wealth, so violently is he opposed to their successful introduction or extension in Canada. His policy is not only unpatriotic but absolutely disloyal. It has made us dependent on the United States, so far as fiscal legislation can effect that result; and is, as fast as possible, paving the way for annexation to that country. He has virtually determined that, save agriculture, lumbering, and mining, Canada shall have no industries at all, except such as Brother Jonathan may concede to her. The time is not so far distant when the mineral resources of Ontario will alone remain unimpaired to her. With lands impoverished and forests laid low, whither is the Province to look for a renewal of her strength in the absence of manufacturing industry? Canada, in short, if the present policy be persevered in, will remain an abortive nationality, maimed and incomplete, ready to be plundered or absorbed by the rapacious and unscrupulous freebooter across the border.

Such appear to be the drift and tendency, we do not say the purpose, of the Government policy; nor has that of the Opposition been much more sagacious or satisfactory. Sir John Macdonald's amendment, which he intends as an electoral manifesto, was framed too obviously for the purpose of catching votes, rather than to serve as a plain and definitive statement of principle. All are fish that come into his net; and therefore it seemed necessary to provide a bait suitable for all sorts and conditions of the finny tribe. Moreover the Opposition speakers and journalists are clearly injuring their cause by constantly pointing to the United States, where extreme protection finds its *reductio ad absurdum*, not as a warning, but as an example for Canadian imitation. If the phrase "reciprocity of tariff" means anything at all, it certainly foreshadows the adoption, in the mass, of the American system, "Chinese wall" and everything else. Now that is a policy which, could it be carried out, and happily it cannot, would prove quite as disastrous as that of Mr. Cartwright, perhaps more so. The charge of insincerity preferred by the Reform party, and caught up, in its "invincible ignorance," by the London *Times*, has acquired a certain verisimilitude from the wild utterances of Conservative speakers and writers. The true needs of the Dominion may be fairly and cogently stated, without resorting to extravagance of language or economical absurdity in announcing a fiscal policy suited to the country. On our southern frontier, for thousands of miles, we have a neighbouring nation which has had the start of us in manufacturing industry; it is a stronger and wealthier nation than Canada, and thus has the power to exert an extremely pernicious influence on Canadian progress. Even with free competition, the Americans would have the advantage in many ways; but with a tariff virtually excluding our products there, and an extremely low tariff here, how can Canadian manufactures be expected to spring into existence or continue to exist where they have gained a precarious footing? No reasonable man desires a fiscal scheme like that of the United States: what is required is simply that, inasmuch as the bulk of the Dominion revenue must be derived from Customs duties, these duties shall be so adjusted as to protect such manufactures as may be profitably carried on

amongst us. This policy may be called Incidental Protection, or as Sir Alex. Galt suggests, "Modified Free Trade;" the name is of slight consequence as compared with the substance, which is of urgent and momentous importance. No one who has followed the course of the Cobden Club, the utterances of the younger school of English free-traders, or of the modern French economists in sympathy with them, can fail to see that experience has materially changed the views of the party. In the present state of opinion, there is nothing to prevent Sir A. Galt, Mr. Goldwin Smith, or any other "theoretical free-trader," from advocating a Canadian national policy without rendering himself obnoxious to the charge of inconsistency.

If Mr. Cartwright had deliberately framed his policy with the avowed object of preventing Canada from becoming a manufacturing country, he could not have devised a more promising and sagacious plan. So convinced do his supporters appear to be of this obvious fact, that they are driven to argue as if there were no alternatives but suicide on the Cartwright system and suicide by ultra-Protection. Whenever politicians rush into one extreme, from fear or horror of the other, it is a certain proof that their reasoning is fallacious, and their mental balance wavering and unsteady. During the debate on Sir John A. Macdonald's amendment, Messrs. Dymond and Charlton, on the Government side, delivered able and exhaustive speeches; yet the essential weakness of their position was obvious, even in the mist of special pleading and confusing statistics they had accumulated. Figures in the hands of a skilful manipulator are always potent weapons, and Mr. Charlton came with his quiver full of them. His returns from agricultural implement makers, and others who need no protection, were evidently considered a sufficient reply to the complaints of those who have a different story to tell, much as the old bachelor objected to State education, because he had no children and therefore failed to see the necessity for it. The hon. member should also remember that it was scarcely ingenuous to quote figures from the decade covering the American war and apply them to the existing condition of things. With his change of opinion, since 1876, we are not much concerned; he certainly piped in a very different key two years ago; but party obligations, of course, are a sufficient ground for occasional somersaults, and Mr. Charlton has performed his ground and lofty tumbling in good company. Mr. Dymond's speech, although the early part of it was devoted to the exposure of Conservative inconsistencies, real or supposed, was an extremely forcible and effective one—the best, it appears to us, from that side. He seemed, however, to forget, like Mr. Charlton, that 1868 and 1878 represent two entirely different aspects of the fiscal question, and that a low tariff in the former year would be the equivalent of a higher tariff than that now in force. The hon. member ably disproved the idea that England is losing her commercial supremacy in the world. England's manufactures and shipping were nursed into sturdy life at an early date, and were only let out of leading-strings when they could go alone. Her industries have been unquestionably expanded by her free-trade system; but then it was not adopted until they were strong enough to compete with all rivals. The mother-country, in fact, had got the start of other nations; much as the United States have got the start of us. Mr. Dymond's arguments range over too many points to be reviewed at length; they were ably urged and deserve attentive consideration.

In proposing his amendment, Sir John A. Macdonald delivered one of the most forcible speeches he has yet made on the subject, and in it, although not by any means too soon, he repudiated any desire to copy the American tariff. His motion, however, was unfortunately worded, and Mr. Mills had ample ground for referring specially to the phrase "reciprocity of tariffs." The right hon. gentleman strongly asserted the sincerity of his agitation for tariff reform; yet, though it cannot be said that he protested too much, he certainly promised far more than his Finance Minister will find himself able to perform. The idea of "levelling up," which Sir John has probably borrowed from his political exemplar, Lord Beaconsfield, may possibly tell at the polls; but it is extremely visionary and altogether impracticable. It is this coquetting with all the interests which has given plausibility to the assertion that the ex-Premier is playing a part, as well as giving factitious strength to the cause of his opponents. There were many well-reasoned addresses delivered on the Opposition side, but that of Mr. Colby,

of Stanstead, was indisputably the best, because it showed an intimate acquaintance with the subject, acquired by long and assiduous study of the country's needs. His address was argumentative simply, and he very ably brought out the facts regarding the attitude of England and of the United States in fiscal matters. Mr. Gillmor, from Charlotte, N. B., on the Free Trade side, did much to relieve the heavinesss of the debate by a facetious speech—more laughable than decorous, it is true—which ought to make Mr. Rymal look to his laurels. The amendment, was, of course, defeated on the strictly party division of 117 to 76—a majority of 41.

The Senate has been showing unwonted activity this Session of a spasmodic character. Indeed, it has shown far too much energy to suit the Hon. Mr. Brown and his journal. It was not to be expected that the Hon. Mr. Macpherson would consent to lie under the charge of falsifying facts and figures, and he therefore obtained a Committee to investigate the Kaministaquia purchases of land and premises, and also the propriety of constructing the Fort Francis Lock. Now it is not our purpose to enter into these matters —they go by the name of "jobs," and we have had a surfeit of jobs. Still, it would be improper to conceal the conviction forced upon one by a careful perusal of the evidence, that there has been gross peculation committed in the North-west, especially in the Neebing Hotel matter. The Hon. Mr. Scott very properly contended that the Government cannot be held responsible for the acts of all its subordinates; still there must be a limit to the application of that doctrine. The dealings of Oliver, Davidson, and Co with the Government, clearly show that, through the negligence of public officers, the country has been cheated right and left; and when the magnitude of future operations on the Pacific Railway is considered, and the vast field for jobbery opened up to view, the prospect is appalling, This appears to be the natural result of undertaking so enormous a work directly by the Government. Had Sir Hugh Allan's company, or Mr. Macpherson's been entrusted with its construction, the harpies of party would, in a great measure, have missed their prey; certainly the contractors would have looked too sharply after their own interests to be fleeced as the Government has been and will continue to be to the end of the chapter. The Senate Committee has been charged with pottering "over two barrels of plaster and a bundle of shingles,"—the *Globe's* euphemistic description of an outrageous and successful fraud. Moreover, the Senate has been lectured upon the propriety of keeping its proper place. The House of Commons has, it is said, the sole control over money matters, and as the Senate does not represent the people, it has no right to act for the people. It is not so many years ago, since, at the instance of the Reform Opposition, the Legislative Council of old Canada threw out a money Bill, and stopped the supplies. It is only two or three years since Mr. Mills was roundly abused for daring to belittle the value and insult the dignity of the Senate; and yet now, on the plea that financial considerations are involved, the monstrous proposition is advanced that that body has no right to inquire into improper expenditure. With the voting of the people's money they have certainly nothing to do, that is, in detail; but over the manner in which it is spent they ought equally with the Commons to exercise the strictest supervision. To all appearances the closest vigilance which both Houses can possibly employ, will be needed in the era of jobbery which has dawned upon the country. The *Globe's* objection to the Senate's investigation really is that it is too searching. It would prefer that any inquiry into the public expenditure should be conducted before a tribunal which is prejudiced in favour of everything done by any servant of the Government, can suppress impertinent curiosity, and is quite prepared to acquit any supposed delinquents without hearing the case for the plaintiffs or the people. The experience of the last four years, and of many previous years, plainly indicates the futility of investigations conducted by Government majorities, whether Reform, Conservative, or otherwise. The Public Accounts Committee makes a great figure in the Parliamentary system; but it is high time that its powers of inquiry were transferred to some other body which, by its independence and impartiality, could elicit the whole truth regarding public expenditure, and by so doing command popular confidence. The determination of election petitions has been removed out of the party arena and committed to the Courts; there seems no reason why the expenditure of the preced-

ing year should not be submitted also to an impartial tribunal. Partizans would not then be prosecutors or defendants, lawyers and judges at the same time; the inquiry might be to the full as thorough and exhaustive; and the public mind would be freed from apprehension of improper appropriations, so soon as it could repose implicit faith in the board of audit. Nor would such a system in any way fetter the action of the House; matters of great importance might still be referred to Select Committees, and when the facts were ascertained, discussed in the House. The paltry matters with which the time of the Commons is now wasted, would cease to be magnified into undue importance; and the unceasing displays of ill-temper, so unhappily frequent at present, and so often occasioned by sheer misapprehension, would certainly grow fewer in number and less virulent in type. It is not our intention to enter upon the discussion raised by the motion of the Hon. Mr. Macpherson, on the public expenditure; the old ground is being traversed and the same figures are twisted hither and thither, until they seem to fit into shape either as an indictment against the Government, or for its vindication; our only purpose in referring to the debate springs from the desire to congratulate the Hon. Mr. Brown on the possession of his wonted fire and energy in debate.

The Government has done well in introducing its Permissive Liquor Bill in the Senate. The Hon. Mr. Scott, in submitting the measure, professed his willingness to consent to any amendments suggested with a view of improving its scope or machinery. In the Senate such alterations may be made more calmly and profitably than in the House, and the Bill will go down to the other branch of the Legislature in a more definite shape. It is scarcely necessary to repeat the arguments often presented in these pages against attempts of this sort to prevent, not merely drunkenness, but drinking *per se*, no matter however moderate or even salutary it may be. There is little use in reasoning with those who are the thralls of emotional enthusiasm; and yet the more intelligent of them ought surely to perceive that even though the desirable purpose of preventing the sin of excessive drinking, and the terrible evils it entails upon society, could be effected by statute, the price to be paid for it, in the abridgment of personal liberty, would be far too exorbitant, in exchange for any supposed, still less for any real and substantial benefit that might follow. Measures of this trenchant kind are foredoomed to failure, because they transcend the proper sphere of legislation, and trench upon those individual rights which, as they are the primitive heritage of humanity, admit, less than any others, the arbitrary interference of law. No majority, however large, has any pretext for meddling with the right to choose foods, drinks, or dress, at will, of any minority, however insignificant. In matters of purely personal concern, the tyranny of the *plébiscite* is as outrageous as the single-headed despotism of a Cæsar, a Tudor, or a Bourbon; they are not within the legitimate scope of Governmental agency, and with them no power, be it that of king, oligarchy, or democratic majority, has anything to do. The contrary theory of legislation, if it were carried to its logical results, would involve the interference of the State for the suppression of moral evil in innumerable forms, by means the most odious and oppressive. There are other forms of sin in the world not less pernicious and appalling, though not so obtrusive, as drunkenness, which the legislator who once launches upon this Quixotic sea of adventure, is bound to suppress, no matter how stern may be the necessary discipline or inquisitorial the means employed for their detection. The events of the last few years have shown how widely a perversion of the sexual instinct has spread in Canada, and we are not surprised to find some amateur moral reformers endeavouring to add seduction, and even illicit commerce of any kind, to the list of penal offences. Indeed, there is no halting-place between stringent regulation and the paternal system, which finds its most salient example in the Blue Laws of Connecticut. And when it is further considered that the odious character of repressive legislation renders its successful enforcement out of the question; that the primal instincts of mankind are arrayed against it; and that it will chiefly affect the vast majority who use without abusing, it should be clear to any reflecting mind that prohibition is as futile and impolitic, as it is unjust and oppressive.

The Government measure is unquestionably a great improvement upon the Dunkin

Act. Paradoxical as it may appear, after what has been said, we approve of the more complete prohibitory character of the Bill. If Parliament is to commit itself to this fallacious system at all, it should embrace the policy of "Thorough." It was that which brought Strafford and Laud to the block, and it will effectually strangle this modern engine of tyranny. Sympathy is not so powerful a lever, in most cases, as selfishness, vanity, and the desire to stand well with society or sect; and it is beyond question that hundreds have voted for Dunkin by-laws, who would not have done so if their own exhilarating beverages were to be cut off, or if they had not been in danger of being treated as pariahs by their spiritual masters and fellow church-members. With many the power of selfishness will prevail; and with others, where vanity is also in play, the ballot will also step in as a shield. How far the religious thumb-screw has hitherto been applied must be within the knowledge of every one who has followed the agitation in Toronto or elsewhere. Nothwithstanding the plain teaching and example of the Divine Founder of Christianity, and the express exclusion of meats and drinks from authoritative or compulsory regulation by the Apostle, the new lights have endeavoured to make compulsory abstinence a dogma of the Christian faith. Regardless of the sinister effect such an extravagant course must tend to have upon all doctrinal religion, they have not hesitated to supplement Scripture with an Apocrypha of their own; to speak of those who support their cause as being on God's side, and all who either drink, or refuse to prevent others from using a natural right, as children, or at least allies, of the wicked one. From considerations such as these, it seems best that if the "boots" are to be applied, they should press equally on all sides, and it is absolutely essential to complete freedom of action that the vote should be taken by ballot. The clause requiring at least one-fourth of the registered electors' names to be attached to a petition, should be increased to one-third, and some precaution taken that that they are *bonâ fide* signed by the parties themselves. Moreover, if the law is to be in any measure successful, a provision ought to be introduced requiring a clear majority of at least one-fifth of the whole votes cast. The Government ought firmly to oppose any attempt to extend the Act so as to apply to Provinces, because the interests of different sections of the same Province will often conflict, and what might suit some counties, might be not only inoperative but opposed to public opinion in others, or in cities. The ten-gallon clause strikes one as strange, but it may presumably be accounted for by the needs of the revenue. Still it seems absurd that if a man in Toronto wants a ten-gallon cask, he must repair to Yorkville, and *vice versâ*. If Mr. Cartwright and his colleagues are prepared for so hazardous an experiment, they ought to be prepared to pay the cost. The Bill very properly abstains from interfering with the operation of the Dunkin Act where it is now in force; at the same time, the new Act ought to be applied there, in so far as the voting machinery is concerned, and no farther. There should be vote by ballot and one day's polling, where a vote is taken for the repeal of the by-law. Three years is not too long between every two submissions of the by-law; but it is not short enough when its repeal is demanded after the temporary excitement has passed away, and men have had an opportunity of calmly reconsidering their previous action. It is one thing to impose repressive legislation upon a municipality, and quite another to relieve them of the burden; they ought not, therefore, to be put on the same footing.

The other Government measures hitherto introduced do not call for special remark. It is much to be hoped that Mr. Casey will press firmly for real Civil Service reform. There is, it would appear, to be a change in Cabinet offices, on which the only remark needed is that it seems contrary to precedent to make the Attorney-General a subordinate law-officer of the Crown, unless Mr. Laflamme is to pose as a Canadian Lord Chancellor. In this connection it may not be out of place to notice the repeated assaults made by some of the French Conservative members upon the Supreme Court. At one time it is the expensive fees or the heavy expenditure in salaries, &c., and at another MM. Masson and Mousseau are exceedingly enamoured of the Imperial Privy Council. On the latter point, so far as they advocate the privilege of appeal to England, we agree with them, because there are not so many links binding us to the mother country, that we can afford to have one of them rudely severed. But that is not the ground taken

by these hon. gentlemen. Their complaint is that the Supreme Court does not understand Quebec law, whilst at home there are civilians who can argue and adjudicate intelligently. That may be, or it may not be, true so far as the Canadian tribunal is concerned; yet the Guibord case ought to give them pause. The real trouble is that the learned Judges will take no account of the Canon law or the Syllabus, and the recollection of their outspoken judgment on sacerdotal interference rankles in the Ultramontane heart—*hæret lateri lethalis arundo.*

The Independence of Parliament Bill appears to be a well-considered and unexceptionable measure as a whole, and it is satisfactory to find Sir John Macdonald ready to keep it out of the category of party measures, and assist in making it as complete as possible. We are inclined to agree with M. Masson that the clause disqualifying those who, having been civil servants, are in receipt of pensions or retiring allowances, or even entitled to them, is unjust. Messrs. Laurier and Mills defended the clause on the ground that superannuated officers were liable to be recalled to active service. As the member for Terrebonne urged, the superannuation allowances are deducted regularly from the salaries of civil servants and paid *en bloc* for past services. On the recipients of them the executive ought not and cannot exercise any undue influence. The money they receive has been earned already, and no Minister could so much as threaten to deprive them of it. They are as independent of Government influence as any one qualified to sit in Parliament can possibly be, far more so, indeed, than those hon. members are who have been purchased, along with their constituencies, by the promise of a graving-dock or a winter port. As Sir John Macdonald, in his able and pointed remarks, justly observed, "the supply of good and able men eligible for election to Parliament is by no means equal to the demand." Retired civil servants have served a long apprenticeship in administration, and the country has a right to avail itself of their knowledge, abilities, and experience. Mr. Langton, and other public officers who might be named, would be of eminent service in Parliament, and it is an affectation of purism, or rather purism run mad, to prohibit any constituency from sending them there, not only if they receive what they have already earned, but even if they are entitled to a pension or allowance and decline to receive it. So indefensible a proposal cannot fail to degrade the Civil Service by depriving those who enter it of their rights as British subjects, even after they have ceased to be Government officers, and would prevent the people from selecting representatives from a class admirably fitted to serve them intelligently and well. If there be any point in the plea urged by Messrs. Laurier, Mills, and Laflamme, the Civil Service Act or regulations should be overhauled rather than the Independence of Parliament Act. It is altogether without justification to disqualify men who have earned a reward by serving the country faithfully for a term of years from serving it in another and higher capacity. Such a provision will not elevate the character of the House, and it will certainly lower the tone of the Civil Service. Instead of making its officers serfs or political dependents for life, Parliament should, by some such scheme of reform as that contemplated by Mr. Casey, purge the service of party influence, and so make it the recruiting-ground from which the people might with confidence enlist able and trustworthy representatives.

The third Dominion Parliament will expire by effluxion of time early in 1879; but, in all probability, the Government will see fit to dissolve it either before or after the garnering in of this year's harvest. The people of Canada cannot be too early or too profoundly impressed with the gravity of the task soon to be imposed upon them. The outlook is far from satisfactory or reassuring, since the electorate will be called upon to decide between one party, which was driven from office more than four years ago with a besmirched reputation, and another which, not to speak of innumerable charges preferred against its leaders, for the most part baseless, has definitively arrayed itself against a national and patriotic fiscal policy. Were the people free to choose, as their representatives, their ablest and purest politicians, irrespective of party leanings—men upon whom they could rely as the faithful exponents of cherished principles—all would go well. Unhappily, it is far otherwise. The machinery of central committees, caucuses, and conventions, imported from the United States, has virtually deprived can-

dates of freedom of action and the electors of freedom in the choice of members. Except where local feeling is unusually prominent, the wires are so adroitly manipulated that the ultimate selection is a foregone conclusion. The affected regard for the opinions of the party is sheer deception; the rank and file have no choice whatever, save Hobson's. The candidate in favour at head quarters is always imposed ultimately upon the constituency, and, as a matter of fact, it is not really more free than the credulous youth upon whom a juggler succeeds in forcing his card. It is a singular illustration of the mote and the beam, that whilst Canadian journalists are constantly dilating upon the evil tyranny of American party organization, they are doing their best to root the same pernicious system in Canadian soil. The result is seen in the selection of incapable and too frequently self-seeking and corruptible representatives. Ability, knowledge, integrity, count as dust in the balance when loud mouthed professions of party fidelity are flung into the other scale. Instead of independence of thought and action, men are taught to bow down to the party fetish, and deprived of all chance of success before the people, unless they pronounce with unctuous fervour the party shibboleth. The very writers who are ready to protest against the iron uniformity of creed imposed by the Roman Catholic Church, are the most strenuous advocates of what is called "party discipline." To differ from one's leader is to be a political heretic, and he who dares to have a mind, or even an opinion, he can call his own, runs the risk of being cast out of the party. Now the existing party system is precisely the sacerdotal theory copied in political practice, with the additional objection that it is not nearly so defensible. If the Church believes that she is constantly under Divine guidance, and that to fall into doctrinal error imperils the eternal welfare of the soul, she is justified in forcing upon men a "leaden uniformity" of creed; but although political parties sometimes claim to be impeccable, their infallibility has not yet been raised to the dignity of a dogma. Honest opinions, even should they prove erroneous, are not supposed to entail upon any man ulterior consequences of so terrible a character. It is, therefore, outrageous that the suffrages of the people, who are supposed to be free and intelligent agents, should be actually at the disposal of a double set of wire-pullers. Formerly it was the fashion to impose "platforms" upon candidates—a scheme for binding the candidates hand and foot, and effectually preventing any independent action. These "platforms" were the Athanasian creeds of party, and the man who refused to assent "without doubt perished" politically, unless he and the electors were courageous enough to rend their chains. This cunning device, against which Sir F. Hincks successfully rebelled in 1851, has grown obsolete, because it long since became impossible for the most ingenious political carpenter to get together sufficient "planks" to construct a "platform." The only pledge now expected by parties without principle, is fidelity to the leaders and the party, "right or wrong."

Recent events in East Montreal and the lawlessness on a large scale in Toronto, on the 18th, may well give rise to serious reflection. The assaults committed in the commercial metropolis were isolated crimes, and will probably cease now that the people of the district have undertaken to prevent breaches of the peace. The riotous proceedings in this city are only a repetition of what has occurred before; and in both cities these lamentable events are distinctly traceable to sectarian feuds and animosities. The capital of Ontario has been the stage upon which many outrageous scenes have been enacted; but no previous *émeute* was ever so utterly without excuse, or so profoundly humiliating as the latest on record. The invitation to O'Donovan Rossa, the chief vagabond of the Fenian crew, was an atrocious insult to the loyalty of the city, and a serious blow to the self-respect of honest Irishmen. It shows too plainly that there is in our midst a clique of crazy fanatics, who delight in hearing treason spouted on British soil, whom no revelations of the swindling character and essential baseness of these villanous rogues can purge of their credulous blindness, and who vilely misrepresent the nationality to which they unhappily belong. But the crime and blunder these gullible victims of misplaced confidence committed was as nothing compared with the disgraceful proceedings of the 18th. Not satisfied with yells and stone-throwing and cries of *à la lanterne*, at the scene of the lecture, a lawless mob brutally assailed

the police, who were simply discharging an arduous and painful duty, attacked a Roman Catholic institution, and went a mile and more out of their way to demolish the house of a man, whose property has been destroyed wantonly and without provocation more than once before. Unhappily the story of that night's disgraceful deeds does not need recapitulation. Had these lawless roughs treated the Fenian leader with the contempt he deserved, his utter worthlessness would have been made manifest and the reputation of Toronto vindicated. The only advantage gained by the riot, the shooting and the destruction of property, was abundant proof that the Fenian Bombastes is a bag of wind, "full of sound and fury signifying nothing," and an abject coward to boot—all which everybody well knew before, and certainly ought not to have been brought to learn at such a terrible price. The Catholic Bishops of Ontario did everything to prevent the possibility of disorder, and the vast majority of our Irish Catholics cordially seconded their spiritual leaders; they are certainly not to blame. Neither are we disposed by any means to press too heavily upon the Orangemen, who, as a body, certainly deplore these untoward events. Still it is to be expected that they will at once disclaim all sympathy with the rioters and purge themselves of the unruly element which unquestionably exists amongst them. That there was a nucleus of disciplined men and boys in the crowd is unquestionable, since the notes of the bugle and the word of command were heard and promptly obeyed. It would not be more just to blame the railway men in Pennsylvania for the lawlessness which destroyed five millions worth of property last July than to lay these outrages to the charge of the Orange Association. Still the latter riot gave an opportunity for action to the roughs of Toronto, and it becomes a serious question whether such an organization, which trains up bigots and fanatics from boyhood, ought to receive encouragement from any enlightened Protestant. Had there been no such body, it is not at all probable that the baser elements of the population would have had any pretext or opportunity for the display of their peculiar talents or tendencies. Unhappily, every such disturbance aggravates the mischief, and no one can look forward to the next twelfth of July without terrible misgivings.

March 25th, 1878.

BOOK REVIEWS.

MY INTIMATE FRIEND. By Florence J. Duncan. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.; Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson. 1878.

We cannot praise Mrs. Duncan's novel, and yet it is by no means bad enough to be spoken of severely. Like Mahomet's coffin, it hangs suspended between heaven and earth, but, unlike that phenomenon, excites no curiosity in our minds as to how it got there. The process is too clear. Mrs. Duncan is, presumably, a steady novel reader, and, from the awe with which she first assayed the flavour of a work of fiction, has gradually fallen into that state of familiarity which is too apt to breed something worse. Seeing a certain number of incidents cropping up in all the multitudinous tales that are flooded upon the market by prolific writers, with just so much difference as is noticed in a badly shuffled pack of cards, our authoress has tried the daring feat herself, believing that originality lies in the sequence in which the pasteboard aces and knaves are played. So our old friends the concealed marriage, the deserted wife, the school life, the rich, but too-soon ruined father, the hidden attachment, and the confidential correspondence are whisked together again for our delectation; the deaths are sprinkled in with unusual depth of determination towards the end, and the whole bolus is sugared up with the oil of reconciliation in the last chapter.

The heroine, unsophisticated Lucia, makes our acquaintance at a convent. The school at this convent is chiefly patronised by Protestants, and the Sisters are most strict in not attempting any proselytising. This we are told without the least attempt at irony, although we find the children taught to repeat "Hail Mary's," to say their "rosaries," and to pray for each other's "intentions." Here they are taught rhetoric, but, judging from the only specimen given of the lectures they received on this subject, we fancy our authoress must have meant the less grand, but more prosaically useful one of grammar. Of this, indeed, the Unsophisticated and her "Intimate Friend" must have been in considerable need, if we can form an opinion from the following sentences: "I do not know *as* I ever entertained the idea," "I

don't know *as* it was wicked," "Did I speak *cross?*" "She sang as *merry* as a lark." Perhaps this phraseology may be held to have a peculiar beauty in American eyes, which may also look down on us as captious for objecting to the sentence, "By the time we reach the restaurant we *will* be ravenous." Then the expression that a person could not hear her *own ears* may be idiomatic, but strikes us as more quaint than forcible, and the description of a picture of a "pretty *wood* interior" leaves us entirely in the dark as to what the subject of the picture was. It might be the recesses of a forest, or the inside of a frame-house, or, stay, a section of pine log would suit as well. The question further suggests itself whether all American ladies, married or unmarried, are called "Madame" in common parlance, and our ignorance of the conventionalities of life in New York must excuse us for asking whether it is usual for young unmarried gentlemen to take their unmarried lady friends of the highest respectability for walks and drives alone in the Central Park, and to treat them to breakfast or dinner at a restaurant?

Certainly, if a British novelist wrote such things, or depicted an American hero so much a snob as to draw a sketch of a young lady he hardly knows, while in church, and on coming out to accost her, show her the drawing, and say he has been watching her for three-quarters of an hour, we fancy that British novelist would "with a blush retire" before his reviewers of the Broadway. Or if he depicted, as Mrs. Duncan does, a literary blue-stocking appealing in utter ignorance for information as to "who the *Mater Dolorosa* was?" the unfortunate man would sink, deservedly, to the rank of a caricaturist.

In the course of the tale Lucia pays several v sits to Ottawa, and gives entrancing accounts of fancy-dress balls at the Governor-General's, and other intensely interesting events of a kindred nature. Over this masquerade Mrs. Duncan waxes poetical to the verge of vagueness. After trying several times we gave up the vain attempt at extracting any meaning from this pen portrait of one of the characters; perhaps our readers may have better luck: "A French peasant girl, not in sabots and Jewish hair, but as she was in her apotheosis when Eugénie transfigured her in those last days of her personal empire, ere she discarded forever the girl dress even in a masquerade." *Jewish* hair? —*personal* empire, as opposed to what other kind of empire? Our reason totters and we give it up.

As a finishing touch to our perplexity, we are almost driven to doubt whether, after all the descriptions of the Ottawa River, Government buildings, &c., which our authoress gives us, she has ever been in Canada at all. How else can we explain the astounding assertion made on p. 62, that the Unsophisticated was easily known as an American, on account of the stupid mistakes she made about the Canadian money. Are we dreaming, or is it not a fact that the decimal coinage of dollars and cents is common to both sides of the St. Lawrence? Could Lucia be so very unsophisticated as to think we still clung to the old pounds currency? or how else can her mistake be explained, for her shopping can have hardly been large enough for her to be puzzled over the difference in purchasing power between a dollar in greenbacks and a Canadian dollar. All we can do is to dismiss Mrs. Duncan and her book, with strict injunctions to do better next time, which, judging from the liveliness of her descriptive powers as shown in several of the passages, she ought to find no impossible task. In particular, the pictures of farm life round Ottawa, with the startling contrast between the *modus vivendi* of the Lower Canadian French settler and the strict Scotch Presbyterian, are remarkably well adapted to convey a good idea of Canada to readers across the border. Mrs. Duncan's book will probably find plenty of readers in the Dominion as well, and we hope the pecuniary results will be such as to dispel all lingering doubts in her mind as to the nature of Canadian currency.

RENEE AND FRANZ. By Gustave Haller. Collection of Foreign Authors, No. 7. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1878.

We have often thought that the expression "Platonic love" should bear the blame for the general incredulity that exists as to the very existence of the state of feeling which those words are supposed to indicate. It is an unhappy phrase, expressive of an amphibious nature, standing "one foot on land, and one on sea," half owning allegiance to Dan Cupid, and the other half to the ancient philosopher and his scholastic disciples. And these conflicting interests, like the unmatched horse of the desert and patient steer, evilly yoked together, do generally end by jerking the persons who experience their struggles into some more or less miry ditch. At least, that is the fate we have generally found in store for the fictitious characters whose authors have led them a dance after that will-o'-the-wisp, Platonic affection.

But why should this be so in real life? As we advance farther from the stage of the oriental despot, with his harem of caged slave-wives, may we not expect to find more and more real friendship and to experience more kinmanship of soul between man and woman, apart from any thought or desire of marriage? As soon as the sexes are more evenly educated, and the avenues to learning, and to that practical use of learning which is its end, are thrown open to all comers, it stands to reason that a man's

friends will be no longer all men, but will embrace women as well. Of these he can but love one, using the word in its usual sense; but none the less will the others be dear to him. It is no answer to this to say that the tie of marriage is a higher and holier one than that of mere affection, however high and purely inspired. There is room in man's heart for both, just as much as the deep skies can burn with the glory of Arcturus or Sirius, and yet find place for stars of lesser degrees of glory, differing one from another in their magnitude, and none the less shining although they are not so bright. He would be a sorry gardener who, loving the rose "not wisely, but too well," should shut out the violet from his shady borders. Between love and mere acquaintanceship, how wide is the gamut! and as in a perfect instrument there is no note but can be struck into harmony, so here in the chords of life "there is no such thing as a useless affection." The note may be jarred, the brotherly love of man for maid may be used as the means of basely appropriating an unsuspecting heart, but for all that, the note's natural bent is harmony, and the brotherly unselfish affection is harmonious too. It is very often the fault of those who prophecy evil from such an affection that their forebodings come true. So sang old Dr. Donne, whose poetry shone too strongly to be obscured by the curious trappings and conceits which the bad taste of his age comdemned him to wrap it up in.

"If, as I have, you also doe
Vertue attired in woman see,
And dare love that, and say so too,
And forget the He and She;
And if this love, though placed so,
From prophane men you hide,
Which will no faith on this bestow
Or, if they doe, deride;
Then you have done a braver thing
Than all the Worthies did."

Renée and Franz have done this worthy act, and the mode of its coming about and its results form the subject of a charming little tale. Renée is a young girl in a higher rank of life than Franz, who is only a rich young farmer of Alsace with dreamy, passionate German blood in his veins. From first to last, the affection which these two have for each other is unspotted by any different feelings, although, as usual, their neighbours and friends cannot believe the strange phenomenon. It is, however, placed beyond a doubt by the fact that both the young girl and Franz love two other persons, one of whom marries Renée. The other, a cousin of Renée's, is a blonde, young, lovely, with hair which is lighted up here and there by silvery gleams, and with large steel-blue eyes. With this enchanting mademoiselle Augusta, poor Franz falls passionately in love; but yet, in his moments of deepest infatuation, and even when he discovers that she returns his love, he feels a presentiment that she prefers the world of fashion and the admiration of society to that quiet home and country life which he has marked out for his future. While helping Renée and her lover to overcome the difficulties in the way of their marriage, and in order to aid them, he willingly throws a great temptation in Augusta's way, in the shape of a rich and noble Russian *boyard*, who wishes to marry her.

The character of Augusta is perhaps the most powerfully drawn in the book, though by no means the most pleasing, and her struggles between love for Franz and her distaste for farm-life are very well told. Here is a picture of her, when she tried for a few weeks the life of a mistress of the farm: "For the first time I believed in the possibility of Augusta's becoming my wife. She looked like a veritable peasant woman, her rich complexion only rendering the alteration more complete. I was amazed and bewildered. She had arranged all her hair in one heavy braid after the manner of our country-women. This simplicity showed the luxuriance and beauty of her blond tresses, even more than their usually elaborate arrangement. A calico dress, with soft, flat folds, displayed the graceful outlines of her form, and fell straight to her ankles, the white, flowing sleeves leaving the round white arms two-thirds bare..... Her voice had a decided tone which I had never heard in it before—a tone which gave assurance that she would be obeyed. A sheaf of straw had fallen down; she seized it in her own hands and flung it back."

Some of Franz's friends consider this only a piece of serio-comic acting on Augusta's part, but we will not divulge the secret whether Augusta's better nature prevails or M. Katchkoff succeeds in drawing her away with the superior attractions of Parisian society. For this, and for the fate of Renée and her husband, the reader must consult the book itself, which is well translated, and keeps up the high standard for which we have already had occasion to congratulate the publishers of this interesting series.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

MY INTIMATE FRIEND. A Novel. By Florence J. Duncan. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1878.

RENEE AND FRANZ (*Le Bleuet*). From the French of Gustave Haller. (Collection of Foreign Authors, No. VII.) New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson. 1878.

PRIMER OF PIANOFORTE PLAYING. By Franklin Taylor. With numerous examples. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson. 1878.

ERRATA:—Page 351, line 14 from the bottom, for "To gaiety," read "The gaiety."
Page 354, first column, second line from the bottom, for "universities" read "minorities."

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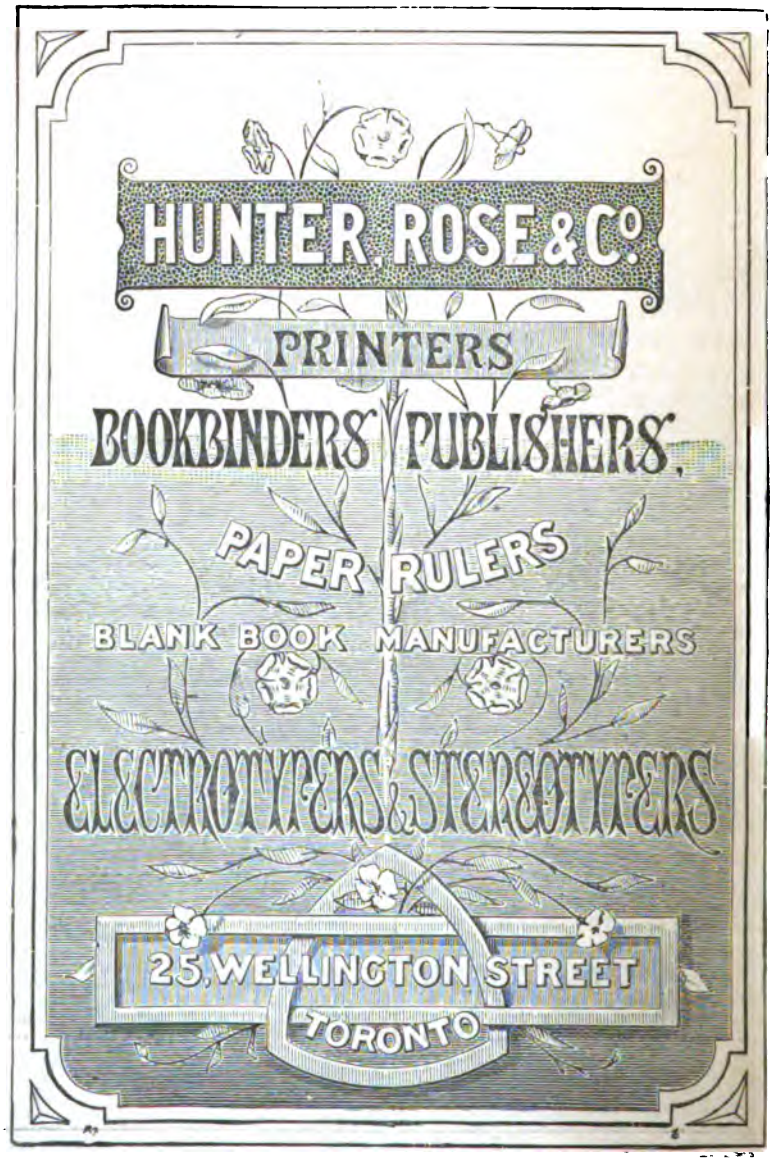
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VOL. XIII.] MAY, 1878. [No. 5.

THE MONKS OF THELEMA.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE.

Authors of 'Ready-Money Mortiboy,' 'The Golden Butterfly,' 'By Celia's Arbour,' etc., etc.

CHAPTER IV.

"Homekeeping youths have ever homely wits."

"ONCE away from England and the new crotchets," repeated the Vicar, "Alan will come round again."

"Do you think men *can* grow out of prigdom?" asked Lord Alwyne plaintively.

"Define me a prig," returned the Vicar.

"Definition requires thought. It is hardly worth the exertion."

Lord Alwyne sat up, and nerved himself for an effort.

"Yet you recognise a prig when he speaks, just as you know a cad when you see him, and before he speaks. Not only does the prig approach every subject from the point of view peculiar to prigdom: but all prigs speaks in the same tone. Do you remember the Oxford prig when we were undergraduates? He had advanced views, if I remember right, about episcopal authority. He was offensively and ostentatiously earnest too. But he was mild—our prig was mild—compared to the modern creatures, among whom my unhappy son has thrown away his youth. Let us define a prig as a man who overdoes everything. He becomes a prig because he is not equal to his assumed position. He is not, for instance, equal to the duties of a critic, and falls back upon unquestioned maxims, which rule his opinions. And the universal maxim among prigs is that no one has a right to be heard outside their own body. "I wonder," he went on with a sigh, "I really wonder what unfortunate Oxford has done to be so plagued with prigs. You go to Cambridge, and you find them not—at least, I am told they are rare. At Oxford there are two or three gathered together in every Common Room."

"It is the effect of too much cultivation on a weak brain," said the Vicar, "and wears off as men get older. Affectations never last in theology, literature, or art. These young men have nothing new to say, and yet desire greatly to seem to have something new. So they invent a sort of jargon, and call it the only language for the expression of the 'higher thought!'"

"Yes," said Lord Alwyne, "everything

with them is in the comparative degree. There is the higher thought, the nobler aim, the truer method—meaning, I suppose, their own thought, and aim, and method. Well—well—and so you really think, Vicar, that my son will come back improved; will drop the livery of prigdom, and talk and think like other people."

"I am sure he will," said the Vicar confidently.

Alan was away for two years. During this space of time he went all round the world making observations, his object being chiefly to discover how best to lead his fellow-men.

First he went to Quebec. On the steamer he made the acquaintance of the third officer, a man of great experience, who had once been admiral in command of the fleet of the Imam of Muscat. He resigned his appointment because the Imam refused to rank him higher than the twenty wives' allowance, whereas he stuck out for such superior rank as is granted by right to forty wives.

"Not," said the honest fellow, "that *I* wanted twenty wives, bless you, nor forty neither, being of opinion that a sailor gets on best when he's got nobody to draw his pay but himself. But the honour of my country was at stake. So I struck my pennant, and came away, and here I am, aboard the *Corsican*, third officer in the Dominion Line. That's a drop from an admiral, ain't it?"

Alan did not remember to have heard any of the customs peculiar to Muscat, and was surprised to learn that the people were most open to influence, and most easily persuaded. He asked how that influence was maintained.

"Give your orders," said the ex-admiral. "If they don't carry out them orders, cut their livers out."

This method, however effective, was clearly impracticable as regarded Alan's own tenants. And yet it seemed to himself by no means unsuitable to the people of Muscat. Why was this? Why should a thing good for Muscat be bad for England? He reflected, however, that he had not yet so far schooled himself in the enthusiasm of humanity to recognise an equal in every thick-skulled negro or wily Asiatic. So that it could not, really, be good for Muscat to cut out livers.

When he got to Quebec he began to make inquiries about the French Canadians. They bore the best character in the world. They were pious, he was told; they were sober; they were industrious; they were honest; they were fond parents of a prolific offspring. He went among them. After, with great difficulty, getting to understand their language—their talk is that of a country district in Normandy, in the seventeenth century—he found out that they were all these things—and more. The more was not so attractive to the stranger. Their contentment he found was due to profound ignorance, and their want of enterprise to their contentment.

"You may lead the people," a priest told him, "with the greatest ease, so long as you do not ask them to receive a single new idea."

Now what Alan wanted was, to inspire his people with the newest of ideas, and with an ardent desire for new ideas. What seemed good for French Canadians was not good for Englishmen. So he went westward—stopped a few nights at Montreal, which is the place where the English Canuk, the French Canadien, the Yankee, the Englishman, the Scotchman, the Irishman, the German, and the Jew meet, and try their sharpness on each other. It is a very promising city, and will some day become illustrious. But there was little reason for a social philosopher to stay there. He went still westward, and reached Toronto. This was like being at Edinburgh. There, however, he heard of those backwood settlements, where the forests have been cleared, and the land planted, by men who went there axe in hand, and nothing else. It is only a single day's journey to get from the flat shores of Toronto, and the grey waves of Lake Ontario, to the hills and rocks, the lakes, firs, and hemlocks of the backwoods. And there Alan found himself among a people who were not led, but who moved on by themselves, under the guidance of their own sense and resolution. This phenomenon surprised him greatly, and he made copious notes. None, however, of the stalwart farmers could give him any philosophical reasons for the advance of the colony.

"We send the little ones to school," one of them told him. "We have our singing choirs, and our lectures, and our farms to attend to, and we mean to push on somehow!"

That is the difference, Alan observed, between the common Englishman and the Canadian. The latter means to push on somehow. How to instil that idea into his

own people? He made more notes and returned to Toronto. Then he went to Niagara, and stayed there for a month, meditating over against the mighty Falls, till the echoes of the thundering river, rolling louder and louder, and the thought of the mass of ever-falling waters growing daily greater and greater, grew too loud and too vast for his brain; and then he came away. He was perplexed by the contrast of the French Canadians, led by their priests, who never want to move, and the English led by the one thought, that they "mean to push on somehow," which is to them like the cloud of smoke by day and the pillar of fire by night. And he thought all the time of his own rustics who came like sheep to his lectures, sat like sheep while he delivered them, and went away understanding no more than sheep.

However, in the States he would certainly learn something. Everybody who is going to try a new social experiment should begin by going to America, if only to strengthen his faith. This, in new social experiments, is apt to be shaken by the fear of ridicule. Anything like a novel adjustment of the relations between capital and labour, landlord and tenant, farmer and labourer, buyer and seller, husband and wife, governor and governed, requires in England such extraordinary courage and confidence that it is absolutely indispensable first to visit a country where new institutions are attempted without such hesitation and fear. New things are tried in America which would be impossible in England, and yet they do not succeed, because, I suppose, the most red-hot reformer becomes Conservative when you touch the unwritten laws by which all his ideas are governed unconsciously to himself.

Alan Dunlop was going, somehow, to reconstruct the whole of the social fabric. He was about to show on the small scale of his own estates how culture—what his friends called "The Higher Culture," sighing when they thought how rare it is—may coexist with the necessities of the roughest daily toil, and differing in rank or station be recognised by those who are yet all equal in their love of "The Higher Art." It had been his favourite thesis, disputed by the rest, while still among the prigs, that this was not only possible, but within the compass and power of any one man.

"Why," he would ask, with as much warmth as the fashion of his school allows, "why should a man, because he goes out hedging and ditching, because he carts muck, feeds pigs, even"—he shuddered—"even kills them, be unable to rise to the level on which We stand? Can we not imagine him, when his work is done, sitting with thankful heart in the contemplation of some precious work, over which thought may plunge ever deeper, and never come to the end of all it teaches?"

It was generally conceded that the imagination might go so far as to conceive this vision. Then Alan would continue to argue that whatever the mind of man can conceive, the hand of man can execute; in other words, that the ploughman might be gently and yet rapidly led upward, till his thoughts rested habitually on the highest levels. And this was his mission in life.

He visited, and examined with the greatest interest, all the new social and religious communities which he could hear of. There were those modern Essenes who have everything in common, and who neither marry nor are given in marriage; those thinkers who hold that divorce should be granted on the formal request of either party to the contract of that partnership, which we English hold to be indissoluble even by common consent of both husband and wife, except for reasons held by law sufficient; the community who divide the work among each other, and serve it out irrespective of liking or fitness, so that he who would fain be writing at home has to go out and weed cabbages or sell strawberries; the people who work or are idle just as they please; the institution—in this he was particularly interested—in which the rude farm-work of the morning is followed by transcendental discussion in the evening. Alan was disappointed here, because he only had one evening to spare for the place, and they asked so much about England that it was bed-time before the philosophy began. Then he visited a community in which emancipated woman ruled subject man, and let him have a rough time, until he either revolted or ran away. And he went to see the place where the Elect live together, and dance for the love of the Lord. Then he became acquainted with the doctrines and tenets of vegetarians, egg-and-fruit-arians, wheat-and-corn-arians, and total abstainers. He found a little knot of people who would have neither ruler, magistrate,

elder, priest, nor clergyman among them at all, but ruled their affairs for themselves by a parliament which sits every evening for seven days in the week, and where the talk never ceases. This is the reason why, outside their Parliament House, they are a silent folk. He also visited the Mormons, the Mennonites, and Oneida Creek. And everywhere he made notes.

In all his researches on the American continent, he was struck with the fact that the people had no leaders; they seemed to lead themselves. That unhappy country has no heaven-sent and hereditary officers. They have to live without these aids to civilization; and it must be owned they seem to get on very well by themselves. But the British labourer requires—he absolutely requires—thought Alan, to be led. And how to lead him? How to acquire influence over him? How to become his prophet? How to instil into his mind a purpose? This dreadful difficulty oppressed our inquiring traveller, followed him from one country to another, and became at times a sort of old man of the Island upon his shoulders.

"Send him over here, sir," said an American with whom he discussed, without exposing his own views, the character of the British ploughman; "send him over here, sir! He can't sit down and be contented in this climate. Discontent is in the air; ambition is in the air; and there are no parish workhouses. What you've done with your labourer is this: you've planted him in a juicy and fertile country, where the rain and fogs make him crave for drink. He's got a farmer driving him at starvation wages on the one side, and the clergyman's wife and the squire's wife and daughters cockering him up on the other. What with too low wages and too much alms-taking, you've knocked all the man out of him. Here he gets no cockering; there's no squire, no vicar, no union, and no distribution of blankets and flannel. You go home, sir, and try your folk on our tack for fifty years or so."

That was absurd when Alan wanted to show his results in five years, or thereabouts.

"Of course," his American friend went on, "of course it is absurd to tell you, sir, because you know it already, the main difference between our men and yours.

"You mean———"

"I mean the land. When you get your yeomen back again, if ever you do, you will find that out. Do you own land, sir?"

"I do."

"Then let your men buy it up on easy terms; and then you leave them alone to work out their own salvation."

This was a hard saying for a young man who had great possessions—give up his land, and then leave the people alone? What then was the good of having been a leader in undergraduate advanced circles, and an acknowledged exponent of the Higher Thought?"

After his experiences in the Eastern States, he crossed the Continent, and visited California; there he went to see mining cities, the Yosemite Valley, the City of Sacramento, and the Chinese quarter of San Francisco. There were also the lions. From San Francisco he went to Japan, which he found Anglicised; and from Japan he went to Hong Kong. This enabled him to visit the sleepy old city of Macao, where the manners and customs are half of Portugal, half of China, and Canton. The student in social economy cannot get much assistance from the Chinese. A nation who, when they have got a man too lazy, too vicious, too worthless for anything else, make him a priest, may be used by advanced thinkers to point an epigram or illustrate a sneer, but cannot inspire such enthusiasm as leads to admiration.

Alan completed his journey round the world in the usual way—he went to Calcutta, Delhi, Cashmere, and Bombay. He landed at Suez, and after the usual voyage up the Nile and down again, he rode through the Holy Land, and thence across Asia Minor to Erzeroum, finishing the whole by travelling from Odessa to Moscow and St. Petersburg, and so home. I hope that he finds the observations he then made on Russian civilisation of use to him at the present juncture.

It is not given to every young man of three or four and twenty to make this extended survey of humanity in general. The general effect produced on the mind of this traveller was revolutionary. Partly as the Vicar anticipated, the old things fell away from him. He ceased to think in the narrow grooves of exclusive prigdom; he found that men and women may hold different views from himself, and yet be pleasant, and not Philistine; he saw that a good deal of the

Art he had been taught to reverence was but a poor thing, conveying in stiff pretence at ease, weak or well used thoughts with feebleness of expression; he understood what a wretched quality is that intellectual conceit which he had been accustomed to think a mark of distinction; and he really did quite succeed in comprehending that Oxford is *not* the centre of the universe; and he left off being sad. Now these were great gains. He wrote to Miranda on his arrival in London.

"I hope to see you the day after to-morrow. I have an immense deal to say, both of the past and the future. I think I have discovered my error in the past, and its remedy for the future. We tried to improve our people by injunction and precept, pointing out methods and rules. That I am convinced is not the best way. They will neither be led nor ordered. But suppose, Miranda, that one were to walk beside them, work with them, eat with them, play with them, be one of them, and thoroughly enter into their very thoughts—How would that do?"

"How would that do," echoed Miranda in dismay, as she read the letter. "And what in the world does Alan mean? Is he going to put on a smock-frock?"

CHAPTER V.

"Rich with the spoils of travel home he came."

ALAN came home. As a dutiful son he called upon his father, in his chambers. Both were agreeably surprised. The father did not seem to the son so frivolous as he had been, nor did the son appear to the father so weighed down with the responsibilities of his position.

"I congratulate you, Alan," said Lord Alwyne—it was at noon—the man of the world celebrated his son's return after the fashion of the world, with a little mid-day luncheon, which he called a breakfast. "I congratulate you my son. You have seen the world, and shaken off your Oxford crotchets."

"Say, exchanged some of them for new ones, and modified others," said Alan. "We were ignorant at Oxford; but we used to search for ideas. If I am changed, however, you are not."

"I am two years older, which is two years worse. In other respects, I believe I am much the same as when you last saw me. Life has nothing new to offer after fifty; and it is a good thing to enjoy the same old pleasures. I still find good wine desirable; I prefer young women to old; I like cheerful people better than those who weep; and though the cask is getting low, I am glad to say that it still runs clear."

His son looked round the room. His father was quite right, and there was no change. The same statuettes, pictures, and books, the same comfortable chairs, the same air of studied and artistic pleasantness about everything, as if the very furniture had to be consulted about its companions. And on the little table in the window, the same pile of letters and invitations; most of them in feminine handwriting. No change; and yet he did not find this kind of life so entirely frivolous as in the old days, when to think of his father's manner of living was to raise up the fifth commandment before his eyes like a ghost, with warning gesture. Surely Alan Dunlop had made a great step out of prigdom when he arrived at the stage of toleration for a life which was not tormented by a sense of responsibility. He even envied his father. Not that he would exist in the same way; but he envied the happy temper which enables a man to live in the passing moment, and to let each single day begin and end a round of endeavours after happiness.

"If one may ask, Alan"—his father was lying in one of those *chaises longues* which give support to the feet, his case of cigarettes was on a little table beside him, with a cup of coffee, and his face, after the excellent breakfast, was more than usually benevolent—"If one may ask, Alan, about your plans for the future? Let me see, when you went away it was after proposing to reform the world by means of evening lectures, I believe."

"Yes," Alan replied, a little shortly; "I was younger then. The people came, but they thought they were in church, and treated my lecture like a sermon; that is, they went to sleep."

"Just what one would have expected. By the way, your remark is a dangerous one in these Radical times. People might ask, you know, what kind of teachers those have been to whom we have committed the

care of the poor, if it is proverbial that sleep and preaching go together."

Alan laughed. This was one of the few points in which he could agree with his father. Nothing pleases the advanced thinker—say, a thinker of the higher order—than a sneer at the clergy. It is pleasant, I suppose, to feel one's self so much superior to the constituted spiritual teachers of the people.

"Lectures are of no use," Alan went on, "by themselves. We must not only direct and teach, but we must lead. My next attempt will be to lead."

"Ye—yes," said his father; "that sounds well as a general principle. To descend to particulars, now."

"My project is hardly ripe just yet," Alan replied; "when it is in working order, I will ask you to come down and see it for yourself. Will that do?"

"Perfectly, perfectly, Alan. Nothing is more wearisome than a discussion of probabilities. If I find your plan a failure, I can enjoy the luxury, since I know nothing about it beforehand, of swearing that I always knew it to be impracticable. Do not deprive me of that luxury."

Alan laughed.

"I am going down to the Court this afternoon," he said; "I shall talk over my schemes with Miranda, and take her advice."

"Miranda!" his father's face lit up, as it always did at the thought of a pretty woman. "Miranda! She was pretty when you went away; she is lovely now, and full of fancies. I love a woman to have whims, always looking out, you know, for the new gospel. It is delightful to find such a girl. She was up in London last season; turned the heads of half the young fellows, and all the old ones; refused a dozen offers, including Professor Spectrum, who thought she came to his lectures out of love for him, whereas she came, you see, because she thought physics and chemistry a part of the modern culture. Then she went back to her place in the country; and I believe she is there still. I will go down, as soon as these confounded east winds disappear, and make love to her myself. I will, Alan, upon my word, I will."

Alan looked as if he hardly approved of this frivolous way of discussing Miranda, and presently went away, whereupon Lord Alwyne sat down and wrote a letter.

"My Dear Miranda,

"It is two o'clock in the afternoon. I have written all my letters, had breakfast with Alan, smoked three cigarettes, and read all the papers; what remains, but to write a letter, all about nothing, to the loveliest girl I know? N.B.—This is not old-fashioned politeness, Regency manners, but the natural right of a man who has kissed you every year, at least once, since you were a baby in arms. You will have seen Alan before you get this letter. Tell me what you think of him. For my own part, I find him greatly improved. He has lost that melancholy which naturally springs from having had such very superior persons for his friends. He is livelier; he has more feeling for the frivolities of an old man like myself. He is, in a word, much less of a prig than he was. Imagine the joy of a father who hates prigs. I am not without hopes that he may yet come to the point of being able to laugh at a good story.

"Of course, he has a head full of projects, and he will carry them straight to you. I was afraid, at one point of the breakfast, that he was going to confide them to me; but he refrained, for which I am grateful. I forgot to tell you that he accepted the comfort of my chambers and the little light follies of my conversation without that mute reproachful gaze, which used to make me wonder whether he really was my son, or whether he had been changed at nurse, and belonged, perhaps, to the converted carpenter. As, however, his ideas, filtered through your brain, will assume a far more attractive form, I confess I should like you to write me word what they amount to; and, as I may be allowed to take some interest in his proceedings, I shall ask you to throw all the weight of your good sense in the scale. If he should propose to part with the property for any philanthropic schemes, I think I would go the length of locking him up in a private lunatic asylum, where they will tickle the soles of his feet with a feather.

"Writing to you about Alan makes me think of a conversation we had, you and I, that afternoon last year, when you gave up a whole day to delight an elderly lover of yours with your society. You remember the talk, perhaps. We were floating down the river under the Clieveden woods, you and I, in a boat together. I told you what were my greatest hopes. You blushed very prettily,

but you said nothing at first, and that elderly lover promised you, at your own request, never to speak of such a thing again; and never, even in the most distant manner, to suggest such a possibility to Alan.

"For once—I believe the very first time in all my life—I am going to break a promise made to a lady, and speak to you about 'such a thing' again. Those hopes have revived again, and are stronger than ever. 'Such a thing' would make me happy about Alan's future. As for his present, it is not right that a boy of his age, sweet five-and-twenty, should be chasing a philanthropic will-o'-the-wisp, when all round him, in this delightful world, there are flowers to gather, feasts to hold, and the prettiest women that ever were to fall in love with. Life ought to be to him, as it has been to me, one Eden of delight, and he makes it a workshop. Why, he even mentioned your name—yours, without any apparent emotion, without hesitation, blushing, or sinking of the voice. Think of it, when even I, after all my experience, handle the name of Miranda with a kind of awe, as befits that of a goddess.

"And yet he is my son, really. I must inquire about that converted carpenter. Sometimes I feel constrained—pity the sorrows of a poor old man!—to go straight on my less rheumatic knee, the right one, and offer you the devotion of the short remainder of an elderly life, as the man in the play says, as a substitute for youth, the absence of which no devotion could atone for, and the few fragments of a heart long since torn in pieces by a succession of beautiful and gracious girls, if those fragments are worth picking up; but, indeed, they are not.

"I wish I could be sitting with you in your own room, overlooking Weyland Park. I should come disguised as Cupid; I should bring bow and arrow, and when Alan came along with his long face as full of care as if he was a married pauper, I should let him have a shaft full in the place where his heart ought to be; but I don't think he has one.

"Good-bye, my dear Miranda. You know that I am always as actively devoted to your service as age and rheumatism will allow. Write me a long letter, and tell me everything. "A. F."

CHAPTER VI.

MIRANDA wrote in reply almost by return of post.

"DEAR LORD ALWYNE,

"A thousand thanks for your letter. I wish I had a great many more lovers like yourself, as devoted and as unselfish. It is very delightful to have some one to say kind things and make one vain. I wonder if it is as pleasant for you to say them as it is for girls to hear them said. Come down and stay with us if you can make up your mind to a dull house, and only me for a companion. You shall sit in my room all day long if you like, and look out over Weyland Park, which is very beautiful just now; I think the place grows more beautiful every year. But I will not consent to disguises either as Cupid or anything else, and I will accept your devotion without any kneeling.

"It really was a delightful day that we had together on the river last year, and we must try for another. Only no pleasure seems able to be repeated exactly in the same way. If we were to go there again it would probably rain, or I might be in a bad temper.

"Alan came to see us as soon as he arrived. I saw him marching across the park, and I will confess to you that I took my opera-glasses in order to have a good look at him, while he was yet afar off. His shoulders have broadened out, and he walks more upright. He has lost that stoop which used to make him look as if he was always working out a difficult problem. I think his beard improves him, somehow; though you do not wear a beard, it makes him look more like you. His eyes, as he walked over the turf, had a far-off look, just as they used to before he went to Oxford, and was always dreaming about the future. So I saw he was back again in the world of imagination, and not thinking of me at all. To you, because Alan and I are and always will be brother and sister, I may confess that I think this brown-bearded man with blue eyes the handsomest man I have ever seen, as he is the most gentle and the most disinterested.

"When I thought he might be near enough to see me with my glasses, I put them down and went out to meet him He was as glad to greet me as I was to greet him, I think.

"It was six o'clock. Mamma was well enough to dine with us—it was one of her

better days, fortunately. We had a talk in the garden before dinner, and after dinner a long talk, he and I alone.

"Your son is greatly changed, Lord Alwyne; in some respects completely changed. He looks at everything from a new point of view, and I can see that he has been thinking and studying during the whole of his two years' travel.

"All the old schemes are to be abandoned, and an entirely new plan adopted. I confess that at first I was amazed at his scheme, but I am beginning to believe that it is not only noble, but also feasible. It is, to put it in as few words as possible, this: There is to be no more lecturing and teaching. That, he says, is proved by experience to be useless. Any one can point the way like a sign-post; any one can stand on a hill and cry out to the people below to climb up if they can as he has done; any one can write books full of precious thoughts, if he have them himself; but you cannot always persuade people to read them. The lower classes, he says, all over the world are exactly alike, except in the United States. They will neither read, listen, nor see with understanding. They are slaves, not to laws, which touch them very little, but to habit and custom. The only way, therefore, to improve the masses, is to break down the slavery of habit."

When Lord Alwyne—he was reading this letter at breakfast—got as far as this, he put it down, and heaved a sigh.

"I asked her to bring him to common sense, and he has inoculated her. Habit and custom? And a very good thing for the people too. Let their customs be cleanly, their habits pleasant for other people, and their manners civil. What more does the boy want? Rigmarole."

"I am sure you will agree with Alan so far. In fact, all this is preliminary."

"Yes," said Lord Alwyne. "I knew that something more was coming."

"How then, asks Alan, is the task of substituting culture and inquiry for sluggish habit to be undertaken? There is, he says, but one way. By example. He will come down from his high place, descend to their level, work with them, eat with them, live with them, and endeavour to set the example of the higher life, and to show how that is possible, even with the surroundings of a cottage, and the pay of a farm labourer.

"'Not what we give, but what we share;
For the gift without the giver is bare.'"

"The Devil!" This was the reader's interruption. "Now those two will go on fooling the rustics, till they make the whole country-side intolerable."

"I cannot say," continued Miranda in the letter, "how much I admire a man who gives himself. That is so much higher a thing—so much nobler—than to give money."

"If they had my money," said Lord Alwyne, "they might have me with it too for all I should care. Certainly I should not be of much use without it. Go on, my dear Miranda. It is pleasant talking over a breakfast table."

"It is like going out to fight for your country."

"Worse," murmured the reader. "Much worse. I've done that, and I ought to know. Except for the trenches, it wasn't bad fun. And at least one didn't live with rustics."

"Or it is giving up all that one has been accustomed to consider bare necessities: abandoning for a time the gentle life."

"I am glad it is only for a time. And I hope," said Lord Alwyne, "that it will be for a very short time."

"And it is certainly exposing one's self to the misrepresentation and ridicule of people who do not understand you; to unpopularity in the county——"

"Unpopularity indeed!" cried Lord Alwyne. "Now I hope to Heaven the boy will not meddle with the Game. Anything but that. And in such a county too!"

"And possible failure!"

"Ah! ha!" The reader laughed. "Possible failure! Ho! ho!"

"All these Alan will cheerfully face. He must have our support and sympathy, and we must wish him success.

"If you would like to hear more details of the plan——"

"I should not," said Lord Alwyne.

"Come down and stay with us. You might have Weyland Court all to yourself, and even sleep in the haunted room, if you prefer; but as Alan is entirely occupied with his plans, I think you would see little of him, and would be more comfortable with us."

"I most certainly should, my dear Miranda," said Lord Alwyne.

But he had to postpone his visit, because some one, who had a charming wife, who also

had two charming sisters, proposed to him that he should join them, and all go to Egypt together, to escape the English winter. When he returned, it was at the beginning of the London season, and he had so many people so see that he could not possibly get away till July. Finally, it was not till Nelly Despard took the vows that he was able to get down to Weyland Court. And by that time Alan's experiment was a year old.

CHAPTER VII.

"Yet have my thoughts for thee been vigilant,
Bound to thy service with unceasing care."

AS Miranda told Lord Alwyne, no time was lost in putting the new plans into execution.

"By actually living among the people," said Alan, with the calmness of conviction, "I shall in a short time succeed in persuading them to look upon me as one of themselves—a simple fellow-labourer, who has received a better education, and had greater advantages to start with. I suppose one cannot hope wholly to eradicate the feeling of caste. And for the present, that seems not quite desirable. It is well, until all have alike the same education, that the better educated, who are also the richer and the more cultivated, should be looked upon as the natural leaders."

"Surely, Alan," said Miranda, "you are by birth as well as education the natural leader of these people?"

"I think I am," he replied, with that far-off look in his blue eyes which belongs to the enthusiast. "I am certain I am; otherwise there would remain nothing but to sit down in indolent ease at Weyland Court, and live the ignoble life of the country squire."

That is what he called it: the enviable life, where there are no duties, no daily mill, and no care for the yearly income, the life of the country gentleman—he called it "that ignoble life."

"It is a beautiful dream," said Miranda. "And, oh! Alan, I wish I could rise with you to the belief that the dream will ever become a reality. I want your enthusiasm as well as your self-devotion."

"It must—it will become a reality, Miranda, he answered, with a flush of conviction. "I have chanced upon the one thing wanting in all the old schemes. *They* directed, *we* lead; *they* instructed, *we* set the example. Our sports, our labours, our joys will be what theirs should be; as their life ought to be, so will we try to make ours. In externals, at least, we shall be on the same footing; as our habits will be, so ought theirs to be."

Miranda listened with kindling eyes. Her heart beat with sympathetic fire in the presence of this strong and brave nature which dared to follow out a line of its own—the line of right. And she sought in vain for examples in history of others who had thus practically and earnestly devoted themselves to the safety or regeneration of mankind. Quintus Curtius, a leading case, narrowed his self-sacrifice to patriotism; monks and nuns still further narrow theirs to the advantage of their own individual souls; curates and parsons, who work day and night among the slums, gladly exchange these retreats for the more congenial sphere of country livings; professional philanthropists not unfrequently exaggerate the pecuniary value of their services, and have even been known to help themselves secretly from the treasury; but that a man like Alan Dunlop, with everything at his hand which men crave for, should voluntarily resign them all, and become a labourer amongst labourers, without hope or prospect of reward, was a thing wholly without parallel.

They were talking in Miranda's own room at Dalmeny Hall, the place which the young heiress had daintily adorned to suit her own tastes. It was a room on the first floor, which overlooked Weyland Park. It had a south aspect, it was fitted and furnished with everything that is delicate, pretty, artistic, and delightful, from the pictures on the wall to the carpets and the chairs. The time was just before the establishment of the Abbey, when Alan spent most of his leisure-time discussing things at Dalmeny Hall with the fair chatelaine, who alone of mortals regarded his project with sympathy and interest. It was a retreat kept quiet by an invalid mother, and yet full of liberty to the few who, like Alan Dunlop, Tom Caledon, Desdemona Fanshawe (she had long resumed her maiden name), and others had the *entrée*. Alan believed the more strongly in his own theories when that fair face looked up in his, and he read in those steadfast eyes the loyal faith of recent conversion.

"A beautiful dream!" she repeated. "The dream of a noble mind. But, oh! Alan, I cannot bear to think of you breaking your heart against the rocks of ignorance and stupidity."

"Ignorance," he replied, "we can overcome: stupidity may be met with patience. What I fear most is habit. That is the greatest enemy of all progress."

"But how can you live at the Court and yet live as a labouring man?"

"I shall not live at the Court; I shall leave it, and take a house in the village."

"And never come out of it all, Alan? Never come up here to see me? Not come and dine here, as you do now?"

He hesitated.

"What I want to do, Miranda, is to live in all respects as a labouring man may, upon his wages. If I come up here to dine, it would be a temptation in the way of luxury. I shall earn, I suppose, a pound or eighteen shillings a week. That will have to do for me. I think you must not ask me to dine here. But I will come up sometimes on Sunday mornings if you like, and report progress."

Miranda sighed. She was prepared to see her chief friend and adviser resign all—but herself. That was a practical outcome to the new theories of life which she had never contemplated. Life would be dull indeed without Alan Dunlop to enliven it.

The requisites of a prophet are, first, to believe in yourself; secondly, to believe in your theory; thirdly, to believe in your people. Alan Dunlop possessed all these requisites. As an English gentleman, he had the hereditary belief in himself, so that to stand in the front was, he felt, his proper place. He had retained this belief, and even strengthened it during the three years at Oxford, and subsequently while travelling round the world. He had thought so long over the duties which rise out of the Responsibilities of wealth, that he was by this time as profoundly convinced of his mission as Moses or Mahomet; and, lastly, he had a firm belief in the latent power of the common people for imbibing new ideas presented in the right way.

"Could you, Miranda," he asked once, in half-hesitating tones, "could you too give up this atmosphere of delicate culture, and change it for that of village life among the villagers?"

"I could not, Alan," she replied frankly. "I love to read about noble things and self-sacrifice. It is one of the pleasures of life to feel one's heart glow over some glorious tale. But the details, when one comes to realise them—think of living among the labourers' wives —— Oh, Alan!"

"No," he said, with a sigh, "I suppose you could not."

"Had he proposed to her and been refused?" she thought when he went away, "Surely she had not refused him?"

"*Il y a toujours un qui aime et un qui est aimé.*" There were once two children. One was a boy, and one was a girl. The boy, who was named Alan Fontaine, was three years older than the girl, who was called Miranda Dalmeny. Their houses were half a mile apart. The boy was born at Weyland Court, and the girl at Dalmeny Hall. The former stood in a great park, the latter in nothing but its own gardens; but it overlooked Weyland Park; and the property belonging to its owner was almost as great as that enjoyed by Lord Alwyne Fontaine in right of his wife. Both owners, Alan's mother and Miranda's father, died. The boy and girl became heir and heiress. Alan Fontaine became Alan Dunlop, and for miles on either side of Weyland Park the broad acres of their lands marched side by side.

They grew up together, shared the same sympathies, had the same vague yearnings for that glorious future which is the dream of generous youth, when all noble things seem possible, and we are as yet but dimly conscious of that heritage of evil which, like Setebos, troubles all. They communicated their thoughts to each other, dwelling always on the plans of the after years. They read in the great library of Weyland Court strange old books which filled their minds with thoughts, not of the nineteenth century; and they rode about the country together, this new Paul with a new Virginia, talking, thinking, and dreaming poetry, sentiment, and enthusiasm.

When Miranda was eighteen Alan was twenty-one, and just returned from Oxford. By this time the girl had, after the fashion of her sex at that age, left off telling her thoughts, and kept them locked up in her own brain, waiting and accumulating until the arrival of the man with a right to them. Alan, as men will, went on telling his.

After his unsuccessful attempt to improve

the village by lectures, Alan went away on his journey round the world. It was, at first, very dull for Miranda at the Hall. Then Lord Alwyne persuaded Desdemona to go and stay with her as a sort of companion, and she went to town for the season, which was a diversion. At least, it would have been a divesion but for one thing. Her beauty, which was considerable, was naturally enhanced and set off by her income. A girl, whose rent-roll is told by thousands, is an object of general interest in herself, even if she has a face like a door-knocker. And at first it went to her heart to refuse the young men, who took every opportunity in conservatories, at dinner-tables, in the park, at garden-parties, at balls, and even in church, to offer their hands and hearts. They were so deeply in earnest, they felt so profoundly the enormous advantages of hanging up their hats in Dalmeny Hall, they had a respect so unfeigned for the beauty, the intellect, the desirable qualities of the girl who owned so splendid a property, that poor Miranda felt guilty, with shame to herself, for being so insensible, when they stammered forth the customary words and she had to send them away sorrowful. But when they came in swarms, when the memory of Impecuniosus the First, dismissed with sorrow and some sort of shame, was driven away by the advent of Impecuniosus the Forty-First; when she had learned all the various methods pursued by men who propose, and experience had taught her the best form of refusal, viz., that which leaves no room for hope, she ceased to pity her suitors, and even began to ridicule them to Desdemona and Lord Alwyne; grew hard-hearted, cut short the aspirant at the very first words, and sent him away without expressing the least sympathy. Everybody knew and everybody said, that her heart was given to Alan Dunlop, the queer, wild enthusiast of Oxford, who headed the road-makers. Certain it is that her happiest days were those when, from some far-off foreign place, a letter came to her in the well-known handwriting. And equally certain it is that wherever she went, there was always present the youthful form and face of Lord Alwyne, warding off the undesirable *partis*, protecting his ward against the wiles of the impecunious.

In the fulness of time, Alan came home rich with the spoils of all the world. There was no word of love between them before he went away. Among the many hundred letters he wrote from various habitable points upon this sphere, there was no word of love; and when he came back, there was again no word of love. Miranda said that Alan was a brother to her. Probably Alan might have thought much in the same way of Miranda, with the difference, however, that the fondest brother contemplates the possibility of his sister's marriage without a pang, while Alan never for a moment imagined how he could get on without her.

Had she actually refused him? A burning spot rose in either cheek as she thought this over. But no; she remembered all her wooers and their ways. She recalled the signs, which she knew too well, of an intention to propose. They were alike in substance, though they differed in detail. There was the ardent but diffident young clerk in the Foreign Office, who laid himself with pitiful abasement at her feet, and there was the proud penniless peer who confidently proposed the exchange of a title for a rent-roll. But in Alan's question there was nothing of all this; neither doubt, nor anxiety, nor emotion of any kind—only a plain question.

To live among the wives and daughters of the labourers! Could she do this? Not even, she felt, for that which Lord Alwyne had told her in the boat under the Clieveden woods was the one thing which he hoped for his son. Dear Lord Alwyne! always so kind and thoughtful. And, oh! so very fond of saying pretty things to pretty girls. Other pretty girls, Miranda thought, with a little pang of jealousy, would have those pretty things said to them. And what would become of Alan's self-sacrifice? Would that go on all his life? Was he to be separated from her by half a mile of park and village, and yet to belong to her no more?

As for Alan himself, he was far indeed from asking for Miranda's hand. There had occurred to him for a moment only a beatific vision, in which he and Miranda—brother and sister labourer—should be living in the village among "the people," belonging to them: he to the men, and she to the women, so that while he introduced new ideas and combated old habits among one sex, she might be among the others, inculcating the arts of cleanliness, order, good temper, or the rudiments of that sweet culture which, in a very few years' time, was to make a home of

delight in every cottage, and to form a West-end club, except for the drink and luxurious living, and the cigars and the easy-chairs, in every village. But the vision was momentary. It faded before Miranda's resolute reply, and he walked away sorrowful. He would have to fight the battle single-handed.

Among the farms on his estate was one of three hundred acres, leased by a certain Stephen Bostock. It was the smallest—it was the lowest rented, the least productive, and the tenants were the least satisfactory of any upon his estate. He went to Stephen Bostock himself. He pointed out, having ascertained these facts from his agent, that he, Stephen Bostock, was getting deeper every year in the mire, that he had no money, that things were certain to get worse with him instead of better, and then he asked him what he proposed to do.

Stephen Bostock was a man with a very red face, as many rustics have, and a very long, square chin, as few rustics have. The red face was due to habitual intemperance, whenever he could find the money; the long, square chin was a mark and certain proof of cunning, obstinacy, and self-reliance. A long chin means tenacity—a square chin means resource. When you get them both together, you have such a man as Stephen Bostock.

Stephen Bostock was between forty and fifty years of age. He who has made no money at fifty never will make any. That is why a man of forty-five who has made none begins to grow anxious. Stephen Bostock had nothing in the world except the lease of a farm whose rent he could not pay, a dairy whose proceeds kept the house supplied with meat and drink, and a wife and daughter who looked after the dairy, kept chickens and ducks, and saw that the pigs were fed. He was a small tenant-farmer, one of the most hopeless class, rapidly becoming rarer, in this realm of England. If the land were their own, they could live on it, thrive on it, work on it, and be happy. But it is not, and so the class deteriorates, starves for a while, becomes bankrupt, either sinks back to the soil, or goes to Canada, where free-lands can be taken up, and men become at a stroke yeomen, after the fashion of their ancestors.

"You see, Bostock," said Alan, "things seem getting worse instead of better with you."

"Yes, sir," he replied, "they certainly be. A little ease in the rent, now, might make everything right."

"No, it would not," Alan went on; "nothing will make everything right with you. The land is suffering from starvation and neglect. You have no stock, and next to no horses. You have got through all your money, whatever that was, and nothing can save you."

"A good spell of rainy weather," began Stephen, his mind turning feebly in the direction of turnips.

"No, no," said the Squire. "Now, listen to me, Bostock. Suppose I were to take the lease off your hands—don't speak, but listen. Suppose I were to offer you to remain where you are, in your own house, not as a tenant of the farm, but its bailiff, on a salary?"

"Oh!" said Stephen, startled, "on a celery" (he pronounced it so), "and in my own house! Without rent? As bailiff! Ah!"

"On a salary to be fixed between us." Stephen resolved that, if it depended on him, it should be fixed pretty high. "And that you should look after the practical business of the farm, which I intend to work on my own plans: that you should faithfully fulfil your part of the contract; that is, buy and sell, arrange the rotation of the crops, and direct the labour of the farm, to the best advantage of the proprietor, exactly as if it was your own."

Here Stephen Bostock, who began by staring hard, comprehended the position, and that so suddenly, that he was compelled to produce a red cotton handkerchief to hide a grin which, despite every warning of politeness, *would* spread from ear to ear.

"A celery: manage the farm for the Squire; go on living in the house, rent-free; buy and sell for the best advantage—ho! ho!—for the best advantage of the farm."

It really was too much.

Was it real?

Yes; before him stood the young Squire with grave and resolute face, square brows, and solemn blue eyes—eyes which somehow took the grin out of the corners of his mouth, and enabled him to lay down the pocket-handkerchief.

"Let me hear it all over again," he said.

"I'm slow by nature, but I'm sure. I am to live, rent free"—that was his own addition—"in the farmhouse. That's the first thing. I'm slow, but when I tackle a thing, I do tackle that thing. I am to sell the lease for a consideration." That was also his own addition.

"Not at all," said Alan. "You will not sell the lease; you will give it to me, to escape bankruptcy."

Mr. Bostock made a face. Nobody likes the ugly word bankruptcy.

"Well," he said," you will have your joke, Mr. Dunlop. We'll say that I surrender the lease, not sell it. But I am to get something, I suppose. I am to give up the lease, am I? And then I am to be bailiff. On a celery. And what might be your opinion of the celery that I should be worth as a bailiff to this farm?"

"I have hardly thought about it," said Alan. Of course, a hundred a year would have been plenty for such a man. "But we might begin with two hundred."

"*And* fifty, if *you* please, Mr. Dunlop," said Mr. Bostock firmly. "And then we shall be going dirt cheap—dirt cheap. Two hundred and fifty, or three hundred. I think I ought to say a celery of four hundred. But, knowing you and your family as I do know you and your family, and having been a tenant for a many years, and my wife once a lady's maid to her ladyship, and all makes one inclined to cut down the figure."

"We will say, then, two hundred and fifty," said Alan. He was accustomed to make this sort of compromise, and thought it showed the prudence of a business man. The other contractor to an agreement, for instance, whoever he was, invariably asked him for three times what he ought to have demanded. Alan conceded twice, and congratulated himself on having shown extraordinary knowledge of the world. Then he offered the wily Bostock two hundred and fifty, when he might have got him for a hundred.

"Well," Bostock grumbled, "to please you, sir. But we must have the dairy, and a field for the cows, and the fowls, and the pigs, and the orchard, just as at present so arranged."

"You can have all those," said Alan, ignorantly adding another hundred to the new bailiff's salary.

"That," said Bostock, "won't make the celery none too high. Besides, the dairy and the pigs is a mere nothink. But there —— And when will you begin, sir?"

"As soon as I can," said Alan. "I am going"—here he hesitated a little—"to manage this farm on an entirely new principle, of which I will explain the details afterwards. That is, you will manage it, but the results of the farm—the profits—are to be applied on a new principle."

"I thought, sir," said Bostock—his face lengthened considerably at the prospect of the farm being managed on new principles—"I thought that I was to buy and to sell for the best advantage of the farm."

"Why, so you are. That is not what I mean."

"Oh!" said Bostock, relieved; "that is not what you mean, sir?"

"Not at all. You will really buy, sell, and do everything. You will be the responsible manager of the farm. The profits, however, deducting your salary first, and the necessary expenses of wages, stock, implements, and so forth, will be divided in certain proportions between myself and the farm labourers and you, as the bailiff."

Once more Mr. Bostock was obliged to take out that pocket-handkerchief, with which he blew his nose violently, choked, became crimson in the face, blew his nose again, choked again, and finally, resumed his calm.

"Oh!" he said; "the profits of the farm, after paying me, the bailiff, and the wages and the necessary expenses, will go to us all in proper proportions, will they? Well, sir, that's a most generous and liberal offer on your part. I don't think there's another Squire in all the country, as knows land as you know land, because you've been round the world and must know all the land as is fit to call itself land—no—not a single other Squire alive as would make that proposal. Mr. Dunlop, I'm with you, and if you'll shake the hand of an honest man"—he held out his horny paw—"there you are."

Alan took it, almost with tears.

"I believe you will serve the farm honestly and well, Bostock," he said.

"I will, sir," replied the new bailiff. "Look round you and see the improvements I've made already with my small means. Why am I poor man now and my neighbours rich? Because I put into that land what they take out of it. Look at the farm implements—you'll buy them at a valuation, of

course; I'll value them for you. Look at the horses and the stock, look at the machines, look at the fields. People come—ah! for miles round—to visit this farm. It's been in print. Bostock's Farm, they called it. And after all these years, there's the rent unpaid, and—I'm not ashamed to say it, because the money's in the land, not in the bank—I go out of it and become the bailiff at a salary of two hundred and fifty, paid weekly, which is five pounds a week, and a house rent-free, and the dairy and a field for the cows, and the pigs, and the orchard, and the farm stock at my valuation. Squire, you've got me dirt cheap. I don't grudge the bargain, because my heart's in the work, and I shall have no more trouble about rent, and give my whole mind to the farm. You'll have to spend a little money on the place," he added, waving his hands with the air of one who commands. "But, Lord! it will all come back to you. Only you wait till we've been at work for a year or so. A little money here and a little there, a steam-engine here and another there. More cattle, more horses. Mr. Dunlop, I believe," he cried in a burst of enthusiasm, "I believe you'll say, come this day five years, that you never did a better stroke of work in all your life than when you got ME, Stephen Bostock, to be your bailiff, dirt cheap. It isn't for me to say who's the best man in all the county. Go to Athelston and ask at the farmers' ordinary on market-day, and all I've got to say is—here am I, at your service. Trust everything to me, let me, Stephen Bostock, buy and sell all by myself for the best advantage of the farm, as you say, Mr. Dunlop, and no questions asked, nor interference, nor anything, and—and then wait for the profits to be divided between you and me and the labourers. It's the labourers," he added, after a pause, "that I think on most, not myself, nor you. You've got your rents, Mr. Dunlop. You're a gentleman. I've got my salary—on'y two hundred and fifty, but 'sufficient is enough to a contented mind, and better is a stalled ox with contentment than a dinner of herbs and strife therewith.' But they pore labourers, they've got nothing, only their wages. Well, sir, we'll make it up to them. You and me together, we will."

There was something contagious in the hearty, though vulgar, enthusiasm of the new bailiff, and Alan shook hands with him with effusion. When the Squire was gone the bailiff, after watching him carefully across a field and a half, sat down and resumed openly that broad grin which he had before concealed behind the handkerchief.

"Me to buy and sell," he said. "*And* the two hundred and fifty! *And* rent free! *And* the dairy! *And* the pigs! *And* the cows! And all to the best advantage of the farm. Dammit, it's fine!" he said this critically. "That's what it is—it's fine." He lay back, and laughed low and long. Then a sudden thought pierced the marrow of his heart, and he sat up again.

"How long will it last? One year? Two years? Stephen Bostock, my lad. But make hay while the sun shines. Buy and sell as much as you can to the best advantage. Ho! ho!—the best advantage—ha! ha!—of the farmer—ho! ho!—and the labourers—ha! ha!—the labourers! Yar!" He added the last words with the most profound contempt, which it was as well that Alan did not witness.

CHAPTER VIII.

"That monster, Custom, who all sense doth eat."

AFTER this gratifying interview with Farmer Bostock, Alan felt himself warranted in at once proceeding to business. Pending the signing of the agreement, which the honest bailiff undertook to get drawn up, he began by inviting the labourers on the farm to meet him on Saturday evening at the schools, when, after supper, he proposed to set forth in simple language, cautiously abstaining from eloquence or metapher, his scheme for the advance of the higher civilization.

The men were invited to bring their wives, and those of the women whose family ties allowed, accepted with as much readiness as the men. Here it was felt, was a distinct step in advance. On the last occasion when the Squire met them in the schoolroom, he offered them a lecture, and never so much as a glass of beer to wash it down. Now, whatever suffering might be in store for them in the way of speeches, one thing was quite clear, that there would be compensation in the way of meat and drink. The butcher and the landlord of the Spotted Lion, indeed, were ready to state what amount of compensation.

"The supper," said one of the group in the Spotted Lion, on Friday evening, "is roast beef and roast mutton, hot, with potatoes and cabbage."

"Ah!" from all lips sympathetically.

"And beer. As much beer as we like. None o' your half-pints with young Squire. I seen the Squire's orders in writing."

"Ah!"—unanimously.

"Seems a kind of a waste now, don't it?" asked a venerable sage, smoking in the corner. "Saturday night an' all. Might ha' bin here as usual, and had the beer to ourselves, and kep' the beef for Sunday."

That was true, and feelingly put.

"And there's a lecture, William?" the ancient sage went on. "Same as two year ago."

"Ay. There's a lecture. But, Lord! after the beef—and the cabbage—and the beer—what's a lecture?"

Alan presided at the supper, supported by the Vicar on his right, and his new bailiff on the left. When every one had eaten as much beef as he possibly could, and the cloth was removed, the men were agreeably surprised by the production of pipes, tobacco, and more beer. The place, to be sure, was not what they were accustomed to for smoking purposes, and the tobacco did not possess some of the qualities which they preferred; but there was always the beer.

The women began to steal away when the pipes were lit, and by the time the room was quite full of smoke, and the Squire was choking, there were none but men present. Then Alan rose to make the speech which inaugurated his co-operative farm.

He saw with a sinking heart that they immediately assumed the attitude which long custom at church made them put on for the reception of a discourse. That is to say, they leaned back in their chairs, left off talking—some of them put down their pipes out of respect—and with eyes fixed upon the the rafters, allowed their thoughts to wander in pleasant fields. There was, to be sure, a freshness in being allowed to drink beer and smoke during a sermon.

"My friends—" Here there was a general shuffling of legs, as every man helped himself hastily to another glass of gratuitous beer, the idea emanating from the aged philosopher. It might be—it would certainly be—their last that evening, because no doubt when the sermon was finished they would all be dismissed with the benediction given, so to speak, dry, as on Sunday.

"My friends—" Alan gave them time to recover and began again. "I have asked you here to-night; not, as happened two years ago, to deliver a lecture, but to ask your advice." He paused here, and looked round, but on no single face did he discern the least gleam or glimmer of interest. Every man's eyes were steadily fixed on the roof, and every man was quietly but resolutely smoking, his mind, of course, in some more congenial place.

This was disheartening. Alan tried again.

"My friends," he said once more, "I want to ask your advice. I stand among you, the owner of this land, and the receiver of its rents."

"Hear! hear!" cried Mr. Bostock; and at an interruption so uncommon in a sermon, many of the hearers recovered consciousness suddenly, and found themselves not in church at all, but in the school-room. Then they realised the position, and relapsed again.

"An owner of land and a receiver of rents," Alan went on, "occupies a position, which, I believe, is only beginning to be generally recognised. He incurs responsibilities, in fact, of the most serious kind."

He paused again. There was no gleam of sympathy in any single eye. But that might be the effect of the tobacco haze.

"The conditions of agriculture are, in this country," he went on, "very different to those in any of the places I have visited. In all countries except England, men farm their own land. Mostly, they farm it with their own hands. Here we have not only the owner, a man of capital, but also the tenant farmer, another man of capital, to come between the labourer and the profits of his labour. That is a state of things which we cannot entirely alter, but may modify."

He stopped again. A low and melodious snore from the end of the table where one of the younger members had fallen asleep, increased his auditors' belief that they were really in church.

"An owner of land in England," Alan continued, "is a trustee; he is a responsible agent; he holds a large part of the public welfare in his hands. It is his duty to leave no stone unturned in the effort to secure the largest amount of happiness attainable by the general mass of mankind."

He thought that short sentences, delivered slowly, would have the effect of arresting the attention, and though the entire silence (except the single snore) and apparent apathy with which his words had hitherto been received were disheartening, yet he hoped that when he got through his preamble the men would receive his intentions with enthusiasm.

"I start, therefore, with the grand modern principle that labour must be paid a sufficient wage to keep the labourer and his family in health. So far, no doubt, you are all agreed."

Not a soul made the slightest response.

"Next, I advance the grand new principle in social enonomy that the labourers in any enterprise are entitled, in addition to their wages, to a share in the profits."

"Hear! hear!" from Mr. Bostock, which brought down the upward-turned faces. When, however, they found that the sermon was not finished, the faces all went up again.

"I am about to ask your assistance," Alan went on, "in the establishment of a farm conducted on these and other new principles. I have taken the farm previously held by our friend Mr. Bostock, and have undertaken to put the general management into his hands as bailiff. The details of this management I leave to you for settlement among yourselves."

"Hear! hear!" from Mr. Bostock.

The faces came down again, and looked wonderfully around them. They were all lost in the sleepy imaginations which belong to sermon-time: they were full of fat mutton and heavy beer: they were not—then—in church: and there was the Squire boomin' away. What was it all about?

"I propose that you hold a weekly Parliament in this room, every Saturday night, for the discussion of all and every topic connected with the farm. You will understand that on your own decisions will rest the prosperity of the undertaking and your own chances of profit.

"As regards the profits of the farm, I shall take for my own share a percentage to represent five per cent. on the marketable value: the bailiff will receive a salary of two hundred and fifty pounds; your own wages will, of course, have to come out of the annual returns; there will be a percentage set aside for wear and tear of farm implements: and then—then—my friends, we shall divide between us all the remaining profits. I, as the landlord, will take a certain share: the bailiff, as superior officer and manager, his share: the rest will be divided among you equally."

There was not the slightest enthusiasm—not the least response; all the faces turned swiftly upwards contemplating the rafters—everybody silent out of respect. You don't interrupt a parson in a pulpit by singing out "Hear! hear!" or any such foolishness. Not at all—you sit and listen, and when he has done you go away. As for what he has said, that is his affair, not yours.

Alan was a good deal disappointed, but he persevered.

"You will elect your own officers, appoint your own hours of labour, provide for everything by free discussion and voting. For my own part," here he sank his voice, and spoke solemnly, because this was the real pith and gist of the whole thing, "I shall ask you to let me become one of yourselves, work with you, eat and drink with you, share your toil as well as your recreation, and contribute from the better chances I have had of acquiring knowledge all I can that may be helpful to the the new community."

The faces came down when the voice dropped, because it was thus that the Vicar always ended his sermons. So that all heard the Squire, to their unspeakable astonishment, offering to live with them, work with them, and eat and drink with them. "Finally," he said, "I think, considering the advantages that we possess: a bailiff who takes a salary instead of a profit"—here Stephen Bostock pulled out his pocket-handkerchief to conceal the grin which once more involuntarily played round his honest lips—"a landlord who wants no more than a small percentage on the value of the farm, and a knot of hard-working, disciplined, and—and—intelligent men like yourselves—I think, I say, that we may begin by raising the wages three shillings all round."

Here the Squire sat down, and the men stared at him.

Three shillings all round. That they understood, and the fact, once fairly understood, sent their dull blood coursing more swiftly through their veins. Three shillings a week! Eighteen pints of beer! But the possibilities of such an increase cannot be grasped in a moment.

Alan rose again when the emotion had subsided, and pulled out a small bundle of papers. They were fly-leaves, on which the

principal points of his speech had been printed in clear type and in a few words. He put them on the table.

"Now," he said, "let this be the first evening Parliament of the new community! I leave these papers with you, so that you may understand, by reading them, exactly what it is that I propose, by your help, to institute. We shall now leave you to your deliberations. Pray send for any more beer that you may require."

The Vicar, Mr. Bostock, and the Squire gone, the men, alone and comfortable, looked at each other with amazed and turbid understandings.

"What did he say, William?" asked the same old sage who had lamented the loss of a Saturday night and the waste of good beef.

"Three shillin' a week," replied William. "And the Squire, he'll come and live along of us."

"We don't want no Squire," growled the blacksmith.

"And farmer Bostock, he's to be bailiff."

There was another growl.

Then William, a young man, spoke again.

"Squire said we was to have what beer we wanted. How much do we want?"

One suggested a pint all round; another, and a thirstier, rose to a pint and a half. There were about fifteen men present. William, with a boldness which marked him out for future success, soared higher.

"Let's hev' a cask," he said. As there were fifteen men present, that was about three quarts apiece. The cask was brought, and instantly tapped. The deliberations were conducted as long as it lasted, which was at least three hours.

No conclusion was arrived at. But the imagination was let loose upon the Squire's future manner of life, and how his father would like it. "William," presently asked the old man, "they papers as the Squire left on the table. What's they for?"

"Pipe-lights, gaffer," said William promptly.

"Oh! and very thoughtful of the Squire, too. Reach me one, William."

This, alas! was the end of the Squire's little tract.

CHAPTER IX.

"Strong reasons make strong actions."

THE cottage in which Alan proposed to carry out his project was one of the humblest in the village. It consisted of two rooms; that on the ground-floor opening directly on the little front garden, and paved with stone, was ten feet square and eight feet high. That on the floor above was of the same superficial area, but had a sloping roof, so that the cubical contents were much smaller. In fact, it was a room in which a man would hesitate to swing a cat, from the dreadful uncertainty whether the cat might not clutch the walls and turn to rend him. The room was lighted by a small window containing two panes only.

"You must have a curtain across the door, Alan," said Miranda, inspecting the arrangements. "I will make it for you of some cheap stuff, so that it may be copied by the village. A flower-box may be put in the window for mignonette and wall-flowers. You may put a little bookcase opposite the window. And, for very comfort's sake, you must have some carpet over the cold stones. I can't very well send you blankets at Christmas, Alan, can I? Let me send you a piece of carpet instead—oh! good serviceable carpet; Kidderminster, not Turkey carpet at all."

"I have been thinking," said Alan, "that one way of getting to understand these people, will be by asking them here and giving them tea, with—with jam, I suppose, and so forth."

It was not till she was alone that Miranda felt a temptation to laugh over the picture of the peasants eating their way to the Higher Culture through piles of jam. They agreed that, as regards the furniture, simplicity must be studied first, and that æsthetic effect must be practically made of secondary importance. They fixed upon a wooden arm-chair, a deal table, unvarnished, and two or three common strong chairs for the coming visitors, who were to eat jam. The bookcase presented difficulties. Should it be fitted for the use of the village, or for that of the Squire? It was with a sigh that Alan pronounced for the village, and filled it with works on practica husbandry, political economy, agricultura chemistry, and other works known to be in constant demand by English villagers.

"I must devote my evenings as well as my days, Miranda," said Alan, on the eve of taking up his residence in the village, "to the people. But I shall be able to see you on Sundays."

"And, Alan, may I come to see you—in the fields?"

Alan laughed.

"You may, if you like. You will find me in a smock-frock."

"A smock-frock? You, Alan?"

Somehow the question of dress goes home to the feminine mind with greater force and directness than to ourselves. Miranda would have preferred seeing her new Crusader cap-à-pie in chain armour. But in a smock-frock!

Alan laughed.

"The uniform came home last night," he said. "In the solitude of my own chamber I put it on. Stay, Miranda. No one is about. Suppose I go and put it on again, for you."

He disappeared for a few minutes, and presently returned, disguised as a British labourer. He had on a smock-frock, a soft felt hat, leggings, gaiters, and corduroy trousers. He carried a whip in his hand, and wore a red cotton handkercheif tied round his neck. No one knows, until he has tried it, how vast a gulf separates those who wear from those who do not wear a collar.

"Alan?" cried Miranda, in a sort of terror, "I am afraid of you. Is it possible for clothes to make all that difference? You look *exactly* like a rustic. Even your own air of distinction, that I was proud of, has disappeared. I believe clothes are live things, after all. To be sure, everything is new, and if you only had a rose in your buttonhole, you would pass for a villager at the opera. But go away quickly, and change before any of the servants see you. If they do your authority is lost."

Alan took possession of his new house with pride mixed with anxiety. Like all genuine enthusiasts, he had very little care about what people said of him. That did not enter into his calculations. The pride arose from the realisation of a dream which had lain in his brain for two years and more; the anxiety from a fear that he might not be strong enough to carry it out. A woman whom he had engaged to wait upon him was in the cottage to receive him.

"You have got everything as I ordered?" Alan asked. "Breakfast, such as the men all take; things for luncheon—I mean, dinner?"

Everything, she said, had been provided. Thus assured, Alan dismissed her.

It was eight o'clock and a cold rainy evening in October. The fire was burning, and the room was illuminated by a single tallow candle in a brass candlestick. The village was very quiet, and the rain fell outside, pattering upon his doorstep, cheerless. The sensation of being quite alone in a house, even a two-roomed cottage, was chilly. And there was the voluntary deprivation of tobacco, which was to begin from that evening. Abstinence from strong drinks, too, was to commence on the spot. Alan sat and meditated. He tried to picture to himself a village where the people were all cultured, all virtuous, all happy. He tried to lay down for himself laws to guide his conversation with the men, his daily toil, and his evenings. But it was an unpropitious time. For the moment, he took no joy in his projects. In all undertakings of difficulty, that moment is the most unhappy when it has been resolved upon, and on the eve of commencement, because then the dangers stare you most clearly in the face, and success seems most doubtful.

Ten o'clock. He was to rise early, and had better go to bed. He climbed the narrow stairs, bumped his head once or twice against the sloping roof and went to bed, feeling exactly like Alexander Selkirk. He woke in the night choked with the confined air of the little room. It was dark; he had no matches, and could not open the window. With the aid of a brush he smashed a pane of glass, and having thus established a simple ventilator, went to bed again.

He awoke at six, an hour late. Then a touch of human weakness seized him. He would not begin his farm work that day. Next day he would be called in time. And, he thought, as he was awake, he would get up. No one to bring him hot water, no hot water to bring; no use in ringing the bell, no bell to ring. He felt more and more like Alexander Selkirk. Alas, as he reflected, no fire lit, and breakfast to be made by himself.

Downstairs, he threw open the shutter and began with a foolish shame lest any one should see him,—to be sure it was not an occupation which offers, at the first blush, many attractions,—to lay the fire. This is

not difficult to do, but it requires delicacy in the handling, and there are certain details, such as the sweeping up of the cinders, which, although a part of honourable labour, is not the work one would wish to do in public. You have to go on your knees to do it properly; no man likes that attitude, unless he is at Wimbledon. The fire lit, it was necessary to boil the kettle for breakfast. Fortunately, the kettle was full. He had only, therefore, to put it on, lay out the things for breakfast, and take that meal.

When the fire was made, he began to feel in better spirits. Of course there would be hardships. That was to be expected. Many sorts of hardships. For instance, was not there a certain—hem!—an earthiness, a mouldy odour about the room, which he had failed to notice the night before? Perhaps, if he opened the door—he did so; outside, the rain was still pattering on his doorstep, and standing in great pools about the road. Clay soil, stone floor, ground heavy with rain—these were the generators of his mouldiness. He made a mental note anent foundations. Good; the kettle must be nearly boiling now; let us set out breakfast.

No tablecloth; bread—where is the butter? where is the milk? tea; the teapot; sugar—brown sugar. Nothing else? no bacon? no kidneys? nothing else at all? Do labourers make their breakfast off bread and tea, with brown sugar and no milk? Stay. In the corner there is something white lying on a plate. He set this down on the table and contemplated it with dismay.

Yet he had pledged himself to live like the farm labourers.

A piece of cold boiled pork, only the fat, not a morsel of lean—a lump of white, hard, unredeemed fat. Do our agricultural workmen, then, habitually devour the fat of pigs?

He took up a knife and fork, resolved to conquer this luxurious distaste for pork fat. He laid it down. Again, and with the same result.

Then he sighed. At what a price must his end be attained! Perhaps the kettle was boiling. There were none of the signs—no bubbling and running over. He poured a little into a cup. Heavens! it was hardly warm. He sat down with some temper; not the broad facts of disinterested devotion, but these little details worry and annoy one.

He drew his chair to the side of the fire. If he kept the door open he would catch cold; if he shut it, there was that abominable mouldiness. Patience. Let the kettle boil.

The warmth of the fire, the early hour, the exertion of laying the fire, each of these influences falling singly and together upon him, presently caused his eyes to close.

The fire having made the kettle to boil, went on, in its zeal to do the work thoroughly, until it had boiled all the water away. Then it got the opportunity, which it never neglects, of burning a hole in the bottom of the kettle. By-and-by the door, which was unfastened, swung gently open, and the rain began to beat in upon Alan's new carpet. Then a cat, belonging to a neighbouring cottage, crept in softly, and sat down before the fire, pretending to have made a mistake about the house. As the sleeper took no notice, she rose and began slowly to explore the room in quest of breakfast for herself, if any were to be had. Nothing in the cupboard, nothing on the floor. On the table a piece of pork fat and a loaf of bread. The cat turned the pork over with her paws, smelt it, and finally, digging her teeth into a corner of the skin, jumped lightly to the ground with it and disappeared. But Alan went on sleeping.

Then two little boys, of three and four, looked in at the door. I do not know where they came from, but realising the situation—somebody sound asleep, rain and cold outside—they crept in and sat on the carpet before the fire, warming their hands and feet. Presently one of them, the more enterprising one, began to prowl round the room, and espied a sugar-basin. This he stealthily brought to his companion, and both, sitting down before the fire, fell-to upon the sugar, each keeping one eye on the sleeper, without the necessity of speech When the sugar was quite gone, they gently rose, replaced the empty basin, and crept away on the points of their toes like stage brigands. But still the sleeping man slept on.

When the children were gone, the rain and wind beat in at the open door at their will without awakening the sleeper. Alan was in the land of dreams.

Then there came along the street an old woman. She was going to buy a loaf. Seeing the door of the cottage open, she looked in, with the curiosty of her sex, to see how

the young Squire had furnished it. He was there himself, asleep by the fire. Seeing that he really was asleep, and took no manner of notice, she was emboldened to look round the room. From looking about the room to stepping inside out of the rain was but a natural sequence of events. But it was not in the natural order of things that, while her eyes watched the face of the sleeper, her right hand, while the accomplice left held up the apron, should steal forth and convey the loaf beneath that feminine robe proper for concealment. When she was gone, Alan's breakfast-table was as bare as Dame Hubbard's cupboard.

The morning advanced. All the men had long since gone off to their work; but now the women, whose household duties were by this time pretty well accomplished for the day, came out and began to gossip at the doors. And then the rumour ran from house to house that the Squire was in his cottage, that the cottage door was open, and the Squire was sound asleep inside, for all the world to see.

When Alan awoke, which was about half-past eight, he sat up in his chair and rubbed his eyes. Before him, gathered together at the open door of his cottage, were the whole feminine population, with all the children who could not yet walk. There was the ancient gammer, her face seamed and lined, and her shoulders bent. There was the strong and sturdy housewife, mother of many, one of whom she was brandishing. There was the newly-married wife, fresh from the wash-tub, the suds yet lying on her red arms. There was the maiden of blushing sixteen, carrying her infant brother. All were there; all were staring with open mouths and eyes, whispering, tittering, and waiting.

When he sat up they started back; when he opened his eyes they fled multivious; so that all he got was a mere sense, or dim half-photograph, of the scene which might even have been a dream. But he heard the rustle of flying skirts and the skurry of retreating feet, and he divined what had happened.

But they ought not to have taken away his loaf, and his pork, and his sugar. That was carrying curiosity beyond its legitimate limits. And the fire was out, and the water had boiled away, and there was a great hole burnt in the bottom of the kettle. He looked round him in dismay. Up to the present he had succeeded in nothing but in making himself ridiculous.

Why is it, he asked, that a man will cheerfully bear insult, contempt, and misrepresentation, and yet fall into unphilosophic rages when he incurs ridicule? It was a question to which no answer came.

Meantime, what was he to do?

It was nine o'clock. He was hungry. He would consider this a day lost, and he would go over to Dalmeny Hall and ask for breakfast.

(To be continued.)

HOME.

HOME! in that word how many hopes are hidden,
How many hours of joy serene and fair,
How many golden visions rise unbidden,
And blend their hues into a rainbow *there*.

Round home what images of beauty cluster,—
Links which unite the living with the dead,
Glimpses of scenes of most surpassing lustre,
Echoes of melody whose voice is fled.

Home is the place where we have ever blended
Our hopes and happiness, our tears and sighs,
Whence our united worship hath ascended,
As grateful incense to the listening skies.

When we have nourished feelings while beholding
Some sun-eyed flower, that centre of our love,
And while we watched its gradual unfolding,
The angels came and carried it above.

Scenes gay and gladsome as the golden glory
Which decks the death bed of departing day,
And many an old and spirit-stirring story,
Whose memory is fading fast away,

Flash o'er the spirit at the oft repeated
And ne'er to be forgotten accent, Home!
Friends whom a thousand times our love hath greeted,
With whom our merry boyhood loved to roam;—

A father's joy, a mother's deep devotion,
Untiring energy, and constant care,
The reverential love, the pure emotion,
The evening hymn, the heavenward wafted prayer;

The Sabbath bells, whose glad and gentle pealing
Falls on the spirit like the early dew,
Evoking every high and holy feeling,
All that hath "power to chasten and subdue;"

Sisters and brothers fondly loved and cherished,
Our comrades *then* in the stern march of life,
The early called who fought, and fighting perished,
And left us single-handed in the strife;

The words and waters where our childhood flourished,
The hoary hills our wandering footsteps trod,
The fairy prospects which our fancy nourished,
The old church spire which pointed us to God;—

Such are the visions which are ever stealing,
Around our spirits wheresoe'er we roam,
Full fraught with beautiful and hallowed feeling,
Evoked like phantoms by the spell of Home.

Needs there a beautiful ancestral mansion,
To mark the spot where household joys abide,
Bounded on all sides by a broad expansion
Of lawns and verdant vales and woodlands wide?

No! Home is not confined to halls of pleasure,
To regal pomp and dwellings of the great,
It is not meted to us by the measure,
Which appertains to things of low estate.

Where'er we find warm hearts and fond affection,
Whether in straw-thatched hut or gilded dome,
We find what claims our notice and reflection,
We find the primal elements of Home.

On Alpine mountains where the hunter buildeth
His fragile dwelling like an eagle's lair,
In southern climates where the sunlight gildeth
The vine-clad hills with colours ever fair;

In Arctic regions when the winter heapeth,
In hoary piles the everlasting snows;
And where the persecuted negro weepeth,
His kidnapped kindred and his country's woes;—

Where'er of fellow-men we find the traces,
Where'er a wanderer hath his footsteps bent,
In populous cities and in desert places,
The Indian's wigwam and the Arab's tent,

Mankind, however fettered and benighted,
Howe'er oppressed by penury and care,
Have their existence by *one* beacon lighted,
Have still *one* bliss which all may freely share.

Home! cries the world-sick wanderer as he wendeth,
With baffled footsteps o'er his weary way;
Home! sighs the wretched outcast as he sendeth
A longing look where once he longed to stray;

Home! says the toil-worn rustic when returning,
From daily labour at the fall of night;
Home! sings the emancipated soul, as spurning
This world of woe, to plume its wings for flight.

Home, like the burning lens, collects together
Into one point affection's scattered rays,
And in the sternest storm, the wildest weather,
Kindles a bright and spirit-cheering blaze.

Home is the watchword firing with emotion
The patriot's heart, and nerving him to fight;
Home is the pole-star o'er the storm-swept ocean,
Guiding the sailor through the gloomy night.

Home cheers the solitary student burning
With high and heavenward hopes till he has furled
His wings of fire upon the heights of learning;
Home is the lever that can lift the world.

A never-failing source of inspiration;
A fountain sealed with hidden virtue fraught;
The pilgrim's prayer, the poet's inspiration,
The nurse of every noble deed and thought.

Home is a boon to erring mortals given,
To knit us closer in the bonds of love,
To lead our spirits gently up to heaven,
To shadow forth the brighter home above.

H. M.

SLEEP AND DREAMING.

DREAMING and the state of the mind during sleep are subjects upon which there has been a great deal of speculation, and it is curious to note the very different deductions that have been drawn from reported dream phenomena by persons seeking to bolster up their favourite metaphysical hobbies. From time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, the subject of dreams has attracted the attention not only of the old women of both sexes, but also of the learned. Among the latter we find Dr. Reid, in his work on "Hypochondriasis," devoting an essay to sleep. Dr. Andrew Combe refers to dreaming in his "Observations on Mental Derangement;" also Dr. Noble in his "Elements of Psychological Medicine," Sir Henry Holland in his "Mental Physiology," Sir Benjamin Brodie in his "Psychological Enquiries," Dr. Carpenter in his "Mental Physiology," and Dr. Forbes Winslow in his work on "Obscure Diseases of the Brain." Sir John Herschel took an opportunity of touching upon the discussion in his "Familiar Lectures on Scientific Subjects." Locke in his treatise on the "Human Understanding" makes frequent allusion to dreaming, and we find Lord Brougham upon the same topic in his "Natural Theol ogy," as also Dugald Stewart in his "Philosophy of the Human Mind."

Among other poets Shakspere, Southey, Shelley, and Byron have not omitted to dwell on the marvels of this great unreality, and any one who likes to refer to Bayle's Dictionary, Article Artemidorus, will see that dreaming was regarded as a matter of no small moment among the Romans; or, indeed, he may take up the Bible and there find many dreams recorded in a manner calculated to impress him with a sense of their extraordinary interest and importance.

It will be observed, that while the subject is approached by the giants of old in a spirit of superstitious awe, it is treated by the moderns with a view to scientific investigation; for the progress of education has by this time for the most part swept away the old-fashioned belief in the prophetic signification of dreams, and the occupation of Artemidorus and his tribe is gone, except as regards the most grossly ignorant and illiterate individuals, who seem to exist for the express purpose of becoming the prey of sharpers and impostors.

It is not proposed in the present paper to seek to establish any particular theories, but merely to bring together a few of the opinions and observations of some recognised authorities in regard to the most striking phenomena of sleep and dreaming, and the relations between the states of dreaming and insanity.

Sleep has been defined as a general repose, during which almost all of the bodily organs are at rest. Doubtless, all who have considered the subject are familiar with the recognised principle that no living thing is capable of continuous or unintermitted activity; it being an inflexible law of nature that a period of work must be succeeded by a quiescent state, during which the organism may repair the loss entailed in its tissues by previous exertion. A muscle is capable of a certain amount of activity, but its energy, after a little while, becomes exhausted and the muscle itself powerless and flaccid. That which is true of one muscle, is true of the whole body and of its individual organs. We are told that even the heart, the action of which appears to be incessant, conforms to this universal rule, though its motions are not intermittent but rhythmical, and that there is a distinct period of rest between each pulsation. But it seems that in the case of the brain more than in that of any other organ, this principle forces itself upon our notice, inasmuch as every act of thought or volition is said to entail a certain loss or consumption of brain substance, and the period during which the brain rests for the repair of this loss, constitutes that portion of our existence which we term sleep. Sleep is, however, more than a general repose, and something more than a time of rest for the brain, inasmuch as it is the time during which the whole body recoups itself for such waste as has not been made good during the day, by the processes of nutrition. In connec-

tion with this point, medical science teaches that a local increase of activity in the system is always accompanied by a corresponding local increase in the circulation of the blood; that a large proportion—about one-fifth—of the whole of the blood leaving the heart normally flows directly to the brain, and that an increase of activity in this organ—as deep thought—increases this flow; and that the approach of sleep being accompanied by a gradual diminution of brain circulation and by a sensible collapse in the substance of the brain, as a consequence during sleep more than the normal quantity of blood is distributed over the remainder of the body, more especially over the surface and extremities. Any cause tending to promote circulation in the brain, such as worry or anxiety, tends to prevent sleep; and, inversely, any cause tending to diminish the circulation in the brain induces sleep; too sudden a diminution or entire cessation producing syncope or death. Among other influences calculated to induce sleep may be enumerated, warmth of atmosphere, darkness, and monotony of sound. (Many, doubtless, will have had an opportunity of noticing the soporific effect of monotony of sound in their churches)

As to the amount of sleep required by different individuals (including all the classes referred to in a trite proverb), it may be stated that the duration of sleep needed differs according to the constitution and habits of the person; or that it depends inversely upon the rapidity with which the repair of wasted tissues goes on in differently constituted organisms; thus young children, whose tissues are in a state of rapid growth, sleep during the greater part of the twenty-four hours, while old people, on the other hand, whose tissues are in a state of gradual decay, require very little sleep indeed.

In his valuable work on "Obscure Diseases of the Brain," Dr. Forbes Winslow gives the following table of states in regard to the morbid phenomena of sleep and dreaming:

A. Sleeplessness or insomnia.

B. Abnormal disposition to excess of sleep.

C. Morbid phenomena of dreaming.

A { A simple state of restlessness.
{ { A disturbed / eccentric / irregular / cerebral } repose.
{ An unrefreshing condition of slumber.

B—Morbid dispositions to excess of sleep.
Sopor—profound sleep.
Coma—a morbid state resembling sleep produced by compression of the brain and other causes.
Carus—profound sleep with quiet respiration.
Lethargus—marked drowsiness, or sleep which cannot be driven off.

And to this table we might add hypnotism, or artificially induced sleep. It is, however, with the third head of this classification that we are more particularly concerned, namely, the morbid phenomena of dreaming.

Day dreams or reveries we will pass over with simple mention, as appertaining to a waking state and therefore not strictly within the scope of the present paper. In the first place it would seem proper to give our attention to the causes of dreams. Hartley attributes them to three different sources, viz: States of the body and especially of the stomach during sleep; ideas and impressions lately received; and ideas restored by association. A more general classification than the above, of dreams as regards their causes, would be:

I. Those produced by subjective sensations (sensations arising from the working of the individual's own mind).

II. Those produced by objective sensations (sensations consequent upon any external change, or arising from physical impressions made within the body of the individual).

Now the aforesaid doctors tell us that the brain, though a unity, is a complex unity, and therefore while one portion of it rests others can go on actively. Hence the reflex actions of the brain take place as well, or even better, during sleep than in the waking hours. All ideas are the results of sensory impressions, of which the brain may be termed the organic register, and when we recall ideas we, in reality, re-excite exactly the same portions of the brain as were originally concerned in taking the impressions.

Conversely, strong ideas may and occasionally do cause absolute sensory impressions—optical illusions, for example, such as occur to "spiritualists" and persons labouring under many forms of insanity. Not only may ideal phantasms be thus produced, but pathological changes and even diseases may be engendered by a powerful imagination. Dreams are the revival during sleep of impressions registered during waking hours. None of their elements are or can be new; the arrangement alone of the elements may

be novel. In short we have in dreams a series of permutations and combinations of facts that have come within our own past or possible experience or knowledge, and therefore to dream of future events is impossible. Incoherent dreaming is caused by a kaleidoscopic grouping of impressions. The causes that produce the re-excitation of mental impressions during sleep are various, but may usually be traced to some disturbing physical or physiological influences on the body or to the retention of some recent train of waking thought. Indigestion produces the familiar phenomenon of nightmare, by transmission to the brain of the sense of oppression on the chest; and concentration of thought on one subject during the great part of a day brings about a morbid condition of the brain-cells, which causes the imagination during sleep to revert to the strongly preoccupying subject. Here we may parenthetically insert the advice of old Burton, given in "The Anatomy of Melancholy:" "Against fearfull and troublesome dreames, incubus and such inconveniences, wherewith melancholy men are molested, the best remedy is to eat a light supper, and of such meats as are easy of digestion, no hare, venison, beefe, &c.; not to lie on his back, nor to meditate nor think in the day time of any terrible objects or especially talk of them before he goes to bed."

Some writers on the subject are of opinion that no moment of sleep is without some condition of dreaming. Among these is Sir Henry Holland, who says: "To believe otherwise is to suppose two different states of sleep, more remote from each other than we can well conceive any two conditions of the same living being; one in which sensations, thoughts, and emotions are present in activity and unceasing change; another in which there is the absence or nullity of every function of the mind, annihilation, in fact, of all that is not organic life. Though we cannot disprove the latter view—and must admit the difficulty of explaining the sleep of an infant in any other sense—yet it is on the whole more reasonable to suppose that no state or moment of sleep is utterly without dreaming."

This notion that dreams are co-extensive with sleep, and therefore that we dream whenever we sleep although we may not be aware of that fact, recalls a passage in Locke "On the Human Understanding" (Book II, chap. 1): "It is strange," says he, "if the soul has ideas of its own, that it derived not from sensation or reflection (as it must have, if it thought before it received any impressions from the body,) that it should never in its private thinking (*so private that the man himself perceives it not*) retain any of them the very moment it wakes out of them and then make the man glad with new discoveries."

Dr. Carpenter, Lord Brougham, and many others take the opposite side of the question, and affirm that we only dream during the instant of transition into and out of sleep. "For," says his lordship in his work on "Natural Theology," "that instant is quite enough to account for the whole of what appears in a night's dream. It is quite certain we remember no more than ought, according to the experiments that have been made, to fill an instant of time; and there can be no reason why we should only recollect this one portion if we had dreamt much more. The fact that we never dream so much as when our rest is frequently broken, proves the same proposition almost to demonstration. An uneasy and restless night passed in bed is always a night studded full with dreams. So too a night passed on the road in travelling by such as sleep well in a carriage, is a night of constant dreams. Every jolt that awakens or half awakens us seems to be the cause of a dream. If it be said that we always or generally dream when asleep, but only recollect a portion of our dream, then the question arises, why we recollect a dream each time we fall asleep, or are awakened, and no more? If we can recall twenty dreams in a night of interrupted sleep, how is it we can only recall one or two when our sleep is continued? The length of time occupied by the dream we recollect, is the only reason that can be given for our forgetting the rest; but this reason fails if each time we are roused we remember separate dreams."

Indeed it has been among the experiences of many to have awaked with the consciousness of having dreamed but without having the power to recall any of the circumstances of their dream. The dream, at the time it was passing before the mind's eye, may have had all the vivid distinctness of a life-like picture, but on awaking all the details seem to have faded out like the dissolving view that leaves no trace behind it; and during a night of troubled repose, of frequently inter-

rupted slumber, it has happened that dream after dream has succeeded another, and in the morning the dreamer knew only that he had dreamed. But when he had dreamed, he almost always was aware at least of that bare fact.

Says Dr. Carpenter, in his "Mental Physiology": "Most remarkable of all peculiarities in the state of dreaming, is the rapidity with which trains of thought pass through the mind. A dream involving a long succession of supposed events has often distinctly originated in a sound which has also awoke the sleeper, so that the whole must have passed during the almost inappreciable period of transition between the previous state of sleep and the full or waking consciousness." In regard to the rapidity with which dreams pass through the mind, we quote the following from "The Philosophy of Mystery": "A gentleman dreamed he had enlisted as a soldier, that he had joined his regiment, that he had deserted, was apprehended and carried back to his regiment, that he was tried by court-martial, condemned to be shot, and was led out for execution. At the moment of the completion of these ceremonies the guns of the platoon were fired, and at the report he awoke. It was clear that a loud noise in the adjoining room had both produced the dream and awakened the dreamer almost at the same moment. 'There was another gentleman,' says Mr. Dendy, 'who for some time after sleeping in the damp, suffered a sense of suffocation when slumbering in a recumbent position; and a dream would then come over him as of a skeleton which grasped him firmly by the throat. This dream became at length so distressing that sleep was to him no blessing but a state of torture; and he had a servant posted by his couch to awake him at the very instant he fell asleep. One night, before being awakened the skeleton made his attack, and a long and severe conflict ensued. When fully awake, the dreamer remonstrated with the watcher for having allowed him to remain *so long* in his dream, and to his astonishment learned that his dream had been momentary. He was roused at the instant he began to slumber.' A very remarkable instance of the kind is related by the famous Count Lavalette. It occurred while he was confined in a French prison. 'One night, while I was asleep,' he says, 'the clock of the Palais de Justice struck twelve and awoke me. I heard the gate open to relieve the sentry, but I fell asleep almost immediately. In this sleep I dreamed that I was standing in the Rue St. Honoré, at the corner of the Rue de l'Echelle. A melancholy darkness spread around me; all was still. Nevertheless, a low and uncertain sound soon arose. All of a sudden, I perceived at the bottom of the street, and advancing towards me, a troop of cavalry; the men and horses, however, all flayed. The men held torches in their hands, the flames of which illumined faces without skin, and with bloody streaks. Their hollow eyes rolled fearfully in their large sockets, their mouths opened from ear to ear, and helmets of hanging flesh covered their hideous heads. The horses dragged along their own skins in the kennels, which overflowed with blood on both sides. Pale and dishevelled women appeared and disappeared alternately at the windows in dismal silence; low, inarticulate groans filled the air; and I remained in the street alone, petrified with horror, and deprived of strength sufficient to seek my safety by flight. This horrible troop continued passing in rapid gallop, and casting frightful looks on me. Their march, I thought, continued for five hours, and they were followed by an immense number of artillery waggons, full of bleeding corpses, whose limbs still quivered. A disgusting smell of blood and bitumen almost choked me. At length the iron gate of the prison shutting with great force awoke me again. I made my repeater strike. It was little more than midnight, so that the horrible phantasmagoria had lasted no more than ten minutes —that is to say, the time necessary for relieving the sentry and shutting the gate. The cold was severe, and the watchword short. The next day the turnkey confirmed my calculations. I, nevertheless, do not remember one single event in my life the duration of which I have been able more exactly to calculate than the time apparently occupied in the dream.'"

Says Sir Benjamin Brodie, in his "Psychological Enquiries," vol. 1, p. 131; "The late Lord Holland was accustomed to relate the following anecdote of what had happened to himself. On one occasion, when he was much fatigued, while listening to a friend who was reading aloud, he fell asleep, and had a dream, the particulars of which it would have occupied him a quarter of an hour or

longer to express in writing. After he awoke, he found that he remembered the beginning of one sentence, while he actually heard the latter part of the sentence immediately following it, so that probably the whole time during which he had slept did not occupy more than a few seconds." Mr. Babbage had a similar opportunity of measuring the real duration of a dream. While travelling with a friend in Italy, being much wearied, he fell asleep and dreamed a succession of events as having occurred in England. When he awoke, he heard the concluding words of his friend's answer to a question which he had just put to him.

Instances *ad infinitum*, might be cited as to the short time occupied by dreams which comprehend, perhaps, the history of a lifetime. The only phase of the waking state in which any such intensely rapid succession of thoughts presents itself, is that which is now well attested as a frequent occurrence, when there is imminent danger of death, especially by drowning, when the whole previous life of the individual seems to be presented to his view, with its every important incident vividly impressed on his consciousness, just as if all were combined in a picture, the whole of which could be taken in at a glance. Apropos of this phenomenon, Sir Benjamin Brodie tells us, in the work above mentioned, that Sir John Barrow, describing what happened to him when he was preserved from being drowned, said every incident of his former life seemed to glance across his recollection in a retrograde succession, not in mere outline, but the picture being filled with every minute and collateral feature, forming a kind of panoramic view of his entire existence, each act of it accompanied by a sense of right and wrong.

Sir Walter Scott, in his Diary printed in Lockhart's life, has given us some of his ideas in reference to dreaming, and among other phenomena has touched upon the loss of personal identity in that state. In that diary we find the following entry a few weeks after his wife's death: "June 11, 1826. Bad dreams, woke, thinking my old and inseparable friend beside me; and it was only when I was fully awake that I could persuade myself that she was dark, low, and distant, and that my bed was widowed. I believe that the phenomena of dreaming are in a great measure occasioned by the *double touch* which takes place when one hand is crossed in sleep upon another. Each gives and receives the impression of touch to and from the other, and these complicated sensations our sleeping fancy ascribes to the agency of another being, when it is in fact produced by our own limbs rolling on each other." A little further on he says: "As I slept for a few minutes in my chair, to which I am more addicted than I could wish, I heard as I thought my poor wife call me by the familiar name of fondness which she gave me; my recollections on waking were melancholy enough. These be 'the airy tongues that syllable men's names.' All, I believe, have some natural desire to consider those unusual impressions as bodements of future good or evil. But alas! this is a prejudice of our own conceit. They are the empty echoes of what is past, not the foreboding voice of things to come."

Very remarkable is the renewal in sleep of impressions of memory, of which we have the following illustrations. Macnish tells a story about a Scotch gentleman who recovered in a dream the address of a solicitor with whom his father, on one single occasion, deposited an important document, on which the family fortunes ultimately depended; and a singular occurrence which took place at the house of a late Earl of Minto, in Scotland, can only be accounted for on the same principle. An eminent lawyer went to pay a few days' visit at Minto, immediately before the hearing of an important case in which he was engaged as counsel. Naturally he brought with him the bundle of papers connected with the case, intending to study them in the interval, but on the morning after his arrival, the packet could nowhere be found. Careful search was made for it, but quite in vain, and eventually the lawyer was obliged to go into Court without his papers. Years passed without any tidings of the mysterious packet, till the same gentleman found himself again a guest at Minto, and as it happened, occupying the same bedroom. His surprise may be imagined when, on waking in the morning, he found his long lost bundle lying on his dressing table. The presumption being, of course, that on the first occasion he hid them in his sleep, and on the second visit he found them in his sleep; but where he hid and found them was never discovered.

Mr. Coombe, in his "System of Phrenology," mentions a case which, though it oc-

curred not in a sleeping state, bears a strong family likeness to the preceding. He relates that an Irish porter forgot when sober what he had done when drunk, but being drunk again, distinctly recollected the transactions that had occurred during his former state of intoxication. On one occasion he had mislaid a parcel of some value, and in his sober moments could give no account of its *locus in quo*. He again became intoxicated, and then clearly recollected that he had left the parcel at a certain house, and, having no address on it, it had remained there, and was immediately given to the party who claimed it.

Mr. Braid, in his little book on "Hypnotism," has somewhat to say on what he calls the "double conscious state of sleep." He tells us that by that term is meant "a condition in which they [patients in a state of mesmerism or hypnotism] forget, on awaking, all which was done or said during the sleep, but which they will have a perfect recollection of when they pass into the sleep again. I have had striking instances of this in most respectable and intelligent patients, who have a minute recollection of what took place during the sleep six years ago, and have remembered and described the same feats many times since, when hypnotized, but who have never had the slightest recollection of the subject when awake, during these six years."

Sir Henry Holland states as reasons why some dreams are well remembered, and others not at all or very imperfectly—

1. That in the former instance the sleep is really less complete in kind; that peculiar condition of brain less marked, upon which the imperfection of memory, if not also the exclusion of sensations, appears to depend.

2. Another is that the images and thoughts forming some dreams are actually stronger and deeper in their impressions than those of others.

"There can be no doubt," says Dr. Carpenter, "that the materials of our dreams are often furnished by the 'traces' left upon the brain by occurrences long past, which have completely faded out of the *conscious* memory. And there is similar reason for believing that the course of dreams is sometimes determined by the 'traces' of impressions, which, if they ever affected the consciousness of the ego, did so in such a slight and transient manner as not to be at all remembered."

Material for dreams may be drawn from the storehouse of the memory where it has been registered unconsciously and automatically, for, as the last quoted authority tells us: "That we are not always conscious of the working of this mechanism is simply because the sensorium is otherwise engaged: for just as we may not see the things which are passing before our eyes, or be conscious of the movement of our legs in walking if our attention be engrossed by our cerebral train of thought, so may we not be conscious of what is going on in our cerebration whilst our attention is wholly concentrated on what is passing before our eyes." Of this unconscious cerebration, called by Sir William Hamilton, "mental modifications—*i. e.* mental activities and passivities—of which we are unconscious," a remarkable instance in the waking state is the sudden dawning of the solution of difficulties and of recollection which must have occupied the mind unconsciously.

With reference to the material of which dreams are composed, the following suggestion by the author of "Lacon" is curious: "As all dreams, as far as I can recollect my own, or find out by enquiring of others, seem to be produced by vivid paintings on the mind's eye, it would be a matter of very interesting investigation of what forms, shapes, or figures, are the dreams of those composed who have been born blind. Do they ever dream? And if they do, can they explain what they have been dreaming about, by any reference to outward objects which they have never seen?"

The theory of unconscious cerebration during sleep has been carried by some speculators to great lengths. We are told by Dr. Forbes Winslow, in his treatise already referred to, that in dreaming, phases of intellectual vigour and states of mental acuteness are developed which were not normal manifestations during the waking hours, and did not exist in conditions of healthy thought; that the most exquisite creations of the poetic fancy have been engendered under these circumstances, and conceptions suggested to the dreamy consciousness which have paved the road to fame and fortune; that during the hours of sleep the intellect has, with rapid facility, solved subtle questions which puzzled and perplexed the mind when in full

and unfettered exercise of its waking faculties; that difficult mathematical problems, knotty and disputed questions in the science of morals, abstruse points of philosophy, have (according to accredited testimony) found their right solution during the solemn darkness of profound sleep. "Strictly speaking, however," says Rosencrantz, "intellectual problems are not solved in dreams, because intense thought is without images, whereas dreaming is a creation of images. I perfectly recollect having dreamt of such problems, and being happy in their solution, endeavoured to retain them in my memory. I succeeded, but on awaking discovered that they were quite unmeaning, and could only have imposed upon a sleeping imagination."

Sir Isaac Newton is alleged to have solved a subtle mathematical problem while sleeping; Condorcet is said to have recognised in his dreams the final steps in a difficult calculation which had puzzled him during the day, and Condillac says that, when engaged in his "*Cours d'étude*," he frequently developed and finished a subject in his dreams which he had broken off before retiring to rest.

The following singular anecdote is related of Tartini's "Devil's Sonata:"—"Tartini, one night in 1713, dreamed that he had made a compact with the devil, who promised to be at his service on all occasions; and during this vision everything succeeded according to his mind; his wishes were anticipated and his desires always surpassed by the assistance of his new servant. In short, he imagined that he presented the devil his violin in order to discover what kind of a musician he was, when, to his great astonishment, he heard him play a solo so singularly beautiful, which he executed with such superior taste and precision that it surpassed all the music he had ever heard or conceived in his life. So great was his surprise, and so exquisite his delight upon this occasion, that it deprived him of the power of breathing. He awoke with the violence of his sensations, and instantly seized his fiddle in hopes of expressing what he had just heard, but in vain. He, however, directly composed a piece, which is, perhaps, the best of all his works, and called it the 'Devil's Sonata.' He knew it, however, to be so inferior to what his sleep had produced that he stated he would have broken his instrument and abandoned music for ever if he could have subsisted by any other means."

The most frequently quoted phenomenon of this description, however, is Coleridge's poetical fragment "Kubla Khan." It is alleged that it was composed during sleep which had come upon Coleridge while reading the passages in Purchas's "Pilgrimage" on which the poetical description was founded, and was written down immediately on awaking; the images (says Dr. Carpenter) rising up before him with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions without any sensation or consciousness of effort.

Here as in many other cases, the doctors justify their reputation for disagreeing. Sir Benjamin Brodie *loquitur:* "I suspect that in many of the stories of the wonderful discoveries made in dreams, there is much of either mistake or exaggeration; and that if they could have been written down at the time, they would have been found to be worth little or nothing. Knowing how imaginative a person Coleridge at all times was, I may, I hope, be excused for saying that it is more easy to believe that he imagined himself to have composed his poem of 'Kubla Khan' in his sleep than that he did so in reality." On the same side Sir Henry Holland observes: "Much allowance must be made in these instances for that exaggeration which love of the marvellous is so apt to engender."

We are inclined to accept the view that the faculty of judgment is suspended and dormant in dreams; for, says the author of "Lacon," "the most glaring incongruities of time, the most palpable contradictions of place, and the grossest absurdities of circumstance are most glibly swallowed down by the dreamer without the slightest demurrage of the judgment. I remember that on conversing on this subject with a gentleman of no mean acquirement, he informed me of a curious circumstance with respect to himself. He dreamt that he saw the funeral of an intimate friend, and in continuation of the same dream, he met his dead friend walking in the streets, to whom he imparted the melancholy tidings, without experiencing at the time the remotest feeling as to the monstrous absurdity of the communication; neither was his conviction of that event shaken in the slightest degree until he awoke, by this astounding proof of its falsehood."

Our pompous and ponderous old friend, Dr. Samuel Johnson, related that he had once in a dream a contest of wit with some

other person, and that he was very much mortified by imagining that his opponent had the better of him. "Now," said he, "we may mark here the effect of sleep in weakening the power of reflection; for had not my judgment failed me, I should have seen, that the wit of this supposed antagonist, by whose superiority I felt myself depressed, was as much uttered by me as that which I thought I had been uttering in my own character."

The faculty of expectation by which, when awake, we anticipate the course of events, is often observable in dreams. The following extract from an article in the *Cornhill Magazine* on the "Laws of Dream-fancy," is an interesting statement of this view: "The dreamer's mind is absorbed, we will suppose, in watching some shifting scene, as a procession or a battle. New images crowd in from the two sources of peripheral and central stimulation. The pre-existing group of images gives a certain bent to attention, disposing the mind to see in every new dream-object a connected element, an integral factor of the vision. Thus the degree of coherence which we commonly observe in our dreams may be referred to the reciprocal modification of images by their respective associative forces, both definite and special and indefinite and general, under the controlling influence of attention, which again is stimulated by a semi-conscious impulse to secure unity. In this way whole scenes and chains of events are built up. When these aggregates reach a certain fulness and distinctness they become dominant influences; so that any fresh intruding image is at once transformed and attached more or less closely to the previous group.

"This process is clearly illustrated in a curious dream recorded by Prof. Wundt. Before the house is a funeral procession; it is the burial of a friend, who has in reality been dead for some time past. The wife of the deceased bids him and a friend to go to the other side of the street and join the procession. After she had gone away, his acquaintance remarks: 'She only said that because the cholera rages over yonder, and she wants to keep this side of the street for herself.' Then comes an attempt to flee from the region of the cholera. Returning to his house, he finds the procession gone, but the street strewn with rich nosegays, and there are crowds of men who seem to be funeral attendants, and who, like himself, are hastening to join the procession. These are, oddly enough, dressed in red. When hurrying on, it occurs to him that he has forgotten to take a wreath for the coffin. Then he wakes up with beating of the heart.

"The sources of this dream are, according to Wundt, as follows: First of all, he had, on the previous day, met the funeral procession of an acquaintance. Again, he had read of cholera breaking out in a certain town. Once more, he had spoken about the particular lady with this friend, who had narrated facts which proved the selfishness of the former. The hastening to flee from the infected neighbourhood and to overtake the procession was prompted by the sensation of heart-beating. Finally, the crowd of red bier-followers, and the profusion of nosegays, owed their origin to subjective visual sensations—the 'light-chaos' which often appears in the dark.

"Let us now see for a moment how these various elements became fused into a connected chain of events. First of all, we may suppose the image of the procession occupied the dreamer's mind. From quite another source the image of the lady enters consciousness, bringing with it that of her deceased husband and of the friend who has recently been talking about her. These new elements adapt themselves to the scene, through the play of the reciprocal modifications already spoken of. Thus the idea of the lady's husband recalls the fact of his death, and the pre-existing scene easily suggests the idea that he is now the person buried. The next step is very interesting. The image of the lady is associated with the idea of selfish motives; this would tend to suggest a variety of actions, but the one which becomes a factor of the dream is that which is adapted to the other existing images, namely the procession on the further side of the street, and a vague representation of cholera (which last, like the image of the funeral, is due to an independent central excitation). That is to say, the request of the lady, and its interpretation, are a *resultant* of a number of reciprocal actions, under the sway of a lively internal attention. Once more, the feeling of oppression of the heart, and the subjective stimulation of the optic nerve might suggest numberless images besides those of anxious flight and of red-clad men and nosegays;

they suggest these, and not others, in this case, through the force of the pre-existing mental images."

In regard to exaggeration in dreams; though very often the power of association causes the modification of former images or the production of new, it is a curious feature of dreams that in them all there is a grotesque tendency to exaggeration, either as to numbers or size. We again quote from the *Cornhill:* "A movement of a foot is taken for a fall of the whole body down some terrible abyss. In M. Maury's experiments, when the sleeper's lips were tickled the sensation transformed itself into an imagination of some excruciating torture. Again, the objects of our waking emotions seem to grow and expand in our dreams. The sick friend who causes us a solicitude becomes to our dream-fancy overwhelmed with the most terrible sufferings, or the classic city in which we lately lingered returns to us in sleep, with its warm tints and picturesque outlines, beautiful above all earthly reality. To our frequent dream-terror forms appear of so vast a size and dire a mien, that we may try in vain, perhaps, to connect them with any waking perceptions. In many dreams, as Herr Volkelt observes, we may clearly observe the process of exaggeration going on. In dreams of terror, to which, like many other children, I was greatly liable, I frequently saw forms which gradually swelled out into unearthly proportions. Another form of this process is illustrated in De Quincey's dreams, in which space seemed to swell before his eyes, through a crowding in of multitudes of objects on his vision. This crowding of images is frequently referable to the subjective stimulation of the optic nerve, which produces the semblance of a number of points of light, called by the Germans the 'light-dust.' It is very common, too, in dreams, to have a succession of images, of which each new member is more imposing or more impressive than the preceding. Here is an example from Volkelt. He dreamt he gave up his hat and overcoat to an official at the cloak-room of a place of amusement, and noticed that the recipient instantly changed the hat for another. This process of substitution went on till he completely lost sight of his own articles. Thereupon somebody carried a heap of articles of attire out of the cloak-room. He inferred that there was an organized body of thieves at the back, and turned to a policeman. Immediately he became involved in a hand-to-hand conflict with the thieves, and finally was stabbed in the abdomen. Here there is a clear ascending gradation in respect of the terrifying character of the dream.

"These various forms of the exaggerating tendency in dreams are to be accounted for by more than one consideration. First of all, since in sleep the area of distinct consciousness, or of attention, is so greatly circumscribed, the few sensations which happen to penetrate it naturally become exaggerated. Just as the click of a window is magnified at night, when we are seeking the quiet of sleep, and our attention is not diverted by other impressions, so any bodily sensation or emotion which enters into the dreamer's consciousness, and wholly engages the attention, becomes larger, deeper, and intenser than it would be in a waking condition of the mind.

"But again our sensations and other feelings are estimated during our waking states by comparison with one another, and when this comparison is wanting the sensation assumes an undefined and large aspect. Thus sensations of pleasure received through parts of the bodily service which are not habituated to such impressions invariably appear too large. So the cavity formed by the loss of a tooth seems too large to the tongue at first, because its discriminative sensibility in the estimation of distance is but feebly developed. Once more, when under the momentary excitement of a pleasurable or painful emotion, and incapable of judging the feeling by a recollection of previous like emotions, we invariably overestimate its magnitude. The present sunset always seems more wonderful and more splendid than all its predecessors. Now in dreams sensations and emotions are in a pre-eminent degree isolated feelings, which are incapable of being measured by the play of those ideal or reproductive elements which render our waking impressions distinct and sharp, and hence they tend to appear too large through being undefined. As a consequence of this, they assume a greatly transformed aspect, presenting themselves through images which are absurdly disproportionate to their real causes.

"Finally, one of the principal exaggerating forces in dream-fancy is the action of a persistent emotional state. We have already

seen how such a state serves to single out and to unite the images of the brain. Now this process necessarily involves accumulation and exaggeration. Each new image attracted by a dominant feeling reacts on this feeling, intensifying it, and this enables it to go on piling image on image. Since this process in dream-life is generally quite unchecked by any sense of probability or rational congruity, the result is a scene or an action which far transcends those of our real experience."

In states of imperfect sleep—conditions existing midway between wakefulness and profound cerebral and psychical repose—the will does not appear to be altogether suspended in its operations. Dugald Stewart* has commented on this fact. He observes when referring to this phenomenon: "It may be proper to remark that if the suspension of our voluntary operations in sleep is admitted as a fact there are only two suppositions which can be formed concerning its cause. The one is that the power of volition is suspended; the other that the will loses its influence over those faculties of the mind and those members of the body which, during our waking hours are subject to its authority. If it can be shown that the former supposition is not agreeable to fact, the truth of the latter seems to follow as a necessary consequence. That the power of volition is not suspended during during sleep appears from the efforts we are conscious of making in that situation. We dream, for example, that we are in danger, and we call out for assistance. The attempt is in general unsuccessful, and the sounds which we emit are feeble and indistinct; but this only confirms or rather is a necessary consequence of, the supposition, that in sleep the connexion between the will and our voluntary operations is disturbed or interrupted. The continuance of the power of volition is demonstrated by the effort, however ineffectual."

In discussing the relations of dreaming and insanity, Sir Henry Holland gives as the conditions which associate the two respective states:

1. Loss partial or complete of the power to distinguish between unreal images created within the sensorium and the actual perceptions drawn from the external senses, thereby giving to the former the semblance and influence of realities.

2 The alteration or suspension of that faculty by which we arrange and associate the perceptions and thoughts successively coming before us.

Insanity is said to be a waking dream, with this difference—the madman's conduct (as a general principle) is in correspondence with the delirious suggestions of his disordered, unbridled, and uncontrolled fancy, while the dreamer has not sufficient control over the voluntary muscles to reduce his ideas to action.

"How accurately" (we quote from Dr. Forbes Winslow on "Obscure Diseases of the Brain") "does Sir W. Hamilton describe the transition state of the mind intermediate between sleeping and waking, and how closely does it correspond with the operations of the intellect during the incubation of insanity, when the mind losing its sane consciousness of objects, approaches the confines of mental alienation. 'When roused from this mental condition, we find,' says Sir W. Hamilton, 'ourselves conscious of being in the commencement of a dream; the mind is occupied with a train of thought, and this train we are still able to follow out to a point where it connects itself with actual perceptions. We can still trace imagination to sense, and show how, departing from the last sensible impressions of real objects, the fancy proceeds in its work of distorting, falsifying, and perplexing these in order to construct out of their ruins its own grotesque edifices.'" Again: "In dreaming the mind is occupied with the incongruous conceptions and fantastic combinations of images, characteristic of many conditions of disordered intellect. There is as in the insane an incoherence of ideas, one conception following another, and this is succeeded rapidly by a series of mental impressions in opposition to all the acknowledged laws of associated thought. Associated with this condition of the mind we find a partial paralysis of the will over subjective phenomena, this faculty exercising no healthy controlling influence upon the train of suggested ideas."

In alluding to the rapidity of mental action, &c., occurring in dreams as illustrated by the dream of the famous Count Lavalette given above, Dr. Winslow proceeds: "How forcibly do these phenomena resemble the automatic operations of the intellect observed

* Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind.

in insanity? In the latter condition, the rapidity of, as well as the loss of, volitional power over certain trains of thought, are significant and characteristic symptoms. How distressing is the lesion of the will, painful the insane, uncontrollable impulses, agonizing the madness of the emotions, aberration of the ideas, exaltation and perversion of the passions. The melancholy sound of the wind whistling among the trees or through the lattice of the window has originated in an insane mind the idea of the boisterous and wild revellings of infernal spirits, or wailing anguish and bitter tortures of lost souls in Hell." "Again, how often all idea of duration appears to be obliterated from the mind of the insane during the continuance of the disease, the patient appearing, after many months, and sometimes years, of sad illness and distressing social isolation, to awaken as it were out of a fanciful and troubled dream, the healthy ideas that had occupied the mind a short period previously to the accession of the insanity, suggesting themselves to the consciousness (with all the freshness, vividness, and force of recently received sane impressions) contemporaneously with the restoration of reason to its healthy supremacy. In dreaming, as well as in some forms of mental aberration, the mind has occasionally a clear apprehension of its morbidly automatic condition. A person whilst under the influence of a series of fanciful occurrences, created by dreaming or insanity, will occasionally acutely reason with himself as to the reality of the images occupying the attention, and be fully conscious that he is insane or dreaming." As to statements made by patients after recovering from insanity, as to the condition of the mind when in a state of aberration, Dr. Winslow asks: "Is it possible for patients accurately to describe their mental state during a paroxysm of insanity? Can they have any recollection of their incoherent ramblings, wild and fanciful imaginings, horrible and frightful hallucinations? In order to thoroughly understand this subject we should bear in mind that insanity does not in every instance overthrow and alienate *all* the powers of the understanding, it is often a mixed condition, a combined state of reason and insanity.

"This theory does not militate against the view that I have elsewhere propounded as to what in legal phraseology is termed 'partial' insanity. Adopting the language of metaphysicians I affirm that the mind is one and indivisible. A part of the intellect cannot be affected withont, to a certain extent, influencing and modifying the whole of the operations of thought; nevertheless, there are in derangement of the mind occasional lucid moments, when the patient is conscious of his disorder, and is able to describe his sensations clearly to those about him. It occasionally occurs that after recovery those who have passed through acute attacks of insanity are able to recollect with singular clearness many things that occurred during their long and painful illness. As they, however, have frequently very confused and incorrect notions of such events, extreme caution should be exercised in admitting and acting exclusively (in Courts of law) upon their evidence, particularly if it materially involves the motives and compromises the actions of others. With a view of analysing the phenomena of morbid thought, persons have been asked to detail the actual operations of the mind during the incipient as well as advanced stages of mental disorder. In many cases it has been impossible to obtain any trustworthy representation of facts; in other cases they could not, without considerable and painful revulsion of feeling, revert, even for a single moment, to the past. In a few instances no difficulty has been encountered in persuading patients not only to talk about their past condition, but to write with great minuteness an account of their sensations, mental and bodily, while insane.

In concluding the present paper, we append a dream of which the genuineness has been doubted, whether on account of its coherence or the known whimsicality of its reporter—the poet Pope—we do not presume to decide.

Two days before Sir Godfrey Kneller's death, Pope paid him a visit, on which occasion Sir Godfrey related a strange dream that he had recently had. "I dreamt," he said, "that I was dead, and soon after found myself walking in a narrow path that led up between two hills, rising pretty equally on each side of it. Before me I saw a door, and a great number of people crowding round it. I walked on towards them. As I drew nearer, I could distinguish St. Peter by his keys, with some others of the Apostles; they were admitting the people as they reached the door. When I had joined the company I could see several seats in every

direction at a little distance within the entrance. As the first person approached for admittance, St. Peter asked him his name, and then his religion. 'I am a Roman Catholic,' replied the spirit.' 'Go in then,' says St. Peter, 'and sit on those seats there, on the right hand.' The next was a Presbyterian; he was admitted, too, after the usual questions, and ordered to take his place opposite the other. My turn came next, and as I approached, St. Peter very civilly asked me my name. I said it was Kneller. I had no sooner said so than St. Luke, who was standing by, turned towards me, and exclaimed, with much sweetness—'What! the famous Sir Godfrey Kneller from England?' 'The very same, sir,' says I, 'at your service.' On this, St. Luke immediately drew near to me, embraced me, and made me a great many compliments on the art we had both of us followed in the world. He entered so far on the subject that he seemed almost to have forgotten the business for which I came thither. At last, however, he recollected himself, and said, 'I beg your pardon, Sir Godfrey; I was so taken up with the pleasure of conversing with you. But, *apropos*, pray, sir, what religion may you be of?' 'Why, truly, sir,' says I, 'I am of no particular religion.' 'O, sir,' says he, 'you will be so good, then, as to walk in and take a seat where you please.'"

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

COMMUNISM.

I.

COMMUNISM is not a popular subject. In the minds of many persons it is associated with deeds of revolting cruelty. The abasement and misery of France consequent upon the Franco-Prussian war, the frantic uprising of the Parisian populace, and the abandonment of moral principles exhibited during the siege of Paris in 1871, are suggested to most people upon the mere mention of the word. It is unknown, or if known is lost sight of, that Parisian communism is but one form of a vast system; that it has appeared in other centuries than the nineteenth; that the bulk of the earth's population is governed by a communistic polity more or less developed; and that the society of Quakers is not more noted for peace-loving qualities, than are the communes of the United States of America. It is further forgotten that communism does not stand alone, and is not even pre-eminent in evil-doing; that in regard to cruelty, it has many companions nobly esteemed; that the blighting influence of unworthy deeds and inhuman exhibitions stains the advocacy of every sacred or important principle of our civilization. Probably no more abhorrent crimes have at any time been perpetrated, than those which have been committed under misguided enthusiasm, in the name and for the honour of religion.

The fallacy of argument which would say that, because the expounders, advocates, or professors of religion were guilty of persecution, the religion they held is false, can be easily seen. May not the conclusion be equally fallacious which says that communism is a false system, upon the ground that its followers were guilty, not of indiscretion only, but of positive crime? But, be this as it may, a phase of civilization which gives its leading characteristic to many a polity of to-day; a form of society which arose and blazed prominently forth in one of the foremost countries of Europe, and in the first city of that country; a system which is deliberately adopted, and is tenaciously held in the nineteenth century by men and women of keen perception and high moral power, as a cure for the evils this age labours under; a system which could gather round it the chaotic forces of modern society, and inspire them with a purpose in behalf of which they would willingly die, must have in it some-

thing of importance, and is worthy of, at least, a passing consideration.

It is not my intention to excuse or palliate the course taken or the deeds done by the Parisian Commune, nor the conduct of their victorious opponents. I do not purpose tracing the rise, progress, and fall of the communistic movement in Paris. I will not uphold or advocate communal principles or doctrines, but would invite an examination of these principles, as shown in history. It will be my object to point out a few forms communism has assumed; the position of society, so far as may be thought necessary, in which these forms are found; and wherein the strength and weakness of communism lies.

For this purpose it will be convenient to consider communism as ancient and modern, and to divide each branch of the subject into two divisions: our first view of ancient communism will be in its social, political, or legal aspect; the second, ethical. For the first, we look to ancient law, and the manners, customs, and practices of barbarism; for the second, to the rise of speculative morality in Greece. Modern communism is either religious or economic. In a religious form we find it among the early Christians of Judea; as economic, it obtains in modern civilization. Ethical, religious, and economic communism have been so called because they have respectively arisen from moral, religious, and economic principles. The parts of communism indicated above as social and ethical, will be treated of in this paper; the religious and economic forms will be taken up in the next.

But, before proceeding further, it may be asked—What is Communism? Burke, in his elegant treatise on the Sublime and Beautiful, says that a definition is more properly given at the end than at the beginning of an essay. There is good reason for the remark, because a definition is, or should be, a short yet full expression of the contents of a subject, the essence of the matter spoken of. It is a most difficult task to convey in few words the full meaning of a complicated subject, especially so when that which is to be defined is an entity conceived separately from our thought. The question continually arises: Does the definition correspond with the outward fact? Many writers have defined or attempted to define states of society and systems of government such as barbarism and feudalism, monarchies and republics. But the definitions of our most accurate writers on these topics, no matter how well they may convey their author's thought, are found not to correspond with reality, when tested by experience. We have some of the mould of mediæval philosophy still adhering to our political conceptions. These definitions are found to be at times too narrow, at other times too wide; at all times too artificial. Many definitions might be given of communism, but they are definitions applicable to a particular form of communism only, and to that particular form which has appeared in modern times and in our western civilization.

Without attempting definition, a sufficiently accurate idea of our subject may be had from an illustration. Suppose two persons equally interested in a partnership business have, as the result of a year's work, realized in profit, say two thousand dollars. Upon division of the profits, each partner would receive one half of the whole sum; but before division neither is entitled to one thousand dollars—they are joint owners of the property, and are equally interested in every part of it. After division, each may use his share as his own exclusively; before division neither partner can appropriate to his private use any part whatever of the common stock. Should one take from the joint fund any part of the sum he would receive upon division, the other could compel him to restore it. The partners are joint owners and the property is common to both. Extend this idea of common, joint, or undivided rights, claims, and interests, not to the concerns of property merely, but to all the relations of life, social, national, religious, and you have an absolute communism.

It must not be supposed that an absolute communism has been found in any highly developed society in eastern or western civilization. We have no record of any such institution. Forms of communism more or less perfect are met with in certain stages of mankind's progress, and the debris of such civilization, or non-civilization, are not wanting in the laws and customs even of western nations.

To recur to the division of our subject adverted to above, let us look at ancient communism in its social, political, or legal aspect. To us, these words—social, political, and legal—convey definite and distinct ideas,

but it is otherwise in ancient law, thought, and feeling. As we trace back the course of events from ourselves, especially in the history of law, we find a gradual consolidation of relations, and at length reach a point where the differences almost vanish, and there is but one relation of man to society. To view the matter from a different standpoint, as we travel down the stream of time a continual subdividing of relations and a growth of new ones is perceptible; so that, what at one time was considered unity, is looked upon as manifold. Social, political, and legal relations in early stages of society are so interwoven, that it is difficult to speak of them separately, and they will therefore be considered here as one and not many, and chiefly with regard to the doctrine of rights.

We are accustomed to think and speak of separate or individual rights. We are, as it were, fenced round with social, moral, and legal rights and privileges, upon which none dare trespass. To invade or deny them is an act to be resisted. In such resistance we receive the support of the laws and the approval of society. A trampling upon our rights is followed by redress from constituted tribunals. So acknowledged and familiar have these become, that we forget their origin. We look upon them as part of ourselves, as inherent in our nature and inseparable from us, as the inalienable gift of sovereign nature, rather than the acquisition of history. We predicate these rights not only of the chief of a family, or of the adult man, but of that class in society who have heretofore laboured under the severest disability —married women. Whatever rights a married woman may have had in a social, religious, or moral point of view, the conferring upon her of legal rights is, for the most part, within the memory of men now living. But legal rights she has now secured to her, by a silent revolution, in civilized western nations. To understand ancient society and the communism prevailing there, we must divest our minds of the conception of individual rights, and recur to a time when the individual, whether man or woman, had no separate rights whatever, neither those of person, of conscience, or of property,—a time when man's existence was merged in the family to which he belonged, when, instead of independent, he had common rights only.

The most perfect form of communism is found in the ancient family. The family, as we find it in the older laws of Greece and Rome, in the writings of Herodotus and Tacitus, and among barbarian peoples of today, is a gens, tribe, clan, or sept. With us, in a social and political as well as a legal point of view, where the artificial system of primogeniture is discontinued, a family is of a simple nature and recognised as being composed of a particular pair and their immediate descendants. These in a short time become enfranchised and independently possessed of particular rights and privileges. The ancient family is of a composite nature, and the particular member never becomes enfranchised, never becomes independent. Outside of his family he has no rights or privileges, and no claim to any. In it he lives, moves, and has his being. The family itself includes many, yet it is considered a unity. The members are regarded as contained in the ancestor from whom they trace descent, and in whom lies their claim to consideration. We still speak of the children of Israel, of Esau, and of Ammon; the *gentes* Julia and Claudia; the clans Campbell, Macdonald, and Macgregor. Though the members die, the family continues. A wrong done to one of a tribe is not an individual wrong only, or probably at all; it is a wrong done to the clan, an injury to be avenged by the tribe. Thus feuds and animosities, in ancient times and among barbarous peoples, descended from generation to generation unquenchable and entire; while with us they die with those who gave them birth. To us, the obligations of fealty, morality, and religion come from a source outside the family; the barbarian acknowledges no rights or obligations but those of his sept. His conception of morality and fealty is a family conception common to the tribe. It extends to his clan, but no further. The good man is he who performs his duty to his clan; the traitor is one who breaks in upon family usages. In thought and feeling, in law and morality, the tribe in ancient times is one and not many, in other words it is a community.

The common rights of the family are shewn in the ancient conception of property. The doctrine of the rights of property has been of slow growth, and has succeeded the conception of family rights over persons, as the system of government now prevailing

among advanced nations is territorial, and has succeeded that of authority by reason of family or race. Some tribes in Australia and the South Sea Islands are found, among whom there would seem to be no legalized or definite conception of property whatever; but, among all peoples who have advanced somewhat in civilization, a definite conception of rights of property is apparent. What Cæsar tells us of Britain, and Tacitus of Germany, as to property, is observable in the early law of Greece, and the Twelve Tables of Rome; among the undeveloped tribes of North America; in the village system of India; in the south of Russia and in Servia; namely, a communal holding of property.

In the tribe or village the clansman owns nothing, the chief nothing. The chief is the representative of the common ancestor, the custodian or trustee of the rights of the tribe; its leader in war and judge in time of peace. The property belongs to the family, and not to any individual members of it. It is common to every member of the tribe; none has an independent, but each has an undivided interest in the whole fund.

In sales and exchanges of property with strangers, the common rights of the tribe are seen. In certain tribes of to-day, nothing can be taken by a stranger from the family fund, just as with us, until lately, land would rather escheat than go to an alien. Where civilization is so far advanced as to permit of exchanges, the consent of the tribe is a necessary step in the negotiation of purchase. In India consent is procured by means of a common council; in Servia and Russia a similar means is used. The Mennonites, part of whom emigrated to Manitoba lately, hold property subject to the rights of the clan. Sales and exchanges, when permitted, resemble rather international negotiations than private transfers of property as carried out to-day; and are accompanied with solemn, sometimes with religious ceremonies in the presence of the tribe. The reason for such publicity beyond all doubt is this: upon every transfer of property so much is taken from a stock or fund upon which the family relies for subsistence, and in which each member has an undivided interest. An interesting negotiation for purchase is related in the 23rd chapter of Genesis.

The reversion of all property to the *gens* and thence to the tribe according to the early Greek and Roman systems, and as shown by Professor Morgan among the Iroquois, points to the same conclusion. The practice of property reverting shows the existence of a claim and a superior right in the family; it shows a community of property in the members of the tribe.

The ideas and practices concerning persons which obtain in uncultivated tribes, especially regarding matrimony and the relation of the sexes—what we may call rights of persons, so far as communism is concerned—have struck with horror the pious missionaries of our religion, and caused them to describe their fellows as monsters of iniquity. Such, no doubt, the savages seemed, and judged by the missionaries' light, were; while, at the same time, the poor South Sea Islanders lived in as blissful ignorance of their guilt as did the barbarian tribes of whom Herodotus spoke, among whom similar practices prevailed. The missionaries, just, humane, and religious men, had been trained in an individual morality and religion, and were striving after a higher existence, in self-devotion to the cause of humanity and the service of the Supreme Being. They had not before met with, and did not understand a morality other than their own, undeveloped and poor, though it might be, yet a morality, and as such preferable to none whatever. The heathen did not see and could not appreciate the fine distinctions of good and evil introduced by the missionaries. These late apostles of Christianity made a mistake which is frequently made by writers on ethical subjects, that, namely, of attributing to man, in all ages and places, the refined, the developed, the cultivated conceptions of morals, peculiar to a highly advanced stage of society. Where the barbarians, judging by their light, saw no evil, but the acknowledged system of the family, our missionaries saw sins and crimes manifold. Thus, indeed, it will always be when a higher and lower civilization meet.

Cæsar says of the ancient Britons: "*Uxores habent deni duodenique inter se communes, et maxime fratres cum fratribus, parentesque cum liberis.*" The investigations made by missionary enterprise of late, disclose a state of society more completely communal than that spoken of by Cæsar, and have cast almost as much light upon the development of mankind as upon the subject of language. Whatever theory of the origin of society be taken—the patriarchal, so pow-

erfully advocated by Sir Henry Maine, the system of Lubbock, McLennan, or Morgan —there can be little doubt a form of marriage, absolutely communal at one time, prevailed among mankind. Indeed, it could scarcely be otherwise, where the distinct personality of individuals is unrecognised, where property, in which are based the chief relations of life, is held in common, and where exclusive rights are unknown. In Polynesia the language, the manners, customs, and practices of the natives point to an absolute communism and marriage of men and women in groups, that is, polyandry and polygyny within the tribe is their recognised system.

Could we stand by, and see a tribe or family advance from the lowest point at which we find barbarians to a high degree of civilization, or had we continued records of such development, instead of a high probability and desultory descriptions of a lower by a higher civilization, voluminous though they be, the course of such development would, there is the strongest reason to believe, be marked by three distinct stages in the conceptions of mankind as to the relations of the sexes: first, the lowest or communal stage; second, from intermarriage in groups to a system of polygyny, such as obtains in the patriarchal family; and third, from polygyny to that highest form, which is universal in our western civilization —pure monogamy.

It may not be unworthy of note, that the communism alone spoken of is one not outside but inside the family. It is the communism of a tribe or clan, and, therefore, to be sharply distinguished from a theoretical communism used by Grotius, Locke, and other writers as a basis for their conception of government. In establishing their system of rights, they say that at first all things were common unto all men, and that one had "as good a right" to seize to his own use whatsoever he found, as had another, so long as the article had not previously been appropriated. "As good a right," no doubt, if we understand by these words, no right at all, looking at the doctrine from an historical point of view. Locke's conception of right would not give rise to question, did it stand alone, and were it not used as an important step in a theory of society. It is founded on two premises, each of which is contradicted by experience. It views the individual as bearing at all times an independent existence, so as to be the subject of individual rights; and also imagines that individual rights have at all times existed—in other words, it attributes to man universally that which he possesses only in advanced societies. If the word "might" were substituted for "right" in this theory, a nearer approach would be made to historical truth; might has preceded and established right, or, as Carlyle says, "rights are correctly articulated mights." We have only those "rights" which the "mights" of mankind have gained for us. Our rights have grown with the advance of mankind, and strengthened with its strength. Their development is marked by stages—practices, customs, codes. From codes spring, in an incontrovertible form, law, order, and authority. By law rights are secured. The "rights of man" in our age are vastly different from the "rights of man" in another. There are no absolute rights of man, except in the sense that all well established rights are absolute. We are also told that upon entering society man gave up his most precious of rights for the benefit of society, or in exchange for the protection it afforded him; but it is a sufficient answer, that no man is conscious of so great an act of self-sacrifice, and that history shows that it is in, by, and through society that man acquired any rights whatever. The conception of rights is subsequent rather than prior to the establishment of society.

As between members of the same family there is, in ancient times, a community of goods appropriated and, if we go far back, of persons. But as between different clans or families a different rule obtains. The family, in ancient as well as modern times, seeks or possesses a fund on which to subsist, and, when advanced to any degree of civilization, guards its property and its rights of property jealously. Its authority over its members is likewise maintained, and the integrity of the clan asserted with power. It acts as one man, has extensive rights, and insists upon them. No family can interfere with the rights of other families except at its peril. They stand in awe of each other. A trespass means war, and even intercourse between families and the transfer of property are matters of negotiation.

It is said that "unity is strength." Where can be found more complete unity than in the ancient family, tribe, or clan? It is one

morally, legally, socially, and politically. Where is there greater strength? Revolutions have swept over the families of Asia and America without so much as affecting their organization. They have stood for ages the ravages of war, famine, and of pestilence. Time, that greatest of innovators, as Bacon terms it, has wrought no perceptible change upon them.

In communism ancient society found unity, and in unity strength, but it was a strength without progress, and a unity consistent only with common rights. On the basis of communism there may indeed be a development, but not a development of a high character. There is no room for independent action on the part of the individual. He is hedged in, controlled, and what is worse, confined by the many. The springs of feeling, thought, and action come not so much from himself as from the central power. Civilization descends, rather than ascends. If we compare the laws, practices, and customs, the modes of thought and feeling, in modern times and heathen nations, with those of ancient days and the civilizations of the East, nothing is more noticeable than the free scope given to individual exertion in the former. If mankind, as we have abundant evidence to believe, sprang from one source and developed from one form of constitution, and that constitution a communism, by what steps has the change from common to individual rights been brought about. The process of this change is to a great extent observable in the history of law.

Law may be called the official record of man's progress. Though the most conservative of all things, and ever binding us to the past, it is the child of Revolution. The stroke for liberty is for a code. Thus it was with the laws of Draco and Solon, the Laws of the Twelve Tables, Magna Charta, Bill of Rights, and the Code Napoleon. Periods of revolution, the results of which are reduced into law, form stages in the advancement of mankind, and serve as bases from which the genius of humanity stretches forth to greater triumphs. As we trace down the course of time, the authority of the family over the individual becomes weaker, and his independent rights grow stronger and more numerous. The clansman becomes emancipated now in one respect, now in another; and history confers upon him rights and privileges of which he never so much as dreamed.

The steps of complete emancipation from patriarchal control are clearly traced in the Roman law; and in the law of England we see the process by which we were freed from the semi-patriarchalism of Feudalism. We see class after class rising to a knowledge of, and claiming independent rights, not for the class but for the individuals of the class. We see a curtailing of indefinite and therefore arbitrary power, and a widening of rights of property and of person. We see a recognition of legal rights in those who formerly had none, means given whereby redress may be had for an invasion of these rights, and, especially, common reduced or converted into individual rights. The same process is still going on among all western nations; more quickly, surely, and beneficially to-day than heretofore. Our freedom and power are becoming greater, our individuality more express, the scope of our exertions more extended, and our civilization more changeful, progressive, and complete. We are moving from communism.

Deprive men of individual rights, introduce communism in any intelligible sense of the word, and you thrust the European back to the position of the Hindoo villager, who has no individuality, and whose civilization is stationary or but slightly developed. It would be a retrograde movement; would deprive the civilized man of almost every interest worth living for, and of those rights which have cost him so dear and are so highly valued. Our civilization progresses and our law develops from the family to the member, from joint to separate rights, from communism to individualism.

Having glanced at communism as a legal, social, or political system, we are now to consider it in a moral and political light; but politically only so far as it is an ethical system. The stage of advancement man had attained at the time of Plato was one in which politics and ethics were commingled. Plato treats of ethics in a political form; as he says, the State is the man writ large.

We have said that communism is antagonistic to civilization. That the Greeks were a highly civilized people can admit of little question. How could a people sunk in barbarism give birth to so many poets, historians, or philosophers; be possessed of suffi-

ciently subtle taste to appreciate the sparkling wit of Aristophanes, the eloquence of Demosthenes, and the rhapsodies of Homer; or have left to us so precious a legacy as their literature, philosophy, and law? But if they were so highly cultivated a people, how came communism to arise among them? To answer this question, a short view will be taken of the state of society in Greece at the time of Plato; for communism is pre-eminently a social subject.

As distinguished from an ancient family, a Republic of Greece or Rome was not a tribe, but a collection of tribes or families of independent origin, yet bound together by certain ties and fictions. Their separate origin is shown in their rights, usages, and customs, and especially in the ceremonies of adoption and religious observances. Family power, though still subsisting, was giving way before that of the State. The State settles quarrels, stops bloodshed, puts an end, in some rough way, to the animosities, rivalries, and feuds of families. It forms a theory of divine origin, demands, and after a time succeeds in obtaining, a claim on the individual superior to that of the patriarch, and finally transfers to itself the family's right of allegiance.

Taking its idea of power from the theory of the family, the State claimed an authority which was undefined, absolute, and exclusive. It permitted no outside influence to interfere in its concerns, and repressed any institution whatever from within which tended to limit its authority. With us there are bounds to the State's power; but in Greece and Rome the interior accommodation of families, the ordering and education of children, the clothes to be worn, and the food to be eaten, were each competent to legislation. He who should doubt the religion which had grown up in the State, and to which each family comprising the Republic had contributed its quota, as well as he who should disobey the laws, was obnoxious to punishment. Religion and politics were so blended together that doubt was considered an intense form of treason, and disbelief in monstrous absurdities was not seldom visited with exile and death. The duty of belief was unquestioned, but the concomitant right of individual knowledge, and therefore inquiry, was ignored. Though our religion is different from ancient forms, and fosters the spirit of enquiry, there is not wanting in our practices some trace of the narrow views of old. No matter how eminent, truthful, honest, and accurate a declared atheist may be, or might become, his testimony is not admissible in a court of justice; while the evidence of an unthinking bigot, a polished hypocrite, is received without question.

We look on liberty as something to be enjoyed apart from governmental interference, and define it as "an absence from restraint." In Greece and Rome, liberty was differently viewed. As the clansman had no status or right beyond his clan, the citizen had no liberty outside his city. To him liberty meant citizenship—the rights, privileges, and suffrages of a citizen; in fine, what the Romans called the *civitas*. When a Greek or Roman lost the *civitas*, he lost his liberty; when he regained the *civitas*, he recovered his liberty. To him liberty was a positive, tangible benefit, conferring on its possessor certain esteemed privileges; to-day it is a negative attribute, which may be summed up in the impossible words, "*Laissez faire*." Our liberty is looked upon as an abstraction which, now and then, especially in poetry, becomes clothed in the robes of the ancient world.

Allegiance is not what it was in the palmy days of Greece and Rome. The barriers which formerly made enemies of nations are greatly broken down. Free intercourse with different peoples has dissipated prejudices and revealed the advantages and disadvantages of countries, institutions, laws, and customs. To-day men, as citizens of an enlightened world, enlist themselves in the ranks of that country wherein their interests are best conserved. But, together with this greater freedom, allegiance to the State, and the bond between those living under the same government, are correspondingly weakened. To the citizen of an ancient State all citizens were friends, and bound to him by the closest ties; those outside the city were either enemies or barbarians. The exigency of their position, the continual fear of invasion by which they were beset, the necessity of relying for safety upon the military prowess, fidelity, and trustworthiness of a limited number of citizens exclusively, the success of one State, and even its safety, being a standing menace to every other, strengthened the bond of union between the citizens, made the duties of allegiance more

strict, and the controlling powers of the State more complete. In Sparta, which is generally taken as the model of ancient States, all relations of man to man, except the relation of citizen, were as far as possible stamped out; the power of the Government was supreme in education, religion, morals, and law; property was common; and even the connection of a child to its parent was considered accidental, in the logical meaning of that word, its relation to the State necessary.

At the time Plato propounded his communism in Athens, all Greece was forsaking its primitive institutions and conceptions, especially Athens. Upon the defeat of the Persian and the success of the Athenian arms, trade sprung up between the Greek colonies and the mother-country. Adventurous warriors grew wealthy with plunder, and merchants with gain. Knowledge of foreign countries, the concomitant of commerce, extended, and the facilities and capacities of the Greek race, long dormant, expanded in a short time to an extraordinary degree, and in almost every direction. Literature was cultivated, taste polished, philosophy and learned speculation, beginning with set proverbs, assumed gigantic proportions. The traditions, institutions, laws, and customs of foreign countries were contrasted with those at home, and every department of enquiry was critically canvassed.

Wealth acquired by war is only in part public; wealth accumulated by trade is private. As trade extended in Athens the sentiment of individual property and rights became strong. That which was gained by individual exertion was not readily given to a common stock, either in the family or the State. To supply the demands of the time the law of Athens rapidly developed, but not so completely as the requirements of society called for, nor in such a manner as to conserve the strength and unity of the nation. There arose a contradiction between individual claims and the supremacy of the State.

In morality and religion the traditions, ceremonies, and beliefs of the State were treated with no light hand. Athens became a seat of adventurous literati or teachers of rhetoric, who, with singular acuteness, criticised and exposed the weakness of the State's traditions, mocked at its ceremonies, and held its beliefs up to ridicule. The foundations of belief were shown to be contradictory, inconsistent, and not seldom tinged with individual immorality. So far as there was any positive teaching among the sophists, they taught that the most unjust was the happiest man, and that there is no such thing as truth. Sophist criticisms spread through the people, and scepticism overwhelmed Athens, so that Plato says the little sceptics could do nothing were it not for that great sceptic, the public. The state of Athens reminds one forcibly of that greater scepticism which convulsed Europe in the eighteenth century, but with this difference: in the latter case, religion being cleansed from certain retarding influences in the school of political theories and connections, is now on a firmer basis, and possesses a greater power for good than ever it did heretofore; in Athens, on the other hand, the religion had not sufficient vitality to bear up against the attacks of scepticism, and never recovered from the blow dealt it by the Rhetoricians.

In regard to private rights, in morality, and in religion, the State and the individual were opposed at the time of Plato. The breach was widening. At intervals, sufficient enthusiasm on behalf of religion could be raised to banish or poison a philosopher who expressed his disbelief in what all men doubted. But this did not cure the evils of the time. The elements of society became every day more opposed, until at length the divergence became so great that neither their private interests, nor the claims of kindred, patriotism, or allegiance, the former glories of the Republic, nor the thrilling eloquence of Demosthenes could rouse to more than a short-lived ferment a people who, of all antiquity, have left us the most admirable tokens of bravery, versatility, ingenuity, and acuteness of intellect. Their ardour quickly cooled, and Athens passed from the control of one despot to that of another, under the pretence of being each time restored to liberty.

The object of Plato in the "Republic" was two-fold—to raise the character of the individual, and to reconstruct the State. Setting out with the supposition that cities arise from wants, not wants from cities, he lays down the basis of government prevalent at his day—the undefined, absolute, and exclusive power of the State—and orders

his citizens into ranks, which resemble somewhat the castes of India, without the religious element. He gave to the supreme power authority over all citizens in religion, education, property, and rights generally, and by this means sought to secure the highest culture, the surest stability, and most complete unity. "Among friends everything is common property," he says. To allow separate rights and separate properties is, with Plato, to make many States and not one. The family tie gives rise to exclusive rights in individuals; Plato, therefore, abolished the family tie. The subjects of his State were citizens, and could recognise each other only as such. Family names were abolished. The State was to teach religion and enforce morality. Private judgment was disallowed, because its exercise interfered with absolute power; yet, as the traditionary morality and religion were untenable and unbelievable, they were reformed. In Plato's State there were common gains and losses, pursuits and properties, pleasures and pains, education and religion, husbands, wives, and children,—in fine, an absolute communism.

The Republic of Plato never became an existing institution, and the system there expounded was never submitted to the test of experience, except to a small extent and among ecclesiastical bodies, yet it is important of consideration because it marks an era in the development of mankind from communism to individualism. Plato built his system not so much in the interest of the State as for the benefit of the individual. It is true he looked on man as an atom of disorder, of anarchy, and of confusion—or, as he says, as a wolf—that could be whipped into usefulness by the control only of a central power, using a defined system of education and training. It is true likewise that Plato's conception of morality is essentially political, but it was a political morality whose object was the cultivation of justice in the citizen. He gave absolute power to the Government that the individual might be perfected and live a moral life. The evil which, in his view, demoralized man and rendered government weak, was the possession of separate rights and relations by the citizen. To improve the individual and strengthen government he advocated communism.

In the "Republic" is found the first systematic exposition of selfishness in an ethical theory. By selfishness was meant individual rights, or the evil to which the citizen was exposed, and from which the "Republic" was to save him. Plato does not draw any distinction between private rights and their abuse, but comprehends both in the category of evils. As a fundamental principle he insisted upon a complete renunciation of separate rights, and the establishment of common rights and interests. In modern times we have a somewhat different view of selfishness. The rights of the individual, so long established in literature, law, philosophy, and theology, are now granted as sacred, and selfishness means not so much private rights as their abuse and the overriding of the rights of others. From Hobbes to Darwin this view continually recurs. The result of their observations and the foundation of their ethics are contained in the words: "Man is naturally selfish."

Leaving out of question the meaning of the word "naturally" (which is misleading), it would seem that selfishness, as condemned by Plato or as predicated of man by later philosophers, must not only have been subsequent to society but could have arisen only at some developed stage of mankind's progress. In an ethical view, selfishness pertains unto an individual and regards his position in relation to his rights, and to others and their rights. History tells us that in early times man had no individual rights and no conception of any, that rights and, *a fortiori*, the conception of rights have taken a long time in their production and elaboration. Observation among uncultured tribes confirms the conclusion pointed out by history. In the light of experience, then, the meaning to be taken from the doctrine, "man is selfish," is this: that he has a nature capable of being developed into that of a selfish being—a proposition which few would deny—a proposition based on fact.

We are told by many who have investigated the subject that children are selfish; by others, as great a number and as reliable authorities, that they are unselfish. What is meant by the word "selfish" is of easy determination, but the meaning of the term "unselfish" is indefinite and purely negative. It is applicable to a stone, a railway car, or an oyster. It may be said of everything in the universe which is not included in the

word "selfish." It tells us not what a person is, but what he is not. It is not distinctively moral, and when used to indicate a negative attribute may be a correct designation of an early period in the life of the individual. But if used in an ethical sense, or to imply in its subject certain moral attributes, the word "unselfish" is probably as inaccurate in its application to children as its opposite. Selfishness implies some knowledge or conception of *meum* and *tuum*, my right and thy right, a knowledge which children cannot be said to possess at a very early age. They have not reached the conception of selfishness or unselfishness. These ideas and the attributes pertaining to them are only reached after a lapse of time, and are developed by the tendency of the individual, the practice of his companions, and the example, precept, and authority of parents, guardians, teachers. As the race passes from family to state, and thence to individual rights, the individual goes through probationary stages in reaching the high position of an independent moral being.

To destroy selfishness, Plato would deprive man of private rights and property; and, to raise the individual, he would substitute a general or universal motive in the place of a particular impulse.

Bacon says "Wealth is the impedimenta of virtue." Property hinders virtue, yet virtue cannot proceed without property. It is as necessary as warlike stores or baggage to an army. The greater number of virtues require for their exercise the relinquishment upon one side, and the bestowal upon the other, of individual rights and properties. Suppose a state of society in which there are no private rights and no private property—a society Plato and certain modern communists advocate—where would the virtues which depend on property and rights for their exercise find place? Clearly nowhere. There would be no place even for that first step in morals and religion—self-sacrifice.

Many of the motives which most powerfully operate upon us are private motives or mixed motives, *i. e.*, motives which have a private object or partly a private and partly a general object in view. A motive purely for the public good or universal benefit, though it may be exalted in character, and in certain ways of widespread influence, is not so intense, does not effect so much and is not found among so many individuals as a motive which is confined to one or two objects. The logical rule of comprehension and intention seems to apply. When Plato, therefore, in building his society, introduced public to the total exclusion of private and mixed motives, he substituted a weaker for a stronger principle of action. The world has advanced beyond the position wherein a purely private motive is considered necessarily evil. Duties to self are an important part of any scheme of morals, and, while these are insisted upon, general motives, so far from being excluded, are fostered with great care. While in Plato's communism there could be only one incentive to action, and that a comparatively weak incentive—the public good—society, as it is framed, has the benefit of all the stronger and weaker motives that can impel man.

The morality of Plato's communism was a state morality. Duties were state duties; its religion, a state religion. It was systematic and in character resembled somewhat the morality of Sparta and of early Rome. It is doubtful if, even at the time of Cicero, Rome had advanced to a higher conception of morality than that conveyed in the Roman definition of the good man: '*Quis est bonus? Is qui leges patriæ senatusque decreta observat.*" It mattered not what the laws of fatherland were, or what the senate decreed, disobedience of or resistance to these constituted the extremest form of individual depravity known to the ancient world. One is much inclined to think, on reading his orations against Catiline, that Cicero himself was not altogether free from the same ideas. That Plato should have reverted to state theories is explicable from his circumstances. He saw that private rights were sapping the foundations of the State, that the State was decaying, and that scepticism and immorality were becoming prevalent; and he identified the State and the individual. But his system was unsuited to his times. A morality, to be valid among a people where private right is acknowledged, must be a morality which operates on that private right. As the moral code of the clansman—fidelity to his clan—would not suit a society formed of a collection of clans, but there must arise a higher obligation to the State, so, obedience to state decrees, and conformity with tradition, is an unsuitable conception of morality wherever independent private right is acknowledged.

A necessary part of Plato's communism is the destruction of the family tie. No one acquainted with the history or the writings of Plato would accuse him of immoral practice in life, or immoral intention in his works; yet the obvious result of his system of politics would, in our civilization, be a general depravity. If we have any safeguard to morality other than religion, it is the sanctifying influence of the family tie. The best deserved compliment yet paid by religion to a social relation was that by which marriage, in a portion of the Christian Church, was raised to the dignity of a sacrament. Whatever the effect of communal marriage or no-marriage may have been in patriarchal times, or when the font and origin of obligation was the State, there needs not much examination to see, that in modern times the absence of marriage must inevitably lead to the opposite of the ennobling public good.

Plato's theory for the amelioration of society could not have been reduced to practice even in his own day. The teaching of the State, for a time sufficient, had brought forth powers of mind which criticized that teaching, and found it wanting. A further march in civilization was possible only upon the introduction of new principles and doctrines. The elements of these were not found in Greece. She had already exhausted herself, and was drifting into nothingness. She had no basis upon which to proceed forward; and on looking back to the time of Plato, and considering the subsequent history of his country, one is inclined to think it a most fortunate circumstance for Western Europe, that, at the downfall of the State, Greece had no religious reformer, who, as Confucius and Mahomet, should improve, revive, and stereotype, as it were, for ever, the stale theories of an incomplete civilization. But the Greeks were a philosophical rather than a religious people.

T. B. BROWNING.

(To be concluded in next number.)

THE MINSTREL'S CURSE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

A HIGH and mighty Castle there stood in days of old,
Far o'er the land it glistened, to where the blue sea rolled;
And 'midst its fragrant gardens of richly blooming flowers,
Sparkling fountains rose and fell in rainbow-tinted showers.

A proud King sits within there, whose sway far countries own;
Gloomy and haggard sits he upon his blood-stained throne;
For all his thoughts are Horror, Fury his ev'ry breath,
His very words are scourges, his every mandate—Death!

Once to this Castle journeyed, Minstrels a noble pair;
One had shining locks of gold, the other thin grey hair.
The old man, harp on shoulder, a gay-decked palfrey rode,
While light of heart beside him his bright young comrade strode.

Then to the youth thus spake he: "My son now ready be
To conjure up thy sweetest songs of full-toned melodie;
Sorrow and gladness blending with Music's utmost art,
Our task to-day to soften the proud King's stony heart!"

Soon in the lofty-column'd hall, those peerless Minstrels stand;
The proud King sits enthroned there, the Queen at his right hand.
With baleful splendour gleamed the King, like blood-red northern light;
But sweet and mild the Queen was, like moon on cloudless night.

The grey-beard struck the harp strings, and wondrous 'twas to hear,
How richer, ever richer, the sound swelled on the ear ;
Above the harp's wild pleadings, divine the young voice floats,
Like mystic Spirit-music chime in the Bard's deep notes.

They sing of love and spring-time, of the world's golden youth,
Of freedom and of manfulness, of happiness and truth.
They sing of all things precious, which can men's bosoms move ;
They sing of all things holy, which raise men's hearts above.

Hushed is the swarm of courtiers, forgotten gibes and jests,
Th' iron-hearted warriors bend their heads upon their breasts ;
The Queen, her sad heart swooning with joy and anguish sweet,
The rose plucks from her bosom, and flings it at their feet.

" Ye have seduced my people, would ye bewitch my Queen ? "
Screams out the furious monarch, with rage-distorted mien ;
At the young Minstrel's bosom his flashing sword he throws,
And now whence flowed the golden song, the crimson life-blood flows.

As though by whirlwind scattered, the frighted courtiers fly,
And, gasping in his master's arms, the youth sank back—to die.
He wrapt him in his mantle, he sat him on his horse,
Erect in saddle bound him, and led him forth—a corse.

Halting before the Castle gates, the grey-haired Minstrel stands,
His wondrous harp, above all price, he raises in his hands ;
Against a marble column, shivers that harp so dear,
And then through grove and Castle his awful voice rings clear :

" Woe, woe to thee, proud Castle, may never dulcet strain
Be heard within thy chambers, nor harp, nor glad refrain ;
The timid tread of bondsmen, naught but their sighs and groans,
Be heard until thy halls are dust, thy towers crumbling stones !

" Woe to ye, fragrant gardens, shining in May's clear glow,
To ye the face disfigured of this dear corpse I show,
That blight may seize your flowers, your springing founts run dry,
So in the days to come ye shall barren and desert lie.

" Woe, woe to thee, foul murderer, thou curse of minstrelsie,
To grasp the bloody crown of Fame, vain shall thy strivings be !
In endless darkness sunken, thy name shall be unknown,
Lost ! as in empty air is lost a wretch's dying groan ! "

The aged Bard is silent ; just heaven has heard his cry ;
The halls are now demolish'd, the towers in ruins lie ;
Sole remnant of the splendour of the high column'd hall,
One cracked and moss-grown pillar stands tott'ring to its fall.

And where bloomed fragrant gardens, stretches a waste heath land,
No tree casts there its shadow, no stream bursts through the sand !
No poet-song, no peasant-tales, the King's great deeds rehearse,
Unwept, unsung, forgotten ! that is the Minstrel's Curse.

W. T.

LITTLE GREAT MEN.

EVERY one must have noticed the great tendency that exists now-a-days among the smaller fry of the scientific and literary worlds to belittle the labours and the results of men who are, in verity, Tritons among these minnows. There seems to be no choice for writers who cannot be great scholars themselves, but to carp at those whose bigger brains and better directed industry have really achieved something for mankind: the position of appreciation from a lower level does not seem to occur to them; and every modern hod-bearing builder, just capable of running up a temporary house whose faults of construction are hidden with plaster and stucco, deems himself qualified to squint askance up the Pyramids and hint that the masonry, to say nothing of the design, of Cheops is no better than it should be, while he astonishes his own little circle of groundlings with an "an I would, I could."

I have lately learned from men of this stamp some surprising things in Art and Science. It was new to me, I confess, that Turner, of all men the most faithful lover and follower of Nature, and the most rewarded by her for that love and that pursuit, got his designs from letting children mix coloured beads together or by running damp colours promiscuously over his palate. With all the shifting imagery of cloud-scape and sea-scape before him, was Turner likely to have stooped to this? I could have marked this anecdote as a lying clot of dirt, flung from below, without the positive evidence afforded by the vast and inimitable series of sketches, still extant in every stage of finish, which he has left behind him to attest the fatherhood of his paintings and redeem them from such an imputation of bastardy.

All our great men are compelled in these times to take some particular department of truth under their cognisance. Science has extended its researches so far that another Verulam, if we had him, would have to drop that proud motto, "I have taken all Nature to be my Province." Spencer, perhaps, is the most extended thinker of the day and the one whose range is widest; but the ordinary leaders of thought wisely confine themselves each to his own branch, knowing full well that there is more than *he* can master there; feeling that his investigation will aid the labourers in cognate fields of thought; and that when, for purposes of generalisation and of checking his own results, he desires to go outside his own section of nature, it will be better for him to accept the laws laid down by other specialists, than to plunge into the experimental verification of their rules at the cost of much precious time and energy. But while Huxley or Tyndall would not think of turning aside to impugn the accuracy of Dr. Hooker's account of a foreign flora they had never seen, and while the great botanist in turn would not care to controvert Max Müller's history of some obscure Semitic dialect, the ordinary little great scholar of the day (save the mark!) will rush in and set all four right all round! A political economist, like Mill, may expose as ludicrous the old Mercantile System, and the theory that whatever cause operated to keep cash in the country increased its wealth (no matter what the drain upon its resources might be), and that any state of things that tended to send gold away was ruinous, whatever other commodities might flow in to take its place. No modern student of that science will venture to support the demolished theorem, but I will venture to predict that yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow, Canadian editors and Canadian politicians will be found depicting to a people not uneducated in political economy, the hard cash disappearing over the border-line and carrying Canada's prosperity away with it.

It was only the other day that a Professor * in a Canadian University, whose fame has not yet reached the dimensions attained by either Spencer or Tyndall, dubbed the latter a Philistine; kindly explaining that this term implied "impenetrability to ideas be-

* "Professor Tyndall's Materialism." By Prof. Watson, March number of CANADIAN MONTHLY, p. 282.

yond the more or less limited circle of conceptions within which the mind from habit finds it easy to move." Sometimes, as I find the case to be with this critic's own arguments, the "impenetrability" is not so much due to the obtuseness of the block-headed recipient as to the lack of point in the should-be-penetrative idea, and I would add that a greater feeling of modesty might have induced the Professor to ask himself whether Tyndall's smallest circle of conceptions might not be apt to overlap his own. It is of a piece with this, when Professor Watson in the same paper describes Herbert Spencer's philosophy, which he clearly fails to understand, as a "mechanical mixture of science and metaphysic," and tells us that no intelligible meaning *can* be extracted from this or that statement which it contains.

But the above examples sink almost into insignificance by the side of Professor Gregg, whose lecture on the Mosaic Authority of Deuteronomy set my mind at work upon this subject. His views are so refreshingly amusing, and at times so ingenuously open as to his own want of study of the subject, that I hope I may be permitted to run shortly over them. The difficulty is just this: Ewald and a host of other authorities, the leading lights among modern Hebraists,—and by Hebraists I mean those who have studied the history, customs, manners, and literature of the nation, as well as its mere naked language,—have come to the conclusion, after mature deliberation, that Moses did not write the fifth book of the Pentateuch. It would not be necessary for my present purpose, even if I had the material before me, to give the grounds and reasons they adduce for this belief. It is enough to say that most of the best critics concede that their position is unassailable, and that even those who differ from them yet allow that they are of all men the best qualified to speak upon such a subject. One would have thought that the evil fate which Boyle and Temple met with when they impugned the justice of Bentley's criticism upon the Epistles of Phalaris, would have taught all minor scholastic lights not to attack too rashly the soundness of the views held by men confessedly occupying the first rank in their profession; but it is not so. Luckily for himself, Professor Gregg keeps at a sufficient remove from the arcana of his subject to prevent much risk of a rejoinder from any German scholar of notoriety.

In the first place, how touchingly candid is the admission our Professor makes, that the last chapter, recording the death of Moses, "*may* have been written" by some one else! There is an air, too, of coy reluctance about even this concession, as if the lecturer were aware how much his position is weakened by it! For the same hand that penned this finish may have added other parts, may have strung together traditions or even fragments of a previous record, originally compiled by one or more writers of different dates, thus accounting for the clear internal evidence detected by Ewald, and by others before him, that parts of the book in question were the work of a man who called his God by the name Elohim, and the rest by one who worshipped the Lord Jehovah, no mere verbal distinction, but one which coincides with two varying phases of belief in God and two comparatively distinct periods.

Professor Gregg then intimates that "no very profound scholarship is absolutely required" to settle this vexed question. According to him, "a diligent, judicious, devout student of a good English translation of the Scriptures, is fairly competent to discuss and pronounce a decision on the controversy, and is just as likely to arrive at a right conclusion as are those who make a great parade of scholarship," &c., &c. Now this flattery of your audience, "who do not pretend to be profoundly versed in oriental literature," will not deceive many. I, for one, am no Hebraist, but it does not require a knowledge of the mysterious vowel points to teach me that no common-sense student of our authorised version can pronounce the dogmatic decision which he is asked to do. When Niebuhr first analysed the legendary history of Rome and traced it back to its original ballads and oral traditions, he met with much opposition from pedants, but I have yet to learn that anybody ventured to say that the ordinary English reader of a translation of Livy could have adduced reasons against which Niebuhr's learned objections would not have "a feather's weight." And how much greater is the difficulty in this case. Adopting for the purpose of the argument the ordinary Biblical chronology, the question here is as follows: Professor Gregg affirms that Deuteronomy was written

in the year 1451 B.C. Ewald, on the contrary, says it was written in the reigns of Uzziah (B.C. 810), Manasseh (B.C. 698), and Josiah (B.C. 642). But Ewald derives his argument from the Hebrew text, and Professor Gregg considers the English version, translated A.D. 1604—1611, sufficient to confute him with. Now, let us put a parallel case, so as to catch the ear unskilled in Hebrew and which may not fully fathom the enormity of the Professor's mistake. Taking the average of the three dates given by Ewald, we find the date of the production of the book in question would be some 750 years later on his hypothesis than it is on the Mosaic theory. Now, let us suppose that the history of our own English literature depended on the internal evidence it affords, and that, in the year of grace 2300, Macaulay's New Zealander undertook to translate those volumes of it which had survived. We will suppose that he did it faithfully and well according to the best of his lights, making no doubt sad hash of our idioms, and translating our birds and beasts pretty freely into the names of his own very distinct fauna. Now, we will further imagine that two schools of criticism exist in New Zealand, one of which (the heretical crew) affirms that "King Lear" was written by an unknown author in the sixteenth century, while the other (orthodox to the backbone) propounds the theory that because the scene is laid in England in shadowy prehistoric times we must date it back to A.D. 850 at least, or somewhere in the mists of the Heptarchy. The school of the unfaithful appeal to language and local allusions, to comparisons with admittedly sixteenth century works, and claim to number among their ranks the ablest New Zealand scholars in the English tongue in all its varying dialects, from the days of Cædmon to those of Elizabeth. No matter! The great Greggaki-Wai-Kato, champion of orthodoxy in general and of this book in particular, issues his fiat that the faithful need go no further than their own admirable Zealandese version to confound these abominable heretics and to confute their disturbingly new views and opinions. How well the professor's arguments would chime in! I can hear him deliver this crushing exordium: "Isn't it '*likely*,' judging from the brutal manners of these ancient Britons and Anglo-Saxons, that Lear's daughters would be unkind to him? There is '*at least a likelihood*' that Lear would be very angry with them. Then '*is it not moreover likely*' that his brain would give way, and in that case what would be more natural than the words we find put in his mouth? The theorists who attribute this book to a man who lived seven or eight hundred years afterwards '*virtually admit this likelihood*, for it cannot be supposed that any writer would have put his thoughts into the mouth of' Lear, 'unless there was at least some likelihood that the real Lear might have spoken as the imaginary one is made to speak.'" O, great is the power of your oratory, Greggaki-Wai-Kato; but do they teach logic in your New Zealand universities in the year of grace 2300?

As to the objections to the dramatic use of Moses' name, I suppose the worthy Professor adheres fully to the belief that Moses wrote Genesis, and with his usual candour will admit that "probably" he was not personally present at all the scenes and incidents he there depicts. Is there nothing dramatic in the scenes of patriarchal life? Nothing dramatic in old Isaac's querulous questionings as he feels the hands of Jacob, or in Esau's passionate wailing when he finds his brother has supplanted him a second time? If not, I do not know what the word "dramatic" means, and must suppose that Professor Gregg considers no writing is dramatical unless the name of each character is printed before his speech and the entrances and exits are marked in italics and between brackets. But if Professor Gregg concedes that Moses *did* write Genesis dramatically, not acting as a mere scribe to the Spirit in copying out the very words that Isaac or that Joseph used (for in that event the merest dullard who could hold a pen might as well have been the inditer), but that, moved by God to portray the fortunes of his race from the earliest times, he had set himself to work, employing the genius, the learning, and the industry God had given him, to embody all the floating traditions, all the few written records that might have been committed to papyrus since Jacob came down into Egypt, and in so doing had clothed those dry bones of fact with that love and tenderness which yet make us weep with Joseph over his returning and forgiven brethren,—if, I say, we are to admit that Moses blamelessly put *his* words in the mouths of the patriarchs, and was only careful not to obscure the great

moral lessons which the spirit of God pointed out to him in their actions, how then can we blame the anonymous writers of Deuteronomy if they acted in the same way towards Moses?

In neither case was there any deception or intention to deceive at the time. It must have seemed a pious work to collect together such fragments of the written or unwritten words of Moses as were extant at the time of Josiah, and fuse them into a new volume. The result of that work has probably been the preservation of what would otherwise have been lost, a risk it had already run several times. It may be fairly conjectured that it was the discovery of the book of the law by Hilkiah in the same reign, after it had been entirely forgotten, in some nook of the temple, that supplied the impulse and possibly in part the material for this compilation. For I am quite willing to concede that several of the commandments it contains were known long before the time of the kings. But what then? Does it follow, as Professor Gregg affirms, that therefore the book in question was in existence from the time of Moses downwards? Not at all. It merely shows that these particular commands were known, and had been handed down *somehow*, and proves nothing as to the existence of the book as a whole, which is the point in dispute.

Of all the Professor's other arguments, I will now only answer one, which is addressed rather to the over pious than to the over clever. As, however, the first class perhaps outnumbers the latter, and as the point he attempts to make is very taking to the untrained eye, I will briefly reply to it. Quoting the conversation between our Lord and the Sadducees about the resurrection, he says that our Saviour, by his not contradicting the Sadducee when the latter said, "*Moses* wrote unto us," and so on, "virtually professed to believe that the law in Deuteronomy was of divine authority and that it was written by Moses." Now, even if the context really bore out this contention, which it does not, how low a view does this take of our Saviour's mission! Admittedly, at that date, the book of Deuteronomy was treated in common parlance as the work of Moses. What then was our Saviour to do? Was He to unravel the knot of error which the evil ingenuity of the Sadducees had extracted out of an old law, by appealing as He did appeal to the eternal verities of which God had himself witnessed to Moses? Or was He, as Professor Gregg it seems would have had Him do,—was He to stop at the threshold of the question, evade the one point on which the clustering multitude were thirsting for His authoritative decision, and, turning aside, to plunge into a question of literature and history, offending alike at one blow, both those who believed and those who disbelieved in a life after death, by thus shocking one of their most prejudiced national opinions? *

The Professor admits that, up to the time of the Reformation, literary criticism was asleep. It accepted the forged letters of Clement and Ignatius, many of the spurious and apocryphal books of Scripture, and the Mosaic authority of Deuteronomy alike. Mr. Gregg goes hand-in-hand with modern thought in rejecting most of these, but he still clings to the last volume of the Pentateuch. But surely it is argument run mad when he adduces the opinion of the world up to the time of the revival of learning as evidence in support of his theory as to Deuteronomy, and rejects it entirely as unworthy of weight as to the authenticity of the other documents!

I think I have said enough to show that a reliance on the best modern criticism as to the authorship of the books which compose our Bible is by no means incompatible with a firm belief in the golden thread of Divine teaching that runs through them all. It is much to be hoped that men like Professor Gregg may not succeed in inducing the youth of our universities to array themselves in opposition to modern research and enquiry, in the vain idea that these are forces antagonistic to Christianity, and that the Truth needs to be shielded by—Professor Gregg.

F. R.

* If Professor Gregg will kindly look up and read De Quincey's postscript to his "System of the Heavens as revealed by Lord Rosse's telescope," he will find that modern critics are by no means "driven to desperate shifts by the exigencies of their position" in this respect, and that it could not be even a *permissible* function in a Divine messenger to correct other men's errors in science or history.

ANCIENT SOCIETY.*

THE archæology contained in the Book of Genesis recognizes an evolution in the progress of humanity. There is the simple story of a first pair living upon the fruits of the earth, to whom is granted that dominion over the animal creation which a great poet laments has "broken nature's social union;" there is mention of the first smith, the first minstrel, and the first mighty hunter. There is mention of sexual relations condemned by the laws of the people to whom the narrative was given. The constitution of Israel, moulded by a Sheikh of Midian, the existence of blood-feud, and the means provided for condonation of manslaughter and the restoration of the offender to society, the land law and marriage law, unfolded in the later books of the Pentateuch, suggest themselves as worthy of study in the light of advancing knowledge of archaic institutions. But the transition of the narrative from the mythic period of the paradisial to the patriarchal state, though it covers an epoch of acknowledged length, is too rapid. The hint of ages of sin and darkness is all that is given, and we turn from its meagre outlines to the study of flint implements and crania, to broken potsherds and the barrows of the ancient dead, to the laws, folk-lore, customs, and languages of living savages, for information of the "phases of all forms" through which man has come, up from the hole of the pit whence he was digged, to the state of civilization. The branch of enquiry most interesting to the general reader is that which deals with the growth of social and political institutions, and which has been discussed by Mr. Herbert Spencer from the *a priori* standpoint of his philosophical system, and by Sir Henry Maine as a proper legal study. Mr. Morgan's work deals with social systems revealed to him during the progress of his celebrated researches into the systems of consanguinity and affinity of the Human Family, the results of which are given in one of the ponderous quartos published by the Smithsonian Institute.

In little more than half the time from the foundation of the Roman city until the appearance of the lofty figure of the first Cæsar (the highest product of Roman civilization as politician, statesman, and warrior) there has been established on the North American continent a civilizing power, in comparison with whose forces the might and majesty of imperial Rome are of significance merely to point a political moral. Before the hurrying concourse of the chariot wheels of the invading races the aborigines have been swept as withered leaves before the gale. The dry North American atmosphere is said to be so charged with electricity that the nervous activity it imparts wastes the reproductive powers, and that new migrations will be constantly required to feed the stream of living action destined here to cherish the earth, to enlarge the bounds of freedom, and to exalt the dominion of man over the forces of nature. May we not enquire if this new habitat of civilized man, endowed with such a natural stimulus of human development, did not also impart by its kindly air, by its rigours of heat and cold, and by the teeming fatness of its soil, some special activities for the elevation of its native peoples? What were the links which made the tribal bond? what rights and duties had their origin in tribal relations? and in what manner were they sanctioned by the law of tribal custom? Was the simple tribal code like to the rules binding upon uncivilized men under similar conditions elsewhere? Had it any inherent force or expansive energy, giving a foretaste of good things to come? Can we discern in the rituals, the folk-lore, the customs of the aborigines, any gleams of that Light over the Valley of the Shadow of Death, the Dayspring from on High, the Dawn of the ever-growing sway of Moral Order? The central truth of Buddhism offers the only key for unlocking the mystery of human life and history: "The revolutions of matter, the destructions and renovations of the universe, are but the play of the transcendent forces of moral order and destiny, the product of moral determinations. Out of these

* Ancient Society; or, Researches in the lines of Human Progress from Savagery through Barbarism to Civilization. By Lewis H. Morgan, LL.D. New York: Henry Holt & Co., 1877.

imperishable germs of essential right, these loyalties of time and force to eternal law, comes the wind that breathes in the spaces of desolation from all sides, to renew the worlds; out of these the primitive energies which at enormous intervals destroy 'the worlds of form,' and through the 'emptiness' which intervenes between this destruction and the new birth of things, these moral destinies endure, the only germs of reconstruction." But this lofty idea is a product of human experience. The growth of law, of right-wiseness (to use a most significant Saxon word) is frequently mentioned by the Hebrew prophets. "The handful of corn on the mountain tops," the fruitful Word which is "seed to the sower and bread to the eater," the "Tree of Life" whose monthly renewed leaves are "for the healing of the nations," are metaphors wherein the Semitic mind clothed its notions of the permanence and expansive energy of moral order. Such was the faith by which the just lived when the earth's dark places were full of the habitations of cruelty. Such was the vision of Balak from the high places of Baal, from Pisgah, and from Peor; and such is the meaning of the great ethical myth of the Goths, of the tree Ygdrasill, whose roots extend through Hell and Earth and to the holy Urdar fount in heaven, hard by where is the dwelling of the Norns, who make the laws and determine the lives and destinies of men.

The customs of the American Indians, of the Polynesian and Australian races, and the social institutions imbedded in them, carry us a long way anterior to the patriarchal state and the beginning of landed property. The first institutions must of necessity have dealt with the relations of the sexes, and regulated for the males the selection of female mates by rules for the prevention of promiscuity and incest. Under the system of the Kamilaroi, an Australian tribe, the males comprise four gentes or clans, Ippai, Kumbo, Murri, and Kubbi; the females likewise four gentes, Ippata, Buta, Mata, and Kapota. The original law was: Ippai could marry no other than Kapota, Kumbo could marry Mata and no other, Murri could marry only Buta, and Kubbi only Ippata. Within each male clan the individuals were brothers, and within each female clan the individuals were sisters; but the male and female clans were brothers and sisters to each other in the order named. The prohibition against marriage within the assigned limit was absolute; but without it the privilege of barbarism knew no law. A system somewhat similar, called Punalua, is found among the Hawaiians. Directed to the prevention of incest only, and not looking beyond, it retained a conjugal system nearly as objectionable, and what was worse, cast it into permanent form. The transition from clan polyandry to the polyandry of brothers was the next advance in the series of conjugal relationships. The latter is prevalent in Thibet, is met with in Ceylon, in the Aleutian Islands, and elsewhere. Traces of the system, become obsolete but still moulding the law of inheritance, are said to be found in the motive of that exquisite idyl, the Book of Ruth, and in the curious question put to the Saviour touching the seven brothers who had successively had one woman to wife. Mention of its prevalence in the ancient Cantium is made by Cæsar in the 14th chapter of the 5th Book of his Commentaries on the Gallic War: "Uxores habent deni duodenique inter se communes, et maxime fratres cum fratribus, parentesque cum liberis: sed si qui sunt ex his nati, eorum habentur liberi a quibus primum virgines quæque ductæ sunt." It was an essential characteristic of these social systems, under which paternity was uncertain, that heritable offices should descend on the side of the mother. Offices and distinctions were obviously the only subjects of succession before the institution of property in chattels and land. Long after polyandry had ceased and a modified polygamy had taken its place, this law of succession prevailed to regulate the descent of the office of sachem among the Iroquois and Algonquin Indians. The same rule forged the chain for the new-born child of a slave mother: "Paritus sequitur ventrum." The family, the unit of the gens, first became possible by means of gentile organization. With what modifications this organization prevailed, how it became the groundwork of the Iroquois league, as it was the basis of the earliest political institutions of Greece and Rome, is thus stated by Mr. Morgan:—"The experience of mankind has developed but two definite and systematic organizations of Society. The first and most ancient was a social organization, founded upon gentes, phratries, and tribes. The second and latest in time was a political organization, founded

upon territory and upon property. *Under the first a gentile society was created in which the government dealt with persons through their relations to a gens and tribe.* These relations were purely personal. Under the second a political society was instituted in which the Government dealt with persons through their relations to territory—e. g. the township, the county, the state. These relations were purely territorial. The two systems were fundamentally different. One belongs to ancient society, the other to modern. The gentile organization furnished the nearly universal plan of government of ancient society, Asiatic, European, African, American, Australian. By its means society was organized and held together. Commencing in savagery and continuing through barbarism, it remained until the establishment of political society. The Grecian gens, phratry, and tribe, the Roman gens, curia, and tribe find their analogues in the gens, phratry and tribe of the American aborigines. The Irish sept, the Scottish clan, the phrara of the Albanians, and the Sanscrit *ganas*, are the same as the American Indian gens, which has usually been called a clan. As far as our knowledge extends, this organization runs through the entire ancient world over all the continents, and it was brought down to the historical period by such tribes as attained to civilization. Gentile society wherever found is the same in structural organization and in principles of action; but changing from lower to higher forms with the progressive advancement of the people."

The sentence in italics seems to have been phrased in the swing of composition. It cannot have been so thought out by Mr. Morgan. "These temples grew as grows the grass." The gentile society *grew*, it was not created. Government there was none for the sanction of the customs which formed the gens and secured its permanence. It is difficult to account for the rigour and efficacy of customary laws among tribes so destitute of forms of administration as were most of the Red Indians. The tribal councils were purely deliberative. We may be helped to some notion of the force of tribal customs by consideration of the great number of customs and ceremonies binding upon every decent member of society, of those which are binding upon one sex only, of those which are binding only on certain classes, the origin of all which we seldom enquire, but the breach of some of which would, without process of law, entail upon the offender consequences as serious, often as severe, as violations of written enactments. Gentes or clans, phratries or clan brotherhoods, and tribes or congeries of clans, *grew* in obedience to the instincts of gregariousness and fellowship, just as language grew out of the requirements of human intercourse. In the ninth book of the Odyssey, Homer makes the wise Ulysses say of the savage Cyclops: "They have neither councils nor judgments, but they dwell in hollow rocks on the tops of high mountains, and every one is the judge of his wife and children, and they do not trouble themselves about one another." Plato, in the third book of "The Laws," nevertheless, designates this archaic condition as a Polity.

The Six Nations of the Iroquois league numbered thirty-eight gentes. In four of the tribes there were eight phratries, in the others this organization seems wanting. The Senecas had two phratries of four gentes each. The ball game was played by phratries, one against the other. In the tribal council the sachems in each phratry seated themselves on opposite sides of an imaginary council-fire and addressed the opposite bodies as representatives of the phratries. Among all the Algonquin tribes the gentile organization is found. Mr. Schoolcraft, from the use of a totem by every gens, gave it the name of the totemic system. Thus the figure of a wolf was the totem of the Wolf gens. Among the Shawanoe, a tribe of totally different stock from the Iroquois, each gens had, as was the case with the latter, its own special names for persons within the gens which no other gens might use, so that the name determined the gens of the person. To the Iroquois gens, as *jus gentilium*, in addition to the obligation to marry out of the gens, belonged the council of the gens, with the right to elect and depose its sachem, the reciprocal obligations of blood-feud, a common burial place, and, says Mr. Morgan, "probably special religious rites."

The Latins at the beginning of the historical period appear organized into gentes, curiæ, and tribes, in which institution Romulus and his successors laid the foundations of the Roman power.

A gentilis, or member of a gens, was one sprung from the same stock and called

by the same name. The earlier genealogies show that marriage was out of the gens. Unlike the Iroquois rule of succession, the children born into a Roman gens were of the gens of their father, and the wife forfeited her agnatic rights upon her marriage. A common burial place was deemed indispensible. In the distribution of the public lands, allotments were made to certain gentes who held them in common. Ascending in the series of social organizations we meet the Greek phratry, the Roman curia, or brotherhood of gentes. It was an organic union of two gentes or more of the same tribe. A numerical uniformity was given to the composition of the Greek and Roman tribes by phratries or curiæ of gentes in the interests of symmetrical organization. In the case of the Luceres, the tribe of latest organization among the Romans, this appears to have been attained by the adoption of certain foreign elements. To the Greek phratry was committed the care of special religious rites, the condonation or revenge of the murder of a phrator, and the purification of the guilty after his escape from the penalty of his crime preparatory to his restoration to society. At a later period it enregistered descents, and was the keeper of the evidence of citizenship, and it prosecuted in court, on behalf of the organization, the murderer of a phrator. Mr. Morgan claims for the rituals of the Iroquois "more or less direct connexion" with the gentile organization. Each gens, he tells us, furnished a number of keepers of the faith, who after their selection were "raised up" by a tribal council with appropriate ceremonies. Men and women in equal numbers were chosen. They were the censors of the people, invested with power to report on the evil deeds of persons to the council. In the burial ground of the Tuscaroras at Lewiston, there is one row of graves of members of the Beaver gens, two rows of the Bear gens, one row of the Gray Wolf, one row of the Great Turtle, and so on, to the number of eight rows. Husband and wife are separated from each other, but mothers and their children, brothers and sisters, are found in the same row. The organization of gentes into phratries is a well marked feature in the tribal system of many North American tribes. The Mohegans, of Algonquin stock, were originally composed of three gentes, the Wolf, Turtle, and Turkey. The first is now a phratry of four gentes, Wolf, Bear, Dog, Opossum; the second contains four gentes, Little Turtle, Mud Turtle, Great Turtle, Yellow Eel; and the third a phratry of three gentes, Turkey, Crane, and Chicken. The Munsees, a small tribe, have three gentes, Wolf, Turtle, and Turkey. The Delawares are also divided into three gentes of the same name; thus shewing that this tribe was formerly united with the Munsees. Moreover, the linguistic connection between the Delawares and Munsees is very close; but indeed the differences between all the Algonquin tongues are dialectic merely. Descent of the sachemship in the female line (except where modified by the teaching of missionaries, as in the case of the Ojibwas), and the prohibition of marriage within the gens, shew the gentile organization to have been the basis of the tribal system throughout all the divisions of the Algonquin stock. It has been traced also among the village Indians of New Mexico and among the Kolushes and Thlinkeets of British Columbia.

What institution was it possible to build upon this social substructure? Among the Iroquois the gens or clan in council elected or deposed its chiefs and its sachems, i elected keepers of the faith, it condoned or avenged the murder of a gentilis, and it adopted members of other gentes or foreigners into the gens. It often happened that the gens of the criminal called on the other gentes of their phratry to endeavour to effect an adjustment or condonation of the crime with the gens of the murdered person. After the election of a sachem or of a chief of the second grade the choice in some tribes required the confirmation of the phratry. Even the other phratries of the tribe were required to concur. In this manner unanimity in the selection of the sachems who represented the gentes in the confederate council was obtained. They were representatives of the gentes whose selection required approval by the tribe. At the foundation of the Iroquois confederacy several of the gentes of the original five tribes were empowered to elect sachems, and the right was made hereditary within each gens named. The Mohawks had nine, the Oneidas nine, the Onondagas fourteen, the Cayugas ten, and the Senecas eight sachemships. The Tuscaroras were affiliated some three centuries after the foundation. The sachems of the confederacy were sachems in their

respective tribes, and with the chiefs of these tribes formed the council of each, which was supreme in all matters belonging exclusively to the tribe. Unanimity in the confederate council was essential to every act, and the vote was taken by tribes. The tribal council had power to convene the confederate council, but the latter could not convene itself. Both the tribal and confederate councils were open to the orators of the people for the discussion of public affairs, but the councils alone decided. The confederacy had no chief magistrate or executive head, but for military purposes they appointed two general military commanders with equal powers.

Such was the constitution framed by the Romans of the New World. From the gens to the tribe, and from the tribe to the confederacy, the elements of the polity of these Indians were essentially natural. It is easy from our standpoint to discover the chinks and crannies through which the gusts of calamity made havoc of the structure; but it cannot fail to strike the beholder that within this constitution there were guarantees of liberty, equality, and fraternity, germs of a lofty social order, and assurances of progress as potent as any that have been begotten in the heats of political ardour upon the popular will. The coping-stone was wanting. The one great defect in this institution, as in the organizations of tribes elsewhere under similar conditions, was the want of a constitutional executive, responsible to the popular will, or responsible to law as the highest expression of that will. By reason of their compact settlement in a country which is "as the Garden of the Lord"—the lake region and valleys of the Mohawk and Genesee Rivers, in New York State—the Iroquois had special advantages over their numerically superior and not less intelligent foes, the Algonquins. In fact many tribes of the latter stock—the Delawares and the Shawonoe, for example—were intellectually capable of much higher attainment than the Iroquois, but the vastness of the area over which the linguistically allied members were scattered prevented confederate council and action.

The evolution from society held together by kinship to society settled upon land under tenures based upon kinship is a long stride, but it is the next stage in the series. Ages may have passed by from the institution of tribes organized of gentes until the tribal territory was divided among the constituent clans. It is not a political change so much as a change in the conditions of existence, due to increase of population and a diminished supply of game; and it was in many cases, doubtless, imperceptibly progressive. "The gradual sunrise" of the first and noblest of arts "walked the gradual seas" whereon the life of the savage was tossed in the tempest of tribal wars, and from year to year brought to his view the bounteous bosom of ever-blessed earth, and nourished in him the love of her smiling plenty, and gave him "the harvest of a quiet eye" purged of its blurred vision by nature's "euphrasy and rue." The New Mexican villages had walled out barbarism, and the Wyandots and Iroquois had shown in their gravitation towards settled conditions in villages, and in their cult of Maize Festivals, the operations of that tendency "which makes for righteousness," ere the advent of the Pale Faces shook to its foundations the order of nature in which they lived. The communal dwellings and maize fields of the New England village Indians described by early observers, and their social organization, treated so exhaustively by Mr. Morgan, should undergo comparison with the state of society thus described by Sir Henry Maine in his "Early History of Institutions:" "By the Irish custom of gavelkind, the inferior tenancies were partible among the males of the sept, both bastards and legitimate; and after partition made, if any one of the sept had died his portion was not divided among his sons, but the chief of the sept made a new partition of all the lands belonging to that sept, and gave every one his part according to his antiquity." "Skene, in his work on the Highlanders, says: 'They are divided into tribes or clans under chiefs or chieftains, and each clan is again divided into branches from the main stock, who have chieftains over them. These are subdivided into smaller branches of fifty or sixty men, who deduce their original from their particular chieftains.' Such a body seems to be the Joint Family well-known to the Hindoos, in which all the property was held in common, and all earnings being brought into the common chest or purse, the lapse of any one life would have the effect, potentially if not actually, of distributing the dead man's share among all the kindred united in the family

group. This information (of the social organizations of the Irish septs, the Highland clans, and the Hindoo Joint Family) reveals to us a society of Aryan race, settled indeed on the land and much influenced by its settlement, but preserving an exceptional number of the ideas and rules belonging to the time when kinship and not the land was the basis of social union. This 'natural communism' does not arise from any theory or *a priori* assumption as to the best or justest mode of dividing the land of a community, but from the simple impossibility, according to primitive notions, of making a distinction between a number of kinsmen solely connected by their real or assumed descent from a common ancestor. The natural solvent of this communism is the land itself upon which the kindred are settled."

Having briefly sketched the case of the Kamilaroi, whose social requirements are of the rudest conceivable, reference was then made to the next step upward in the abandonment of tribal polyandry for that of brothers. The breaking down of this last system under natural exigencies, and the evolution from it to the higher form of monogamous or modified polygamous marriage has not been dwelt upon, but a discussion of the influences which induced the change may be gathered from the writings of MacLennan and Herbert Spencer. Setting out with the organization of society upon the basis of a joint family, gens, sept, or clan, the writer has, without criticism, sketched the scope of Mr. Morgan's work. It remains to point out that the earliest legal sanction or penalty was directed to the punishment of personal injuries in which the force of the clan, and frequently of the tribe, was invoked. By the terrible blood-feud, and its modified forms of the *lex talionis* and afterwards of a *weregild*, or price of worth, levied upon the society of the offender, man was educated to a sense of fellowship and fellow-trust. The intensity of the impression the blood-feud would impart was deepened with the acquisition of lands and goods, the loss of which would breed against the offending cause at least criticism, if not the desire for his punishment. Thus conscience was the creature of society. Out of society man has neither rights nor duties. The natural selection of acts fit and unfit has been a process of the experience of society, and the ethics men apply in their judgments upon human conduct have been taught them by use of the test that this, that, or the other act is harmful to society.

The study of the devious ways of the pilgrimage of humanity from the house of its bondage in the periods of savagery and barbarism is of boundless concern to us now. Within the pale of civilization there are forces under repression which, were their bonds once broken, would sweep and garnish the house to let in more devils than have been banished from it. The science of anthropology is a necessary part of that culture which is the "armour of God" to all who "would fight the good fight of faith," for it will minister to an unbounded confidence in the progress of moral purposes and the expansion of human energies. The retrospect it gives is, however, saddened by the sense that the mills of God grind slowly, and that but a small part of the human family are enlightened. A polished stone axe, wrought with surpassing skill of adaptation to its work, perhaps beyond the average skill of English mechanics; some ancient story of persons coming and going at periodic times and bringing or taking away with them some of the sights and sounds of the circling year; the marvellous structure of some verbal language of a barbarian tribe, whose long-syllabled words hold the "mirror up to nature," and copy her every lineament with a faithfulness unknown to civilized man;—these bring the scoff of Prometheus to the lips, and the sigh for power—

> "To break this sorry scheme of things entire.
> Would not we shatter it to bits—and then
> Re-mould it nearer to the heart's desire!"

The eastern watchers of the starry sky could find solace "for their dark regrets, amid the strange, mysterious palms," in the contemplation of the precision and vastness of the movements of the celestial universe, whose perturbations are controlled by law. The movements of the hidden forces which from age to age among all classes and conditions of men, determine the bounds of their habitation (in the widest sense of the word) are not less certain or knowable. Be they ever so complex or of so sad import betimes, we know a truth that gives divinest courage: "For till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law till all be fulfilled."

JOSEPH BAWDEN.

A BARBECUE IN NORTH MISSISSIPPI.

I HAD been living in North Mississippi about three months. It was the beginning of July, 1869, and the crops had been laid by; that is to say, the cotton had grown so large that it was incapable of further cultivation. The fields were one tangled mass of verdure, radiant under the clear sky and blazing heat, and dusted over with the great blooms of yellow-white and rose-colour, resembling our garden hollyhock, to which, indeed, they are related.

There is rest now on the plantation for man and beast. The mules spend the hot day loose in the shady wood lot; the hands "loaf" and make leisurely preparation for the cotton-picking season, still five or six weeks in the future; and the master loiters through the fields on horseback, to mark the promise of the coming crop, or perspires in the shade.

This is the season for the summer holiday. Everything is full of life and vigour, and neighbours become gay and sociable now the spring work is over and the "sickly season" with its rank vegetation decaying in the heat and steaming forth malaria and plague is still far off. When that time comes the merry-makings will flicker out; the people, depressed under prolonged heat and the threatenings of fever and ague, will "*seek to*" religious excitement as a relief from morbid gloom, and revival meetings will prevail. Thus it comes about that over the South the hard-working spring is followed by a July of pic-nics and junketing, and an August of camp-meetings and repentance. September brings the autumnal work, and common-sense resumes control.

Our neighbours had decided to hold a barbecue in Widow Christopher's Grove, not very far from our house, and as it was our first opportunity to see the people we had come to live among, our curiosity was considerable.

The preparations were great. Aunt Creasey, our black cook, was resolved that her chickens and fixings should not yield to what any other woman, black or white, could show on the ground. She was oppressed, in fact, by her cares, and her spirits suffered, at least if one might judge by her repeated requests for a dram to support her in her efforts to do credit to the family. A jolly soul she was, Aunt Creasey, with her smooth, slippery tongue and her childish prattlings, especially when she wanted a dram or a bit of finery off the mistress's dressing-table; but as shrewd as a magpie and wonderfully quick to detect and profit by the weaknesses of her employers. She was our first cook and very popular with us till late in the summer, when she caught a touch of the chills, and became so cross and quarrelsome that we were thankful to send her away. She was a large mulatto woman, rather fat and not very young, but when arrayed in her clean white gown, with a white handkerchief round her head and a string of big red beads about her throat, as handsome a picture as one would wish to see, her great African eyes glowing and her white teeth shining as only African teeth and eyes know how. So she looked as she marched off through the grove, two darkey lads, Dan and John, following with her baskets, she herself carrying her peach pies and custards, afraid to trust them to those graceless scamps.

Down in a hollow at the end of the grove passes the high-road. By its side is a plot of green sward, short and thick, protected on either side by high, steep banks, whence ooze many springs which form themselves into a clear trickling brook. Scattered about are trees—oaks, sycamores, and gums—casting broad, cool shadows through which the hot day shoots down in passing glints. The hollow opens north and south, so the cool south breeze steals through it all day long. This was the scene chosen for the revel, and not many pleasanter nooks could have been found that hot summer day.

All the night before, preparation had been going on. A long, deep trench had been dug and filled with burning fuel. Over the hot coals were stretched on poles to broil the

solider part of the banquet; twenty shotes, to wit (*i. e.* half grown hogs), and half a dozen kids. Tables and seats were made of planks, and booths of branches to shelter the ice and the dancers from heat and dust, though, as the ground in the dancing booth was thickly spread with bran, it is probable the heat and dust would have been less had there been no booth to intercept the breeze.

Before ten o'clock the company began to arrive—men and women with youngsters innumerable trooping in from across the fields on all sides. There were the poor whites—a rough, weather-beaten crew, and wonderfully ignorant. Not a very pleasant addition, but always eligible and expected at a public gathering in those parts, where colour draws the line between the two great divisions of the people.

By and by the company on horseback began to arrive, lolling back in their Texan saddles with impossibly long stirrups; many with white umbrellas over their heads, and all at the walk. Owing to the badness of the roads, horseback is the prevailing mode of locomotion all over the South, and as time is plentiful and the heat somewhat soporific the horse is seldom urged beyond a walk. The riders dismount, hitching their horses to hanging branches, and the ladies, throwing off their ample riding skirts, appear in full fig ready to welcome the carriage company, who are now arriving in all manner of vehicles,—waggons, buggies, and such old-time carriages as have survived the general destruction of the war.

Altogether there was a gathering of from four to five hundred people, besides darkies, collected from far and near, like flies enticed by the savour of roasting victuals.

So now to business. The baskets and hampers are unpacked, and the tables duly spread. Eatables and fruit of all kinds are abundant, but crockery is scarce and cutlery not to be seen. That, however, is no matter. A slice of bread makes an excellent plate when you can get no other, and those people who object to eating with their fingers, have brought knife, fork, and napkins in their pockets.

The onslaught on the provisions is a serious affair. Profound silence seems to settle on the crowd, whose jaws are too busy for speech. Considering that salt pork and corn bread, with coffee and molasses, have been the sole diet of the less wealthy part of the throng for the past six months, it is not surprising that the hot meats should be in request. But still the chunks of "shote" which we see made away with are a wonder. We can only hope digestion may wait on appetite, for now the music strikes up and the dinner ends.

The tunes are the good old reels and jigs, brought out of Virginia and the Carolinas forty years ago by the first settlers, when General Jackson brought in the white man, and moved the Indians across the Mississippi. The dancing is vigorous and the evolutions are as complicated as can be desired, but the bran dust and the heat are stifling, and the spectators soon move away.

All are taking their pleasure after their several lights. The cosiest of all is a conclave of ancient dames, who have gathered in a shady spot by the brook, the picture of coolness and comfort. Relieved for a day from the unending worry of the domestic nigger, they seem to spread themselves in bliss. Their chat trickles on unceasingly, and they revel in the half concealed luxury of a social "dip."

Of all the uses to which tobacco has been put, "dipping" seems the queerest and the least savoury. No one would suppose it, but of these respectable old ladies every one carries her box of Scotch snuff. Not obtrusively,—she is not proud of it,—but on confidential occasions out it comes. She has also in her pocket a brush, a bit of vine twig the length of a finger, bitten and gnawed at one end till the fibres stand apart. This brush she moistens and dips in the snuff, and then begins to polish her teeth. The process may be continued for hours, and it appears to afford great satisfaction. It must be exhilarating as well as soothing, if we may judge by the pleasant flow of talk, but it is not an indulgence recognised in polite society, and I am sure none of these old ladies would admit themselves guilty of it. Observe the energetic action of their fans, and the very unconscious look in their faces when any of the crowd approach. "Oh no, they would not do such a thing;" only I know I have seen the rite before and can detect the signs.

The men stand around talking "crop" or "nigger," and the never-ending botheration arising from the new relation between the coloured labourer and his white employer, complicated by his recently obtained voting power and the carpet bag influences that

control it. These troubles are righting themselves now, but in those days the outlook for the white man was sombre indeed.

In due time the musicians packed up their fiddles and started off to meet their train. Horses were hitched up and the gathering dispersed; and by the time the dew began to fall, no sign of life remained upon the scene, except the turkey buzzard that came to pick the very few bones which were all that remained of the Barbecue.

R. CLELAND.

AN APRIL DAY.

THIS is no day for sadness;—let me breathe
The sweet pure air, beneath the clear blue sky,
While visions lovely in their vagueness wreathe
Their misty forms before the wandering eye
Entranced to look upon their witchery.

This is no day for sadness!—when the sun
Is draped in weeping clouds of sullen gray,
Or when the tranquil autumn day is done,
And the calm twilight sleeps upon the bay,
Then may we sigh for loved ones passed away!

And yet why is it that, at times like these,
When nature wears her fairest, sunniest face,
When all the air is sweet with budding trees,
And flowers bloom softly in each sunny place
And clothe the waking earth with tenderest grace,

And joyous birds their merry carols sing,
Our hearts can never rise to notes like theirs;
A strain of sadness wanders through the spring,
The very perfectness of nature bears
A spell that weighs our hearts down unawares?

Is it that all the beauty of the flowers,
The pure, fresh life that gladdens our dull earth
Seems so in contrast with this life of ours,
That *here* at least can know no vernal birth
Anew,—and seemeth oft so little worth?

Or is it that fair nature's unstained face
Wakes yearnings for the purity we prize,
And cannot reach,—that, sad and out of place,
Our human hearts feel most when, to the skies,
All fresh and joyous, nature's anthems rise?

FIDELIS.

THE ETHICAL VALUE OF CONVICTIONS.

SIR ARTHUR HELPS, in one of his "Hints for Essays," says, "There has often been a fanciful discussion amongst thoughtful men as to the peculiar virtue, or quality, which, if increased, would do most service to mankind. I venture to put in a plea for moderation. If we look at history, or at the daily transactions, public and private, of our fellow-men, one of the most notable facts is their proneness to rush from one extreme to another. It may almost be maintained that mankind are always in extremes."

In few things perhaps is this tendency to extremes more manifest than in men's modes of holding and propagating their opinions. A striking illustration may be found in the prevalent views as to the value of opinions themselves and of tenacity in holding them. However the sectaries in the various domains of thought may wage war to the knife on other topics, on one point they seem pretty generally agreed. They have a common contempt for neutrality. Any opinion, so-called, however ill-considered, however baseless, is deemed better than no opinion. Business, politics, art, science, religion, all are alike intolerant of uncertainty, or suspension of judgment. It is not long since the writer heard a venerable preacher aver, in the most vigorous Anglo-Saxon he could command, his utter dislike "to have much to do, either in this world or the next, with the man guilty of being without clearly outlined and deep-cut convictions" upon those minor points of faith and practice so much in dispute amongst religious sects, or who was not ready to do battle for those convictions upon occasion. No purity of life, no deep-toned piety, no conscientious discharge of daily duty, not even glowing zeal for religious truth in its broader aspects, nor all of these combined, could, in the thinking of this grey-haired apostle of sectarianism, atone for the absence of those cardinal "convictions" upon the lesser issues, or, without such convictions, open the door to the narrow heaven of his conceptions, while, on the other hand, the sharpest disagreement, the broadest variance with the views he had himself reached, after, we must suppose, exhaustive and dispassionate investigation, would be no barrier to the outflow of the good man's Christian sympathies, no bar to the enjoyment of his society either amidst the battles of this life, or the triumphs and felicities of that to come.

Few who have studied the various and in most other respects shifting phases of human thought and belief will fail to recognise in this stout old Valiant-for-Truth a but slightly exaggerated type of a very large class, to be found not only in the pews and pulpits of every church in Christendom, but in every association, for whatever purpose, entered by the password of a creed. The world of opinion is split up into fragmentary sections by ten thousand complicated lines of cleavage. Yet to confess oneself unable at sight to trace the minutest ramifications of all the various intersecting lines which map out one's own peculiar views of truth upon each of the thousand complicated questions supposed to come within the range of his thinking, is to write oneself to that extent a cipher in the opinion of the community. In short, what shallowness of scepticism, or wildness of fanaticism, or craze of so-called science, can draw from the average speaker or writer so many barbed shafts of denunciation or satire, as are ever flying thick around the poor unfortunate who is "upon the fence," rather than in the thick of every little fight.

Now why should any conviction be thought necessarily better than no conviction? Why should a state of uncertainty or mental equipoise, be counted by good people worthy of deeper reprobation than the most extravagant or baseless opinion, nursed into conviction and then loudly heralded and fiercely fought for? If intensity of belief were the guarantee of truth, or even the synonym of sincerity, the answer would not be far to seek. The first of these suppositions is too self-contradictory and absurd to be worthy of a moment's notice. The second will not be seriously maintained by any one who will consider that it generally requires less both of intellectual honesty and of moral courage to breast a current conviction, than to fall in with the tide of opinion and feeling amongst those with whom one has to live and act. There is, it is true, often to be found a petty

egotism which seeks to base a cheap reputation for originality upon a spurious independence, gained by shutting the eyes to fact and argument. But in most cases, to reject, even to hesitate in accepting unconditionally, the orthodoxy of the community, or party, upon any leading question is to gather around oneself a cloud of suspicion and dislike, sufficient often to darken a bright prospect and bring gloom to the bravest heart. Hence, it will be seen, that the presumption of genuine conscientiousness is very often on the side of the doubter. The pregnant words,

> "There lives more faith in honest doubt,
> Believe me, than in half the creeds,"

have a significance reaching far beyond the religious sphere. Doubt on certain subjects, where the means of knowledge are not within reach, may be a nobler and loftier position than dogmatism. Just as in extemporaneous oratory the man of powerful intellect and cultured taste may stammer and hesitate by reason of the very abundance of his stores, while he, of one idea, and a loose habit of expression, goes fluently on, so narrowness of mental vision may beget strong convictions, while breadth and candour and conscientious thinking lead to moderation, or even indecision. And here it may be as well to say that these remarks are by no means intended to apply specially to questions of faith and unfaith in religion. If true they are, doubtless, more or less applicable in every sphere of opinion, but it can scarcely be denied that there is generally to be found more of sterling honesty, because more of intense and prolonged inquiry, on religious subjects than upon others which beget strong convictions.

If any one still holds to the very common prejudice, that strong conviction upon a given question is *per se* evidence of mental uprightness, a little reflection upon the origin of the mass of individual opinions will help to dissipate so ill-grounded an impression. Suppose the interviewer, that pestiferous modern invention, pencil in hand, to ask each of one hundred average men his opinion upon each of one hundred questions within the range of ordinary thought, such questions, for instance, as are constantly coming to the surface for revision and readjustment on matters of politics, economics, education, social ethics, and religion. Probably ninety out of the hundred would be ready with cut and dried opinions upon ninety of the hundred topics, though probably to not one in ten of them has the individual ever given four hours of patient study or dispassionate thought. What are the origin and lineage of these respective opinions? The natural history of opinions would be a curious science. How interesting, for instance, would be a classification of those prevalent in a given community, upon the basis of descent, of relative importance in the view of the holder, of zeal displayed in propagation, of bearing upon the health, happiness, usefulness of the individual. And then what stupendous contrasts upon the more abstract points! Side by side, it may be, in the same soil would be found flourishing the most absolute faith in the divine right of a Bourbon, and the intensest communistic zeal in the effort to bring such apothegms as "Property is robbery," and "*Vox populi, vox Dei*," to practical applications never dreamed of by their authors. The space occupied in one religious mind by meditations upon such themes as the nature of Deity and the immortality of the soul would be found in another devoted to reflection upon the orthodox cut of a chasuble, or the correct style of a genuflexion.

If one would seek further for the rich results that lie along this line of inquiry, let him for a moment catechise his own individual consciousness. How many, not simply of our light and floating sentiments, but of our most cherished and, as we should say, deliberate convictions, have come down to us as heirlooms with our ancestors' goods and chattels? How many have been imperceptibly inhaled with the social atmosphere created for us by early associates and teachers, and the leading men in the little world of our youthful days? How large a percentage of the multiform, possibly incongruous items which make up the sum total of our religious or political or scientific creed, have been imbedded in our minds by persistent iteration in the limited and probably one-sided stock of books, magazines, and newspapers which have been within our reach, and have supplied our chief mental diet? How many an opinion, first enunciated it may be at hap-hazard, or on the spur of the moment in consequence perhaps of that petty vanity or moral cowardice which makes us ashamed to say "I don't know," or first declared

merely for argument's sake in the social or debating club, or thrown forth under the impulse of that mental pugnacity which seizes one so irresistibly in the presence of certain dogmatists, has long since, by the pressure of habit and the heat of argument, been welded into the mass of our strongest convictions? And, on the other hand, how large a proportion of our most highly prized opinions can we affirm to have been deliberately embraced as the result of patient, unprejudiced, and, as far as possible, exhaustive investigation. For the honest truth-seeker such a self-study can have no terrors, but the effect in many a case would be a terrible shaking-up of the old foundations.

"But the man of convictions is the man of power, and so the useful, the indispensable man in a world so much in need of moral and social reform." This is the familiar rejoinder. And it certainly contains a moiety of truth which goes far to explain the common prejudice. So far as it is a simple recognition of the fact that the sense of right and of duty is the great motive force of the moral world—that which drives all the machinery of true philanthropy—it is not only a truth but a truism. The men of strong convictions have ever been the men of action, leading the vanguard, often the forlorn hope, of soul-freedom and human progress. They have furnished the apostles, the confessors, the martyrs of resurgent truth. But from whose ranks have been recruited all through the ages, the propagandists of pernicious error, the despots of persecution, the relentless foes of civil and religious liberty? Have not the latter often been fired by zeal quite as fervent and convictions no less unswerving? The great deliverances wrought in the world by the one are well-nigh counterbalanced, and have often been made necessary, by the unreasoning fanaticism of the other. Hence it is manifest that the proposition which would make strength of conviction, pure and simple, the hope of the world, stands sadly in need of enlargement. Strong conviction enlisted in the service of truth and right is indeed the predestined agent of human salvation. I plead not for less of honest zeal in action, but for more of it in investigation; in other words, for a profounder reverence for and a more absolute faith in truth. It does sometimes require a loyalty to truth which is simply sublime to deliver one from the temptation to burke inquiry and shut the door in the face of distrust with respect to the soundness of opinions which we have through long years "grappled to our soul with hooks of steel." But in such a case there is all the more need of leisure and encouragement to await the verdict of a calm and mature judgment. Such a verdict is hard to obtain amidst the din of a multitude impatient of hesitation and clamorous for prompt, unfaltering action. Yet it would be a fruitful field of inquiry how often the discovery of those grand and enduring principles, in whose defence the men of action have won lasting renown, has been due to the patient thought of more evenly balanced minds, that were never heard of in the din of the battle. Full many a thunderbolt, hurled with prodigious effect by the giant reformer, was first forged, all unheeded, in the quiet workshop of some unknown thinker.

Intensity of conviction, I repeat, though indisputably one of the chief elements of moral power, affords in itself no guarantee that that power will be available on the side of right and truth. Only when it happens to be enlisted upon that side does it become truly serviceable to humanity. I say "happens" advisedly, for there is in the innate or acquired tendency to such intensity no infallible prescience or intuitive discernment of truth. On the contrary the mental habit it pretty surely forms or indicates is, unless chastened to an unusual degree by a severe self-constraint, unfriendly to the exercise of that deliberative judgment whose function it is to weigh conflicting evidence and to put the stamp of its approval only upon the article that stands the test.

"But admit that many of our most precious articles of faith have been adopted without due inquiry and are held without adequate proof, this does not prove them necessarily false. The sterling value of an opinion, *i. e.*, the amount of truth in it, is not in any fixed ratio to the completeness with which the holder has mastered the evidence which proves, but neither creates nor constitutes it." I grant it. Truth has, I rejoice to believe, an intrinsic and eternal value quite independent of the candour or intellectual breadth of its possessor. In itself it is one of nature's universal and imperishable boons. It enriches and blesses its possessor, and becomes his by indefeasible right, however he may have gained it. It

is the birthright of the race, which every one may enjoy without in the least impoverishing his neighbour. Neither the right of possession nor the present worth of the heritage, but only the power to hold and to impart it, is affected by the manner in which it has been come by. And not even with the latter aspects of the case have we now to deal. Our question regards only the amount of credit due to the possessor. That is quite another matter. The man who has received millions by heirship or gift may be as honest as his neighbour who earns his bread in the sweat of his face, but his wealth by no means proves him to be more honest. In the moral sphere a truth is surely of value only as there is a buttress of well-weighed evidence beneath it. To the gathering and weighing of such evidence the popular clamour for unfaltering convictions on a multiplicity of points is one of the most serious obstacles. The general refusal of society to tolerate indecision or doubt upon any question it deems a cardinal one, is both one of the most dangerous foes to truth and one of the stoutest allies of hypocrisy. The young inquirer is denied time or, at any rate, encouragement for calm and complete investigation. He is often pushed forward to a position he has had no opportunity to reconnoitre, but upon the holding of which he soon finds his reputation and social well-being staked. He thus finds himself often committed to a thousand venerable dogmas, lying along various lines of thought and belief, long before he has reached the mental status which can enable him to grasp a tenth part of all that those dogmas involve.

"What then, alas! am I to do," I can fancy the self-analyst exclaiming as he turns bewildered and despairing from the work of introspection and sees spread out before him the shattered fragments of many of his cherished opinions, whose foundations have crumbled at the touch of this new and ruthless test. It is, indeed, too true, that not a tithe of what I have been wont to call my "convictions" have ever been fairly weighed against opposing views, or examined in the dry light of an unbiassed judgment. And worst of all, should I now decide to cast aside the *disjecta membra* and commence the work of reconstruction with fresh and proved material," the task set before me would be an utterly hopeless one. The little span of even the longest lifetime would not suffice to collect exhaustively or weigh accurately the evidence in regard to one of a thousand of the more complicated questions of the day—social, political, scientific, metaphysical, moral, religious, even could I hope, as assuredly I cannot, now to acquire and maintain the mental equilibrium essential to success. Am I then to be condemned to a state of perpetual oscillation, or rather of mental equipoise, ever afraid to be in earnest lest I should be in error, or to utter an opinion lest my data should prove incomplete, or my synthesis illogical?

The absurdity of pushing the argument to so extreme a conclusion is, of course, apparent. Everlasting vacillation or negation would be as suicidal in philosophy or religion as in practical affairs. But the injury resulting to society and to the cause of truth and human progress, from the almost universal worship accorded to extremes in thought and opinion, is none the less real and deplorable. That great advantages would result from a general substitution of more deliberate methods, will be apparent by a moment's reflection.

The popular impression in regard to the moral power of strong convictions *per se*, is as much at fault as that in regard to their ethical value. The man who refuses to make up his mind on any important point until he has collected and impartially used, for himself, all the evidence within reach, must become in the end, other things being equal, the more self-poised, and so the stronger and more useful man. His opinions will carry weight. It cannot be that moral evidence is so different in its convincing power from mathematical, that whereas all attentive minds are forced to certain conclusions by a single demonstration in the one case, absolute certainty would not frequently be attainable in the other, were the verdicts pronounced by judgments equally unbiassed. Who can venture to say how large a percentage of the prevailing diversities of opinion on important questions is due to the presence of undetected lobbyists in the mind's council chamber, or of distorting elements in the media through which the facts are viewed? That truth suffers much from such influences is too patent to be denied, and we are all ready enough to admit it in the case of our neighbour. The very man who to-day is most violent in his denunciation of the weakling whose trumpet utters no certain sound upon some mixed

scientific or theological question, will often be heard to-morrow denouncing with equal vehemence the bigotry of his neighbour who has convictions on the wrong side, because he will not smother his prejudices and look at the evidence set forth for the cure of his heterodoxy. That is, the man deplores to-day the absence of the cause whose legitimate effects he will deprecate to-morrow.

Let us suppose now that in a given case the young man of good sense and judgment has succeeded in freeing himself absolutely from all disturbing influences, and sets out in quest of simple, unadulterated truth. May we not venture, without very great presumption, to forecast dimly some of the results?

I. Upon many questions which tax the energies of controversialists, he will find himself unable to reach any conclusion deserving the name of conviction. Some of these question, he will find to be beyond the scope of our faculties, and so beyond the true sphere of philosophy. In regard to others no conclusive evidence will be attainable, and for want of it no worthy opinion can be formed, while in a multitude of cases the conflicting evidence will be so evenly balanced that he will be forced to believe that truth is the exclusive possession of neither, but lies hidden in some golden mean between the two. Often he will discover that so-called contradictions, fiercely defended by opposing hosts, are but the obverse and reverse of the same coin, or, it may be, only sides subtending different angles of a many-sided truth. Again, he will conclude that the issues involved in many a hot disputation are too trivial, in the presence of multitudinous questions of immense moment, to repay him for the time and toil necessary to ascertain whether the trinket can be recovered from the mass of superincumbent rubbish. And will he not end with feeling tolerably sure that much the greater number of the everlasting controversies which exhaust the time and energies of so many good men and true, are fought, not around the citadels of fundamental and eternal verities, but for the possession of comparatively worthless outposts. Broad, heaven-wide diversities there no doubt are upon questions of eternal moment. But in most cases the very solemnity of these great issues chastens the temper and tone of the discussion. The truth tersely conveyed in the homely adage, "the smaller the pit the fiercer the rats fight," is susceptible of very extensive application.

II. In regard to a second class of subjects of considerable importance, our inquirer will find the evidence so nearly balanced as to render decision difficult, yet will himself eventually reach a conclusion. But here the clear view he has gained in the process, of the strength of his opponent's position, will have purged his opinion from every taint of bigotry, and will leave him with a genuine and permanent respect for the honesty and intelligence of those who have reached a different decision. In regard to such points he will never be able to satisfy the dogmatists upon his own side, and he has but calmly to make up his mind to trudge on in their company, even though he may sometimes feel himself to be an object of ill-concealed distrust or mild contempt.

III. But still and ever there will be a residue of questions, and those the questions which touch most closely our highest interests, in regard to which the well-poised, conscientious intellect neither can if it would, nor would if it could, rest in indifference or half-conviction. On these it feels instinctively conclusions are possible and must be reached—conclusions which shall be stable as the eternal hills. The soul cries out for the certainty of firm convictions, and can accept nothing short but at the cost of perpetual unrest. And now the very reserve of power which the heat of lesser controversies has not been allowed to dissipate, will stand it in good stead, while it summons all its forces to rescue these precious truths from the realms of doubt and darkness. And they, once fairly won, the rich possessor, entrenched in the logical fortress which his own hard thinking has made impregnable, will hold his convictions with a confidence, and utter them with a force denied to those who have gained the same position by a shorter and easier method. The latter may hold the self-same truth, resting not upon its own broad base, but upon a pedestal so narrow and insecure as to be a source of perpetual danger to the large human interests involved, those of the holder included.

I shrink from further speculation upon the transformations that would be wrought upon human thinking and belief by a complete emancipation of the understanding from all the tyrannies to which it is subject.

The infallible Teacher has said, "If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light." The principle enunciated is a grand and suggestive one. But would the realization of the picture land us in a thought-world of absolute uniformity? We shudder at the conception. Such a world would be as unendurable as a physical one in which water and meadow and woodland were laid out in squares alternating with dismal and unending sameness. But a moment's reflection upon the limitation of human powers, and the infinity and infinite many-sidedness of truth, quickly relieves us from a dread so appalling.

The man who sets out resolutely with such an intellectual goal in view as we have tried to indicate, may not hope, it is true, ever to reach it. But his idea is the only truly noble one nevertheless, and its effect upon him who holds it constantly in view cannot fail to be both steadying and stimulating. And it clearly is the only legitimate ideal for a being endowed with thinking faculties and consciously responsible for the use he makes of them. Who can doubt that in the balances of ethical justice a grain of the pure gold of truth, honestly gained by one's own conscientious toil, will outweigh a nugget purchased at the cost of a blind deference to authority or tradition. And then there are untold joys of possession and triumphs of victory attending every step of the pilgrim who shuns the enticing arbors of unearned repose, and marches firmly on in the king's highway of verification. The sister graces, Modesty and Charity—modesty in respect to his own opinions, charity in regard to those of others, will not fail to attend his footsteps. Seeing that the chances of himself being wrong in any matter that does not admit of the crucial tests of experience, mathematical or logical demonstration, or infallible authority, are so many, he will feel that there are always at least a few chances of his opponents being right. Finding the disturbing elements of ignorance and indolence and prejudice so prone to affect the operation of his own faculties, he can scarcely fail to cherish a large tolerance for the same defects in others. Thus he will find, in his own experience, the best antidote to bigotry, which is ever the offspring of narrowness and the foe to introspection. The man who is always ready to affirm with dogmatic earnestness where others equally wise and sincere hesitate, has never yet, it may pretty safely be assumed, seen clearly more than one side of the question, or put himself into the mental attitude in which its real difficulties become visible.

One serious danger which is almost sure to beset the path of the *genuine* "free thinker," must be briefly adverted to. It would be an absurd, as well as dangerous fallacy, and what the Duke of Argyll would call an "Hibernicism in Philosophy" to conclude, as some wiseacres seem to do, that because Truth sits enthroned in an inner temple and admits to her most sacred precincts none but the devout and persevering worshipper, she therefore does not exist. Truth is none the less worthy of reverence because of the toilsome approaches to her shrine, and the defects of vision or of medium by which her fair countenance if often distorted in the eyes of half-hearted or imperfectly lustrated votaries. There is a glory in her visage, and a heavenliness in the atmosphere which surrounds her, which cannot fail to ennoble those who succeed in obtaining partial glimpses of the one or momentary inspirations of the other.

But we must not let a metaphor betray us into assuming that partial and imperfect glimpses of truth are all that are attainable. There are, as I have tried to show, truths and truths. To be always paying tithes of mint and anise and cumin in questions of faith, to the neglect of the weightier matters upon which hang immense, vital, eternal interests, is to commit a fatal error. To deny the possibility of obtaining certainty upon the greatest and most momentous of all questions, is to charge the Creator of Mind and Author of Truth with want of wisdom or want of goodness. To aver, as was done a few years since by a body of *savants*, some of them divines, in London, at the formation of the "Free Christian Union," that "God holds men responsible, not for the attainment of Divine truth, but only for the serious search for it," is to do violence at once to the plainest teaching of the analogies of practical life and to our deepest moral instincts. God being admitted, and Divine truth, if that means, as is to be presumed, some knowledge of His nature and attributes, being admitted, the One surely could reveal the other and could authenticate the revelation by proof satisfactory to the earnest and devote inquirer. Who, believing in God and in truth, can doubt that He would?

J. E. WELLS.

BUDDHISM AND CHRISTIANITY.

IT is always pleasant to find that others are interested in a subject especially interesting to oneself, and no one who writes under an adequate feeling of responsibility will have any desire that an inadvertent error into which he may have fallen, —chronological or otherwise,—should remain uncorrected. For both of these reasons Mr. McDonnell's criticism on the articles of FIDELIS on Buddha and Buddhism would have been thoroughly welcome had it been characterized by that scrupulous fairness and justice which we surely have some right to expect from professed champions of *truth*.

But Mr. McDonnell has so complicated the simple question of the bearing of a single date on a single hypothesis—only a side issue, after all—with criticisms of positions never taken by FIDELIS, and arguments quite uncalled-for by anything said in the articles under consideration, that any one who should read his article alone would receive a most erroneous impression of the contents and aim of the articles he criticises. Moreover, he not only does not define clearly the point at issue, he also does not distinguish between important points that should be carefully distinguished,—*e. g.*, between the narrower and wider senses of the words "Buddhist Canon," "Buddhist Scriptures," as applied by Max Müller and others, sometimes to the Tripiṭàka or "Three Baskets" alone, and sometimes to the whole mass of texts and commentaries, numbering, in Tibet, for instance, 325 volumes folio. He makes no distinction, either, between the time when the original Canon or Tripiṭàka is supposed to have been *fixed*, and that when it was first *reduced to writing*, between this "Canon" and the legends which grew up much later, and between the time when writings are supposed to have first existed and the age of the oldest MSS. now actually existing. To one who writes with such serene disregard of somewhat important distinctions, it is a tolerably easy matter to make it appear that not only the quotation from FIDELIS regarding the life of Buddha, but that the statement of Dr. Ernest Eitel also is conclusively refuted by the correction of a single date, and by quotations from Max Müller which do not affect Dr. Eitel's position at all. Furthermore, Mr. McDonnell makes a single chronological error—the only one, apparently, which he has been able to find—the basis, not only of much very irrelevant argument, but also of uncharitable insinuations respecting the "evasions and subterfuges resorted to" by Christian writers in general, and, of course, it is implied, by FIDELIS in particular. One would imagine that if a single mistake is found where all other facts and details are correctly given, it should not require any very great stretch of charity to attribute it either to inadvertence or to clerical error! But, unhappily, to Mr. McDonnell's mind, the fact that it is a *Christian* writer who makes the mistake is presumptive proof that it must be an "evasion" or "subterfuge resorted to" to strengthen a piece of special pleading in behalf of an utterly untenable faith!

The chronological error which Mr. McDonnell has discovered, and on which he lays so much stress, is simply the inadvertent substitution of the letters "A.D." for "B.C." in the passage he quotes. Where these *formulæ* occur with such frequency, and in so close juxtaposition, as they do in Max Müller's discussions of the complicated question of the antiquity of Buddhist writings, it is not very extraordinary that such a mistake should have been made, and that, as the article in question was sent to the editor originally under some pressure of time, the mistake should not have been discovered by the writer. It seems superfluous to remark that no writer who knows how widely Max Müller's writings are read would have, *knowingly*, allowed such an error to appear, and FIDELIS is very glad to have the opportunity of correcting and explaining it. Max Müller does not maintain, either in the passages quoted by Mr. McDonnell, or in any other known to the present writer, that any

part of the Buddhist Canon *was committed to writing* earlier than "some time in the *first century B.C.*" With this single correction, the passage quoted by Mr. McDonnell from FIDELIS cannot be shown to be incorrect, even on the authority of Mr. Max Müller; but is, on the contrary, borne out by his own words, as they will be quoted here. To illustrate the assertion that Mr. McDonnell makes no distinction between the date when the "Canon" was supposed to have been *fixed*, and that when it was committed to writing, it need only be observed that any one reading the extracts from Max Müller given on p. 397 —put, as they are, in antithesis to the sentence of FIDELIS, with the words "*committed to writing*" italicised—would naturally suppose that Max Müller meant to say that the Buddhist books he refers to were actually *written* in the *third* century B.C. It is only necessary to read the passages in their context to see how erroneous such an impression is; but Mr. McDonnell's quotations on this head are not only "*limited*," they contain *a verbal error* of no little importance. Mr. McDonnell's quotation, p. 398, runs as follows:—"The Pitàkattaya, as well as the Arthakathà, having been collected and settled at the third Council, 246 B.C., were brought to Ceylon by Mahinda, who promulgated them *openly*." Now, this last word is one of the most important words in the whole sentence, and in the original it reads, not "*openly*," but "*orally*," a word which, rightly given, would have at once shown that there was no *writing* in the question *then*. But why did not Mr. McDonnell continue his quotation to the end of the paragraph, so as to include a most *explicit statement*, as well as an interesting circumstance? Here is the continuation of it:—"It does not follow that Mahinda knew the whole of that enormous literature by heart, for, as he was supported by a number of priests, they may well have divided the different sections among them. The same applies to their disciples. But that to the Hindu mind there was nothing exceptional or incredible in such a statement we see clearly from what is said by Mahânâma at a later period of his history. When he comes to the reign of Vattagâmani, 88-76 B.C., he states:—'The profoundly wise priests had heretofore *orally* perpetuated the Pali Pitakattaya and its Arthakathâ (commentaries). At this period these priests, foreseeing the perdition of the people (from the perversions of the true doctrines), assembled, and, in order that the religion might endure for ages, *recorded the same in books.*'" This, it is to be noticed, is put down by the Buddhist historian himself at 88-76 B.C. Now it is by no means intended to retort the imputation of dishonesty upon Mr. McDonnell, or to assume the verbal error to be anything more than a mere *lapsus pennæ* or typographical error, though it is one of some consequence. But, taking it in connection with the suppression of this important part of the paragraph, and with the impression of *earlier writings* given by the peculiar way in which preceding paragraphs are opposed to the quotation from FIDELIS, have we not every reason to conclude that, had the case been reversed, Mr. McDonnell would have found in these circumstances additional proofs of the "evasions and subterfuges resorted to" by Christian writers?

But the question whether some parts of the now extensive Buddhist Canon were first committed to writing in the first century B. C., or in the first century A.D., is not, after all, of so much importance to the point at issue, which is not at all that of the ante-Christian origin of the Buddhist doctrines or of the historical reality of Buddha. It is simply that of the explanation of certain incidents narrated in legends of the life of Buddha, which seem too strikingly coincident with circumstances in the life of Christ to be *mere coincidences*. Now, had we full evidence that these incidents were committed to writing only in the first century A.D., unless we could be sure that it was in the very end of the century, it would be too strained an hypothesis to suppose that they could have been so early derived from Christian sources. The real weight of the matter lies in the *latter part* of the sentence of FIDELIS, to which Mr. McDonnell objects, and this part of it Mr. McDonnell has brought no evidence to refute. The whole sentence must be quoted for the sake of clearness:—"This is easily accounted for, however, by the circumstance that no part of the Buddhist Canon was committed to writing till some time in the first century A.D. (erratum for B.C.), *while many portions of it were much more recent*, and that Eastern compilers of the Buddha's life, writing after a considerable knowledge of the life of Christ had pervaded the East,

by means of Nestorian missionaries and in other ways, would deem it no imposture, but simply due honour to Buddha to supply all that other sources suggested to add to his dignity, and to the veneration with which he was regarded." Now, with the single correction of *B.C.*, for *A.D.* and taking the expression "Buddhist Canon" in the larger sense in which Max Müller himself sometime uses it, and in which it was used here—including commentaries as well as more strictly canonical books—Mr. McDonnell has not adduced *any evidence whatever* to invalidate the correctness of this sentence, notwithstanding his strong language about "plain contradiction" to "direct and positive statements." Nor has he shown any evidence to refute the statement quoted from Dr. Ernest J. Eitel, that "there is not a single Buddhist manuscript in existence which can vie, in antiquity and undoubted authenticity, with the oldest codices of the gospels." The most "direct and positive statement" which the writer has been able to find in Max Müller's writings as to the age of *existing* Buddhist MSS., is this: "Nor is there any reason to doubt that such as these texts existed in Ceylon in the first century B.C., they existed in the fifth century after Christ, when the commentaries were translated into Pâli by Buddhaghosha, and that *afterwards* they remained unchanged in the MSS. preserved by the learned priests of that island."* For these ancient MSS., then, Max Müller claims the antiquity only of the *fifth* century A.D., while the "oldest (existing) codices of the gospels" are, it is well known, ascribed to the fourth century.

But while Max Müller believes that the substance of these texts has remained unchanged since the first century B.C., his own words elsewhere freely admit the probability of many *additions* of a much more recent date. "Some scholars," he says, "who have written on the history of Buddhism have clearly shown too strong an inclination to treat the statements contained in the commentaries of Buddhaghosha as purely historical, forgetting the great interval of time by which he is separated from the events which he relates. No doubt, if it could be proved that Buddhaghosha's works were literal translations of the so-called Attakathâs or commentaries brought by Mahinda to Ceylon, this would considerably enhance their historical value. But the whole account of these translations rests on tradition, and, if we consider the extraordinary precautions taken, according to tradition, by the LXX. translators of the Old Testament, and then observe the discrepancies between the chronology of the Septuagint and that of the Hebrew text, we shall be better able to appreciate the risk of trusting to Oriental translations, even to those that pretend to be literal. The idea of a faithful literal translation seems altogether foreign to Oriental minds. Granted that Mahinda translated the original Pâli commentaries into Singhalese, there was nothing to restrain him from inserting anything that he thought likely to be useful to his new converts. Granted that Buddhaghosha translated these translations back into Pâli, why should he not have incorporated any facts that were then believed in and had been handed down by tradition from generation to generation? Was he not at liberty, nay, would he not have felt it his duty to explain apparent difficulties, to remove contradictions, and to correct palpable mistakes? In the broad daylight of historical criticism, the prestige of such a witness as Buddhaghosha soon dwindles away, and his statements as to kings and councils eight hundred years before his time are, in truth, worth no more than the stories told of Arthur by Geoffrey of Monmouth, or accounts we read in Livy of the early history of Rome."*

In fact, it is now one of the best established principles of criticism that Oriental and ancient literature is not to be interpreted by the rules which apply to our modern Western literature, and that the Eastern standard, especially of literary propriety and honesty, is very different from ours. In both history and biography large additions were often made by later writers without any idea of intentional deception. And, as we shall presently see, no farther back than the *last century*, large additions were made by the Brahman pundits to old Sanskrit MSS., in such a way as to deceive even Sir William Jones. If this was the case, even in a critical age, and if even Max Müller speaks as quoted above, is it at all extravagant or un-

* Lectures on Religion, p. 160 (Ed. 1872).

* Chips from a German Workshop, Vol. I., pp. 197-198,

reasonable to believe with Dr. Ernest Eitel that "almost every single tint of this Christian colouring which Buddhist tradition gives to the life of Buddha is of comparatively modern origin?" It is true that Max Müller, in his lecture on the *Dhammapada*, one of the divisions of the "Three Baskets," expresses an opinion that the so-called parables of Buddhaghosha may be safely referred at least to the third century B.C. But so far as the present writer can discover from sources within reach, these parables do not seem to contain any of the "peculiarly Christian characteristics" which Dr. Eitel says are not to be found in "the most ancient Buddhistic classics." The "Lalita-Vistâra," or "Life of Buddha," though not a part of the "Pittakattaya" or Canon fixed, as we saw above, in third century B.C., is yet also ascribed by Max Müller "to an ante-Christian era, if, as we are told by Chinese scholars, it was translated from Sanskrit into Chinese, as one of the canonical books of Buddhism as early as the year 76 A.D." Here again we have to do with the "oriental idea of translation," and it is impossible, without access to fuller information, to know whether the "tint of Christian colouring" referred to is to be found in the "Lalita-Vistâra." Max Müller, who takes from it the outline of Buddha's history in his "Chips from a German Workshop," does not give one of the "peculiarly Christian characteristics." And certainly, in the utter absence of testimony to the contrary, which even Mr. McDonnell has not been able to adduce, it is hardly reasonable to suppose that Dr. Eitel, a writer of profound original research, in a book published at Hong Kong, in the very country where the ancient translation of the "*Lalita-Vistâra*" existed, would have, without good reason, committed himself to the assertion that "nearly all the above-given legends, which claim to refer to events that happened many centuries before Christ, cannot be proved to have been in circulation earlier than the fifth or sixth century *after* Christ."

So much for the question whether the "conclusive admissions" of Max Müller, &c., as cited by Mr. McDonnell himself, have in the least proved the hypothesis of FIDELIS and the assertion of Dr. Eitel to be "founded on the greatest misconception," and "in plain contradiction to the direct and positive statements of well-known scholars and writers." The point in question is indeed a very simple one, a mere side issue, at best. There may be and have often been very remarkable "coincidences," which can nevertheless be believed to be mere coincidences. The other instances of "parallelism" which Mr. McDonnell adduces, *e. g.*, of Hercules, Esculapius, and Chrishna, are limited to one or two ideas or circumstances, and do not suggest any special need for explanation. And the line between coincidence of ideas and plagiarism is sometimes very hard to define. But when we find a coincidence between two histories in a *succession of details*, it is natural for us to conclude that one must have borrowed from the other if there was any possibility of this having been done. Now, of the circumstances in the life of Buddha "which remind us of the life of our Saviour," there are but three possible explanations. First, that they were simply coincidences; second, that the later Buddhist writers borrowed from the life of Christ; or, third, that the authors of the Christian records borrowed from the life of Buddha. To believe in the last of these alternatives would be to suppose that obscure Galileans living in a country and nation which, of all others, was the most exclusive, the most separated from "Gentile" thought and literature, were so fully acquainted with the Buddhist literature of distant Ceylon, and so impressed with admiration for Buddha, that they interwove traditions of his life with their own accounts of Him whom they had "seen with their eyes and their hands had handled," and whom they sincerely believed to be their Divine Master and Lord. To state such an hypothesis seems sufficient to disprove it, to any intelligent reader. Max Müller notices the absurdity of those who assure us "that the Apostles, the poor fishermen of Galilee, were able to read the Veda; and that it was their greatest merit that they did not reject the miraculous accounts of the Vedic period, because the world was not yet ripe for freedom of thought." But is this a whit more preposterous than to imagine that they appropriated to the history of their Master fragments from the life of Buddha? If, then, Mr. McDonnell rejects as untenable the second hypothesis—that Buddhist legends had gradually acquired a Christian colouring, he is reduced to accepting the *first*, namely, that the parallelism is due to simple coincidence; and if he prefers this al-

ternative, he must be left in possession of it. There is no particular need of arguing the point. A Christian's belief in the truth of the Christian records, in a historical age, could in no degree be affected by the most remarkable coincidences in traditions handed down, with most palpable accretions of extravagant Oriental fable, from the fifth or sixth century before Christ.

Mr. McDonnell refers to certain "coincidences" relating to Chrishna, one of the avatars of Vishnu, and in doing so quotes, among others, Sir William Jones and the "Asiatic Researches." Max Müller tells us that "in Krishna, the lovely shepherd-god, Sir William Jones recognises the features of Apollo Nomius, who fed the herds of Admetus and slew the dragon Python." He does not refer to any other resemblance, but he shews that the comparative mythology of Sir William Jones is very superficial, and that he endorsed, in his "Asiatic Researches," *spurious* translations from the Sanskrit, containing "remarkable coincidences" with Scriptural history which were palmed upon his contemporary Lieutenant Wilford by skilful interpolations by Brahman Pundits. Lieutenant Wilford afterwards discovered and acknowledged the imposture, but, as Max Müller says, the impostures "retained their place in the volumes of the 'Asiatic Researches,' and to the present day some of his statements and theories continue to be quoted authoritatively by writers on ancient religion." A similar, though a worse instance of imposture of the same kind, is the book of M. Jacolliot, entitled "*La Bible dans l'Inde*," from which Mr. McDonnell observes he could have given certain "startling extracts," containing "far more remarkable coincidences relating to Chrishna," had not Max Müller "expresssed himself against the authenticity of that work." Mr. McDonnell, then, knows the opinion of Mr. Max Müller regarding M. Jacolliot. Who would imagine, from this mild way of putting it, that Max Müller in one place pronounces that "no Sanksrit scholar would hesitate for one moment to say that the supposed translations are forgeries," and that in another passage he declares himself as follows—the passage is given entire, and from its opening sentences writers like Mr. McDonnell might take a useful hint: "A comparative study of ancient religions and mythologies, as will be seen from these instances, is not a subject to be taken up lightly. It requires not only an accurate acquaintance with the minutest details of comparative philology, but a knowledge of the history of religions which can hardly be gained without a study of original documents. As long, however, as researches of this kind are carried on for their own sake, and from a mere desire of discovering truth, without any ulterior objects, they deserve no blame, though, for a time they may lead to erroneous results. But when coincidences between different religions and mythologies are searched out, simply in support of preconceived theories, whether by the friends or enemies of religion, the sense of truth, the very life of all science, is sacrificed, and serious mischief will follow without fail. Here we have a right not only to protest, but to blame. There is, on this account, a great difference between the books we have hitherto examined, and a book lately published in Paris by M. Jacolliot, under the sensational title of '*La Bible dans l'Inde: Vie de Jesus Chrishna.*' If this book had been written with the pure enthusiasm of Lieutenant Wilford, it might have been passed by as a mere anachronism, But when one sees how its author shuts his eyes against all evidence that would tell against him, and brings together without any critical scruples, whatever seems to support his theory that Christianity is a mere copy of the ancient religion of India, mere silence would not be a sufficient answer."* Why, we may well ask, should Mr. McDonnell have referred at all to the "startling extracts" he generously forbears to give, from an utterly worthless source, unless it were to give some illusive strength to his position by referring vaguely to an authority or quasi-authority whom he does not dare to quote? And in the face of this estimate of M. Jacolliot, from his own chosen "learned authority," Mr. McDonnell calmly assumes that only *Christian* writers "resort to evasions and subterfuges!"

Mr. McDonnell refers to other "remarkable parallelisms," between Christianity and

* Lectures on Religion, p. 319, English edition, 1873. Max Müller further says of this book: "Many of the words which M. Jacolliot quotes as Sanskrit are not Sanskrit at all; others never have the meaning which he assigns to them; and as to the passages from the Vedas, they are not from the Veda, they are not from any old Sanskrit writer, they simply belong to the second half of the nineteenth century."

the legends of various mythologies, which, however, are merely general resemblances, not a succession of details like that in the history of Buddha. But what do these prove? Mr. McDonnell himself shows that Christian writers, from the first, far from denying these, gave prominence to them. As to the explanation that may be given of them, doubtless different writers will think differently, according to difference of standpoint and consequent difference of view. Christians who believe that God has never been "far from any one of us," and that His spiritual as well as His providential dealings with man have not been limited to any one portion of humanity, have no difficulty in regarding them as unconscious prophecies of what Jesus of Nazareth was to do and be; just as we now regard the old belief that "Arthur shall come again," and other similar predictions, as tokens of the "earnest expectation of the creature" awaiting the "far-off divine event" in which Christians most certainly believe—the reign in righteousness of the Prince of Peace. If we believe, as the present writer does, that "God has *at sundry times and in divers manners* spoken to our fathers;" and with St. Augustine, that "*the thing* which is now called the *Christian Religion*," "was not wanting at any time from the beginning of the human race until the time when Christ came in the flesh," it can be no cause for wonder or difficulty that not only Jewish prophecy, but the old world-beliefs of the Gentile nations should teem with anticipations of Him who, "when the fulness of the time was come," appeared "not to destroy, but to fulfil:" the "hopes and desires of the whole world." But it is difficult to know how much of these "coincidences or parallelisms" is really historical. Would Mr. McDonnell venture to assert that they occupy anything like the same position of historical certainty with the leading facts of the Old and New Testament? If not, then no amount of "parallelism" can prove anything against the authenticity of the Christian records.

But what is Mr. McDonnell's standpoint, for we can never really do justice to a man till we understand that? It is somewhat difficult to arrive at his meaning, which is rather implied than expressed. But surely this is his contention: that Jesus was a man even as Gautama was, and that fables gathered round the story of his life. But to state such a position is to disprove it. For on the one hand, all the earliest and most authentic accounts of Gautama show that he never claimed to be more than a man—that he never claimed the power of working miracles; and his royal position, combined with his moral and intellectual excellence, sufficiently explain his success. And as he was only a man, he could not make promises to his disciples. It was not his to "bring life and immortality to light." But, on the other hand, all the accounts we have of Jesus, and in an historical age—so that if we reject them we can have no history at all—show that He claimed to be more than man, to work miracles, to assert a Divine Sovereignty over the human spirit, to claim in His own person the fulfilment of all previous type and prophecy. We cannot then admit His excellence, even as a man, if He was not more than man. Nor were there in His case any of the fictitious elements of success which existed in that of Gautama. And so interwoven are the miraculous and the ordinary events in His life, that they cannot be disentangled, and hence, as Butler shows, we have the same evidence for the one as for the other. And He, being more than man, *could* make promises to His disciples. This Gautama could not truthfully do, and he was far too severely truthful to become, like Mahomet, a false prophet.

The question of the explanation of a certain set of incidents narrated in Buddhist legend, is really the only question of fact at issue between Mr. McDonnell and the present writer; yet the line of his subsequent argument, the uncalled-for tone of antagonism which he assumes in discussing the leading characteristics of Buddhism, would naturally lead to the conclusion that the articles of FIDELIS on Buddha and Buddhism had been a piece of special pleading in favour of Christianity, "ignoring the originality" of what was good in the doctrines of Buddha, and attempting to "show that the ancient theological or religious books of the Buddhistic Canon were in some respects but a reflection of the Gospel." Not only was there no such idea existing in the mind of the writer, but no such idea can possibly be found by any candid reader in the articles. The desire of the writer was simply to give the truest attainable outline of the history and character of the man and the doctrine, believing that the fullest recognition and warmest admiration of all the excellence to

be found in Buddha and his system are perfectly compatible with the firmest allegiance to the divine claims of Christianity. The "high morality" of the Buddhist system, on which Mr. McDonnell thinks it necessary to insist was most fully admitted in words warmer than Mr. McDonnell's own. So was its "respect for the rights of conscience," and its "refusal to use the secular arm in support of its purely moral suasion," though, certainly, it was not and is not admitted that Buddhism "in this respect left Christianity far behind," if we take our idea of Christianity, not from the corrupt practice of a degenerate Church, but from the "pure words" of Him who said, "My kingdom is not of this world," and "They that take the sword shall perish with the sword."

Mr. McDonnell appears to take offence at the suggestion that Buddha did not originate his whole system. But why should he talk of "speculative doubters, who say this with FIDELIS," when he must be aware that every modern writer on Buddhism of any note says the same, including his "learned authority" Max Müller? "There are certain notions," he says, "which Buddha shares in common, not only with Kapila, but with every Hindu philosopher. The idea of transmigration, the belief in the continuing effects of our good and bad actions, extending from our former to our present, and from our present to our future lives, the sense that life is a dream or a burden, the admission of the uselessness of religious observances after the attainment of the highest knowledge,—all these belong, so to say, to the national philosophy of India. We meet with these ideas everywhere in the poetry, the philosophy, the religion of the Hindus. They cannot be claimed as the exclusive property of any system in particular."* And Mr. Samuel Johnson, author of "Oriental Religions," to whom Mr. Mills refers eulogistically in his preface, says:—"To define Buddhism, or assign a date for its origin, is far from easy. It is an element rather than a special movement; and perhaps we should not greatly err if we used the name to designate the ever-varying forms of a protestant, democratic, humane quality in the Oriental mind, as natural to it as the contemplative, and usually interwoven therewith. The birthplace of the Sânkhya has never yet been found."† But Mr. McDonnell thinks that if these ideas of Indian philosophy "were deemed of sufficient importance to be embodied by Buddha, they may also have been considered of sufficient importance to be made attractive to some succeeding teacher." Does he mean to suggest that Jesus, "the carpenter's son of Nazareth," was familiar with Hindu philosophy, and reproduced portions of it in His own system? On the humanistic hypothesis of his life such a supposition is simply preposterous. On the Divine hypothesis it is, of course, superfluous.

Mr. McDonnell considers that thinkers who "hit upon some of the best established hypotheses of modern science," must have been, "for that early period, profound and advanced thinkers." Has any one questioned this? But while there was in the strange phantasmagoria of Buddhist philosophy, a certain curious anticipation or foreshadowing of certain hypotheses now regarded as established positions of science, these were no more than the happy "guesses at truth," which have often come to men of highly imaginative faculty. They could not be called *scientific*, for they were reached by no scientific process, nor was Buddha advanced beyond his age in scientific *knowledge*, for, as Max Müller observes, he "shared the errors current among his contemporaries with regard to the shape of the earth and the movement of the heavenly bodies," so that, we are further told, the Buddhist theologians on this account limited the omniscience of Buddha "to a knowledge of the principal doctrines of his system," a fact, as Max Müller observes, very creditable to these theologians. Mr. McDonnell, of course, makes the happy guesses of the Buddhist philosophy an occasion for a thrust at the supposed scientific intolerance of Christianity, forgetting that, here again, the "simplicity of the gospel of Christ" is not in the least to be confounded with the mistakes and infirmities of His imperfect followers.‡

* Chips from a German Workshop, vol. I, p. 226.

† Oriental Religions: India, p. 587.

‡ It is interesting, in this connection, to note what Max Müller says of Christianity and the "Science of Religion":—"And let me remark this, in the very beginning, that *no other religion, with the exception, perhaps*, of early Buddhism, would have favoured the idea of an impartial comparison of the principal religions of the world—would ever have tolerated our

But Mr. McDonnell further asks triumphantly how we are to get rid of the "old floating ideas" which existed among heathen nations. So far as these floating ideas were true ideas, no one wants to "get rid" of them. The old time-honoured beliefs which have existed from time immemorial, but for some of which Buddhism could find no room; the eternal distinction of right and wrong; the recognition of an unseen and righteous Power, and of human dependence on His fostering care; the voice of conscience in the sense of guilt and unworthiness; the old Aryan confessions of sin, and prayers for its removal and forgiveness, are part of our most precious heritage from the past; are some of our strongest weapons against the encroachments of a blank, atheistic materialism, and are fully admitted in the Christian revelation: "God hath not left Himself without a witness;" "Certain also of your own poets have said, for we also are his offspring;" "Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you."

Mr. McDonnell objects to the remark of FIDELIS, that the morality of the Buddhist system is far from being the highest because it teaches—"Do good *that you may be happy*, not do good *because it is right.*" Now, to justify this remark, it is surely only necessary to look at the four "sublime verities," as given by Max Müller:—1st. That there is suffering. 2nd. That there is a cause of that suffering. 3rd. That such cause can be removed. 4th. That there is a way of deliverance, namely, the doctrine of Buddha. Here, surely the *end* proposed for attainment is the removal of suffering—personal suffering—which, if not happiness, is the only possible equivalent for happiness which such a system could supply. And so Max Müller tells us, that "*if to be is misery, not to be must be felicity, and this felicity is the highest reward which Buddha promised to his disciples,*" and it may be added, the highest he *could* promise. No one would deny, or wish to depreciate, the love for humanity which led Gautama to devote his life to showing men the way to this negative felicity; still it remains true that the motive power he brought to bear was that of personal relief—in other words, of self-love. To speak of *humanity living* though the individual perished, is surely to forget that the great end proposed by Buddhism was the *extinction of existence*—the cause of misery. And how "the great interests of truth and virtue" are to live in a vacuum of non-existence, it is somewhat difficult to conceive. To speak of the consistent Buddhist as "dying and being extinguished for the life of the world," is simply playing with words, and importing into Buddhism ideas which it could not by any possibility have contained, on its own showing. Even if we impute to some of Buddha's sayings concerning the Nirvâna, some faint glimmering of the mystic blessedness of dying to self, and gaining a higher life, this is because we believe his religious intuitions were truer than his logic, and sometimes, at least, proved the stronger.

But how does Buddhism, in this respect, stand compared with Christianity? Mr. McDonnell speaks of the "*main inducements*" which are held out in the Scriptures, as being promises and rewards and threats. Is this a fair statement—provided *material* rewards and promises are meant? It is quite true that the Scriptures bring all motives to bear upon man—fear, hope, love. And why should not Infinite Wisdom—knowing every spring of the complex nature of man—avail itself of each and all to win man to seek salvation? If the Bible is, as we believe, a revelation from heaven, is there not every reason why it should reveal to man his extreme danger if he perseveres in evil? Would a skilful physician be either candid or kind if he did not warn his patient of the danger of allowing a fatal disease to remain unchecked, even though he knew well that *fear* would not cure him. And so the motive of fear is used to startle men into a sense of their actual peril and need—though *fear* will not bring salvation. But is either fear or reward the "*main inducement*" for right doing? Not even in the Old Testament, in which, as in the comparative child-

science. Nearly every religion seems to adopt the language of the Pharisee rather than of the Publican. It is Christianity alone which, as the religion of humanity, as the religion of no caste, of no chosen people, has taught us to study the history of mankind as our own, to discover the traces of a divine wisdom and love in the development of all the races of the world, and to recognise, if possible, even in the lowest and crudest forms of religious belief, not the work of the devil, but something that indicates a divine guardian, something that makes us perceive, with St. Peter, 'that God is no respecter of persons, but that in every nation he that feareth him and worketh righteousness is accepted with him.'"

hood of the race, material motives bulk more largely than in the more purely spiritual revelation of Christ. Any earnest reader of the psalms and prophecies must see how continuously *spiritual* blessedness—"the fear of the Lord" in "departing from evil," "redemption from iniquity, "delight in the Lord," the "lifting up of the light of God's countenance" as a blessing infinitely surpassing all other blessings—is set in strong relief, as the inducement compared with which all others are poor and slight. And still more fully is this seen in the new Testament. What are the inducements Christ holds out? "That ye may be the children of your Father in Heaven;" "that ye may have the light of life;" "that my Father may be glorified;" "that *my* joy might remain in you?"

Had not controversy or criticism been foreign to the purpose of FIDELIS in the former articles, the passage which Mr. McDonnell quotes from Mr. Mills would have been given as an instance of a strange misconception of the meaning of Christ. One cannot help thinking that, had Mr. Mills only studied the teaching of Christ as carefully and candidly as he has done that of Gautama, he would never have made such a mistake as to say that "Jesus seems not to have been quite uniform, forgetting himself and preaching now the doctrines of noblest self-renunciation; then again somewhat asserting himself and making great promises in this life and the life to come to his chosen ones." Now there *are* paradoxes in the teaching of Christ which puzzled His disciples just as they now puzzle Mr. Mills, but these are to be clearly reconciled in the light of the spiritual teaching which Christ has promised to all who humbly seek it. And surely the true way to understand any teaching is to interpret it by itself. It is true that Christ *did* assert Himself. If His claims were true, He *must* assert Himself as the Light of the World—the Saviour of men—and the "Master and Lord" of His people. To have done less would have been false to His mission. He *did* give to His followers the "promise both of the life that now is and that which is to come," because it was His, and His alone to do it. But of what nature were these promises? Was he not ever enforcing upon the half-comprehending minds of His disciples, in every possible way, the hard lesson that His kingdom and His glory were not of this world? Did He not warn one who was eager to follow Him, that "the Son of Man had not where to lay his head," and had consequently *no* earthly inducements to offer? Were not His disciples "offended in Him" because He showed them that the path in which they were to follow Him was no path leading to earthly glory and honour, but a *Via Dolorosa* leading to the Cross? And if he relieved the seeming darkness of such a picture by glimpses of the infallible blessedness which should more than compensate for the earthly life "lost" for His sake—is it not perfectly clear from the context, that such blessedness was a *spiritual* blessedness, the joy of restored harmony and communion with the Divine, the blessedness of which even Buddha seemed to have a glimpse, but which he could not reveal, just because he was a man and subject to human limitations—because his human intellect failed of the knowledge of God—because his human gaze failed to penetrate the veil of the unseen, and to show him the glorious vision of the spiritual blessedness he faintly conceived, carried on to a future life and made complete in "fulness of joy for evermore." Surely, then, it is most unreasonable to allege as a proof of the ethical superiority of Buddhism, the failure of Gautama to promise that which He only who came from heaven *could* see and *could* promise! Gautama saw much truth, and it must be a blind or a faithless Christian who could wish to detract from his spiritual insight. It was much that he should see the continuity of moral life, the inevitableness of moral retribution, the truth that in the freedom of the soul from the bondage of sin and sense lies the only true salvation. But, as Mr. Hodgson, one of the most devoted students of Buddhist writings, has said: "The one infallible diagnostic of Buddhism is a belief in the infinite capacity of the human intellect," and Buddha was destined to show its limitations by failing to reach the sublimest "verity," that of the One God and Father of all, which the old Hindu Rishis had attained and taught centuries before. He never seems to have felt what, as Max Müller says, "passed through the mind of the ancient Aryan poet when he felt the presence of an Almighty God, the maker of heaven and earth, and felt at the same time the burden of his sin, and prayed to his God that He might take that burden from him—that He might forgive him his sin. . . . In no religion are we so

constantly reminded of our own as in Buddhism, and yet in no religion has man been drawn away so far from the truth as in the religion of Buddha. Buddhism and Christianity are indeed the two opposite poles with regard to the most essential points of religion. *Buddhism* ignoring all feeling of dependence on a higher power, and therefore denying the very existence of a supreme Deity; *Christianity* resting entirely on a belief in God as the Father, in the Son of Man as the Son of God, and making us all children of God by faith in His Son." As this quotation is the remainder of a paragraph the rest of which was given by Mr. McDonell, it is to be supposed that he will admit it as a fair witness on behalf of Christianity. But it has evidently had but little effect on his mind. And Mr. Mills tells us most truly that "we *do not want negation.*" Spiritual as well as physical nature abhors a vacuum, and Buddhists, deprived of a God, deified Buddha and other leaders; so that to-day the pure Buddhism of Gautama is buried beneath accretions of idolatry and superstition. Mr. Mills says again: "The world to-day needs more and larger, the inclusive affirmation. It looks for the synthesis, the great reconciliation. This is the at-one-ment for which the ages have been preparing." And it is because Christians believe that this larger affirmation, this synthesis, this at-one ment is to be found alone in the Gospel of Christ, that they hold it the most precious thing in life and would fain bring others to so hold it also. Mr. Mills remarks of another "fatal shortcoming" of Buddhism, that "the monk, with staff and alms-bowl, asking for bread, is not quite honourable or manly in the midst of working mankind. He that is least in the kingdom of Heaven is greater than he." This is most true, and Christianity is as truly the religion of the busy, working, practical member of society as of the lonely, persecuted sufferer for Christ's sake. It goes with man into every relation of life, as a member of the family, the social circle, the state. In each and all its living influence is felt. No force has ever shown itself so potent to drew out the highest, fullest devotion as the "constraining love of Christ," or has nerved weak human nature to so many sacrifices. Christianity needs not to fear comparison with Buddhism or any other religious system, for while others have inculcated love and compassion among the duties to be fulfilled, Christianity alone has shown that "love *is the fulfilling of the law*," and that to love God with the whole being, and our neighbour as ourselves—*is* salvation.

And while early Buddhism has become buried under a mass of superstitious observances, Christianity is as pure and vital a force in the hearts of thousands to-day as in the days of its earliest triumphs. Every day its vitality is showing itself more and more in the progress of Christian Missions. Every one knows what an immense impetus these have received within the last thirty years. Yet, thirty years ago, Frederick Denison Maurice could write:—"I know that the hearts of many of them [Christian Missionaries] have been so possessed with the love of Him who died for them and for all mankind, that they could not speak of Him as if he was their Teacher, the Head of *their* sect. By their language, by their acts, by that higher, simpler teaching which the Bible supplies, they must have carried home to many a broken-hearted creature, crying for a Comforter, the assurance that there is One who takes the nature, not of Englishmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards, but of Man; who has entered into man's misery and death; has borne the sins of man; has encountered all his enemies and vanquished them. The more we admit the worth of such testimonies—(how great it has been we shall not know till the great day of revelation)—the more convinced must we be that the old proclamation of a divine kingdom, the old Gospel that the Son of God, the Deliverer of Man, has appeared, and will be shown hereafter to be the Lord of the Universe, is the only effectual one; that this is as fresh to-day as it was 1800 years ago, because it is a proclamation of that eternal law of the universe, which wears not out, which grows not old; is not, in any sense whatever, our scheme, or theory of the universe, but is sent to confound, to break in pieces, our schemes and theories of the universe; to show how feeble and contemptible we and they are; how little we or any human creatures want a theory; what absolute need all human creatures have of a Living God who will reveal to us Himself; what relation there is between us and Him; how He works in us to bring us to know His purposes, and to move in accordance with them." Writers like Mr. McDonnell would do well to consider carefully words like these before stigmatising those who firmly believe in Christi-

anity as "preferring pleasing delusion to the sternest fact," ignoring truth, because "*determined* to claim, if at all possible, the pristine conception of purity and truth for the Christian Scriptures alone." It is curious that such writers find it so difficult to believe in the possibility of arriving at a solemn conviction of the truth of Christianity after calm consideration and earnest examination, and that they find it so easy to believe that Christians have forgotten the maxim of one of their inspired writers;—"*Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.*" To those who believe that Christianity is the truth which makes them free, it is strange to hear of its rejection as freedom from "orthodoxy, usurpation, tyranny, and mental slavery." And yet it is possible to hold even the truth in the spirit of a slave!

Mr. McDonnell says "that every lover of truth must expect and must be prepared to make a sacrifice in its behalf." This is most true. Only let each be sure that it *is* truth for which he makes the sacrifice, and then, let him make it ungrudgingly. There have been those in times past who have made certain sacrifices for this Christian faith, which must now be rejected as "tyranny." Here are some of them, as told by one who had his share:—"And others had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonments; they were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword; they wandered about in sheep-skins and goat-skins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented: of whom the world was not worthy." Are *they* worthy who throw aside so dear-bought a faith which their own words show they have never fully comprehended?

And there are sacrifices made for this faith even *now*. While these pages were being written, the writer received, in a private letter, the tidings of the conversion to Christianity of two high caste Brahmins in Central India, not very far from the cradle of Buddhism, and they "have counted the cost, and are willing to leave wife, children, friends, and property to follow Christ." Where are the material compensations for such a sacrifice? But there is a sacrifice which all must make in order to follow Christ, and it is to some the hardest sacrifice of all,—the sacrifice of man's own righteousness, his self-dependence. It is as true as when it was first spoken, that except a man "receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein."

Mr. McDonnell closed his article with quotations from Buddha and from the earlier Manu. It may be permitted to close this article with a quotation from the Christian poet Whittier, embodying, in exquisite verse, some of the thoughts and feelings which the present writer has most desired to express:—

"And I made answer: 'Truth is *one*;
And in all lands beneath the sun,
Whoso hath eyes to see may see
The tokens of its unity.
In Vedic verse—in dull Koran,
Are messages of good to man;
The angels to our Aryan sires
Talked by the earliest household fires;
The prophets of the elder day,
The slant-eyed sages of Cathay,
Read not the riddle all amiss
Of higher life evolved from this.

'Nor doth it lessen what He taught,
Or make the lesson Jesus brought
Less precious, that His lips re-told
Some portion of that truth of old;
Denying not the proven seers,
The tested wisdom of the years;
Confirming with His own impress
The common law of righteousness.
We search the world for truth; we cull
The good, the pure, the beautiful,
From graven stone and written scroll,
From all old flower-fields of the soul,
And, weary seekers of the best,
We come back laden from our quest,
To find that all the sages said
Is in the book our mothers read,
And all our treasure of old thought
In His harmonious fullness wrought,
Who gathers in one sheaf complete
The scattered blades of God's sown wheat,
The common growth that maketh good
His all-embracing Fatherhood.

'Wherever through the ages rise
The altars of self-sacrifice,
Where love its arms hath opened wide
Or man for man hath calmly died,
I see the same white wings outspread
That hovered o'er the Master's head!
Up from undated time they come,
The martyr-souls of heathendom,
And to His cross and passion bring
Their fellowship of suffering.
I trace His presence in the blind
Pathetic gropings of my kind—
In prayers from sin and sorrow wrung,
In cradle hymns of life they sung,
Each, in its measure, but a part
Of the unmeasured Over-Heart;
And with a stronger faith confess
The greater that it owns the less.
Good cause it is for thankfulness
That the world-blessing of His life.

With the long past is not at strife;
That the great marvel of His death
To the one order witnesseth;
No doubt of changeless goodness wakes,
No link of cause and sequence breaks,
But one with nature, rooted is
In the eternal verities;
Whereby, while differing in degree
As finite from infinity,
The pain and loss for others borne,
Love's crown of suffering meekly worn,
The life man giveth for His friend
Become vicarious in the end;
Their healing place in nature take,
And make life sweeter for their sake.

'So welcome I from every source
The tokens of that primal Force,
Older than heaven itself, yet new
As the young heart it reaches to,
Beneath whose steady impulse rolls
The tidal wave of human souls;
Guide, comforter, and inward word,
The eternal spirit of the Lord!

.

'By inward sense, by outward signs,
God's presence still the heart divines;
Through deepest joy of Him we learn,
In sorest grief to Him we turn,
And reason stoops its pride to share
The child-like instinct of a prayer.

.

'The faith the old Norse heart confessed
In one dear name—the hopefullest
And tenderest heard from mortal lips,
In pangs of birth or death, from ships
Ice-bitten in the winter sea,
Or lisped beside a mother's knee—
The wiser world hath not outgrown,
And the ALL-FATHER is our own!'"

FIDELIS.

LAZY DICK.

I.

LAZY DICK.

"I TELL you I can't do it, and that's flat." The tone was one of good-humoured defiance, and the speaker, with an air of elaborate politeness, held out the letter he had been reading. "Why don't you take it, Cissy?" he added.

The Cissy appealed to was a pretty, lady-like-looking woman of thirty, or thereabouts, who sat at work in a shady corner of the verandah: a certain resemblance between herself and her companion bespoke their relationship.

"I sometimes think," she said, with the delightful candour of an elder sister, "that you are becoming abominably selfish, Dick. What should hinder you from going to meet Miss Travers?"

"Pressing engagements," Dick answered solemnly. "And I would have you remember, Cissy, that a sensitive nature feels keenly an unmerited rebuke."

"Then you must have suffered very little," replied Cissy, laughing, "for you deserve a great many scoldings that you never receive—unfortunately."

To this speech her brother vouchsafed no reply; but stretching a hand out of the hammock in which he had been lazily swinging, he lifted up a little girl, who had been standing by all this time begging "uncle" for a ride, and set her down upon his own broad chest.

"Now, Mistress May, steady, or as sure as Humpty Dumpty did we shall come to grief. Come, come; no blows. Don't you know it's unfair to hit a man when he's down? A woman always does it though," with a sly glance at his sister, "so you are no worse than the rest of your sex. A song, you say? Bo-peep shall it be? Very well, here goes." And he trolled out, in a sweet voice, the nursery rhyme, his niece accompanying him with her tiny treble. Everybody said Dick's singing was very fine, and, indeed, I believe he thought so himself.

"He's very good to the children," thought Cissy, relenting, as she listened to their merry chatter. "After all, he's little more than a boy still; I mustn't be too hard on him."

The "boy" at this moment, looking very tall and brown, and somewhat heated with exertions which he pronounced to have been "superhuman," got out of the hammock,

and challenging two children who appeared at the window, to catch him if they could, ran down the path to the end of the long garden, where, in spite of his "pressing engagements," he remained for over an hour amusing himself with his nephew and nieces.

Cissy, meanwhile, picked up the letter which had occasioned the slight disagreement above described, and proceeded to re-read it. It was from a very old friend of her mother's, and when the usual inquiries had been made concerning her husband and children, the writer proceeded to ask a favour of her dear Cissy. A lady, a very nice person whom she had known for some years, was coming down to Woodrich to take the situation of governess in the Edgars' family. Very nice people they seemed to be; she remembered Cissy mentioning them in her letters, but they were going to remain at the sea-side two weeks longer than they had at first intended, and had unfortunately neglected to inform the governess of this decision before she had purchased her ticket. "Would it therefore inconvenience you, my dear," wrote the kind-hearted lady, "to have my friend (Miss Travers) remain a fortnight with you until the Edgars return. Of course she does not wish to repurchase her ticket; and staying in a hotel is not altogether agreeable. The train arrives at Woodrich at 7 p.m., and if you could drive over to meet her, you would confer a great favour upon your old friend, Ellen Hood."

Cissy, or Mrs. Norman, as we shall now call her, was always ready to do a little service for anybody, and wrote to say that she would be most happy to receive Miss Travers, and having posted her reply, informed her brother of the proposed visit, requesting him to drive over for Miss Travers the following day.

Dick was spending the summer with his sister. He was fond of her and the children, and he got on very well with his brother-in-law, as in fact he did with everybody. He liked St. Agnes, too. It was a pretty village; the boating was excellent; and the Normans' house lay close to the river, just on the outskirts of the village. Woodrich, the county town, was about twelve miles from St. Agnes, and Dick, when he got tired of his bachelor lodgings there, was in the habit of driving over to his sister's, "just to see if any of you are in danger of remembering me," he would come in saying, with his cheery laugh. Then his nephew and nieces would rush upon him with shouts of delight, for with children he was always a prime favourite. Good-humoured, good-looking "Dick Elton," as he was called, was everywhere popular. Women liked him, "because he was always a gentleman," they said; and it was pronounced by the Boating Club, which comprised most of the young men about town, and of which Dick was secretary, that he was "a very decent fellow." As this oracle was invariably right, according to its own profound conviction, we may be sure that Dick was so, for of course this had nothing to do with his being better off than a great many of his companions, and always free with his money. But the truth is, poor Dick was by no means perfect. His sister, who was a good deal older than himself, had been married very young, so, at home, Dick had been treated much the same as an only child, where his word was law in the household.

During her lifetime his mother did her best to spoil him, and after her death, his father, a grave, studious man, completely wrapt up in his books, left him pretty much to his own devices. The wonder was that the young fellow was not altogether ruined between the indulgence of one parent and the neglect of the other; but there was good stuff in him, in spite of his numerous shortcomings. Mr. Elton only survived his wife two years, and at his death left his son sole heir of a fortune, by no means large, but quite enough to satisfy our easy-going friend.

Since then Dick had travelled a good deal, and afterwards settled down to what he called "a life of elegant leisure." To be sure, his amusements were not very reprehensible, for Dick was not difficult to please, and had a natural refinement which had been his safeguard against many a temptation common to men in his position. Nevertheless, both Cissy and her husband had had occasion to remonstrate with him, more than once, about his idleness. Cissy wanted her brother to go through college, or become a civil engineer, for which his talents just fitted him, she thought; but Dick professed himself quite unequal to the task. "But, my dear fellow," John Norman, his sensible brother-in-law, would exclaim, "at twenty-four, with life before you, it is a sin and a shame to sit down and do nothing. If you dislike the idea of a profession, go into busi-

ness; anything, rather than waste the best years of your life in idleness. No man is worth two-pence who does that; and a youth of pleasure-seeking makes a sorry middle-age, my boy." At such seasons Dick would have the grace to feel ashamed of himself, and would promise to think about it, but it must have taken him a long time to make up his mind, since he was now twenty-six, and had not yet come to the end of his deliberations.

It was a pity his life had always been so prosperous, for, to use a homely phrase, he was too good to spoil. He laughed when his sister sometimes called him selfish, and had no idea that his own comfort and convenience were becoming the chief end of his existence, yet occasionally, to the eye of a keen observer, a very trifling incident would lead to that inference.

Dick had refused to meet Miss Travers under the plea of pressing engagements, but, if the truth must be owned, he might easily have broken them. When Cissy made her request, his thoughts had been something in this wise: "Extremely provoking; I've had quite enough of that hot town lately, and really need a rest. It takes a day to go over to Woodrich and back, what with resting the horses, seeing the fellows, and so on. Besides, I promised Hudson to go fishing in the morning, and had better not put him off. A nice dark drive it'll be, too, at night; no moon, and Miss Travers screaming out at every shadow. Of course she's timid; those middle-aged ladies always are. The coachman can protect her quite as well as I can, and I'll go home with Hudson, so when she arrives she won't know there was any one else to come for her." And politely declining to oblige his sister, he had gone down, as we have seen, to the garden with the children. By noon, however, he began to think better of the matter, and was, perhaps, the least bit displeased with himself,—a most uncommon thing with the young fellow. The luncheon bell had rung, and he was going back to the house, when he heard some one calling him by name, and, turning round, saw Jack Hudson at the gate.

"I say, Dick," cried his friend, "we've decided to have the Club dinner to-morrow night; you're coming of course?"

"Am I?" said Dick. "Well, I suppose you know best."

"I always do, though if you've only just made the discovery you're even duller than I imagined. But about the dinner; we'll change the night if you like, that is if it's not convenient for you."

"N-no," answered Dick hesitatingly, "better not do that, Jack."

I suppose by this time you have perceived that what Dick thought *better*, was often the best for himself.

"And you won't disappoint us, Dick?"

"No, I can come."

The substance of this conversation Dick repeated to his sister at the table, adding,

"So you see, Cissy, I cannot go to meet Miss Travers, although if it had not been for the dinner I should like to oblige you. I thought afterwards, perhaps, I could put off the other things."

"Of course not, dear," said Cissy, who knew what a favourite Dick was with the Club. "I will send the carriage, and though it would have looked more polite for you to have gone with it, under the circumstances I am sure Miss Travers will willingly excuse you."

II.

MISS TRAVERS.

THE Club dinner passed off as such things usually do, the best part of it being the noise and laughter; pleasant enough while it lasted, no doubt, but not worth looking back to afterwards. At least something like this was in Dick's mind as he drove home very late the next evening. "A lot of the fellows got drunk," he afterwards owned to Cissy, with some disgust. He did not come down to breakfast every early the following morning, and then he found the table deserted. They were all out in the garden, the servant told him. Had Mr. Norman returned then? Yes, last night; his business had not detained him as long as he expected and he had come down on the train with Miss Travers.

"Oh," thought Dick, feeling relieved; for the small act of selfishness had troubled his conscience more than many a graver offence, perhaps because he rather prided himself upon his good-nature; "that's all right, then, as she had John to do the civil." He finished his breakfast leisurely, yawned over the newspapers, and finally lounged into the garden. Half-way down among the currant

bushes, the children were squabbling over the fruit. "I'm going to give them to Miss Travers." "No, you sh'a'nt." "No, *I* am," were the sentences which greeted Dick as he approached the trio. Further down, under an apple-tree, his sister was talking with their guest, who had her back to the others and was standing up with her hat in her hand.

"Not a bad figure, by Jove," said Dick, as with a slight feeling of curiosity he went on. Just then Cissy saw him.

"My brother, Miss Travers," she said as he came up, and the girl turned. Yes, and such a pretty one too. Dick was so taken by surprise that he could not help looking a little confused. Mentally he was asking himself why he had been such an idiot as to take it for granted that Miss Travers was old enough to be his mother. Middle-aged! why she must be four or five years younger than himself. How well that white dress became her! He wondered why women did not always wear white. How lucky that John should have come home last night; he hoped she would never find out he had refused to meet her. Meanwhile Miss Travers had bowed and was replying to some questions of Mrs. Norman's concerning the journey; Dick seized the moment when she was looking away from him to observe her closely. She had a tall, fine figure, and her hands were filled with flowers, not more fresh and fair than the girl herself. A stray sunbeam stealing through the leaves overhead made a bright spot on her dark brown hair. Her eyes were grey and very clear, and had a brave, straight way of looking at you when she talked. Dick Elton was quite charmed.

"I have not seen John this morning," said Mrs. Norman presently, "so I must leave you, Dick, to amuse Miss Travers for a little while, as he said last night he had some matters he wished to consult me about," and Mrs. Norman departed, leaving Dick by no mean displeased with his task. Of course they became good friends at once. You and I, elderly reader, might be for weeks in each other's society, and never get beyond a formal acquaintance; but these two young people, walking about in the bright sunshine, amidst the singing of birds and the blooming of flowers, in health and high spirits, were soon on almost intimate terms with each other. First, they played at croquet with two balls each, Dick magnanimously determining to give Miss Travers the game; but when he was leisurely bringing his ball through his third hoop she had hit the half-way stick with one of her own, and the other was far on its way towards becoming a rover.

"I say, this won't do," cried Dick, and straightway began to look about him; but of course Miss Travers won the game, and then civilly inquired if he wanted to be beaten again. This time the young man was in earnest and played his very best, and proved that he was no mean antagonist, but, whether from luck or greater skill, Miss Travers was again victorious, playing all the time with one hand.

"Quite a masculine accomplishment, Miss Travers," said Dick.

"Yes, it's too bad that we should be allowed to practise it, since it's one of the few things men do well," said Katherine, with a humorous twinkle in her eyes.

"You are too severe, I declare," he answered, laughing, and he moved a camp-chair forward for her to rest upon. "How did you like the drive from Woodrich last night; I suppose you were dreadfully frightened?"

"Oh no; why?" she asked in surprise.

"It was so dark, you know, and there are some horrid holes in one part of the road."

"Mr. Norman was very kind," Katherine answered; "he told me there was nothing to be alarmed about, and to catch hold of him when the carriage jolted."

"Well, John's not a bad protector," said his brother-in law, with kind patronage.

"Oh, as for protection," said Miss Travers, with a little defiant flush colouring her face, "that's another name for humbug at the present day. Women can take care of themselves in ordinary circumstances."

"By Jove, I believe *you* could," he cried. "But in such a case I'd rather like to be in John's place;" and Dick looked sentimental, and then blushed, remembering that last night he might have been.

"But perhaps I shouldn't," said Miss Travers saucily.

"Thank you;" and he made her a magnificent bow. "Miss Travers," he continued solemnly, "I fear you are dreadfully strong-minded."

"And I hope so without the fear," was her quick retort.

"But just think how much nicer it is to be prettily timid. Last night, for instance, we are driving along the road," said Dick,

stepping into John's place with the coolest audacity, "and after a while you become exceedingly nervous—"

"Y—es!" exclaimed Katherine mischievously; "not unlikely, when I have small confidence in the ability of the driver."

All this time the two elder children had been playing a game of croquet, declining the assistance of little May, on the ground of her being too small, in imitation of their uncle, who had given a similar reason with regard to themselves when he had played with Miss Travers a quarter of an hour before. So May had been sitting at the young lady's feet, regarding her with wide-open eyes, though the conversation was beyond the grasp of her small intellect; but by-and-bye, when, in reply to some remark of Miss Travers's, Dick professed himself only too willing to be of service to her, and begged her to command him, May's moral sense revolted against what she considered a barefaced falsehood, and she cried out, "Oh, uncle, you know it's a dreadful story."

Dick stared at the tiny creature a moment, and then burst into most honest laughter.

"You impertinent little monkey, what do you mean?" he cried, catching hold of her and tossing her up as if she had been a a kitten, for Dick was as strong as a blacksmith.

"You know it's a story," repeated this *enfant terrible*, when he had set her down, flushed and panting, "for you wouldn't go to meet her yesterday when mamma wanted you to; and she asked you over and over again."

Poor Dick blushed hotly. He was extremely fond of his little niece, but at that moment he would have strangled her gladly.

"You don't know what you're talking about, May," he said hurriedly, scarcely daring to glance at Katherine.

She was looking on with provoking coolness, with just the faintest gleam of roguish malice in her grey eyes.

"I *do* know," persisted May, stating the fact with dreadful clearness, "for at lunch you told mamma again that you wouldn't have minded anything else so much, but you couldn't give up your dinner for her."

Dick was almost boiling over; all the more because there was no one upon whom he could decently vent his displeasure; but the last sentence was too much for Miss Travers, and she broke into a ringing laugh.

"Pray don't apologize, Mr. Elton," she said, when she had recovered herself; "least said soonest mended, and it was such a very pardonable weakness." And then the wicked creature laughed again.

"It was a club affair, of course," said the young fellow wrathfully, and hastened to explain; but Miss Travers would not listen, and many a satiric allusion she made to it then and afterwards.

So Katherine stopped a fortnight with the Normans, and they all grew very foud of her, she was so merry and obliging. Dick was mightily attracted, and never went to Woodrich once during her visit, but often enough afterwards, it must be confessed, when he declared that the Edgars were remarkably nice people, and he went pretty regularly to call upon them. He got his sister, too, to invite them to her parties, and Miss Travers also; "for of course it would look so rude to leave her out," would remark this sly young man. Before Miss Travers went away, however, he had undertaken to show her all the beauties of the place, both of land and water; for Dick Elton was the best boating man in the club, and had won already three cups and a medal. Of course he had no objection to exhibit his prowess to Miss Travers, and, having persuaded her to let him teach her to row, soon professed to be very proud of his pupil's progress.

One day, coming back after one of these lessons, she was sitting in the end of the boat steering, and Dick, who was facing her, presently leant upon his oars, and so, floating with the current, they fell into a conversation.

"I wish life could be always like this," he said lazily; "wouldn't it be pleasant?"

"No," said Katherine thoughtfully; "I don't think anybody is worth much if he is *willing* to be idle when there is so much work to be done." She spoke in all simplicity, unconscious of her home-thrust. But how was Dick to know that? He coloured painfully.

"But then just think," he continued ruefully, "how dreadfully work tires one."

Katherine looked at the brown, stalwart fellow and sighed, and then she laughed as upon a former occasion.

"I see that laziness does, at any rate," said this straightforward maiden.

"Upon my word that's a hard hit," said Dick meekly; "I wish I could deny it, but I can't," and for the first time in his life he was ashamed to meet the clear glance of a woman's eyes.

III.

ROBIN.

MRS. NORMAN learnt with some surprise that Miss Travers was not obliged to be a governess. She became one on account of her father's second marriage. Home was no home to Katherine with a stepmother in it, though she had borne that condition of things for three years for the sake of her young brother Robin, a boy of fourteen; the one person in the world that the girl loved with all her heart. But Robin at last, upon his stepmother's representations, had been sent to boarding-school by his father, and Katherine only wished to be a boy to go too. His stepmother always declared that there was no boy in the world so bad as Robin; but then she had never looked for anything good in him; and Robin retaliated by disobeying her upon every possible occasion, and avowing that he would never call her anything but "steppy;" and he kept his word. So when Robin went, Katherine went too, each telling the other tearfully that home would be only bearable in the holidays. For if Robin was headstrong and determined in his hate, he was equally passionate in his love. There was no one like Katherine in earth or heaven; no one so ready to help a fellow out of a scrape; no one who sang so splendidly; the only person he was not ashamed to kiss; the only one in the world who loved him. This was the boy's profound conviction, and if any one dared to differ from him, if she wasn't a woman he'd just ask him to step out for a moment and knock him down before he could say Jack Robinson. As for Katherine, she was more like a mother than a sister to him; she watched over him, prayed for him, made a hundred sacrifices for him—in a word, loved him. Robin always wrote every week to his sister, and the following letter is so characteristic of the boy that I lay it before the reader.

MY DARLING OLD KATE OF KATES:—I like you like the Dickens and I wish you were here. School's ever so much pleasanter than home and I like the rows better because you can fight the people who make 'em. I play cricket every day and you bet it's fun. When I am a man, see if I don't take the shakes out of everybody. Steppy sent me a cake the other day and I was exceedingly obliged to her. I meant to send her a civil thank-you, but found out it was stale just in time, thank goodness, so I gave it to the boys in the lower form and ever since they've treated me with apples. I did'nt do it for that you know. I think perhaps when I'm a man I'll be champion cricketer of the world, but if any one beats me I shall go into a circus. I've been only thrashed once, and had the taws on the hand five times since I came here, and all the fellows say that's pretty good for a boy that's been a whole month in the school. Write often mind. I always sleep with your last letter under my pillow, but you're not to tell that to any body, it keeps away bad dreams. I think I'll have to stop now as I've tipped over the ink twice, and the boy who's been wiping it up for me can't stay much longer. So good-bye Katie, you darling blessed old girl.

Your bully brother,

ROBIN.

His sister smiled tenderly over this letter, and may be shed a tear or two. Oh, tyrannical, affectionate, impetuous boyhood, who can help glorying in you?

Katherine became a great favourite with the Edgars, and brought her pupils on wonderfully, their parents said. The time passed quickly, as time always does with busy people, and Katherine found herself looking forward to Christmas and a speedy meeting with Robin. She was sitting alone one afternoon, about a week before the holidays, looking out of the drawing-room window for the postman, when Dick Elton came in. She told him that Mr. and Mrs. Edgar had gone for a drive with the children; however, he did not seem at all to mind their absence, but remained chatting with her for a good while. They were quite old friends, or perhaps something more, by this time. Presently a servant brought in a letter for Katherine, and begging Dick to excuse her she proceeded to read it. It gave him a quiet opportunity of looking at her, and I am sorry to say the impertinent young man took it, until he saw a deep flush of annoyance rise into her face

and something like tears in her eyes. Then Dick (who, as we have said, numbered among his other peculiarities an innate refinement) rose and walked over to the window, whistling in the most careless manner, though all the time he felt his heart beating fast with sympathy and an intense desire to be of some use to her. But Katherine spoke out directly almost, growing quite confidential in her anger.

"It's a shame, a shame!" she cried; "it's not true; she has done it to spoil our Christmas."

Dick turned round in an instant. The girl was standing flushed and defiant, much too proud to cry, but he saw the shine of tears under her long lashes. She looked so lovely, too, that he could have gone down and kissed the hem of her garment. Fortunately, however, he preserved his senses, and, in this incident in his life, at any rate, acquitted himself with great credit.

"What is it?" he said very gently. "Tell me, Miss Travers; I'm sure I can help you. You may trust me, I think," he added, with a youthful, but by no means ungraceful dignity.

"Nobody can help us when steppy is against us," said the girl bitterly, using Robin's obnoxious phrase. "What she says is that the scarlet fever is all about the neighbourhood, and it will not be safe for either of us to go home. Much she cares if we did take it. It is not true, or at least greatly exaggerated."

"Don't fret about it," said Dick quickly; "*we* will make your Christmas happy, Miss Travers. My sister told me, only this morning, that if you were not going home she wanted you to spend it with her, with us. I'm selfish you see, and I can't help saying it's an ill wind that blows nobody good."

"You don't understand," said Katherine, who was still very much excited. "What does it matter if Christmas is happy or not without Robin? I want my boy! Oh, I want my boy!"

The last words were uttered in a tone so piteous that it brought tears to Dick's kind blue eyes. He took her hand and pressed it between his two strong, brown ones, and was about to speak, but Katherine began to recover herself.

"Pray excuse me, Mr. Elton," she said, drawing away her hand again, "I don't know what you must think of me; but you don't know what Robin is to me." At the last words her voice faltered. She changed the subject then and talked on as usual, but Dick saw that conversation was an effort to her and soon rose to go.

"Then I may tell Mrs. Norman you will come to St. Agnes," he said wistfully.

"Yes, I suppose so," she answered slowly, and then remembered how rude she must seem. "Oh, Mr. Elton," she said, "please forgive me; you know of course how glad I should have been to come, but—but for Robin. It is very, very kind of you to ask me."

"Nothing of the sort," replied Dick, quite delighted with the confidence implied in the last sentence. And all the way down the street he had such a happy smile upon his face that two or three of his chums when they met him asked him what on earth he was grinning about.

IV.

ROBIN ADAIR.

A DAY or two afterwards Mrs. Norman drove over to Woodrich and took Miss Travers back with her, to remain till after the New Year. They were all very glad to see her, especially Dick, for every one knew by this time whom he was in love with. Mrs. Norman herself had long been aware of the fact, and was not opposed to the match. That Katherine was a governess did not seem to her to be an obstacle insurmountable; perhaps, because she was not obliged to be so; perhaps, because her own marriage had been a love match. "It would be the making of Dick," she said to her husband, "if he made a happy marriage, and would bring out some of the good that is in him."

The day following Katherine's arrival, that young gentleman informed Cissy that he would be absent the following day and should not return until the next morning.

"I wonder how you can tear yourself away," she said, teasingly; but Dick, having whispered something in her ear, she patted him on the head and said it was a good idea.

I do not know if Miss Travers confessed it to herself, but the house was not half so delightful after he was gone. She walked out with her hostess and the children in the afternoon, and made herself as agreeable as

ever in the evening, for it was not in her nature to make other people uncomfortable because she was unhappy herself. But when she went up to bed at night she thought a good deal of Robin, and I am afraid the poor girl cried herself to sleep. Next morning, however, she came down as merry as ever, with no traces of tears on her bright young face. After breakfast she was sitting by the fire working, when she heard the children shouting that uncle was coming, and rushing out to meet him. The next minute the door opened and Dick came in with somebody else, — somebody that Katherine sprang up and had in her arms in a minute, covering with kisses and tender caresses; and Robin had given her some great hugs that almost annihilated her pretty lace ruffles; but what cared Katherine?

"Why, Kate, old girl, how jolly you look! Wasn't it kind of Mr. Elton, and aren't we happy?"

Such a radiant, lovely face that looked up at Dick, and two soft hands went out to greet him. Dick felt well repaid for his trouble.

"It was perfectly splendid of you," said the grateful girl in her outspoken fashion; "thank you a thousand times."

"Pshaw!" said Dick, making light of it; but he looked immensely pleased.

"Now, sir, let me look at you again," said Katherine, turning to her brother.

He would bear close inspection, for he was a splendid little fellow, tall for his age and very athletic, with bright, tossed hair, and eyes like Katherine's, only darker, and a fine, brave way of carrying himself. He soon ingratiated himself with the others, who had been prepared to like him for his sister's sake, but speedily liked him for his own, for Robin was one of those human flowers that blossom at once in a generous atmosphere. He had a boyish admiration for Dick, who, he informed Katherine in private, "was a very decent chap and knew no end of things," and had advised him never to go into a circus because the work was too hard; at which characteristic speech of our hero Katherine smiled. Such delightful days that followed! Katherine was so happy, and Dick was in the highest spirits, in fact, perfectly uproarious at times. Robin had rather outraged Katherine's ideas of propriety by calling him Dick from the very beginning.

"Bless you, Kate, he told me to do it," said the simpleton, when she remonstrated. Truth to tell, the boy behaved with entire self-possession upon all occasions. Only two or three evenings after his arrival he had opened the piano and declared himself quite ready for music. Dick sang two or three songs to Katherine's accompanyment, and then Robin remarked with superb condescension,

"Pretty well sung, Dick, but we've had enough of it. Too spoony. Now, Kate, we'll have something from *you*."

"You rascal, I shall have to punch your head to-morrow," replied Dick laughing; but he was glad enough to listen to her.

Meanwhile Robin had pulled out some songs from the music-stand and brought them to the piano.

"Sing my song first, Kate, and afterwards I'll see what I can do," he said affably.

"You should wait till you're asked, dear," she gently expostulated.

"Why, Mrs. Norman told us to make ourselves at home, and so I'm doing it," replied downright Robin. "I call it *my* song; it's Robin Adair. Katherine sings it to me, though it was written by a lady to her husband, after he was dead; but it's my song all the same," and having vouchsafed this valuable information the boy sat down.

It was Katherine's best song; it suited her voice, and she sang the sweet, pathetic words with all her heart in them, thinking of another Robin who sat close by. It touched him too: if no one had been by he would have got up and kissed her; as it was he winked his eyes when she had finished, and began to hunt for the "Minstrel Boy" for himself. Katherine played for him, and then indeed they all listened in delighted astonishment. The boy had a voice like an angel's. It was marvellously sweet and clear, and Katherine had taught him very carefully.

The days flew by only too quickly. Robin and Katherine were very happy. On one occasion, when they were alone, the former remarked with a frankness, unfortunately unaccompanied by discretion,

"I like Dick better and better, but I suspect he's rather spoony on you, Kate."

"Be quiet, Robin, and never say such a thing again," said his sister, getting very red.

"I thought it was time to let you know," said Robin, rather proud of his wonderful discovery. "But you must say no," he con-

tinued, with the naked selfishness of boyhood, "because you are always to live with me, you know, and he might find me in the way. Though, if it wasn't for that, I'd be willing enough to give my consent and blessing."

His sister commanded him to be silent more imperatively than before, and was for once in her life really angry with him, and read him such a lesson upon that dreadful tongue of his, that was always getting him into trouble, that the boy was quite abashed and subsided into submissive silence. After this, therefore, the reader will not be surprised at the following conversation, which took place after Robin had gone back to school, and on the day Miss Travers was to return to the Edgars. She was sitting in the drawing-room when Dick lounged in. Somehow, though he was so big and brown, he never seemed awkward; there was a lazy grace about him. He looked handsomer than ever now, his dark eyes shining with suppressed excitement, and his hair tumbling over his forehead in tangled curls, for he'd just been romping with the children.

"I wish you wouldn't go to-day, Miss Travers," he said discontentedly. "Suppose you stay now. Do; why can't you?"

"Why, of course, I *must* go," said Katherine smiling.

"There's no of course about it," said Dick impetuously. "You know you've only got to hold out your hand and there's some one who would ask you to stay with him always."

But Katherine did not hold out her hand. Dick came and stood by her with a very pleading gesture.

"I know I'm not worth much, but I might be if you would take me in hand." Still she maintained a distressed silence. "Can't you say something?" said Dick, half alarmed.

"If I say *anything* it must be no," said Katherine slowly.

The reply gave Dick a great shock. He had never seriously contemplated a rejection. I have yet to find the man who has a humble opinion of himself; *that*, at least, cannot be imputed to the sex. Certainly Dick would have owned he was not worthy of Katherine, and would have believed it too, but then he did not know the man who deserved her any better.

"Why must you say no, Katherine?" he cried. "I hoped, oh, I so hoped your answer would have been different. You have something against me," he added quickly; "isn't it my cursed idleness?"

"It is," she answered sadly.

"But, Katherine, you shall make me anything you like," he said energetically. "I know I am not fit to tie your shoe. But I do love you so! only take me and see how I'll reform."

If Katherine had been seventeen or eighteen I suppose she would have yielded; but she was two-and-twenty, and wisdom comes with years, which is one thing that all women ought to be devoutly thankful for. So Katherine Travers was firm.

"I don't know anything about a woman's influence before marriage, but I certainly don't much believe in it afterwards," she said in her straightforward fashion. "I'm sorry, oh, so sorry, to hurt or wound you, but I must say no. For your idleness is not a thing to be laughed at as a good joke; it is spoiling you, and that is such a pity. Is there nothing in this busy world that you could lay your hand to? I grieve to see a man of your abilities wasted: yes, wasted, for I don't know what else to call it. Do you think," she went on, warming with her subject, "that I could bear to see Robin growing up like you? He admires you; he imitates you; and yet I hope he will never be like you: I want my boy to be useful as well as ornamental."

Perhaps her words were rather hard, only poor Katherine had such a tender heart that she had always to arm herself against it.

"It's quite true, all that you say," said Dick gloomily; and then he brightened. "But I won't take this as final," he exclaimed. "I'll go away and get good and industrious; I'll work as hard as Jacob did for his wife, only it will be your fault if I have to wait as long; and when I come back, Katherine, you'll promise——"

But Katherine would promise nothing.

"You think it's only an idle fancy; you think I'll soon forget," said Dick bitterly; "but you give me credit for being worse than I am."

And he would have flung himself out of the room, but Katherine stopped him, and forgave him his injustice, for she took his hand.

"I'll say this for you at any rate, Dick," she said, "that if it were not for that one fault of which we spoke, you are the very best and manliest man I know."

Dick was too wise after that to renew his beseeching; it was something, he felt, to have heard such words; perhaps he might win her yet. He looked into her face tenderly, passionately; he stooped and kissed her, and I believe she forgave him that too; then he dropped her hand and went away.

V.

THE END.

THERE came a great change to Katherine and Robin before the end of the winter. Their father suddenly died. He was not a rich man, and in his will he left everything to his wife, except a small sum of money to be paid annually to Katherine for her own maintenance; and another sum, just enough to complete Robin's education and support him until he left college. Katherine and a brother lawyer he had appointed the boy's guardians. Mrs. Travers went back to live with her friends, and at last Katherine had her own way with Robin, Mr. Wilks, the other guardian, being quite willing to agree to her plans, since they showed good sense and judgment. So Robin was removed to an excellent school at Woodrich, where he and Katherine were able to see a good deal of each other, and spend their holidays together. For Katherine still retained her situation.

"You see, I like it far better than doing nothing," she said to Mrs. Norman, whom she consulted upon the subject; "and besides I shall now be able to save something for when Robin and I set up house-keeping."

Of Dick she saw and heard nothing, except that he was studying engineering and was too busy to have time for anything else. Dick too busy! What marvel could have wrought that?

So two years went by, bringing no fresh change to Robin and his sister, but a good deal to another person in whom we have been interested. Dick Elton had passed very creditable examinations, obtained an excellent appointment, and gone off to California nine months before, at the head of a surveying party.

Robin, too, had had his boyish triumphs, and came to his sister one day in high glee.

"Guess the news, Katie," he said.

"What is it?" she asked.

"The St. Agnes Cricket Club is the champion club of the Dominion. The first eleven I mean. Didn't you know *that?*" with a smile at her pitiable ignorance.

"I forgot, I'm afraid."

"Well don't again then, or people will think you're not a sporting character. What I was going to tell you is, that the second eleven are almost as good as the first," and —he broke off and looked at her with a face of beaming delight.

"Go on, go on!" said Katherine.

"And *I'm* captain of the second eleven. Hurrah!"

Katherine was almost as pleased as he was.

"You see," he explained, with the charming candour of boyhood, "I'm a first-rate player, so, though I'm the youngest in the club, that's why they chose me."

When the summer holidays arrived, Mrs. Norman invited them both to pay her a long visit, and they went to St. Agnes. She was a trump, Robin declared, for the cricket meadow was not far from the house, and the boy spent all his time at his beloved game.

"I have not heard from Dick for so long," said Cissy one day, "that I begin to think he intends to close the correspondence."

There came a morning, bright and beautiful, when the world without seemed one dazzling panorama of light and shade. The sunbeams, the fairy children of the sky, seemed to have come down to talk with the shadows, the pensive daughters of earth, though their mystic voices were all unheard, since the wind, glad-hearted, rustled the leaves together with a kind of song. On such a morning came Dick Elton home; taller, however, and manlier than ever.

"Why, you've actually grown," Cissy had cried in dismay; "as if you weren't big enough before."

"It's because I've got so good. That's the way it shows; bless you, there wasn't room for it before," said Dick serenely.

Cissy could not make out if he was pleased or otherwise to find Katherine there. He gave her face a rapid scrutiny, and then told her that *she* had not changed at any rate. That was all.

"You are going to take a long holiday now, I hope," said John Norman.

"Don't think so," Dick replied. "There's going to be a railroad in this part of the neighbourhood by-and-bye, and I've got the contract for surveying the ground."

"Dear, how industrious you are becoming; you are 'Lazy Dick' no longer," said Cissy, laughing. "How did you ever approach your bugbear—work?"

"It's like a shadow, Cissy," said Dick, good-humouredly; "bigger far off than when you come close to it."

But Dick had not forgotten Miss Travers, as he very soon showed. When people once found their way to the soft spot in his heart he had a stupid trick of keeping them there, instead of taking a more sensible course and dislodging them. So he loved Katherine more than before, because he had grown in every way a wiser and better man; and he sometimes felt like flying off to California again, because he thought she did not care for him. It did not ease his mind to find that his old friend, Jack Hudson, was as enamoured as himself, and had been likewise refused. "For, by Jove! some other fellow 'll be carrying her off before I get a chance," he reflected wrathfully. The truth was, Katherine was becoming very shy with him, when she found that the bad boy was turning out so good. But at last a day came that they both never forgot.

It was noon, and rather warm, and Katherine was reading in the drawing-room, when Dick came quickly in; his face was white and startled, and she saw at once that something was wrong.

"What is the matter?" she exclaimed.

"Promise not to be frightened, Katherine," he began; but her mother-instinct was too quick for him.

"Is it Robin?" she cried.

He tried to stop her, but she pushed him away and darted through the door. She had caught a glimpse of men in the hall, and they were carrying something. Too true! too true! It was Robin. Stunned! Dead, perhaps! with stains of blood upon his white cricket suit. They carried him up stairs to Dick's room (it came first), and Katherine hung about him, moaning like a wounded creature. He had been struck, with great force, in the side by a ball, and none knew the extent of his injuries. Soon after a doctor arrived, and proceeded to examine him. He was not dead, but unconscious, and after unwearied efforts on the part of Katherine and the physician, they succeeded in bringing him to life again. It is needless to recount all that followed. For days he was kept perfectly quiet and seemed to be progressing a little; but then he would relapse into a state of great pain and weakness. He was always patient and cheerful, but then ill-temper had never been one of his faults. Dick was his great resource at this time. The young man was as tender to him as a brother. He spent hours in his sick-room, amusing him, singing, telling queer stories of his Californian wanderings; and sometimes Katherine was persuaded to rest awhile, and leave her boy in such good hands. But as time went on, all but Katherine saw how it would end. *She* would talk of his recovery as certain, and felt quite angry with Dick because he never spoke hopefully of the future. In truth, the doctor had long ago told him that the boy must have received some internal injury, and he feared the worst. For awhile, Robin himself was not aware of his condition, but he must have suspected it at last, for one morning he asked the doctor one of his old downright questions, and Dick, coming in after he had gone, found the boy crying quietly.

"Go away," he said almost roughly, when he saw him, "I want Kate."

Katherine scarcely stayed to listen to Dick, but rushed to her boy.

"What is it, my darling, my pet?" and she was down on the bed with her arms around him.

"Oh! Katie, I'm going to die," said Robin, with a sob.

"Who said so? Who dared say so?" cried Katherine indignantly.

"The Doctor; I asked him."

"The wicked, cruel man,—" began the girl, but a glance from Dick stopped her.

"You are only making it worse for him," he whispered.

That was enough for Katherine. Straightway, she began to comfort him in low, tender tones. Dick felt it was a sacred scene, not for him to witness, and he went out and left the brother and sister alone.

When they had become more accustomed to the thought, they often spoke before Dick unreservedly; for Robin clung to him and loved him next to Kate, and often begged him not to go away.

"And I shall never play cricket again," once Robin said wistfully.

"Never mind, my Robin," she said, with a smile, though her heart was breaking; "perhaps God wants you to do some work for Him now instead of play."

"Was the play for Him, then?" said Robin, wonderingly.

"I'm sure it was," she answered.

"Perhaps it was," said Robin musingly. "I remember I never felt cross, or wicked, or even angry with steppy, when I was playing."

One more glorious summer day: Robin's last.

He had been lying until noon, sometimes sleeping or waking, and at length he opened his eyes.

"Dick, are you there?"

"Yes, my boy."

"Give me your hand. How strong and kind it always was and is. Think of a fellow sometimes. Good-bye!"

Dick bent down and kissed him, with a lump in his throat; he could not speak. Robin turned to his sister.

"I'm so tired; I want to lie in your arms, Katie."

She sat down on the edge of the bed, but it was Dick who tenderly lifted him into them; she was not strong enough for that. Robin laid his head down on her shoulder with a little smile. "It's so jolly," he whispered. "I say, Kate," he said, by-and-bye, "I shall ask God to send for you soon. Nobody will be so kind to me, even in Heaven, as you; because you see we've always grown up together, and loved each other so."

"Yes, yes, my darling!" whispered Kate, kissing him.

Dick shivered, as with cold.

The clock was ticking out the hour slowly—slowly; the sunlight was filling the quiet room; merry, boyish shouts were heard from the cricket-field hard by; the little captain of the second eleven was failing fast.

His hand was creeping up into her bosom.

"Katie, old girl," oh so faintly!

"Yes, my darling."

"I'm not afraid now."

"Thank God for that, my Robin."

"Your Robin Adair," he said and smiled.

The meadows rang with distant laughter; the hand was pointing to the hour; the sun was shining there still; but——the two who had grown up together and loved each other so, were apart.

It was Dick who took the dead boy from her arms, and carried Katherine, not fainting, but in a sort of stupor of grief, from the room.

And it was many days before the second eleven found heart to elect another captain.

* * * * * * *

Weeks followed each other in dreary succession, but sorrow remained behind. Katherine wandered about in silent suffering, and none dared to comfort her. Of one thing she became conscious at last—Dick's ceaseless care and kindness. He did not say much, poor fellow, but his big, faithful heart ached for her. At last Mrs. Norman could bear it no longer, and she said to Katherine one evening, "Dear girl, try to be happy again, for the sake of others who, I sometimes think, love you too well."

It made the girl begin to rouse herself, and changed the sad current of her thoughts a little. It was a lovely, moonlight night, clear and soothing, and she strolled down to the apple tree in the garden to be alone for a while. I think she would have gone back to the house calmer and braver, but from the nursery window came little May's voice; she was humming a line of Robin Adair. It was too much for Katherine; she hid her face in her hands, and gave way to a sudden storm of sobs and tears. The child's voice ceased suddenly, and then she felt two arms round her, and a voice trembling and tender in her ear. It was Dick's.

"Kate," he was saying, "my own poor, poor Kate. Let me comfort you. Oh, my darling, I am breaking my heart about you. Won't you come to me at last?"

Mrs. Norman's words flashed through Katherine's mind; she felt what small count she had held of this loyal, faithful fellow. She looked up to him with sweet, sad eyes.

"Dear Dick, you're far better than I," she said, humbly; "but you know I've always loved you all along."

"God bless you, Kate," he said, fervently, and pressed her to his heart with tender pride.

The tears were yet in her eyes.

"I was so awfully lonely when you came," she whispered.

Oh, how dear she was to him; he pressed her closer still, and said most tenderly, yet most humbly,

"I will do my best to make you happy, if loving is of any use."

"It is the only good in life," said Katherine, softly; "and I am glad to be yours, Dick."

"Then," said Dick, with a great joy shining in his eyes, "kiss me, Katherine."

So she did.

What more is there to add, but this? that Katherine makes her husband's home happy with her sweet, bright presence, her pleasant songs, and gracious womanhood; and she herself is certainly a happy woman, although there is one very tender bit of her heart that long ago went away from earth to heaven, and there is one song, ah! unforgotten! that she will sing in this life never again—Robin Adair. Dick also is a very happy man, as, in spite of his faults, I, for one, say he heartily deserves to be; and sometimes sitting with his wife of a moonlight night—such a lovely one as that on which he won her—he kisses her and says—for there is some poetry in the fellow, though he never wrote a line of verse in his life, thank goodness:

"My Kate, I think your life is like the blessed stars up yonder. It shines so."

MAPLE LEAF.

FAMILIAR SAYINGS.

ALMOST every one is in the habit of using, in daily conversation, phrases and similes, either to convey a meaning or to add force and point to what is said; but how few know by whom these pithy sentences were originated. Upon examination it will be found that the majority of these "wise saws and modern instances," which have become "household words" amongst all classes, emanated from the brains of the men of the eighteenth century, some even earlier. It would be interesting, were it possible, to trace how these brief sayings have become common property: nothing but their force and pungency could have made them so. The nineteenth century is so barren of such brief truisms, that one would almost infer that our ancestors had anticipated everything which could be said to "point a moral or adorn a tale." The following examples are familiar to all, and a brief account of their origin will doubtless prove interesting:—

As plain as a pikestaff.—This is a very old simile, by the Latin author Terence, and occurs in the English translation in 1675. It was also used by Le Sage in "Gil Blas."

Outrun the constable.—A pithy phrase, used by the good knight Sir Hudibras, the modern application of which is well understood, though it is hard to comprehend how the original will bear the construction now put upon it. It reads as follows:

> "Quoth Hudibras, friend Ralph, thou hast
> Outrun the constable at last,
> For thou art fallen on a new
> Dispute as senseless as untrue."

I smell a rat.—This was an expression made by the same old knight, significant of his suspicion; and this phrase, penned about the year 1660, is often now used when one wishes to express distrust, and at the same time to appear facetious. It would be inferred that the smell of a rat induced suspicion in the old man's mind, for,

> "Quoth Hudibras, I smell a rat;
> Ralpho, thou dost prevaricate."

All cry and no wool.—This is another witty utterance by the same worthy:

> "Thou'lt be at best, but such a bull,
> Or shear-swine, all cry and no wool,"

the significance of which is fully appreciated by this age.

Count our spoons.—This advice as to counting our spoons as soon as our guests have departed, was given by no less a person than Samuel Johnson, who says: "If he does really think that there is no distinction between virtue and vice, why, sir, when he leaves our houses, let us count our spoons."

Count our chickens before they are hatched.—This sage advice proceeds from the lips of Hudibras, who deems it folly

"To swallow gudgeons ere they're catched,
And count their chickens ere they're hatched."

Were this advice always followed, much trouble would be saved to humanity.

Die in the last ditch.—This expression was very rife during the last American war, as specially applied to the Southerners, and was doubtless thought by most to have arisen with the occasion; but William of Orange was the man who first resolved to die in this undesirable place. According to Hume, with reference to the unsatisfactory state of his country, he replied to an enquiry: "There is one certain means by which I am sure never to see my country's ruin, 'I will die in the last ditch.'"

The grey mare the better horse.—This phrase, the import of which is so well understood in domestic circles, Macaulay thinks originated in the preference generally given to the grey mares of Flanders, over the finest coach horses of England.

Escaped by the skin of his teeth.—The patriarch Job it was who escaped thus narrowly (see Job, chap. xix, verse 20), and in giving utterance to the phrase, he little thought that it would come into common use in the nineteenth century.

As good as a play.—This simile is in very common use when wishing to express appreciation, and was an exclamation of Charles I., who used to say, that the debates in parliament were sometimes as good as a comedy or play.

I know a trick worth two of that.—Thus cries a school-boy who fancies he can checkmate his opponent, little thinking that he is quoting Shakspere, who, in Henry the Fourth, makes Gadshill say to a carrier, "I pr'ythee lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable." To which the carrier replies: "Nay, soft, I pray ye, I know a trick worth two of that, i'faith"—evidently not having much faith in Gadshill.

The almighty dollar.—This was an expression used by Washington Irving, in his "Creole Village." He styles the coin "the Almighty Dollar, that great object of universal devotion throughout our land."

Can't hold a candle to him.—This phrase is from the writings of John Byron, who says, in his rhymes upon the feud between Handel and Bononcine,

"Others aver that he to Handel
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle."

The main chance.—This expression, as a motive power, is more universally recognised than almost any other. Shakspere uses it in Henry the Sixth, but not quite in the same sense as we now understand it. Hudibras used it as we now do, and writes thus:

"Y' had best, quoth Ralpho, as the ancients
Say wisely, Have a care o' th' main chance,
And look before you ere you leap;
For as you sow, y' are like to reap."

Brevity is the soul of wit.—This was one of the maxims of that sage old philosopher Polonius, who says to the King:

"Therefore, as brevity is the soul of wit,
. . . . I will be brief."

A nine days wonder.—This almost universal remark upon the occasion of some sensation of the day, had its origin in a play by Beaumont and Fletcher, called "The Noble Gentleman," about the year 1600.

A foregone conclusion.—These words were used by Othello in reply to that arch-villain, Iago, who was placing before him the proofs of his wife's supposed infidelity:

IAGO—Nay, this was but his dream.
OTHELLO—But this denoted a foregone conclusion;
'Tis a shrewd doubt, tho' it be but a dream.

Facts are stubborn things.—This often quoted and most undeniable truth was uttered by Le Sage in his incomparable "Gil Blas," and its truth has ensured its long usage.

Corporations have no souls.—This assertion, as a rule, is as true at the present time as when the great Sir Edward Coke pronounced it to be, in the year 1620. He said, in a case upon which he was engaged: "They [corporations] cannot commit treason, nor be outlawed, nor excommunicated, for they have no souls," which fact has become so thoroughly acknowledged as to pass into an axiom.

Every dog will have his day.—Shakspere originated this truism; he makes Hamlet, at the grave of Ophelia, say,

"Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day."

Thereby hangs a tale.—"As You Like it," contains this expression. Jaques narrates to the Duke how he met in the forest a fool, a portion of whose speech to him runs thus:

"And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe, and then from hour to hour we rot and rot, and thereby hangs a tale," an ending which affords much food for thought, like many of the wise sayings of the professional fools of that day.

His soul is not his own.—We often hear a person who is in supposed thraldom, domestic or official, described as one whose soul is not his own. Shakspere thought that under no circumstances should such a state of things exist, for he puts it into mind of Henry the Fifth to say to William, one of his soldiers, "Every subject's duty is the king's, but every subject's soul is his own." There have been some rulers who would hardly cede this latter point.

At their wit's end.—This common expression of embarrassment occurs in Psalms, xvii. chapter and 27th verse.

All is not gold that glisters (or glistens).—This trite opinion of the vanity of external attraction has been used in various forms by several authors. Shakspere has it in the "Merchant of Venice." He makes the scroll in the *golden* casket say, "All that glisters is not gold." Middleton, Spenser (in the "Faerie Queene"), Herbert, and Lydgate have each used it in varied words.

The Devil take the hindmost.—This pithy exclamation, usually uttered on the eve of some "*sauve qui peut*," occurs in Hudibras, who has given us so many of such expressions in common use:

> "How will dissenting brethren relish it,
> What will malignants say, videlicet,
> That each man swore to do his best
> To damn and perjure all the rest,
> And bid the devil take the hindmost."

Many a time and oft.—This poetical phrase forms part of a most sarcastic speech of Shylock to Antonio, commencing—"Signior Antonio, many a time and oft, on the Rialto, you have rated me about my monies and my usances."

Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.—This much quoted sentence occurs in Gray's lines "On a Distant Prospect of Eton College."

Enough is as good as a feast.—To Bickerstaff, in his play of "Love in a Village," are we indebted for this homely truth.

When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war.—This sentence is frequently misquoted, being made to read "When Greek meets Greek," etc. This is an error. The original words occur in the play of "Alexander the Great" by Nathaniel Lee, about 1670, and read as quoted here, the idea being evidently how great would be the strength when Greek forces united; although the "tug" would be equally great in either case.

It out-herods Herod.—This application of comparison was used by Hamlet in his instructions to the players, when, in advising them to restrain all extravagance of manner in their acting, and to show his objection thereto, he says, "I would have such a fellow whipped for out-doing Termagant; it out-herods Herod. Pray you avoid it."

To teach the young idea how to shoot.—This well known expression will be found in Thomson's "Seasons." In the lines to Spring he says:

> "Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
> To teach the young idea how to shoot."

Experience hardly sustains this poetic language, and to few is it a delightful task "to rear the tender thought."

Turn over a new leaf.—This most significant phrase occurs in the play of "Anything for a Quiet Life," by Middleton.

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view.—Like angel-visits, short and far between.—Campbell's exquisite poem, "The Pleasures of Hope," contains these two quotations: they read thus:

> "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
> And robes the mountain in its azure hue."
>
> * * * * *
>
> "What though my winged hours of bliss have been
> Like angel-visits, short and far between."

Coming events cast their shadows before.—Campbell also supplies this beautiful thought. His poem of "Lochiel's Warning" reads thus:

> "'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
> And coming events cast their shadows before."

Hair-breadth escapes.—Who has not had such? and when so terming them, used the language of Othello in his speech to the Venetian Senators, explanatory of how he won the heart of Desdemona by telling her of his "hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly breach," etc.

Out of sight, out of mind.—For this expression of an unfortunate truism we have to thank a writer of the 14th century, Thomas à Kempis, who says, in his "Imitation of Christ," "When he is out of sight, quickly also is he out of mind."

Eaten out of house and home.—This frequent lamentation of the poor father of an over large and hungry family was used by the hostess in Henry the Fourth, who complained to the Chief Justice against Falstaff. She says, "He hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his."

Add insult to injury.—For the origin of this very common saying we must go back to the Latin author, Phædrus. His fable of the "Bald Man and the Fly," is as follows: "A fly bit the bare pate of a bald man; who, endeavouring to crush it, gave himself a heavy blow. Then said the fly, jeeringly; You wanted to revenge the sting of a tiny insect with death; what will you do to yourself, who have added insult to injury?'"

To beard the lion in his den.—This expression, which furnishes so powerful a conception of an undertaking of extreme peril and rashness, occurs in "Marmion," where Lord Douglas, in reply to an insult by Marmion, exclaims:

> "And dar'st thou then
> To beard the lion in his den,
> The Douglas in his hall?"

Adding fuel to the flame.—Milton uses this trite sentence. In his "Samson Agonistes" we read:

> "He's gone, and who knows how he may report
> Thy words by adding fuel to the flame?"

Leave no stone unturned.—Bartlett, in his "Familiar Quotations," says: "This may be traced to a response of the Delphic Oracle given to Polycrates, as the best means of finding a treasure buried by Xerxes' general, Mardonius, on the field of Platæa. The oracle replied, 'Turn every stone.'

No love lost between us.—This expressive phrase occurs in Goldsmith's beautiful play, "She Stoops to Conquer."

Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast.—To Congreve are we indebted for this fine description of the power of music, which is so often quoted. It has the ring of Shakspere in it, and will be found in his play of "The Morning Bride," and reads thus:

> "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,
> To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak."

These quotations are all so well known and in such common use as to be called "household words," a term used by Henry the Fifth, just before the battle of Agincourt, in his last speech of encouragement to his soldiers. Anticipating the glorious issue of the day, he says: "Then shall our names, familiar in their mouths as household words, ... be in their flowing cups freshly remembered."

E. R. B.

ROUND THE TABLE.

IT is an exquisite April day, trees budding, grass wearing its first fresh emerald green, young flowers opening their delicate petals, birds twittering busily over the important business of nest-making; all the opening promise and beauty and fragrance of spring filling the clear, sunny air. As I look from the open window, even the passers-by seem to feel the sweet influences of the blossoming life around them; all but one, who, from no fault of hers, poor girl, looks like an unnatural blot on the fair scene. It is a young widow, who seems almost literally buried under the thick folds of crape which drape her figure from head to foot, so that through the long black veil, even an intimate acquaintance would hardly recognise her. And all through our hot, burning summer weather she must wear this same barbarous costume, while every one around her is gladly

donning the lightest and coolest attire, and all the beauty of the summer landscape is almost blotted from her eyes by these gloomy folds of crape. We call the Hindoos barbarous because they take away the jewellery of their widows, give them one coarse garment to wear, and limit them to one meal a day. Are we, after all, so much better? Some people would rather bear the privation of food than be condemned, as our widows are condemned, to the frightful and most uncomfortable costume called "widow's weeds," and this often for years. For with many it is thought a slight to the memory of the lost husband to lighten this heavy mourning before at least two or three years have passed. And he who perhaps hated this unreasonable practice with all his heart, and was always anxious during his lifetime to save his wife the slightest discomfort, is supposed to be *honoured* by the performance of this dismal penance in his memory. Is it feared that the bereaved one may grow too soon consoled unless she is weighed down by this literal *load* of mourning? But human life is mercifully not intended to be utterly absorbed by even the heaviest grief, and it seems a presumptuous interference with the healing processes of nature to try to prevent the blessed soothing influences of summer sights and sounds and sunshine from having their intended effect. All our "mourning," indeed, is on far too conventional and tyrannical a scale. The black dress, devoid of ornament, is a natural expression of deep sorrow, and as such an expression is becoming enough. But when *fashion*, with her arbitrary rule, interferes and dictates the quantity of crape which each degree of relationship demands (utterly irrespective of degrees of *feeling*), the practice ceases to be becoming and loses its meaning. Where people do feel a death deeply they do not need the reminder of crape trappings. Where they do not feel it the crape trappings are simply a mockery. And every one knows how heavily the expense of arraying an entire family in deep mourning draws upon resources which, by sickness and death, have been reduced to the slenderest, and have the most urgent need of being saved for the necessaries of life, of which people often stint themselves for the sake of the indispensable crape. And as this is ruined by rain, the wearers must stay at home from church if it threatens a shower, at the risk of having the additional expense of renewing what has been spoiled. Is there any use in appealing to the common-sense of the higher and wealthier classes to change all this by setting the example of simple, less expensive, and less uncomfortable mourning attire? It would be no mere saving of discomfort. It would lighten the load of care that intensifies the grief of many a poor woman, "left" with a helpless family to provide for. It would lighten the tax which it is often felt to be to put a family in mourning for some one related to them, but for whose death they cannot in the nature of things feel much grief. Why should not all demands of *respect* be satisfied by the wearing of plain black for a few weeks without all the paraphernalia of "new mourning," except in cases of the closest relationship; while even in these, the use of crape should be discouraged as far as possible? Any one who should help to reform social custom in this particular would be a practical philanthropist to no little purpose, and every one could do something towards it by leaving written directions as to his or her wishes in this respect in the case of one's own death. If this were done more generally we should have fewer extravagant funerals and less extravagant mourning.

—It will be remembered that, some months ago, one of our friends at the Table presented us with a poetic appeal on behalf of keeping pure our "well of English undefiled," by not contaminating it with the muddy rills of slang which at present do so much abound. Another friend, in reply, put in a plea for the toleration of slang, on the ground that words at first introduced as slang sometimes become useful additions to the language. There is something to be said for this view of the matter, but it seems to me that the right view must be in recognising that the word *slang* is often used in two very different significations; referring promiscuously to words which are in reality *additions* to the language, and to modes of expression which are *degradations* of it. To the first class belong a number of words first current in our colonial *usus loquendi*, where they were first needed, which may eventually find a local habitation in the most approved and orthodox standards. There are the Australian "runs," for instance (I suppose that word, in its special signification, originated in Australia), and our own "shanty," both very

expressive words, and therefore quite useful additions to our vocabulary. There is our Canadian word "Fall," which ought to find favour with lovers of pure English, inasmuch as it is Saxon, and both more directly intelligible and more poetically suggestive than its Latin dissyllable equivalent, Autumn. There is no reason why our fresh colonial life should not enrich the mother-tongue, as well as the mother-land. But this sort of addition is *toto cœlo* different from *the degradation of noble words*, which impoverishes the language as the debasement of coin does the country which permits it, and which is the production, not of rough, honest, primitive modes of life, but of a corrupted and debased state of taste and feeling. Take, for instance, the way in which the expressive and time-honoured word "awful" is abused, till its original signification is hardly recognizable! A pleasant pic-nic or party is, we all know, in the vocabulary of a large class of young people, "awfully nice" or "awfully jolly," while the latter expression is made to do duty in expressing every conceivable shade of approval, from a sermon down to a game of croquet! Now, it is very probable that, in a good many cases, this odd *façon de parler* proceeds partly from the *mauvaise honte* which some people feel at expressing any earnest feeling in earnest words, and partly from a reaction against old-fashioned stilted or sentimental modes of expression. But surely there may be a little lightness of touch in conversational usage without such utter trampling upon the meaning of words! People who aspire to some degree of culture need hardly be driven to imitate the "navvy" who declared that it was a "bloody fine sunset," and those who use such words as "awful," "frightful," "magnificent," on the most trivial occasions, will be painfully conscious of a limited vocabulary when the occasion arises for their graver use. Indeed, this poverty of vocabulary is one of the things that strikes one most in our ordinary "society" talk. And thought and language are so closely connected, that poverty of language is usually associated with poverty of thought, and *vice versa*. The degradation of words is generally followed by the degradation of ideas also, and it is very seldom, if ever, that the habitual flippant abuse of words which express grave and important ideas is found associated with any real earnestness or depth of character. Indeed it is really a species of untruthfulness and of profanity; a deviation, at all events, from that simple, direct, truthful communication of ideas enjoined at once by good taste and by Christianity. I believe there are many who fall thoughtlessly into a flippant, slang way of speaking, injurious at once to themselves and to the standard of our national language and national character; and consequently I think that those who can see its tendencies should spare no pains to show that that sort of slang which consists in degrading our English tongue cannot be tolerated, and that pompousness and sentimentality may be avoided without stooping to profane the words and ideas which are part of our noblest heritage. I was glad, the other day, to see this so well and forcibly put by the Rev. Dr. Dale, of Birmingham, in his Yale Lectures on Preaching, that I give the quotation with much pleasure:

"You have no more right to injure the national language than to chip a statue, or to run a penknife through a picture, in the national museum. To use words so loosely and inaccurately that their definite meaning is lost, is to commit an intellectual offence, corresponding to that of removing the landmarks of an ancient estate. To prostrate noble words to base uses is as great a wrong to the community as to deface a noble public monument. A word once degraded can rarely be restored to its original rank; the bloom once rubbed off by rude and unmannerly hands can rarely be recovered; when once defiled by gross and vulgar associations, its delicate purity is lost for ever.

"Your language is not yours,—not yours alone; it belongs to your country and to posterity. Maintain its ancient idiom. Honour the laws which have governed its structure. While a language lives it must grow. Old words must gradually fall from it like dead leaves from a tree in autumn. New words must express the new life, like the fresh leaves on a tree in spring. But if you are not the last to use the old words, do not be the first to use the new. A language lives on the lips of the people, not in the dictionary. A dictionary is not merely a home for living words; it is a hospital for the sick; it is a cemetery for the dead. We who have the ear of the people, can help to keep the best part of the language alive. Let us resolve that we will do nothing to

make Shakespeare and Spenser and Milton and Dryden, and Hooker and Howe, and Barrow and Baxter and Defoe and Addison and Bolingbroke and Swift and Burke, less intelligible to posterity than they are to ourselves."

—Have you a sweet tooth, my fellow guest? If so, did not your chops water, as a youngster, when you read that delicious biblical promise, "Butter and honey shall he eat?" How well the richness of the butter seemed adapted, to your youthful palate, to receive the superadded sweetness of the honey,—droppings from Hybla or from the comb of the bee that haunted the thymy slopes of Mount Carmel! The very mixture, the thoughtfulness that went about to blend the varying excellences together, gave the air of a real feast to the imaginary flavour that played round the gustatory surfaces, that was nothing akin to the mere every-day, hunger-compelled dipping of Jonathan's rod in the honeycomb. Now I have lately discovered a very delicious substitute for this delicacy; a variation as it were, which, like a lovely fantasy set to the same master theme, has a thousand lights and shades of difference, capricious ticklings of its own, points of originality which, while reminding one of the harmonious motive, still plague us with their hinted discrepancies and unexpected sweetnesses. Hark in your ear, brother epicure (only it must be an epicure in a mild way, for all others would laugh me to scorn); take you a dessert spoon and fill it two-thirds full with maple syrup. What a colour! The sun and the frost were teaching the sap what tints it should put on in the autumn when the forest will be ablaze again, but it was waylaid on its travels and gently simmered down till it has blabbed its secret and is ready to let us all into the counsels of the Hamadryads. Now for a touch of cream; let it fill your spoon steadily and watch how the two luxuries combine. The cream has a shuddering, contracting appearance, and splits into sharply defined segments as it fits into position and fills up the spoon, gradually becoming more and more minutely broken up. Raise it to your lips now, a fit libation for Pan and the rustic gods . . . "Did it go down sweetly?"

—In the writings of militant theologians ("gladiators of the pulpit," Prof. Tyndall calls them) like the Rev. Joseph Cook of Boston, who deal with modern scientific ideas, as held by men like Spencer, Darwin, Huxley, and Tyndall, one or other member of a certain class of words is constantly and conspicuously recurring. I refer to the group which consists of "material," "materialism," "materialist," and "materialistic." Even so able a controversialist as Prof. Watson, of Kingston, condescends to use such weapons, as witness his article in the last number of this Review. The truth is, that the four great writers abovenamed *all* strenuously and explicitly repudiate materialism. But, waiving this fact, what I wish to urge now is, that, though opprobrious epithets of the kind referred to are favourite missiles to fling at scientific men, they really accomplish little in the way of disposing of the difficult problems in the discussion of which they are so industriously utilized. For, after all, What is matter? What do we know of its ultimate nature? Simply nothing. What do we know of spirit, or of *its* ultimate nature? Nothing. Knowing nothing of either, then, why may they not be identical in essence?—or, as Herbert Spencer suggests, why may not each "be regarded as but a sign of the Unknown Reality which underlies both?" This question will perhaps create a smile, but let us look at the subject a little more closely.

According to one theory of matter—propounded by Boscovich and advocated by no less a physicist than Faraday — matter is simply a congeries of points of force without extension; in other words, in its nature spiritual. On the other hand, what answer is to be given to the question—does spirit occupy space? If it does not, how is it distinguishable from *nothing?* And *where* does it exist? *Nowhere?* Shall we, in these days of common-sense, argue, with the mediæval Schoolmen, that a million souls can dance on the point of a needle? If, to avoid these puzzling questions, it be admitted that spirit does occupy space, then, how is it distinguishable from *matter?* The ultimate test of matter—the property by which it is predicated of an entity that it is material—is, that it offers resistance, in other words, occupies space. And if spirit occupies space, then it is matter. This was the view of the older Christian Fathers—Tertullian for instance—who, as is well known, held that the human soul is material; that God is the only spiri-

tual entity in the universe. Curiously enough, the idea of the spirituality of the soul, so much insisted on by the orthodoxy of to-day, was derived by Christianity, not from the Bible—whether the Old Testament or the New—nor yet from the early Christians, but from the Greek philosophers of the school of Plato—that is, from paganism. A third verbally intelligible explanation of the mystery of spirit may be suggested, namely, that it occupies space but does not offer resistance. This solution, however, is as mysterious as the others, for if an entity occupies space, the inevitable inference is, that it offers resistance. The offering resistance is the only means we have of knowing that space is occupied.

Sir William Thomson's theory, that matter is vortex-rings of an infinitely elastic fluid, adopted provisionally by Messrs. Tait and Balfour Stewart, in their remarkable work on the "Unseen Universe," and apparently favoured by FIDELIS in an article on that work (see CANADIAN MONTHLY, June, 1876, p. 495), and by Mr. Le Sueur, in his article on "Science and Materialism" (see CANADIAN MONTHLY, January, 1877, p. 27), seems to me, with all deference to the able men who have propounded and adopted it, no explanation at all. One simple question appears to riddle the theory through and through, and expose its utter hollowness. For if matter be "vortex-rings of an infinitely elastic fluid," what is this "infinitely elastic fluid?" The phrase instantly suggests *material* implications. The word "fluid" has no meaning unless a material one. And if the "infinitely elastic fluid" be matter, it is obvious that the attempted explanation is illusory. This conclusion is made more palpable by substituting the word "matter" as the equivalent of the phrase "an infinitely elastic fluid," when Sir William Thomson's definition would run thus: "Matter is vortex-rings of—matter." The unknown quantity reappears as an x in the solution of the equation. The fact is, as Herbert Spencer in his "First Principles" irresistibly argues, the nature of matter is an insoluble mystery, and all attempts to explain it only serve to make the mystery more mysterious.

There is a growing tendency in the scientific world to repudiate the old notion of the Dualism of the universe,—the antagonism of mind and matter, or spirit and matter,—and to substitute for it the doctrine of Monism, which proclaims that the universe is a unity; that force cannot exist without matter, nor matter without force; that force and matter, spirit and substance, mind and body, are essentially one and indivisible.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THROUGH the gloom and uncertainty which enshroud the political outlook, a passing gleam of light has appeared in the cordial Address to their Excellencies from both Houses of Parliament. It is something that, even now, when party passion is at white heat, our legislators are able to unite in a hearty expression of esteem and gratitude to the representative—or representatives rather—of the Sovereign. The sinister training recently undergone by partizans may probably prevent them from indulging in the ceremonial hand-shaking of combatants eager for the fray; still there is some compensation in the warmth and sincerity of feeling which, for a brief moment, rose superior to the puny rage of the hour. It may be that the near prospect of a deadly conflict at the polls mellowed their anger, imparted unwonted fervour to their speeches, and thus their final greeting to the vice-regal circle had "a dying fall," like that of the Roman gladiators—*Te morituri salutant.* Unhappily, in the past, even a temporary unanimity like this has more than once been out of the question; and however natural and proper it may have seemed, the other day, for party leaders to coalesce, there have been times when such an address as that presented to Lord Dufferin must have been.

hollow and insincere, on one side of the House or on the other. That the Governor-General is more fortunate than some of his predecessors is due, not to any chastening of political passions, or any enlightenment or quickening of the political conscience, but solely to His Excellency's consummate tact and firm constitutional bearing during the past six years.

In a country so thoroughly, as well as intelligently, loyal as ours, attempts are always made by parties to appropriate the viceroy and warp him to their purpose. When flattery and coaxing have exhausted their potency, the inevitable bullying and vituperation are brought into play, unchecked by a regard even for common decency, or by any natural twinges of remorse. It is not too much to say that, but for the *bouleversement* which followed the Pacific Railway investigation, his Excellency would never have had an hour's peace until he shook off the mire of Canadian affairs from his feet and left our shores forever. The proverbial bitterness of theological strife has been crystallized into a phrase; but the *odium factiosum* is quite as virulent, and on the whole more unscrupulous and vindictive. Lord Dufferin was favoured with a sample of the article early in his term of office; and, although it was a mild dose, when compared with the horse-draught administered to some of his predecessors, it was probably more than sufficient to satisfy him. The eight years immediately preceding His Excellency's arrival may be conveniently divided into two parts, the first comprising the latter part of Lord Monck's term, and the second the whole of Lord Lisgar's. In 1864 the deadlock was terminated by the formation of the Taché-Brown Administration and the party truce which brought about Confederation. It would be unjust as well as ungracious to attribute any but the highest motives to the leaders of both parties; they were undoubtedly sincere in the desire that some political *modus vivendi* should be devised, and, what was more to the purpose, the people were heartily sick of those unseemly wranglings on both sides. But these strange bedfellows did not at first foresee that they were, in effect, destroying the party system, and that when a split occurred, there would be no rag of principle left to contend about. They were hardly warm under the executive counterpane when dissensions arose, and Mr. Brown, who scented the battle afar and began to perceive that his craft was in danger, kicked himself out of bed, in order to enjoy his little nightmare independently upon the floor. This *contretemps*, however, had no appreciable influence on public affairs; the people were in earnest about Confederation, and too intent upon seeing its machinery in good working order, to think much about the Grit Achilles sulking in his tent or careering wildly about on his war-horse, anathematizing like one of his countrymen "at lairge." In 1868 Sir John Young (Lord Lisgar), whose amiable character and sterling worth had little opportunity of fitting display here, arrived and passed through his term undisturbed by party abuse. But the old parties, though they had lost their war cries and parted with every distinctive principle, were soon in a ferment of unrest; having nothing particular to fight for but place and power, their acerbity and violence were naturally aggravated to the highest pitch.

Such was the aspect of affairs when Lord and Lady Dufferin appeared upon the scenes in which they have so ably and gracefully filled their parts for nearly six years. It was on the eve of a general election, and the Government of the day naturally took advantage of the loyal enthusiasm which greeted their Excellencies during their progress through the older Provinces. The contest of 1872 ended in a triumph for Ministers; but, in the sequel, proved not merely disastrous, but fatal to them. It gave rise to the Pacific Railway trouble, "big push" letters, and the innumerable progeny to which they gave birth. From that day to this, our political history has assumed the degrading form of a scandalous chronicle. In 1873, the storm which had been brooding so long, broke in a torrent which swept Sir John Macdonald from office, and gave His Excellency some idea of the violence of faction, and a slight taste of its unscrupulous rage against even the most constitutional Representative of the crown. The affability and *bonhommie* displayed during the first year of his term had probably deluded the partizans into the notion that he was pliable, and might be used to advantage; but it soon appeared that he was neither to be wheedled nor bullied out of the straight path marked out by the constitution. Lord Dufferin's first claim, therefore, upon the esteem and gratitude of the Dominion is this, that, at a peculiarly trying

and perplexing juncture, he held the balance fairly, as well as firmly, and adhered strictly to those sound maxims of responsible government which Lord Elgin first carried out practically in Canada. If His Excellency had done no more than place the relations of the Crown to its advisers and the people upon a firm and irrefragable basis, he would by that alone have secured a lasting place in the hearts of all who love the institutions under which we live and flourish. But the events of 1873, occurring happily at an early stage of his vice-regal career, have enabled him, by the comparative lull in constitutional matters, to effect much more that will prove of solid and permanent advantage to the Dominion at large.

In his reply to the Parliamentary Address, Lord Dufferin modestly declined to claim any "positive advantages" as the result of his administration. So far as grave and conspicuous measures are concerned, this is no doubt true; but the duty of the Queen's representative includes more than the initiation of sweeping changes, or the framing of attractive proclamations. It is no slight tribute to his Excellency's singular tact and ability that it is mainly to him we owe the consolidation of the Dominion by the influence of personal grace and skill in conciliation. His survey of the entire country, from ocean to ocean, the eagerness with which he has studied the wants, the resources, the aspirations, and the grievances of every portion of the people, irrespective of race, creed, or colour, and the warm glow of human sympathy which has made him and his amiable consort not merely respected, but beloved by all sorts and conditions of men, are benefits which are not to be measured by the arithmetic of politicians, but remain a substantial and abiding possession. It is a great achievement to win the affections of a people, and worth all the toil and care it costs. They are unselfish, and come from the heart; depend upon no mere calculations of national advantage; and will linger as a beneficent influence when those who have won them remain with us only as a cherished memory. The Address rightly coupled with the Governor-General's name that of her Ladyship; indeed, in taking a retrospect of their term of residence amongst us, it is impossible to separate the exertions of one from the atmosphere of grace and courtesy which has surrounded the other; and it is not too much to say that, admirably suited to the exigencies as Lord Dufferin has proved himself, his administration would, nevertheless, have wanted an indefinable something to make it rounded and complete, but for that subtle and unobtrusive influence upon society always at work by his side. Above all things, the people love to see a cheerful and happy home, because in the domestic virtues they trace that hallowed power which makes nations great, and gives them that promise of peace and stability which can flow from moral vigour alone. Vexatious as the popular curiosity about exalted households may be, and impertinent as any rude uplifting of the domestic veil certainly is, there seems a substantial reason at its foundation. The consort of the Governor-General, as has been well remarked, is an official person, although her name does not figure in the Estimates, nor are her functions marked out by statute. Together their Excellencies have co-operated in the highest of missions, that of welding together the *disjecta membra* of a great Dominion, of diffusing taste and a love of culture around them, and so knitting all to that great Empire to which it is our pride to belong. In the elevation of art and literature, in all that makes a people refined and high-minded, as well as in every movement to improve the material, no less than the moral, interests of every class, their Excellencies have been unwearying workers. They take their leave of us at a time when party squabbles are running high, and a grave crisis may soon arise to perplex another viceroy; but the ties are not altogether to be broken. Henceforth we shall, in some sort, look upon Lord Dufferin as our own, share in his struggles and rejoice in his triumphs. Canada has a peculiar claim upon him, seeing that here his sound ability and statesmanlike tact and *savoir faire* have, for the first time, had ample play. We, as well as our fellow-subjects in the mother-land, have much to expect both for ourselves and for him; and it is not too much to hope that he may be enabled to assist in binding together intelligently, and, from an accurate knowledge of colonial needs and feelings, the congeries of nationalities which make up the British Empire. Be his Excellency's future in public life what it may, he will leave our shores with the deep regret, as well as the cordial and unfeigned regard of the people, without regard to party feelings and prejudices, and with their best wishes for

the happiness and success in life of both their Excellencies in the time to come.

The Quebec contest is now approaching its issue—where alone it can be practically and satisfactorily determined—by the people of the Province, in the exercise of their constitutional rights at the polls. Since last month, no new light has been thrown on the main point in dispute, although a great deal of irrelevant matter has been imported into the discussion, and much angry invective employed, of which the only merit seems to be that it is angry and vehement. To characterize an act as a violation of popular rights, when it in fact precipitated an appeal to the popular judgment, is perhaps as fatuous a method of dealing with a public question as can be imagined. All the wild talk about "outrage" and *coup d'état*, and the references, where there is no analogy, to Lord Metcalfe, in which the comparison usually drawn is in favour of the old Governor-General, are only the natural outcries of men floundering in a political morass, seeking for solid ground and finding none. It is noticeable also, that the theory of responsible government has been remodelled in a fashion which its authors and champions, in Canada at least, never contemplated for a moment. It is urged that the Crown and its representatives are only clay in the hands of the party potters; that no matter how outrageous or unjust a measure may be, so long as its authors command a majority in the existing House, the Crown must sanction it and finally give to it its assent from the throne; that it is quite unnecessary to submit any measure to the Sovereign or Governor antecedently to its introduction; and that if the Crown desires to know anything about the measures of its advisers, the proper way to glean the desired information —one open to the Governor as well as the day-labourer—is by a diligent study of the newspapers. This is the new Conservatism adopted *pro hâc vice* and not yet intelligently formulated. Thirty-four years ago that party was the advocate of high-flying prerogative; now, having swung round to the other pole, it denies that the Crown has any rights its advisers are bound, in duty, no less than in courtesy, to respect. Seeing that the Lieutenant-Governor and the ex-Premier have presented their respective cases to His Excellency, and the subject has been discussed in both Houses at Ottawa, it may be well to define once more the real point at issue, and endeavour to gauge the validity of the pleas on either side.

His Honour appears to us to have committed a tactical error in so disposing his materials as to weaken their effect as a whole, instead of bringing them to a focus and employing them with irresistible force upon the one weak and absolutely indefensible point in his ex-Ministers' line of defence. Naturally enough M. Letellier looks upon the Railway and Stamp measures as only the latest and most flagrant of a series of assaults upon the rights and dignity of his office; but he did not notice that a general charge of neglecting to consider his position, however firmly he may be personally convinced of its truth, is incapable of proof to others; and when he descends to particulars, M. de Boucherville finds no difficulty in mixing up subordinate and irrelevant minor questions with the main issue. Conversations and even unimportant matters of fact escape the memory or convey diverse impressions to different minds. The ex-Premier, although he does not affect to impugn M. Letellier's veracity, traverses his allegations with as much force and emphasis as if they really affected the constitutional question. The only sentence which we can recall in his lengthy communication bearing upon the relations of the Crown to its advisers, is unique as a declaration of opinion on this well-established branch of constitutional law: "As responsible Ministers we considered it to be our duty to advise his Honour, not to be bound to act upon advice from him." This the hon. gentleman deems a sufficient reply to M. Letellier's complaint, that the recommendations he made to his Cabinet "did not receive the consideration" due to the representative of the Crown. Now, either the ex-Premier's rejoinder is an evasion of the point at issue, or it involves the unconstitutional doctrine, that responsible Ministers, although the advisers of the Crown, are entirely independent of it, and may do what they please, however illegal, unjust, or inequitable it may be, and, after they have done it, demand as of right the Crown's assent without listening to its remonstrance or advice. It so happens that M. Letellier did not assert that "they are bound to act on his advice;" he merely complained that they did not even consider his recommendations. M. de Boucherville appears to sup-

pose that the technical term, "adviser of the Crown," has some peculiar meaning, which makes it a sort of ceremonial hocus-pocus; or that it is a form of words signifying nothing. There never was a greater mistake. To give advice, as Minister, implies in the Crown a power of rejecting that advice in cases where duty demands the withholding of its sanction. No doubt the emergency must be a grave one, to warrant such a step; but either the Crown is a cipher, or it was the bounden duty of M. Letellier—had the opportunity been given him, and it was not—to refuse to permit the presentation of the Railway resolutions in his name, if, as he avers, they seemed to him "to be contrary to the principles of law and justice." Moreover, it is the Crown that acts, and the Ministers who "advise;" but M. de Boucherville seems to suppose that the latter do both—the advice being an empty form, and that action follows from it, whether it be accepted, objected to, or definitively rejected. No constitutional Sovereign or Governor would, it is true, oppose the wishes of his advisers on mere questions of ordinary policy; but it is altogether different when the assent of the Crown is deliberately given to measures its representative never did sanction or contemplate, for the simple reason that he had never been consulted on the subject. The plain doctrine of the constitution is, that when the Crown demurs to any measure, and persists in its objections, either the Ministry must modify or abandon the measure, or resign their places until the people pronounce upon the question in dispute. The De Boucherville Cabinet, "not possessing the virtue of resignation," were dismissed, because they introduced the Railway and Stamp resolutions without laying them before the Governor and obtaining his deliberate and intelligent assent to their introduction.

And this leads up to the real question to be determined from the constitutional point of view. Has the Crown the right, under responsible government, of dismissing a Minister or Ministers when they act as M. de Boucherville is compelled to admit that he and his colleagues acted? That is really the issue between M. Letellier and the ex-Ministers of Quebec, stripped of the irrelevant matter partizan admirers of the latter have gathered about it. Mr. Todd has admirably condensed within the limits of a pamphlet of only thirty pages the constitutional law on the subject, as it obtains in England and has been applied in those colonies which enjoy responsible government.* This *brochure*, in addition to characteristic clearness and accuracy in its method and matter, has the merit of being a calm and dispassionate survey of the subject, by a gentleman who has more than a Canadian reputation at stake in every work proceeding from his pen. That passages should have been picked out here and there by partizans, so as to misrepresent the scope and drift of the essay, if not altogether creditable, is not to be wondered at, when the weight of the writer's name and authority is considered. Without attempting to give a *resumé* of its contents, we may briefly state its bearing upon the Quebec question. The Governor-General and the Lieutenant-Governors occupy, so far as their advisers are concerned, the same position as the Sovereign (Lord Dufferin's Instructions and Commission 1872). One clause of the former reads thus:—"If, in any case, you see sufficient cause to dissent from the opinion of the major part, or the whole of our Privy Council for our Dominion, it shall be competent for you to execute the powers and authorities vested in you by our Commission and by these our Instructions, in opposition to such their opinion." The document then reserves the right to Ministers of recording in the minutes of Council "the ground or reasons of any advice or opinion" given. In the Commission both the Governor-General *and the Lieutenant-Governors* of the Provinces have the right "to exercise as you may deem necessary all powers lawfully belonging to us, in respect of assembling or proroguing Parliament, or dissolving the House." Furthermore, as Sir F. Hincks has strongly insisted, the B. N. A. Act distinctly empowers the Lieutenant-Governor to choose as his advisers "such persons as he may think fit"—which, of course, implies the correlative power of dismissal.

It is unnecessary to repeat here Mr. Todd's weighty sentences on the constitutional authority of the Crown. One sentence will suffice:—"The Sovereign is no mere automaton or ornamental appendage to the body

* A Constitutional Governor. By Alpheus Todd, Librarian of Parliament, Canada; author of a Treatise on Parliamentary Government in England, &c. Printed for private circulation.

politic,—but a personage whose consent is necessary to every act of State, and who possesses full discretionary powers to deliberate and determine upon every recommendation which is tendered for the royal sanction by the Ministers of the Crown." In order that an intelligent determination may be arrived at, the details of every important measure must be submitted to the Crown, and its sanction obtained. If their recommendations be definitively rejected, "it is for them to consider whether they will defer to the judgment of their Sovereign or insist upon their own opinion; and, as a last resort, they must decide whether they will yield the point of difference or tender their resignations. For, in the words of Lord John Russell, a Minister in such a position 'is bound either to obey the Crown or leave to the Crown that full liberty which the Crown must possess of no longer continuing that Minister in office.'" But Lord John Russell's *dictum* has a closer bearing upon such dismissals as that of Quebec than appears in Mr. Todd's quotation. As we quoted them last month, his Lordship's words are, that, in return for receiving the confidence of the Crown, the Minister "is bound to afford to the Crown the most frank and full details of every measure that is taken, or to leave the Crown its full liberty," etc. Did, then, M. de Boucherville give M. Letellier "frank and full details" of the Railway and Stamp Resolutions before their introduction? Certainly not, as he is compelled to admit; pleading, at the same time, that to have obtained a blank form of authorization for finance resolutions—in fact, a message with the supplementary estimates—was a sufficient fulfilment of his duty to the Queen's representative, without not only "frank and full details," but any details even of the general features of his measures. It is no wonder that the Conservatives, from Sir John Macdonald downwards, have fought shy of the Palmerston case, to which Earl Russell was specially directing attention. Both the veteran statesman's speech and the Royal Memorandum upset their case at once, and the position there maintained has never yet been called in question by any constitutional authority. To urge general maxims about the Crown selecting its advisers from those having the confidence of the people is to shirk the real question in dispute, since M. Letellier has not shown the desire or intention to do anything else; indeed the dismissal of his Cabinet was in effect an appeal from them to the people. M. Joly, finding himself in a minority, has dissolved the House, submitted his case to the electorate, and by its verdict he must stand or fall. That this is any "outrage" upon the principles of responsible government is palpably absurd. As Mr. Todd observes, after quoting Earl Russell as above, "In such an emergency, of course the personal will and opinions of the Sovereign, are for the time, apparent and predominant. But these occasions are of rare occurrence in the practical operation of parliamentary government. And when they do happen, all possible abuse is prevented by the necessity which then arises for the Sovereign to find other advisers who are willing to accept his views and become responsible for them to the parliament and the country" (*A Constitutional Governor*, p. 6). M. Joly, in his address to the electors, speaking of the dismissal, says:—"We assume all its responsibility." Parliament has been dissolved to give the constituencies an opportunity of deciding between the two administrations, and, therefore, every constitutional requirement has been fulfilled.

To sum up the results of the whole discussion, we may lay down the following statement of facts and principles as beyond dispute: First, that the Lieutenant-Governor has the right, under the Confederation Act, to select, as his advisers, "such persons as he may think fit." Secondly, that this right is only limited in constitutional practice by the necessity under which these advisers lie of obtaining a working majority either in the existing House or—after a general election, to be ordered without delay—in a new one. Thirdly, that the Crown has the undoubted right to dismiss Ministers who usurp the royal prerogative by using the name of the Sovereign or her Representative, in the introduction of measures, without sanction first had and obtained, after "frank and full details" of such measures have been submitted to the Crown. Fourthly, that even where such details are given, the Crown has the right to refuse its sanction, call in other advisers if the existing Ministers refuse to yield, and exert the powers conferred in the Royal Commission and Instructions. Fifthly, that, as a matter of fact admitted by the ex-Premier, the Railway and Stamp Resolutions

were not submitted, as they should have been, with full details and explanations to M. Letellier. Sixthly, that the blank form of authorization for the estimates — or more vaguely, for "resolutions respecting finances" —was not a sufficient warrant for measures which superseded the Courts of Justice, and inaugurated an irksome and vexatious form of direct taxation. To use this blank form as the ex-Ministers used it, was an evasion, and not a fulfilment, of their constitutional obligations. Seventhly, that even if "full and frank details" of these measures had been submitted, the objections of his Honour were so grave and serious, that he could not have given his sanction to them; but by their action he was directly forced to do what would have been rendered unnecessary if they had properly discharged their duty as advisers of the Crown. In a normal state of things, they must have been content, like the French Marshal, *se soumettre ou se démettre.* The result would in the end have been much the same, if they persisted in pressing their measures, there being no practical difference between a forced resignation and a dismissal. From all these considerations, therefore, it seems far beyond the reach of cavil, that M. Letellier's dismissal of his late Cabinet was not only legal but strictly in accordance with constitutional usage and precedent, under British Responsible Government. Under that system, the Crown or its representative has functions to perform, which are essential to its healthy action. The advisers have duties to discharge towards the Crown as well as towards the people, and neglect in the one case as certainly deserves condign punishment as in the other. The only violation of the constitution in this crisis was perpetrated by the late Administration, and they alone should be called to account before the people. Whether the electors will see fit to censure M. Joly's Government, which is alone responsible at the polls, remains to be seen; whether they do so or not, it is safe to predict that no Quebec Minister will in future treat the Queen's Representative either as a cipher or as the humble registrar of his decrees.

As might have been expected, resolutions were introduced into both Houses at Ottawa, so soon as M. de Boucherville's halting apology saw the light—resolutions censuring M. Letellier. Between the somewhat ostentatious disclaimer of party motives by Sir John Macdonald, when giving notice of his motion, and the tale told by the course of the debate and the division-list, not to speak of that indecorous bedlam-scene at the end of the week, there was a melancholy contrast. And the reason is not far to seek. Whatever the real purpose of the Opposition leaders may have been, it was certain in advance that the discussion and the vote, as well as the practical advantage taken of it on the eve of the Quebec elections, would be strictly partizan. Sir John Macdonald was certainly correct in stating that Parliament had an undoubted right to discuss the constitutionality, or the reverse, of a Lieutenant-Governor's acts. The precedents quoted from Hansard are no doubt relevant, so far as that goes; but whether the Opposition chose the proper time for such a discussion or, having chosen it, made out even the semblance of a case, are entirely different questions, not to be settled by references to the Eyre, Darling, and Hennessy cases. The peculiar relation in which the Provinces stand to the Dominion is one important feature of the case. To the Provincial Legislatures the management of local affairs has been committed; but the Dominion Parliament also legislates, although in a different sphere, for all the Provinces. The parties are essentially the same in Dominion as they are in Provincial politics, and, therefore, it is a matter of extreme delicacy to conduct any discussion on Provincial affairs dispassionately and in a judicial spirit at Ottawa. The event has proved that it is absolutely impossible to fling aside party prejudices there, and judge a Provincial question upon its merits. Not so in the Imperial Parliament, where both sides in a Colonial dispute are heard before a rigidly impartial tribunal and have a full and fair opportunity of stating their cases to unprejudiced judges. At Ottawa, the time selected for the discussion was doubly unfortunate and *mal à propos*, apart from the general disqualification to which we have referred. The constitutional question is actually *sub judice* before two courts, first, the electorate of Quebec, whose interests are more immediately concerned, and secondly, before the Governor-General in Council, to whom both the Lieutenant-Governor and M. de Boucherville have presented their cases. Unfortunately, the resolutions proposed would have missed their point and purpose, had they

been postponed until after the Quebec elections. Whatever Sir John's object may have been at bottom, he certainly knew the use that would be made of the discussion, in Quebec, and we contend that no similar motion would have been entertained, under the circumstances, in the English House of Commons. The terms of the motion, again, were such as to prevent any judicial examination of the matter in dispute; all that Sir John urged might have been fully stated on a motion for papers, and that is the form in which such a matter would have been approached in England, where the object is to bring out all the facts and afford both sides a hearing, not to snatch a party triumph by a formal motion of approval or censure. Where such a discussion takes place prior to a decision by the Colonial office, it assumes the form of advice to Government, and the presentation of such facts or considerations as may influence it in coming to a conclusion. Afterwards, should the Opposition deem the matter of sufficient moment, it is always open to it to call for a clear expression of parliamentary opinion. Sir John's claim to hold the Ottawa Government responsible before they had adjudicated in the Quebec matter breaks down, as his own authority, Earl Grey, shows. "The Crown," said his Lordship, "will recall any Governor who had failed to discharge his duty, *and if he refused to do so*, on a well-grounded complaint by the inhabitants of the colony, they were entitled to lay their grievances before Parliament." Now had Sir John Macdonald asked the Premier what course his Government proposed to take, he would probably have replied that the case was under consideration; and with regard to the "complaints," well-grounded or otherwise, of the people, it may be as well to receive them from the people themselves, and for them the right hon. gentleman should have waited. The remonstrance of a legislature in the throes of dissolution is of very little importance, when we can hear, in a week or two, from its masters. Of course, after the 1st of May, the matter will have been determined, and such a motion of censure would seem aimless; and that, as it appears to us, shows the essential impropriety committed in introducing it at such a time. Clearly, had the only purpose of the discussion been to vindicate the constitution, rather than to assist one party or the other in an electoral campaign, the resolutions would not have been pressed just nine days from the date of M. de Boucherville's reply, in the absence of any rejoinder from M. Letellier, and without taking the trouble to ascertain what course His Excellency and the Council proposed to take. Now, as Earl Grey remarked in the passage quoted by Sir John, the Cabinet is the tribunal before which constitutional objections should be laid in the first place; and it is only when it refuses to act upon those objections that Parliament ought to take the matter into its own hands and pronounce judgment, not as Sir John Macdonald proposed to do off-hand in this case. Moreover, the justice or injustice, wisdom or unwisdom, propriety or impropriety of the Governor's act, apart from its constitutional significance, are matters which the people of Quebec have the means of settling for themselves, without extraneous assistance. After all, however, the partizans have been consistent in the thorough irregularity of their proceedings; so that to anticipate the action of the executive, or rather ignore its existence, and at the same time settle the affairs of Quebec, without awaiting the verdict of the people at the polls—preferring a judgment *for* the people, instead of *by* them—are quite in keeping with each other and with the absurd outcry about responsible government. It is observable that the constitution, like the Church, is always "in danger" when those who claim a prescriptive right to possess the ark, discover that it is passing into other hands.

The terms of the resolutions introduced by Sir John Macdonald have been discussed in a hypercritical spirit; more especially has the absence of the word "constitutional" been commented upon. Now, although the Senate resolution was much more strongly worded, simply, in all probability, because Mr. Campbell felt sure of a majority, there is no essential difference between the two motions. It may be well believed that Sir John Macdonald found himself standing on shifting and precarious ground, and, therefore, purposely employed phraseology more or less vague, as in better keeping with arguments which, he could not fail to foresee, must be either irrelevant or sophistical. The right hon. gentleman's speech was, in its acuteness and vigour, worthy of his palmiest days; and considered merely as a physical effort, it was almost wonderful, considering his

age, and the immense amount of wear and tear he has undergone in public life. Those who imagined, because they hoped, that the Opposition leadership would soon fall vacant on account of the "chieftain's" failing powers, must have been rudely awakened by this powerful address. It was certainly not the ex-Premier's fault that he was forced into a false position and compelled to champion a bad cause; and much to his credit that, as *advocatus diaboli*, he managed to put so plausible a face upon the matter.

Stripped, however, of all confusing and irrelevant adjuncts in the way of pleas, precedents, and authorities, the argument was a failure. Sir John triumphantly proved that the Crown must choose advisers who have the confidence of the people, as expressed by them either in Parliament or at the polls; but who ever denied the proposition either by word or action? Certainly not M. Letellier, whose new Ministers immediately appealed to the people, the only ultimate source and depositary of all political power. No authority was, or could be, adduced to show that the Crown has not the right to appeal from a Parliamentary majority to the electorate; and Earl Dufferin's Instructions distinctly assert its power. Sir John Macdonald, indeed, admits it himself when he formulates his general proposition that the Crown must be advised by men having the confidence of Parliament; for, although he contends that without this "great principle," and unless we "hold to it, we are at sea, and in danger of being wrecked," he immediately renders his sheet-anchor flukeless, by introducing an exception to the constitutional axiom. If the Crown, he tells us, has reason to suppose that, although Ministers command a majority in Parliament, they do not possess a majority in the country, he has a right to insist upon a dissolution, and therefore to dismiss those Ministers or force them to resign. So that, after all, the accident of a Parliamentary majority is nothing, and it is the confidence of the people that forms the essential point. Ministers must be chosen, in fact, who can secure popular confidence, and to that rule, unlike Sir John's fundamental principle, there can be no exception whatever. To be of any service as a basic or vital principle of responsible government, any maxim must be of universal application; to talk of cases in which it may be disregarded, is as irrational as to assert that two and two make four, or that oxygen is essential to animal life, but that there may be exceptions. To introduce exceptions into the operation of an essential principle, is either to impeach the validity or misapprehend the true purport of that principle.

Did space permit, it would be a very easy task to expose the fallacy of Sir John's contention by following him into detail. His distinction between what is legal and what is constitutional is unquestionably sound; but what has that to do with determining the character of an act which is both legal and constitutional? Take only one case, that of 1834. The right hon. gentleman quoted Knight; but what does he say? "The Sovereign has a constitutional right to dismiss his Ministers, but it must be on grounds more capable of justification to Parliament than the simple exercise of his personal will." Now, M. Letellier alleges three pleas in justification: first, that he doubted whether his advisers possessed the confidence of the Province, which, on Sir John's showing, was quite sufficient without any other; secondly, because his Ministers had introduced measures without laying them before him and obtaining his sanction—a sufficient reason in the opinion of Her Majesty and Earl Russell; thirdly, that, although his Ministers knew of his determined hostility to the Railway and Stamp measures, they passed them through, nominally with his approval, although he had never sanctioned them, instead of either abandoning them or resigning their offices. Any one of these reasons would, by itself, be sufficient, according to the law and the constitution under which we live, to warrant his Honour's course; taken altogether, they render his position absolutely impregnable.

With regard to the distinction between law and constitution, Sir John might have given a more salient instance than any he adduced, In 1858, only twenty years ago, a Canadian Ministry resigned office; their successors were appointed, and two days after resigned; thereupon the old Ministers returned to their places, without undergoing the constitutional ordeal of new elections. How was this piece of thaumaturgy accomplished? By taking advantage of the letter of a law designed for an entirely different purpose—that of ensuring the Independence of Parliament—and of a clause in that law

which had as its object, to facilitate mere interchanges of office, not the return to office of an entire Cabinet which had resigned and ceased to be. That act, usually known as "the double shuffle," was strictly legal; but, not to speak of the tampering with oaths, it was contrary to the spirit of the constitution, and even of the very statute under cover of which it was committed. That would have been a far more appropriate instance of the distinction Sir John Macdonald pressed upon the House, than any illustration from obsolete prerogative; but perhaps it had escaped the ex-Premier's notice, or faded from his recollection. Now, to return to the alleged exception to the vital principle of responsible government. There is, in the speech of the right hon. gentleman, a very curious hypothetical case put, which shows that the speaker would have no objection to the interposition of the Crown in the Dominion, if it were only to take place now, and on the right side. It is impossible, considering the outcry for a dissolution heard during the past twelvemonth, not to connect Sir John's reference to Mr. Gladstone's position at the close of 1873, with what he considers to have been Mr. Mackenzie's circumstances any time for a year or two past. The English Premier did not wait, we are told, for the Crown to insist upon a dissolution, as Sir John contends he might have done, even if the result had been the dismissal or a forced resignation of the Cabinet; on the contrary, Mr. Gladstone, taking the by-elections and his reduced majority into account, dissolved the House of his own accord. It is impossible not to see the inevitable consequence of this "exception," when practically applied in Canada. Mr. Mackenzie has been in Mr. Gladstone's position for some time, and yet has failed to take a leaf from the great leader's book; what was the Governor-General's duty then, under the circumstances? Clearly to fling "the great principle" aside, and go to work under the "exception"—the former being intended to operate for the benefit of our party, and the latter for the overthrow of our opponents. Evidently, had the bait thrown out to His Excellency been taken, there would have been no clamour about "outrage;" Sir John would have taken a brief from the side of prerogative; and the great speech, which pleases those who desire to be satisfied, would have been left unspoken. After all, then, the pitiful outcome of a discussion, which was to be conducted with all the independence and impartiality of a judicial inquiry, is the plain declaration that the force and efficacy of our most cherished constitutional maxims depend upon the paltry question, to which party the gored ox belongs.

It is unnecessary to pursue the debate further, because if the right hon. gentleman's speech be carefully examined, the party *animus* will be so apparent that any reference to the violent declamation of M. Langevin and some of his compatriots must be superfluous. The shifting and precarious ground on which the speakers on that side stood was clearly exposed, as each tried to aim a blow from his own special standpoint. The fallacy running through their leader's special-pleading was not more obvious than the ingenuous simplicity with which they contradicted him and differed from each other. Having laid down what we believe to be the teaching of usage and authority on the question, it only remains to refer to the divisions in Parliament. There evidently party spirit reigns supreme, and the sober consideration of a grave question in constitutional practice was manifestly out of the question. Firmly convinced, for reasons altogether superior to any which control or influence political parties, that the Government supporters had right on their side, we may yet see that they only voted right by accident rather than conviction. Whether, indeed, they had really come to any conclusion on the subject does not appear from the debate. Right or wrong, they would have voted to sustain the Lieut.-Governor, and it was reserved for impartial men like Sir Francis Hincks and the learned Librarian of Parliament to place His Honour's case upon a firm and irrefragable basis. The division in the Senate, like that in the House, was predetermined by the comparative strength of the parties, and not at all the fruit of patient inquiry and sober conviction. It is perhaps well that the discussion was so completely bald and the conclusion so lame and unsatisfactory, because it may serve to convince an intelligent people that their rights, as well as the orderly working of their complex system of polity in all its parts, are never altogether out of jeopardy so long as they are at the mercy of party caprice and party prejudice. The constitution under which it is our pride and privilege to live is not the

creature of yesterday or to-day; it has "broadened down from precedent to precedent;" and its true interpretation depends upon a cheerful recognition of its historical character. It was not made solely for the Crown, nor wholly for Parliament, but for the people, that, under a free and elastic system, which has been evolved, not consciously created, by political agencies out of antecedent material, they may govern themselves mediately through their representatives in all time coming. Parties and ministries are the accidents of representative government; they are constitutionally limbs in the machinery as it is now in operation; but they are not essential to its proper working and may perish, as parties and ministries have often perished, without endangering the stability of the whole. In England the law recognises neither the one nor the other; and, therefore, their position is purely one to be determined by usage. It is the misfortune of our current politics that the success of party and the possession of power have become paramount considerations to so fatal an extent that our legislators have now grown incapable of grasping firmly the true and tried principles underlying our constitutional fabric. In their hands the governmental system is fast becoming what the ephemeral needs of the hour would fain have it be; and it is an ominous feature of this discussion that those who used to clamour most loudly for British institutions are the very men, when it suits their purpose, to break with the past and invent, at every crisis, a theory of the constitution which, being incomplete, maims, distorts, or caricatures its fair proportions, as party exigencies seem to require. To-day it is the fashionable or needful *rôle* to grow frantic over factitious outrages on popular liberty; to-morrow, if it serve their purpose better, the same men will perhaps be found, with the cry of loyalty on the lip, prepared to defend, with Mephistophelean calmness and unperturbed countenance, a real assault upon constitutional freedom. In the latter case, however, it will be because for the time being the *outs* of to-day have become the *ins* of to-morrow. How entirely reckless even statesmen, when they are violent partizans, can be one may gather from Sir John Macdonald's idle remarks about precedents, as if our unwritten constitution were not a bundle of precedents, some of them musty with the dust and mildew of centuries. There is, in short, no paradox which a thorough-going party man is not prepared to maintain; no unhistoric absurdity he will scruple to commit; no thesis, constitutional or other, he is not ready to establish with a rhetorical flourish *ad captandum ignorantiam*. In such hands delicate questions of polity are not safe, because, under their rough manipulation, our system loses its stability and ceases to provide sure guarantees for popular freedom and orderly government, to become a supple nose of wax, which may be twisted hither and thither as party caprice may demand.*

The closing scenes of that futile debate in the Commons, after it had passed under the Lord of misrule, indecorous as they unquestionably were, have been used for party purposes in a most unjustifiable way. Both sides were obstructive in their object—the one desiring to stifle discussion, the other to arrest the progress of public business; both were to blame, no doubt, yet not equally so. That the discussion was irregular and unseasonable has been already contended; yet, after members on both sides had engaged in it, there was no reason why a summary halt should be called, simply because the Premier demanded it. This was not the first occasion on which Mr. Mackenzie had taken advantage of Friday night this Session to dragoon members to a vote before they desired it; and on this occasion certainly, there was no justification for it. The subject had certainly not been exhausted; at all events there was no reason why any who thought they could illuminate a question which had been made obscure, should be prevented from lighting their feeble rushlights. In a debate on con-

* The contributions of Sir Francis Hincks to this controversy, which may be now considered as finished, deserve to be preserved in some more permanent form for future reference. In the *Journal* of the 19th there is an admirable *critique* of Sir John Macdonald's speech in the House, with additional authorities. Reference is made to his apparently aimless supposition in Mr. Gladstone's case, and Sir Francis pertinently asks who is to know that the English Premier, instead of awaiting an intimation from the Crown, did not act in consequence of such an intimation. But Sir Francis fails to discern the purpose which lay at the bottom of Sir John's remarks. He was doing a good turn for M. de Boucherville at the polls in a *quasi*-constitutional discussion, and evidently thought it not amiss to profit by it for himself and his party in the Dominion.

stitutional questions, Ministers usually display more than ordinary courtesy and give broader latitude to the House, and, therefore, it appears clear that the discussion ought not to have been choked off, at two in the morning, by the peremptory fiat of the Premier. Those who are distinguished in political history, as leaders in our representative bodies, have always secured and retained their mastery by graceful concession, and not by the offensive assertion of mere voting power. Mr. Mackenzie has not attained that skill as a parliamentary leader which seems essential to solid success; and, therefore, it seems impossible to acquit him of the chief responsibility for these unfortunate scenes. So soon as it was evident that the Opposition were determined to prolong the sitting or obtain an adjournment, the Government should have submitted. Obstructiveness is a relative term, since it may be, as in the case of the half-dozen Home Rulers in England, a defiance of the House. But where the entire Opposition demand, *bonâ fide*, a prolongation of the debate, it should be granted at once, rather than risk such consequences as the stolid resistance of dogged majorities may possibly entail. The right to obstruct, by dilatory motions and speaking against time, is one which must be conceded to minorities of any size and political importance, and, in most cases, would not be called into play, if a spirit of tact or conciliation animated the majority. On the other hand, the practice of refusing to hear a troublesome speaker is a safeguard against impertinent intrusiveness and verbosity, but becomes exceedingly hard to defend when used by the majority against a large and compact minority. If the *Globe* had confined its comments upon this unhappy exhibition of obstinacy and tomfoolery, to the facts made public in the reports, its remarks would have been exceedingly just. Even that ghastly pun, imperceptible in all probability to the writer, in which M. Cheval's name was connected with the "horse-play" in which he was the master of the revels, was edifying as a light touch of humour in a heavy discourse. But when it descended so far as to talk of matters which were not obtruded upon public notice, and made random charges of inebriety against its opponents only, which may or may not have been true, but were certainly not to the point, it is necessary at once to protest against its sinister strategy. The counter-charges from the other side are just what might have been expected; and, as on one side, a curious public is informed that the colour of Sir John's beverage during his long and exhausting speech, was not that of water, so on the other it is asserted that, during that long and wearisome vigil, Mr. Mackenzie "fortified" himself with something which is cheering, and might, under some circumstances, be inebriating. It is the curse of modern sentimental morality, that it involves espionage, adopts the *rôle* of Jeames Yellowplush, creeps up the back stairs of human life, and pries into the privatest of men's affairs. There can be no excuse for drunkenness in any walk of life; but there ought certainly to be greater delicacy and consideration shown by partizans, at a time when excitement was high, when all restraints of decorum had been thrown aside in the House, and the temperate man was barely distinguishable from his "elevated" fellow-member. If it be true that intoxication was a vice of the Opposition, during this debate, they certainly had it in their power to plead that they behaved better than the Pharisees ~~or~~ Rechabites, if such they were, on the other side. The follies of the drunken are usually overlooked, when they are not dangerous and malicious; but for the senseless bedlam of sane sobriety there is no excuse. At all events, whatever truth there may have been in this scandalous supplementary chapter to the history, charity and a chivalrous sense of delicacy in the intercourse of party with party, should have prompted even the least scrupulous of journalists to throw the veil of oblivion over an episode in our parliamentary history, which was disgraceful on other accounts than the intemperance of one or two members.

Not being particularly attached to the Senate as at present constituted, we have no particular reason for defending it, except because it is by law and by the Dominion Act a part of the governmental apparatus. Unlike the House of Lords, the Senate can never be anything but a partizan body; to talk of its being in any sense judicial or independent is nonsense. It is independent of the people certainly, and that does not appear to be much in its favour; but, as for independence in the higher sense of impartiality or freedom from party prejudices and predilections, it can lay no claim to the slightest

infusion of it. Given the length of time any party Administration was in power and the period its old opponents have had at their command to redress the balance, and a life-assurance actuary could tell you almost certainly how a party debate will result in a given year. The House of Lords is an hereditary branch of Parliament, and as sons, brothers, or nephews are not always of the same political stripe as those they succeed, there is some infusion of fresh intelligence, if not fresh blood into the Peers: in the Senate there is no correction of that sort. In England, men who have gained laurels in the arts of war and peace, on the bench, in art, science, literature, or otherwise, gain peerages, and they are not always, or even often, partizans; in the Senate, none but trained and well-tried party hacks are stalled for life. There are thus, in Canada, two Houses, one representative of the people, after a fashion, and the other representing only the party which appointed them and themselves. They do not stand for any interest in particular, landed, financial, or ecclesiastical, and sit there, not eternally, like Theseus, but so long as they may choose and are spared, singularly careless about changes of popular opinion. Yet there they are, and however free others may be to cast a stone at them, it is not the business of the Hon. Mr. Brown, one of themselves, or of his journal, to do so. They have censured Mr. Letellier—and in that we believe they were wrong; they have rejected an ill-digested scheme for reconstructing the departments, and there they seem to have done well. Why they should be censured because they vote as partizans, after owing their appointment to the Senate to the fact that they were partizans, passes comprehension; and it is equally inexplicable why what is honourable and honest in a member of the House should be a crime in a member of the Senate. The Opposition in Parliament desire to render the Lieutenant-Governorship, in the words of Lord Elgin, as quoted by Mr. Todd, "a *néant* of mock sovereignty;" and the Ministerial chief of the back-stairs desires to perform the same good office for his own creation, the Senate. Now it is one thing to desire to abolish an office or a body or to deprive it of its constitutional functions, and quite another to question its rights and powers so long as they are exercised in a legitimate way. The one party is as bad as the other in this respect; for, as Sir John Macdonald would not have been hurt if Earl Dufferin had insisted on a dissolution a year ago, even if Mr. Mackenzie's dismissal had been necessary, so Senator Brown would have been quite satisfied if the Senate were throwing out daily the measures of a Conservative Ministry which had the confidence of the House. It is to be hoped, speaking of the Senate, that the majority there will eliminate the clause in the Government Bill which makes a pariah of every retired civil servant, and disqualifies him from serving his country in Parliament.

The Temperance Bill, as amended in the Senate, has been printed, and will doubtless come before the House in a few days. It is perhaps too much to expect that even those who are fully convinced of the injustice and inutility of this species of legislation, will do more than give it a feeble show of opposition. The number of members to whom the Bill must appear radically fallacious and indefensible can hardly be small; indeed, it may amount to a majority. Yet it is not at all likely that they will have the courage of their opinions, and it would hardly be surprising if the measure were read a second time without a dissenting voice. On the eve of a general election it is the vicious habit of politicians to coquette with all powerful interests, without regard to the nature or propriety of their demands. In this case, the machinery of Churches and crusading Associations is enlisted on the side of unreasoning fanaticism, and to the partizan there appears but one course safe for him, however unjustifiable—to outbid his opponents and give rash experiments in legislation as ample scope as the most chimerical can desire. During the present Parliament the real significance of the affected zeal for Prohibition has been palpably exposed, session after session; and although one may not be inclined to dispute the sincerity with which members express the desire to do what can be done to check the alarming prevalence of intemperance, that is quite a different thing from affecting to regard their concessions to the party of enthusiasm, as at all prompted by any belief in the efficacy of the proposed nostrum. With those who sincerely believe in the efficacy of the medicine, and think that men should be willing to sacrifice the earliest and most clearly defined of their personal rights to secure the extinction of a fearful evil,

it is impossible not to sympathize. Their zeal may not be according to knowledge, and their method appears, at times, almost touching from the ingenuous simplicity which confides in it ; but they are at least in earnest ; and the real end they have in view is certainly the ostensible one. Unhappily these good people are powerless to legalize their repressive system without the aid of a large and hungry crowd of party men, whom no powerful enthusiasm moves, and no philanthropic aspiration elevates by its purity and warmth of emotion. Hence such agitations as have been witnessed of late years entail the sinister growth of a terrible crop of arrant hypocrisy, and to it they owe at once their temporary success and their definitive and disastrous failure in the long run. The reflection that this is, and must be, the case certainly casts no reflection upon the earnest and sincere ; but it should make them pause and examine dispassionately and afresh the ground on which they stand. There are doubtless religious hypocrites as well as prohibition hypocrites, but then religion is indisputably a good, while prohibitory legislation is not only of so exceedingly questionable a character, whether we regard it in theory or practice, that the simulation and dissimulation it evokes, must be thrown in the balance against it. It is part of the price paid for it, and therefore must be taken into account as a factor in the calculation. Moreover, religion would contain within it quite as much potency and promise of ultimate triumph, if there were but one faithful soul, such as Elijah in the wilderness at Horeb imagined himself to be, in a godless and depraved generation. But it is not so with coercive legislation. If it be unjust, majorities cannot make it otherwise ; yet even though it be defensible in theory, its wisdom as well as its efficiency, depends upon the number of those who honestly support it. When these numbers are swelled by a herd of craven camp-followers who have no heart or honest enthusiasm for the movement, it is condemned already before the futile experiment is tried.

There not being much prospect that hon. members will deal with straightforward plainness with the principle of this Bill, even although they may honestly believe it to be indefensible, it may not be too much to hope that they will make some attempt to save it from the perilous infatuation of its authors. Every attempt to deprive the ballot of its safeguard of secrecy should be rigorously resisted. The classes which are swayed into voting contrary to their convictions, because the Church or society looks askance at dissentients, do not deserve much sympathy on their own account ; but it is sometimes necessary to protect society, if not themselves, against the pliability of the feeble-kneed, and certainly some such protection is imperatively called for here. It is difficult to say whether Section eighty-four, which threatens every one who "in any manner practises intimidation, or interferes with the free exercise of the franchise of any voter," is, like the Election law, applicable to undue clerical influence ; if so, those who have been in the habit of dubbing men who "vote wrong" children of the devil and menacing them with eternal damnation, may see the propriety of amending their manners. Section eighty-one appears to prohibit the employment of paid agents, lecturers, or pamphlet, essay, or newspaper writers pending a vote on the law. This does not seem defensible, and yet the words, "who endeavours to procure or prevent the adoption of this Act," certainly covers all who use the art of persuasion, either with tongue or pen. Attention was called last month to the absurd position under which, supposing both the County of York and the City of Toronto were under the Act, those who desire to procure a supply of beer or wine in the one, must resort to some dealer in the other. If Mr. Cartwright desires to save his revenue by this clause, it ought to be altered so as to stand as in the Dunkin Act ; if he must have "the wages of sin," as it is called, he might, at all events, devise a more rational scheme than this. Sections fifty-six and fifty-seven ought certainly to be amended in some way which will ensure that a petition must receive something more than a bare majority of the votes polled. These may be cast, and have been under the Dunkin Act, by not even a majority of the recorded votes altogether, yea and nay. Now, obviously, the Act has no chance of being effective where it is put in force by the votes of perhaps not more than a quarter or two-fifths of the qualified voters. Under such circumstances it must fail ; and it ought to fail, because, bad in principle as it may be to allow a majority to tyrannize over a minority in a matter of food, drink, or dress, it becomes utterly

intolerable when the majority is dragooned, not into sobriety, but into total abstinence, at the will of a minority. A vigorous effort was made in the Senate—and it was almost successful—to ensure a clear and unquestionable popular judgment, and it is not too much to hope that the Commons will, at any rate, insist that the majority shall be at least equal to one-fifth of all the votes polled. Even the friends of the bill ought to see the propriety of an amendment which will give it a better chance of success. Senator Vidal wanted even to deprive the people of the *plébiscite;* but Senator Scott was not prepared to go quite so far. Finally, the attention of the House is again called to the impropriety of keeping a by-law in force for three years, even long after a large majority are entirely disgusted by experience with their fatuous leap in the dark. This clause is diametrically opposed to the very essence of popular government, and only serves to show that, if the party had the power of the Tudors, the Stuarts, or the Puritans, they would exert it quite as tyrannically. The spirit which animates this movement for legislation may be, and no doubt is, nerved and vivified by a sincere desire to promote the best interests of mankind; but as much may be said for Torquemada, Alva, or any other of those more unscrupulous physical force religionists who persisted in doing evil that good might come.

The present Session of Parliament will have come to a close before our next number appears. It has not been an eventful one in measures of striking character or great practical importance. Considerable tinkering of old laws has been done, and the noise of hammering has rattled freely enough; but the forge was not Vulcan's, and no heroic shields have been turned out of the armoury. We live, politically speaking, in what is distinctively "the day of small things;" its utter paltriness and pettiness are, so to speak, the salient characteristics of the time. On the eve of a general election, when politicians usually desire to appear at their best, and when they are morbidly solicitous about the future, there is at least some affectation of high tone, of noble aspiration—something or anything to shed dignity and credit over the legislators' trade. It is vain to look for it now. Neither one side nor the other—and they are not wanting in ingenuity and "smartness"—could tell, were its champions interrogated, what it is they are about to contend for. Or rather, they could tell, but dare not. The only two debates which had any real interest for the country, those on Sir John Macdonald's Protection and Quebec resolutions, were snuffed out by the Premier in mid-career. It is of more importance, apparently, to unravel the plot of the Moylan business, or to burrow for scandal on the Kaministiquia, than to devise a national policy for the country, or to calmly consider the relations between the Crown and its advisers. The essential pettiness of the time could hardly receive more graphic illustration than the attempts to belittle the character and give a second coat of mire to the back of Sir John Macdonald. Partizans hoped that "the great scandal" had smothered the veteran politician and buried him in slime and ooze beyond recovery. They were mistaken, and the cause of their mistake was that they imagined the people to be as implacable and resentful as themselves. Sir John's *fiasco* in 1872, if not condoned, has fallen out of the account; it is written off, and there is an end of it. Whatever party men may do, the ordinary honest farmer, merchant, or mechanic cannot affect a tempest of anger when he feels none; and the attempt, by nibbling investigations about this $150 or that two or three thousand, are about as serviceable to the party that indulges in them as it would have been in the elder brother of the prodigal son to have pointed out some petty rent in his travel-stained garment. Not being attached to either party, and singularly indifferent to the fate of both, except in so far as the only principle at stake is involved in the issue, we can afford to look without bias upon the conduct and merits of both. It needs hardly be said that Sir John Macdonald is not our notion of what a statesman ought to be, but he has sterling ability, personal integrity, great experience, and, above all, a wonderful power of winning the hearts and affections of men. The attempts made to hatch new scandals about Sir John are exceedingly unwise and quite as nauseating as scandal about Queen Elizabeth was to the sage of *The Critic*. If the Government desires to elevate the ex-Premier in popular estimation, nothing yet remains to be done but to discover or invent something new savouring of corruption; he will then at once attain the unapproachable dignity of a persecuted hero, and the down-

fall of the Government cannot be far distant. No more serious strategical blunder was ever committed than the Moylan investigation, undertaken at this time of day, solely for hustings' purposes; and we are inclined to think that when hon. gentlemen begin the campaign, they will find their weakness where they confidently expected to feel their strength, in their assaults upon the leader of the Opposition.

It is a sign of awakening conscience, over the lines, that the House Judiciary Committee has come to the conclusion at last that the balance of the money awarded at Geneva, to compensate certain classes of losses by privateering, ought not to be given to classes definitely excluded by the tribunal. Most men, not altogether depraved, that is in private life, would not have had so much difficulty in deciding that, when Uncle Sam became a trustee for certain people and received from John Bull too large a sum to satisfy their just claims, the balance did not belong to the trustee, nor did it rest with him to distribute it according to his fancy. When all the debts adjudged to be due by the International Court were satisfied, the balance was John Bull's, and unless the conscientious trustee were, under a little veneering, a rogue, it became him to pay it back again. Gen. Butler, who always puts in a good word for "the devil and all his works," proposed to pay the fishery award with the Geneva balance, although he contended that the Halifax arbitrament was not binding. The proposal to pay a debt the United States did not owe with money which did not belong to them was a master stroke of Butlerism; but the point of the practical witticism lay in paying England with her own money, fraudulently pocketed. It is gratifying to find that the House Committee dares to tell the truth, and we only regret their proposal to refer the matter to the Supreme Court, because it appears like an attempt to escape from an admitted moral obligation to repay the unemployed balance, by some legal devices they expect the Supreme Court to concoct.

April 25th, 1878.

BOOK REVIEWS.

A MANUAL OF THE ANATOMY OF INVERTEBRATED ANIMALS. By Thomas H. Huxley. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson. 1878.

Not a few people, even in this so-called cultivated age, believe that the chief function of a scientific man is to propound or attack some startling theory. When the gage of battle has been thrown down in the shape, we will say, of the principle of natural selection, it appears to common minds as though the world of Science contained no other object or aim, and as if Darwin, Wallace, Huxley, and other well-known men rushed into arms with the sole purpose of defending their challenged thesis, and investigated and questioned Nature merely for the purpose of supporting their dogma, and with as little regard for the actual truth as is shown by a browbeating counsel determined, at any cost, to elicit something damaging to his adversary's case from an unwilling witness.

That this is not really the case, and that the reputations of the great men whom we have named were not won by such ignoble tactics and partisan warfare, is well known to all who have followed them, however far off, in their labours and their struggles; and this book would alone suffice to show what a comparatively small portion of the scientific field is occupied by even such an all-embracing doctrine as that enunciated by Mr. Darwin. If that doctrine had never been propounded, naturalists would still have found "ample scope and verge enough" for their exertions in the investigation of the external shape and the internal structure of the living creation, in the determination of the distribution, in space and in time, of its individuals and of the classes to which they belong, and in the discovery of the laws regulating

those forces which are exerted by living matter alone upon itself and upon external objects. In other words, the three great heads of Morphology, Distribution, and Physiology attract the student before he can turn his attention profitably to the fourth head, Ætiology, which purports to explain to what causes the results hitherto obtained are attributable, and how any particular animal existence has attained its present form and position, and the enjoyment of its own peculiar powers.

With the world before him and his microscope in his hand, the first duty of the naturalist is to examine carefully and to record his results faithfully. From those results he is at liberty to theorize, but woe to his reputation if he permits his favourite theory to close his eye to a single fact, or, having seen it, to place upon it a forced construction. We will venture to say that this is so well understood now-a-days, and naturalists feel so keenly the ultimate detection that would ensue, with all its attendant shade of distrust thrown over the work of a lifetime, that when a Huxley writes a manual like the one now under review, it is accepted by men of all opinions as at least containing a faithful and unbiassed representation of facts. Whether all animated nature sprang from a single germ or not, every one will agree that there is no lack of variety in creation as we now behold it, and that an intimate knowledge of its present condition is the only solid foundation upon which to build a theory as to its past or its future.

What fact is most borne in upon us by reading this work? Without the least hesitation we should say, the adaptability of matter, which, by almost innumerably varying means, seeks to attain, and does attain, results wonderful in their intimate connection, and no less wonderful in their apparent diversity. All animal life has primarily but three strictly necessary functions—those of nourishment (including under this head the functions performed by the organs, such as the mouth, which collect the food, by the stomach which digests it, and by the veins or canals which carry the elaborated nourishment to the places where it is needed to replace the waste incurred in the act of existence), excretion (which covers the functions of the respiratory, intestinal, and uropoietic systems, all of which are designed to clear the body from the carbonic and nitrogenous waste of the blood, and from substances incapable of assimilation), and reproduction. These are the strictly necessary functions, for our present condition of knowledge is not such as to allow us to lay it down as a broad rule that a nervous system is a *sine qua non* of life, and certainly such organs as eyes, ears, and the various shapes of legs, tentacles, feelers, and wings adaptable for locomotive purposes, are entirely supererogatory, and could be easily dispensed with.

However, we find that in the lowest form of life existing (the simplest of the *Protozoa*) a vast stride has been made on the upward path towards the acquirement of even these organs. For the simplest form of life imaginable would be, as Mr. Huxley tells us, "a protoplasmic body, devoid of mobility, maintaining itself by the ingestion of such proteinaceous, fatty, amyloid, and mineral matters as might be brought into contact with it by external agencies, and increasing by simple extension of its mass." In such an imaginary and, so far as we know, non-existent animal, both nourishment and excretion would go on over the entire surface, and reproduction would be almost concealed from our notice, the individual apparently remaining always the same, but being, in fact, perpetually replaced by the substitution of new matter for that expended by the act of living. In the humblest *Protozoa* we find a mass of simple protoplasm, not differentiated into cells, it is true, but yet gifted with the power of contractility, and denser as you approach the exterior of the mass than it is at the centre, and visibly propagating itself by fission or division. The greater density of the periphery is the first step towards a cuticle or skin, and the next higher grade of *Protozoa* shows a rythmically contractile vacuole; others again show a nucleus or rounded mass in the midst of the protoplasm. Instead of the primitive, nearly homogeneous mass, we have now a comparatively complicated animal, for the increase of density at the periphery and the segregation of atoms forming the nucleus have left a central sac available for the purposes of a stomach. The mouth and anal aperture are nothing but the two ends of this elongated sac,* where it approaches the periphery, for by this time our *Protozoa* has ceased to take in its food, save at a definite point of its surface. The contractile vacuole more and more tends, as we proceed on the upward scale, to draw out into a chain of canals for the conveyance of blood or other kindred fluids through the system, and the nucleus takes upon itself, with more or less definiteness, the character of a reproductive organ.

The *Metazoa* start from almost as primitive a type, the chief distinction being that the wall of the sac is double and composed of cells. The innermost of these two walls is the endoderm, the outer the ectoderm, and between them a third layer, the mesoderm, is formed. Upon this simple arrangement innumerable changes are rung, before we pass from the Turbellaria to the Insecta, the chief being the division of the mesoderm into segments (*somites*),

* The *Ciliata* show the connecting link between animals with and without an intestinal canal and anal aperture. The food is driven by hairs (*cilia*) to the bottom of the stomach, and then passes at intervals, in the shape of a food-vacuole, through the substance of the body, to the anal region, following a more or less definitely limited tract.

the outgrowth from each segment of its pair of appendages, and the differentiation of these appendages into such special organs as jaws, limbs, and respiratory organs, and branchiæ or fins. Out of these three layers or skins, all the important organs, alike in the Hydrozoon and in embryonic man, are formed; the part of the mesoderm nearest to the ectoderm furnishing the bones, muscles, and the teeth of *Vertebrata*; the ectoderm itself supplying the skin, nails, and enamel of the teeth, the sensory organs, and the ganglia of the nervous system; while the endoderm becomes the alimentary organs.

Let us take the respiratory apparatus, and glance briefly at the different modes in which the same result is attained in various animals. First, the lower *Metazoa* breathe all over their their bodies; the *Annelids* develop branchiæ freely supplied with blood vessels or their equivalents, and fringed with cilia or hairs, the motion of which causes a current of fresh oxygenated water to flow past. The *Crustacea* attain the same object without cilia, the branchiæ being attached to the limbs, which move them to and fro at pleasure. We have now arrived at a special organ which undertakes the respiratory function itself, and an accessory organ (such as the limb in the above case, or the "mantle" of the mollusks) which regulates and assists the flow of the water to the primary breathing organ. The *Tunicata* have a different apparatus. Having taken in water at the mouth, it is driven out again from the cavity of the pharynx through lateral apertures, aerating the blood in its passage outwards. Some land-mollusks breathe by means of the folded lining wall of the mantle cavity, and this is appropriately termed an external lung. On the other hand, the *Vertebrata* have lungs composed of a portion of the alimentary canal, which has become specialized for that purpose; and in some of them the blood is forced into the lungs from without, whilst in the higher members of the *Vertebrata* the lung-chamber, by its expansion, sucks the blood into the lungs, the motive power being employed to form a vacuum within.

Space does not allow our going more fully into this subject, or showing from the history of the other organs how marvellously mobile and shifting are the materials of which Creation is made up, and in how many different ways the same end is attained.* When we find that a Barnacle may be described (p. 256) as a "Crustacean fixed by its head and kicking the food into its mouth with its legs," we must at least admit that animated matter displays a plasticity and adaptibility to circumstances sufficient to meet the requirements of the most ardent Darwinian.

Mr. Huxley is not disposed to consider classification as a very important element in natural history. He acknowledges its utility in pointing out common bonds of likeness, but draws attention to the fact that as new discoveries are made, the boundary walls between genera, classes, and families are apt to be more or less broken down, and it becomes every year more difficult to say to which family this or that new form belongs, when it combines to a great extent the peculiarities of several. The microscope also tends to show points of similarity hitherto unexpected, and while it unravels and makes as plain as day the mysteries of yesterday, it prepares in turn the Œdipus-like riddles of to-morrow. Thus Engelmann and others have disposed of a very pecular form of generation noticed in the *Infusoria*, in a summary manner, by showing that the "so-called embryos" are only—parasites! But while this is satisfactory as far as it goes, we cannot dismiss these parasites without naming and describing them in turn, and the next generation of scientists will probably be investigating *their* parasites, "*ad infinitum*," as the immortal Hudibras puts it.

We cannot altogether praise the typography of this edition. Like most American reprints, it is full of misspellings, which are particularly annoying in a technical work. The plates are poorly reproduced, and their lettering is so small and indistinct as to be at times illegible. In looking up the references to the internal economy of some extremely complicated *Zoophyte* or *Brachiopoda*, it is extremely annoying to be told "letters same as in Fig. 40," which said figure is perhaps a dozen pages off. The author might, perhaps, have devoted more space than he does to the *Arthropoda*, considering the fact that it contains four times as many species as the rest of the animal kingdom put together. The *Insecta* in particular are treated very meagerly. We must also complain of the great need of a glossary to a work which teems with technical expressions, many of which are of recent coinage, and all of which need explanation to a student. In other respects the book is everything that could be desired.

* For instances of variations in position, see the opossum shrimp (*Mysis*), whose auditory organs are placed in the appendages of the last ring of the stomach; or the *Insecta* generally, where they are placed in the thorax and legs.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

By Celia's Arbour. A Novel. By Walter Besant and James Rice, authors of "The Golden Butterfly," &c. Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Co. 1878.

Madame Gosselin. From the French of Louis Ulbach. Collection of Foreign Authors. No. VIII. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1878.

HART & RAWLINSON'S

BOOK LIST.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF ALFRED DE MUSSET, translated. from the French of Paul De Musset, by Harriet W. Preston, cloth$2 00

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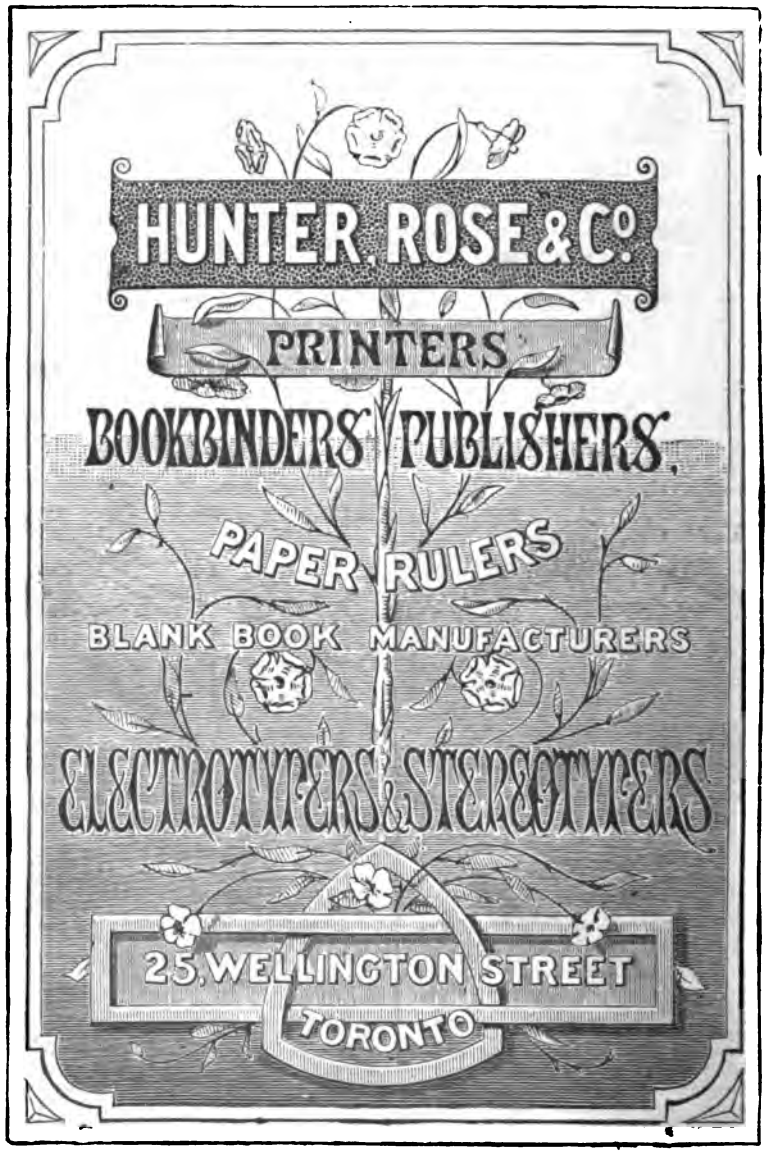
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THE

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VOL. XIII.] JUNE, 1878. [No. 6.

THE MONKS OF THELEMA.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE.

Authors of 'Ready-Money Mortiboy,' 'The Golden Butterfly,' 'By Celia's Arbour,' etc., etc.

CHAPTER X.

"Methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain."

"WELL, sir," Bailiff Bostock said, "if you really do mean it, and will take and work with the men—— Do you mean it—just as you say, and no favour?"

"I mean just what I say. I shall begin to-morrow, and am here now to learn my duties for the day?"

Alan was determined there should be no more loss of a day.

"You can't follow the plough, that wants practice; and you can't manage the engine, that wants training."

The bailiff rubbed his chin thoughtfully.

"There's a stack of hay we're going to cut into to-morrow; but I can't send you up the ladder, atop o' that great stack. Sure as twopence you'd fall down and break something. Can you drive, Squire?"

"Of course I can."

"Then I'll tell you what you shall do. It is a dirty job, too ——"

"Never mind how rough it is."

"I think you will be able to manage it, for the first job, better than anything else. You come here to-morrow morning, at six sharp, and I'll find you a day's work, never fear."

With this assurance, Alan was fain to be content. He then proceeded, being thoroughly ashamed of the morning's fiasco, to guard against a repetition of it. With this view he hired a boy to call him at five sharp, got a ventilator for his bedroom and an alarum clock, which he set for five o'clock. He next purchased a new kettle, and provided such materials for breakfast as he would eat, deferring the cold pork until such time as he should become hardened to the bread of affliction.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon when these arrangements were finally completed. He remembered that he had dinner to get, bought a beefsteak and potatoes, and proceeded, with such slender art as was at his command, to grill the former and boil the latter. The potatoes came out hard, but he had eaten horse beefsteak in America.

Dinner over he sat down, and spent the evening in calculating how best he could live on eighteen shillings a week, with a little extra at harvest-time—say a guinea, all told. Rent, half-a-crown; clothes and boots, five pounds a year at least—say two shillings a week. Remained, sixteen shillings and sixpence for everything. Fuel, candles, soap, odds and ends, would carry away half-a-crown of this. Fourteen shillings left for food and savings; for Alan was resolute on showing the rustics how to save. Say eighteenpence a day for food.

Food. What is food? Half-a-crown goes at the club for luncheon alone with great ease. He would want, he thought, a pound of meat, half a dozen potatoes, and a loaf of bread every day. There is eighteenpence gone at once. Tea, coffee, sugar, milk, butter, cheese, small groceries; all this had to come out of the odd sixpence. And how much would be left for saving? Every penny would have to be looked at, every tea-spoonful of tea hesitated over. And then the washing. The male mind does not at first understand the meaning of this item. Now it occurred to him that unless, in the dead of night, and with barred doors, he did his own washing, this charge would be the last straw to break the camel's back. And yet, with the washing before their eyes, the labourers found money to spend at the Spotted Lion. It must come out of his meat. Overcome with the prospect, Alan folded up his paper and went to bed.

In the morning he had a beautiful dream. He was walking hand in hand with Miranda in a flowery meadow, in whose hedges highly-cultured peasants had planted geraniums, standard and monthly roses, rhododendrons, hydrangeas, dahlias, and the stately hollyhocks, which raised their heads and blossomed among the hawthorn, honeysuckle, and straggling blackberry. Beneath them, on the banks, flowered mignonette, verbena, heliotrope, and all sorts of sweet flowers, growing apparently wild. The grass amid which they walked was luxuriant and long, and bright with buttercups and cowslips. Round them, as they walked hand in hand under a sunny sky, sat, walked, or played the villagers, engaged in various occupations, all of which demanded the Higher Culture. For one, clad in a smock-frock, scrupulously clean, was reading Mr. Pater's "Studies of the Renaissance;" another, similarly attired, was studying Darwin's "Descent of Man;" another, an older man, was sitting, brow bent, and pencil in hand, with which he made marginalia over Mill's "Political Economy;" a fourth was composing music;" a fifth was collecting specimens in the hedges for a *hortus siccus*. Of the girls, three were standing together in the attitude of the Graces, only daintily attired, singing part songs, with clasped hands; some were making embroidery for their Sunday frocks, and one was reading Ruskin's "Fors Clavigera" aloud for the benefit of those who embroidered. Of the younger men, one in a corner by himself was declaiming, Shakespeare in hand; another was airily reading that sweet, and simple, and musical poem called "Sordello," singing from its rippling measures, as he brushed away the dew across the upland lawn; another was correcting the proofs of a Note on the village archæology, which traced the connection of the parish pump with the Roman occupation—these proofs were destined for the *Academy*; another was catching swiftly and deftly with brush and paper the ever-changing effects of cloud and sunshine on the river; the blacksmith was writing a *villanelle*; and the schoolmaster was guessing a double acrostic. The elder ladies, assisted by the oldest inhabitant of the village, Methusalem Parr, were engaged in committing to paper the folk-lore of the district with a view of sending it to the editor of *Melusine*. Among the *märchen* thus set down for the first time was the nursery story of a Pig, a Porcupine, and a Piper, which afterwards became famous, and was traced to the very foot of the Himalayas, where the inhabitants believed that it descended from Heaven. Just as Alan was explaining to Miranda the honour and glory which this relic of old-world story would confer upon the Village of Weyland, his dream grew a little troubled. The young men and the maidens got confused before his eyes; the meadow grew cloudy; the villagers all seemed to start asunder in terror; books, pens, pencils, all were thrown aside, and they fled multivious with oaths and shrieks, which were not loud and coarse, but low and cultured. Then the meadow changed itself into a small whitewashed room, there was no Miranda at all, and he was lying in his cottage bedroom, alone.

"Ting-a-ring-ting!"—was ever alarum more wildly irritating? He sprang from his

bed and hurled a boot which silenced that alarum for ever.

Bang, bang, bang! "Five o'clock, master." That was the boy calling him. He composed his shattered nerves as well as he could, and proceeded to dress. It was with a mixture of foolish shame and pride that he put on his corduroys, button-up waistcoat, and clean white smock; these assumed, he descended the stairs, lit the fire, made his tea, managed to get through a little bread and butter; five o'clock is really too early for breakfast—tied his red handkerchief round his neck, put on his soft felt hat, and sallied forth a new Don Quixote. He naturally felt uncomfortable in his new garb: that was to be expected. And as he walked rapidly down the village street, along which the labourers were slouching along to their work, it was not pleasant to hear the rustics, whose sense of humour is naturally strongest when the point of the epigram refers to their own familiar pursuits, exploded as he passed, and choked respectfully.

In the farmyard, besides the usual belongings, was a cart and horse ready for use, led by a boy. Bailiff Bostock, his own horse ready saddled, was waiting impatiently for Alan.

"Now, Squire," he said, pointing to such a heap as might have come from the Augean stables, "you see that pile o' muck. It's got to be carted to the fields and spread out in little piles, same as you've often seen when you go out shooting."

"I understand," said Alan, his heart warming with the prospect of real work; "it's got to be pitchforked into the cart, driven to the field, and pitchforked back again. Isn't it boys' work, Bailiff?"

The Bailiff grinned.

"Ask me that in half an hour," he said, and, jumping into his saddle, rode off on the business of the day.

Alan rolled up the sleeves of his smock, and took up the pitchfork. The boy went behind the cart to grin. The smock-frock was white, and the job was so very, very likely to destroy that whiteness that the boy needs must go behind the cart to laugh. Had he not been afraid of the Squire he would have told him that he should begin by taking off the smock and the smart waistcoat under it.

Then the job began. To handle a pitchfork, like other responsible work, requires practice. The crafty pitchforker grasps his instrument at some point experimentally ascertained to be that of least weight and greatest leverage. Had Alan been a Cambridge instead of an Oxford man, he would have known something of such points. But he was ignorant of mechanics, and had to find out for himself.

Half a dozen times that boy, who should have been on the shafts, assisting at the reception of the stuff, came from behind the shafts, each time to go back again and laugh as noiselessly as he could. Alan heard him, though he condoned the offence, considering the novelty of the thing.

The first time that boy looked round the cart the Squire was beginning to puff and pant; the second time he looked, the Squire had pulled off his hat, and his face was shining as the face of one in a Turkish bath; the third time he had thrown aside his red neckerchief and the prespiration was streaming from his brows. But still the Squire worked on. Never before had that boy seen a cart filled more swiftly.

"Now, boy," he said, good-humouredly, "when you have done laughing you may tell me where we have to take this load."

The boy essayed to speak, but choked. The situation was altogether too funny. He could only point.

Alan drove the cart down one lane and up another without any disaster, the boy following behind him, still grinning as noiselessly as he knew. Then they came to their field, and the boy pointed to the spot where they had to begin. "This will be easy work," said Allan, mounting the cart.

The task, indeed, was simple. Only to pitch out the manure in small heaps, standing in the cart.

The boy went to the horse's head.

After the first heap was out—rather dexterously, Alan thought—the boy made a remarkable utterance:

"O—osier!"

Instantly the cart went on, and Alan, losing his balance, was prostrated into the cart itself, where he lay supine, his legs kicking up. At this sight the boy broke down altogether and laughed, roaring, and bellowing, and weeping with laughter so that the welkin rang.

Alan got up rather ruefully. To be sure, it was absurd to quarrel with the boy for laughing. And yet the condition of that

smock-frock from shoulder to hem! Could the washing be included in the fourteen shillings? He pitchforked the second pile out of the cart.

"O—osier!" cried the boy, and the cart went on.

This time Alan fell on his hands and face. The front of the smock was now like the back, and the boy, who had a fine sense of humour, sat down on the ground for unreserved enjoyment of his laugh.

"Why the devil," cried the Squire, "can't you tell me when you are going on?"

"I did," said the boy, "I said 'O—osier.'"

Alan was silent, and resumed his work with greater care to preserve his balance at the word "O—osier."

Just then the Bailiff rode into the field.

"Well Squire," he said, "boys' work—eh?"

"Not quite."

"Had a fall in the muck? Better have taken off your frock and your waistcoat, too. Live and learn, sir. Don't you be too wasteful o' the muck. That stuff's precious. My missus, she says, if the Squire'll drop in when he's ready for a bite, she'll be honoured."

"Thank you, Bailiff. I am going to live as the men live."

"What ha' you got for your dinner, boy?"

"Bread and cheese."

"What has your daddy got?"

"Bread and cheese."

"You see, Squire, bread and cheese won't do for the likes of you. However, you have your own way. Have you got your dinner in your pocket, sir?"

"Why—no."

"Now, sir, *do* you think we can afford the time for the labourer to go all the way home and back again for dinner?"

That argument was irresistible, and Alan went to the Bailiff's house, where he was relieved of the unlucky smock.

Mrs. Bostock gave him some boiled pork and greens, with a glass of beer. That was at twelve o'clock: never had he been so hungry.

After dinner, he fed the pigs. Then he was set weeding, which the Bailiff thought a light and pleasant occupation for an October afternoon.

"I can hardly sit up," he wrote to Miranda that evening, "but I must tell you that I have done my first day's work. At present I have had no opportunity of conversing with the men, but that will come in due course, no doubt. My only companion to-day has been a boy who laughed the whole time. Good-night, Miranda."

CHAPTER XI.

"The mansion's self was vast and venerable:
With more of the monastic than has been
Preserved elsewhere: the cloisters still were stable,
The cells, too, and refectory, I ween."

IT is not to be understood that Alan was entirely satisfied with a lonely evening in a two-roomed cottage, or that he ceased altogether his visits at Dalmeny Hall. Occasionally, to be sure—but this was only at the beginning of his career as a peasant—he varied the monotony of the evening by inviting a brother farm-labourer to take supper with him. On these occasions the repast was of a substantial kind, accompanied by coffee, and followed by pipes. But it brought little joy, much less than might have been expected. The beefsteak was eaten with hunger, but in manifest dis-ease; there was no camaraderie as between fellow-workers in the same noble cause; the coffee was accepted as a poor substitute for the beer of the spotted Lion, and conversation flagged. Perhaps, Alan thought, there was some defect in his own mind which checked the sympathy necessary to bring out the full flavour of rustic society, and to enter into its inner soul. Else why should the talk be a series of questions on his part, and of answers on the other, like the Church Catechism? And why should his friend, departing at the earliest hour possible, manifest in his artless features a lively joy that he was now free to seek the shades of the Spotted Lion, and pour forth to friendly ears the complaint of a swain who found a supper too dearly bought at the cost of a night with the Squire.

Once, and only once, Alan ventured within the walls of the tavern. It was in the evening. A full parliament was assembled in the taproom. Every man had his pipe: every man his mug of beer: the windows were close shut: the fire was burning brightly: the petroleum lamp was turned on full: and what with the beer, the tobacco,

the smell of clothes drying slowly in the warm room—for outside it was raining—and the petroleum, the stench was like a London fog, inasmuch as it could be seen, felt, and handled almost, as well as tasted.

When Alan appeared at the door, clad like themselves in corduroys with red handkerchief round his neck, he observed that the same expression gathered slowly, like a cloud rolling up from the west, upon every face. It was not a pleasant expression. There was astonishment in it: there was also disgust: and there was an attempt to force the perfunctory grin of welcome. For every man felt as if he was a schoolboy, and as if Alan was the master. What right, that expression said as plainly as looks can speak, what right had the Squire prying there? As if it was not aggravation enough to have him always about.

Alan read the expression correctly. But he sat down and endeavoured to say pleasant things. The things were not received as pleasant things at all, but of quite the opposite kind. And, as no one would talk while he was there, he came away disheartened. It was not by the taproom that he should get at the real heart of England's peasantry.

As, therefore, the men cared nothing for his society, would rather not have it, and were *gênés* with it as most of us should be had we to spend an evening alone with a duke, and all of us had we to converse with an archangel, Alan fell back upon his own resources, and when he was not devising new things for the improvement of the people, or when he was not too tired physically for further exertion, he began again those visits at Dalmeny Hall which were almost a necessity of his daily life. That he preferred the garb of an English gentleman to that of an English labourer goes without saying: and also that it was a relief beyond the power of words to escape from the narrow limits of his cottage, and find himself in Miranda's room, in the sunshine of her presence, away from the sordid and mean conditions with which he had surrounded himself.

At first, all their talk was of the great experiment and its chances of success, which was as yet uncertain. But when Miranda had other guests, and her own share of talk with Alan was small, he found himself taking interest, as of old, in mundane affairs of a general nature. It was hard to say whether he returned to his cottage with renewed vigour or with disgust. Certainly it looked meaner and more sordid every day; certain the details of his work appeared more disagreeable; but, on the other hand, he had the sympathy of Miranda, and after each talk with her, the approval of his soul was more largely bestowed upon the Work of his life as he called it (with a capital W), because she, too, thought it great, and worthy, and commendable.

And on Sundays he spent the whole livelong day with Miranda, grudging the lapse of every hour.

In the afternoons, when the morning church, necessary for example's sake to every leader of bucolics, was finished, they would talk. There were the gardens of Dalmeny Hall, set about with lawns and flowerbeds and shady walks; there were the splendid elms and rolling turf of Weyland Park: there the banks of the silver Wey winding round meadows, lawns, and among great trees: or there was the great Hall of Weyland Court itself, or there was its library. Alan was a great talker to Miranda alone. To her he talked like Coleridge, in a full, rich torrent, though perhaps he was not so unintelligible. To the rest of the world he was a man of reserve, respected because he had the courage of his opinions, and a great cause of small talk by reason of his crotchets, hobbies, and flights. A man with the mysterious power which belongs to one who can hold his tongue. Great in the might of silence.

It was out of these talks that was evolved the Abbey of Thelema.

It began one afternoon in January, when for once the north wind slept, and a warm west wind, which did not carry rain with it, brought comfort to the buds which made all the underwood purple, and were already whispering to each other that the spring was coming. As they walked along the river bank, Weyland Court rose at their right, on a low hill, in lawns sloping away on every side. They stood and looked at it.

"It is a beautiful place, Alan," said Miranda for the thousandth time. "What a pity that you cannot live in it still, and carry out your plans in your own place."

"Not yet, Miranda," he replied; "not yet for years; not till a new generation has grown up who can run alone in the path of culture."

"What can you do with it?" she asked. "It would be a shame to let it."

"I will never let it."

"And it seems a shame that no one lives in it."

The house was in red brick, and stood round a quadrangle open to the south, like one or two courts of the red brick colleges of Cambridge, say the second court of St. John's, or the ivy court of Jesus, or the single court, only that is faced with stone, of pretty Clare. It had a splendid great hall, which we have already seen; it had a chapel, a library, a long drawing-room, running over the whole ground-floor of one side; it had a garden within the quadrangle; its walls were covered with all kinds of creepers; it had a stately gateway of that ornamental iron-work in which the genius of English art seems most to have concentrated itself. On the west and south lay the great gardens; on the north the view stretched across the park over hundreds of acres of splendid land, which, I suppose, ought to be turned into fields arable, but which was rich with wood and coppice and elastic turf. On the east side was planted a thick grove of pines to keep off the English mistral.

The place was erected for a convent, but never fulfilled the purpose of the founder because, after his death—he had been a stupendous sinner, and thought to patch matters up by founding a nunnery—came the dissolution of all the religious orders, and the generous monarch who sent all monks and nuns out into the world, bestowed Weyland Priory, which became Weyland Court, upon the first Dunlop who had ever received the royal favour.

Then Miranda had an idea.

"Alan," she said, "we have talked about all kinds of fraternities, societies, and communities, except one."

"What is that, Miranda?"

"A society where ladies and gentlemen can live together without any aims, either religious, political, or social."

"Is not that the ideal of modern society?"

"But an ideal never reached, Alan. Suppose we formed such a society and placed it at Weyland Court."

"The Galois, and the Galoises were such a society," he replied, laughing. "They lived according to their own lights, which I suppose they thought advanced. But I fear we cannot imitate them. Then there was the Abbey of Thelema, which seems to meet your case."

"What was the Abbey of Thelema?"

"When we get home, I will read you all about it."

"Then let us go home at once, and you shall read it to us."

They went home. Desdemona was staying with Miranda, her mother being more than usually ill. Alan went to the library, found the first volume of Urquhart's Rabelais, and read about the story of the celebrated Abbey, which, as everybody knows, breaks off short at the very beginning, and tells an expectant world nothing more than how the Abbey was started.

"It is the way with all good things," sighed Miranda. "What I always want is to go beyond the story; I want to find out how they got on with their Abbey. Did the brothers and sisters fall in love with each other? Did they go on living together without quarrels and little jealousies?"

"My dear," said Desdemona the wise, "when the curtain drops, the lovers part, the weeping father dries his eyes, and we all go home to humdrum supper and bed. That is all to be got out of going beyond the story. Believe in the happy moment. The rest is below consideration."

"Ah!" Miranda replied. "But if it were only possible to have such an Abbey."

"Why not?" asked Alan.

"To collect together a band of men and women who would simply lead the pleasantest life attainable, and never forget that they are gentlemen and gentlewomen."

"Why not?" repeated Alan.

"My dear Alan," said Desdemona. "The fact of your extraordinary freedom from young men's follies, though you are yourself a mere boy, makes me hopeful that you mean something."

"I mean," said Alan, "that if you and Miranda could get up such an Abbey, there is Weyland Court for you. First, because it will please Miranda, and secondly, because, while I am trying my experiment in the village, Miranda may try hers with people of culture and see what will come of it."

"But it will cost unheard-of sums," urged Desdemona.

"Weyland Court can afford a good deal. It is only keeping open house for a time."

"Alan!" Miranda clapped her hands.

"If you really mean it—but, of course, you always mean what you say. Quick, Desdemona, dear; let us have pen and paper and begin our new monastery. Only," she hesitated for a moment, "people would say that it is quite too absurd."

"People say what they please," said Alan. "Wild words wander here and there. They say I am doing an absurd thing in working on my farm. That is gravely absurd. Suppose we do an absurd thing which shall have no gravity about it at all, but only be whimsical, and start our Abbey after the rules laid down by Father Rabelais.

"Yes, Alan, let us try it; we have been too grave lately."

"Then, on one condition, Miranda. It is that you become the Lady Abbess, and that Desdemona gives us her help in organising the thing."

"No—no," said Desdemona. "In your own house you must be Abbot, Prior, or whatever you call it."

But Alan was inflexible on this point. He promised to become an active-working brother, so long as it did not interfere with his work in the village; he would attend regularly, dine sometimes, take a leading part in the ceremonies, but Miranda must be the chief.

So it was settled.

"And for the ceremonies," said Miranda, "Desdemona must direct."

"I will do what I can," said Desdemona. "Of course you will have mediæval things revived. You ought to have games, riding at the ring, tournaments, mediæval singing and dancing, and mediæval dresses. All the brothers and sisters will be rich, I suppose."

"All but Tom Caledon," said Miranda; "and if we have Tom Caledon, we must have Nelly, and she is not rich at all. But that does not matter."

"Not at all," said Alan.

"Ah! You two," murmured Desdemona. "What a thing for two young people, not one, which always happens, and which is the reason why this world is so lopsided—What a thing, I say, that you can do what you like without thinking of money! If I could only persuade you to run a theatre on high principles, which would not pay."

"The Abbey first, dear Desdemona." said Miranda. "And when that is done with, if ever it is, we will have our theatre, and you shall be the manager."

But Desdemona shook her head.

"Women ought not to be managers," she said. "They make bad administrators. There is only one man fit to be the dictator of a theatre. And that is—but I will tell you when we start the new house."

Then they all three went over to Weyland Court and examined its capabilities.

"What do you think?" asked Alan.

"The hall," said Desdemona, "will, of course, be the refectory, and the ball-room as well. Think of dining habitually in so splendid a hall. The lovely drawing-room, which is like that of Guy's Cliff, only longer and more beautiful, will do for our ordinary evenings; I see several rooms which will do for breakfast and morning rooms. There are stables ready for fifty horses: the kitchen is fit for a City company——"

"And rooms," Miranda interrupted, "for as many brothers and sisters as we can take in. Shall we have twenty-four, Desdemona? That seems a good round number to begin with."

But Desdemona thought twenty would be better, and they resolved on twenty.

"Every brother and sister to have two rooms," the girl went on, warming to her work, "and one room for his or her servant. That makes sixty rooms; and there are plenty to spare for guests, without counting the three haunted chambers."

"Oh!" said Alan, "you will have guests?"

"Of course," Desdemona replied. "What is the good of showing the world how to live if nobody comes to see you? You might just as well act to an empty house."

"And whom will you invite to join?" Alan asked.

Miranda threw herself into a chair, and took paper and pen.

"You, Alan, for one. What name will you take? But we will find you one. And you, Desdemona dear, under that name and no other. And I Miranda, because I shall not change my name. That makes three out of the twenty. Then we must ask Adela Fairfax, if only for her beautiful playing. And Edith Cambridge, because she is so beautiful and so clever. And perhaps Major Vanbrugh will join us. And then

there is Tom Caledon. Oh! what an Abbey we shall have!"

So the Abbey was started. And to the County it seemed a more desirable piece of madness than the farm. And nothing gave the world so much satisfaction as the name conferred upon Alan Dunlop. For, as Lucy Carrington told Lord Alwyne, as the brethren never knew what he would do next, they called him Brother Hamlet.

"But what in the name of goodness," asked Sister Desdemona, "are we to do with the Chapel?"

CHAPTER XII.

"We may outrun
By violent swiftness that which we do run at,
And lose by overrunning."

MEANTIME, the days crept slowly on with Alan. To rise at dawn, or before it; to go forth after a hasty breakfast prepared by his own hands, to receive his orders from the bailiff; to get through the day's work as well as he could, feeling all the time that he was the least efficient labourer of the whole twelve hands, or even, counting the boys, of the whole twenty-four, employed upon the farm, a useful but humiliating lesson for the young Oxford man who had been trained in the belief that whatever a gentleman put his hand to, he would immediately do better than anybody else; to wear those confounded corduroys, turned up at the ankles; to meet one's friends in such a disguise that they seldom recognised him; to pass a cavalcade of ladies riding along the road, and to pull his cart—as a carter Alan was perhaps as good as any other man on the estate—out of their way into the ditch; to work on in a field, conscious that a dozen people were leaning over the gate, come forth on purpose to see the Squire attired as a labouring man, carrying out the teaching of the "Fors Clavigera;" to acquire an enormous appetite at the ungodly hour of eleven, and appease it, sitting in a hedge, with great hunks of cold bacon and bread—actually, cold bacon and bread—and other homely cates; to plod home at night to his dismal, damp cottage, there to light a fire and brew a solitary tea for himself; and after tea to fight against the physical fatigue, which seemed to numb all his faculties at once;—this was the life which Alan for the most part led. As regards his work, he found that he made but an indifferent labourer; that his companions, who undoubtedly excelled him in practical bucolic art, scoffed at him almost before his face; and that, so far from becoming the friend and confidant of the men, he day by day seemed to be drifting further from them. It was from no pride or exclusiveness on his part. He fed the pigs, drove the cows, groomed the horses, carted the manure, hedged and ditched, learned to manage the steam plough, taught himself the great Art and Mystery of Thatching, learned a little rough carpentering, tried to shoe a horse, but got kicked, and grubbed up the weeds as patiently as any old man in the village.

"The busy hours," he said to Miranda, "are doubled by the solitude. The men, among themselves, talk and make merry after their fashion. What they talk about, or what their jokes between themselves are, Heaven only knows. When I come among them they are suddenly silent. Even the boys are afraid of me."

"You will understand them," said Miranda, "after a time."

He shook his head.

"I begin to despair. And in the evening when I should be useful and ready to devise new schemes for their benefit, the weariness is so great, that I sit down in my chair, and, half the week, fall fast asleep."

"And can you live on your wages, Alan?"

Here, I regret to say, he positively blushed, because here, he felt, was the great breakdown of his plan.

"No, Miranda, with all my economy, I spend exactly double what I earn. I cannot understand it. I began with drinking nothing but water and coffee. Yet one gets so confoundedly hungry. How *do* they manage it?"

Not only did he begin with coffee and water, but he began by knocking off tobacco. He would no longer smoke.

"And yet," he said to Miranda, "it made no difference to the people, whether I smoked or whether I did not. They don't seem to care what I do. As for beer, they drink as much as they can get; and as for tobacco, they smoke as much as they can."

"Although," said Desdemona, "you have

sacrificed your interest in Havana, they retain theirs in Virginia. Why not?"

"So I have taken to tobacco again, and I confess I like it."

"And the total abstinence, plan—how does that work?" asked Desdemona.

"I have had to give it up. What is the use of letting the people know that you have given up wine when they cleave to their beer?"

"Exactly," said Desdemona, who could never be taught to sympathise with the grand experiment. "You gave up your allegiance to the grape of Bordeaux, and you fancied they would give up theirs to the barley of the Spotted Lion. Poor enthusiast."

"Well, I have taken to my claret again, now. And, of course, it is absurd to pretend any longer to live within my wages."

"You have been brought up," said Desdemona the sceptic, "to live as all English gentlemen do; that is, well. You tried suddenly, and without preparation, to live as no English gentleman does! that is, on a minimum. What could you expect but a breakdown?"

"Yes," he said, sadly. "It is a breakdown, so far."

"As your daily diet is different from theirs," the woman of experience went on, "so are your thoughts different from their thoughts. Your brain is quickened by education, by generous diet, by freedom from care; theirs are dulled by no education, by low living, and by constant money anxieties. You have travelled and read; they know nothing but what they see. My poor Alan, what sort of minds do you propose to understand with all this trouble?"

"There is a sense in all men," said Alan, "which lies dormant in some, but must be a lingering spark that wants the breath of sympathy to kindle it into flame. It is the spur of all noble actions. I want to light that flame in all their hearts."

"In your rank," said the actress, "they call it ambition, and it is laudable; in theirs, it is discontent, and it is a crime. Would you fly straight in the face of your Church Catechism?"

As the days went on, the physical weariness grew less, Alan became stronger; the pains went out of his legs and arms; he could stoop over a field and go weeding for hours without suffering; he acquired, as we have said, an enormous appetite, and, probably because he lived better than the rest of the men, he found himself after a time able to sit up in the evening, work, write, and devise things for the good of the village.

First, he began to look into the doings of the Parliament, which had now held a weekly Saturday evening sitting for some six weeks. He discovered on inquiry, that his orders about providing a good supper, with abundance of beer, had been literally and liberally carried out, but that, as no minutes of proceedings were kept, it was impossible for him to discover what, if anything, had been discoursed. What really happened, as he soon found out, was, that the men, after eating the supper and drinking the beer, adjourned without any further debate to the Spotted Lion.

This discovery struck Alan with consternation. He took blame to himself for the carelessness with which he had left the Parliament to its own duties. He ought, he remembered, to have attended at every meeting, to have presided, suggested topics of discussion, and led. But he had always been so tired. One thing, however, was clear. It was not enough to point the way. The rustics required a leader. That he ought to have known all along.

Accordingly on the next Saturday evening, the members of the House of Commons received an intimation by means of a fly-leaf, that supper would no longer be provided, as it appeared to be a hindrance to deliberation.

"You may," Alan wrote, "when you divide your profits from the farm, vote whatever proportion you please to be spent in a weekly supper. Indeed, some such sort of common festal meal, to which the women and children could be admitted, seems most desirable and helpful. But I cannot longer encourage a feast which I designed as a preliminary to serious talk, and which seems to have been converted into a drinking-bout."

"What does the Squire mean by this here, William?" asked the oldest inhabitant.

But William could not explain this unexpected move. It was beyond him. A weekly supper which had lasted for six weeks seemed destined to last forever. When the men recovered sufficiently to discuss the matter, it was considered as an act of meanness beyond any precedent.

On the following Saturday, Alan came to the Parliament, bringing with him a bundle

of papers for discussion. At the hour of assembling, there was no one there at all. Presently the cobbler of the village dropped in casually. After him, pretending not to be his friend, came in a stranger, who practised the art of cobbling in the cathedral town of Athelston, near Weyland. And then the schoolmaster looked in. The cobbler of Athelston, after a decent pause, rose energetically, and asked Alan if this was a place for freedom of speech.

"Certainly, my friend," said the young reformer. "We are met together to discuss all points."

"Then," quoth the cobbler, "I am prepared to prove that there is no God."

Alan assured him that political and social problems, not theological, were the object of the Village Parliament. But he would not be convinced, and after a few withering sarcasms directed against autocrats, aristocrats, and priests, he retired, followed by his friend, the village cobbler, who secretly nourished similar persuasions. There is something in the smell of leather which is fatal to religion.

There was then only the schoolmaster left. He was a moody, discontented man, who chafed at being under the rule of the vicar, and longed for the superior freedom of a school board. Being by right of his profession a superior person, he cherished the companion vices of contempt and envy. These naturally go with superiority; and he came to the Parliament like some of those who go to church, namely, with the intention of scoffing. His intention was gratified, because, as no one came at all, he had the satisfaction of going home and scoffing in his lodgings at the Squire. Alas! a secret scoff within four walls brings no real satisfaction with it. You *must* have two to bring out the full flavour of a scoff. Fancy Mephistopheles enjoying a solitary sneer! That is one reason why hermits are such exceedingly jolly dogs, ever ready for mirth, and credulous to a fault.

"It is no use," said Alan to the schoolmaster, "not the slightest use bringing forward a measure for discussion when there is no one present but you and me. Let us adjourn the house."

As they passed the Spotted Lion together they heard the voices of the rustics in high debate. The taproom was their true House of Parliament.

There was once a good and faithful missionary who, after weeks of unrewarded labour, succeeded one evening in persuading three native boys to mount with him into an upper chamber, there to make inquiry. He naturally began with fervent prayer, and being carried away by fervour, continued this exercise aloud, with eyes closed, for the space of forty-five minutes, or thereabouts. On opening his eyes, this poor labourer found that the three inquirers had stealthily crept away during his uplifting, and were gone.

Alan felt as sad as my friend the missionary. People who will not be led, and to whom it is useless to point the way, must be gently pushed or shoved in the right direction—a truth which Baxter perceived many years ago, and which is illustrated by a well-known tract. Therefore, as self reform was not to be hoped for, he began to reform the village for them.

First, he opened a shop in the village on the most enlightened co-operative principle. It was that by which the purchasers divide the profits in proportion to their purchases. Alan first proposed to the village shopkeeper that she should exchange her shop for the post of manager under the new system. But she was a person of defective imagination, and could not be persuaded to see the advantages of the offer. Alan then issued a tract, in which he explained exactly and clearly the method to be followed. Every purchase, with the name of the purchaser, was to be entered in a book, and at the close of the year, when the books were made up, the profits were to be divided equitably according to the amount of the purchases. The shop was to be a sort of universal provider. Alan entrusted the management to a young man who promised to give it his undivided care for fifteen shillings a week, rent, fire, and candles. The young man was not pleasant to look upon, but he was highly recommended by his uncle, who had a grocery establishment in Athelston. He was a Particuliar Baptist by conviction, and ready to preach if invited. He was only eighteen, and had sandy hair, which, of course, was not his fault.

"We must succeed, Miranda," cried Alan, in a sort of rapture, standing in the newly-opened shop. "We sell everything at ten per cent. over cost price. We sell everything of the best, there will be no

adulteration, of course; we give no credit, and consequently have no bad debts. And in our tract we appeal to almost the lowest of all human motives: the desire for gain. It is a system which only has to be stated and understood in order to be adopted at once. Not only will our customers see that they get their tea and other things cheaper, but better, and in the long run that they share in the advantages of honest trade. Good tea," here he clasped the canister to his heart, "good sugar, good rice, good cheese, good flannel — everything good. Why, the village-shop will regenerate the village. And, Miranda, the first step is taken when I have made them discontented with their present condition."

Alan laid in for himself as much tea and groceries as would suffice for ten cottages. Then, in his ardour, he ordered his housekeeper at the Court to use the village-shop; persuaded Miranda to drive into the village and order quantities of things, which she did not want, all of which were paid for on the spot, and got the Vicarage people to patronise it, so that the shop began with a fair stroke of business. One thing only went to mar the general cheerfulness; none of the villagers went into the shop at all, unless when Alan invited them, and, after explaining at length the principles of co-operation, bought articles of domestic consumption for them, and paid for them on the spot. Then they went away, bearing their pounds of tea, and came no more. The reason was, not only the habit of going day after day in the same way, in the fetters of use and wont, but also a more important reason, that they all had "ticks" at the old village-shop which they could not pay off. Alan's only plan would have been to have shut up the ancient establishment, pay all the debts of the village, and start fair. Even then, there would be some of the more dashing spirits who would spend their wages at the Lion, and ask for credit on the very next Saturday.

There was a third hindrance to the success of the shop: one which was as yet unsuspected by its promoters. It was, that the manager, the sandy-haired young man of the name of Hutchings, was contracting the habit of sitting secretly and by night over the ledgers, not with the lawful desire of estimating profit and loss, but with the reprehensible design of cooking the accounts. As nobody interfered with him, and he gave no receipts, this was not difficult; and as immunity encourages the sinner, he soon prepared two ledgers, in one of which he entered faithfully before the eyes of the purchaser any item, and in the other he divided the purchases by half, and even left them out altogether; and he put the money into his pocket, and went off to the city of Athelston every Saturday evening.

"I hope, George," said his uncle, meeting him, "I do hope that you have had a warning, and are now going straight."

"Ah! yah! there you go," replied his nephew, "always throwing a thing into a poor fellow's face. Why don't you go off and tell the Connection? Why don't you take and write to Squire Dunlop? Ah! why don't you?"

"If you'd been my son," said the man of virtue, "I'd have behaved to you as a parent should—cut your liver out first, and turned you out of the house next."

Which shows what a useful thing is a testimonial, and how, like charity, it may be made to cover a multitude of sins.

Exhilarated by the dream of his shop, Alan prepared the way, by another tract, for his next great move; this was nothing less than a direct blow at the Licensed Victuallers' interests.

"I propose to establish," he said, in the introductory tract which he sent about the village—these were now so numerous that they ceased to interest the village mind at all, any more than the Sunday sermon—"I propose to establish a bar at which only plain and unadulterated beer, sent to the house by the best brewers, shall be sold, with the addition of a very small percentage for management and carriage. The price shall be exactly that which can repay the producer. It will, therefore, cost about half of what you now pay, and will, of course, be infinitely better in quality. Three-fourths of the crime of this country is due, not only to excessive drinking, but to the drinking of bad liquor; and the same proportion of disease is due to the same shameful cause. My shop will be called the 'Good Liquor Bar.' The beer will be drunk on the spot or carried away, to be consumed among your own families, or while you are following your favourite studies. It will be paid for when ordered. The bar will be under the same roof as the shop."

Mr. Hutchings, fortunately, had a young friend in Athelston who, although a sincere Christian and a fellow-member of the Connection, was experienced in the liquor traffic. By his recommendation the young friend was appointed on probation. He was not nice to look at any more than his companion, but good looks go for nothing. The two young men lived together, and when the shop and bar were shut it was pretty to see them innocently making up their double ledgers. On Saturday evenings they put money in their pockets and went off to Athelston together.

"You see, Miranda," Alan explained, when he was offering her a glass of pure beer in the Good Liquor Bar itself, "you see that if we offer them a room with table and chairs, we only perpetuate the waste of time which goes on at the public-house over the way. As they will not do without beer altogether, which we could wish, perhaps they will learn to use the Bar as a house of call, not as a village club. We must wait, however, I suppose, until we have got our reading-room before we shall succeed in getting them to spend the evenings rationally. Already, I think, there are symptoms of a revival; do you not, Miranda? I saw one of them reading my last tract this morning."

"It is the young man they call Will—i—am," said Miranda; "I saw him too. It was he who ordered in the cask of beer at the first Parliament. No doubt he is thinking how to get some advantage to himself out of the new Bar."

"William has not, to be sure, enlarged views," said Alan. "In the lower levels the instinct of self-preservation assumes offensively prominent forms."

"You are looking fagged, Alan," she said in her kindly sympathetic way; "are you taxing your strength too much?"

"We had some heavy work this morning. Nothing more. I am a little disheartened sometimes, that is all. Any little thing like the sight of our friend with the tract, gives me a little encouragement. And then one gets despondent again."

Already he was beginning to feel that culture was not to be suddenly and swiftly made admirable in the eyes of Old England's peasantry.

The Work was, however, as yet far from complete. Alan's designs embraced a great deal more than a Co-operative Shop and a Good Liquor Bar. His next step was to build a Bath House with a Public Laundry attached. There were hot and cold baths, a swimming bath for men, and another for women. This was an expensive business, and one which he never expected to pay the preliminary outlay. But it was part of his scheme, and in a really eloquent tract he explained that those who regard bathing as a luxury for the rich forget that it is one of the accompaniments of godly living. The institution was to be on the same co-operative principles as the shop and the bar, the profits being divided among the bathers and the washerwomen. He began by setting an example of an early morning tub to the whole parish. No one followed him. He might as well, indeed, have invited the villagers to sit up to the neck in a clear fire for half an hour as ask them to take a cold bath. Bathing, however, he recognised to be a thing which requires gradual training.

"The history of bathing," he said to Miranda, "is a curious chapter in that of civilisation. I do not think either Lecky or Buckle has treated it. Once, indeed, Dr. Playfair made the egregious blunder of stating in the House that for a thousand years nobody ever washed himself. Nothing could be more untrue; what really happened was that the public bath of the whole Roman people became a private luxury reserved for the rich among the Westerns. In England and France the nobles never ceased to enjoy the luxury of a bath, and there are plenty of evidences to show that the poor took it when they could get it. But in England the custom fell out, and it is true that for something like a thousand years poor people have ceased to wash themselves. Heaven only knows what ideas may not come in with the return to personal cleanliness."

When the Bath-rooms were completed, or even before, he began to convert what had been a Dissenting Chapel into a Free Library and Reading Room. This did not cost much. He fitted bookshelves round the walls, filled them with a selection of a couple of thousand volumes, which he partly chose from the Weyland Court Library, and partly bought from catalogues, put in a few chairs and a couple of tables, laid out pens and paper, gave orders for certain papers and magazines, and installed a Librarian.

The Librarian was a pale-faced pupil-teacher, a girl whose delicate constitution

would have broken down under the pressure of rough school-work, and to whom the post of custodian of the Library and Reading Room, at a salary of sixty pounds a year, was a little heaven. She was the first convert whom Alan Dunlop made in the village. Like another Cadijah, she was an enthusiast. Mr. Dunlop was her prophet: she read all his tracts and kept supplies of them for her friends; she absorbed all his theories, and wanted to carry them right through to their logical conclusion; she preached his doctrines in season and out of season. To her Mr. Dunlop was the greatest thinker, the noblest of men, the wisest of mankind. Needless to add that a tract appeared as soon as the Library and Reading Room opened, pointing out the advantages to be derived from serious study and the enormous superiority of the Reading Room as a place of comfort over the Spotted Lion.

"And now," said Miranda, when she came with Desdemona to admire the Library, "now, Alan, that you have done everything that you can for the villagers, I suppose you will give up living among them and come back again to your own place?"

"Everything, Miranda? I have as yet done next to nothing; if I were to withdraw myself, the whole fabric which I have begun to build up with so much care would at once fall to pieces. Besides, I have only just begun, and there is nothing really completed at all."

"Well, Alan, go on; I can sympathise with you, if I can do nothing else," said Miranda gently.

They were in the Library, which had been open a week. It was in the evening, a fine evening in early January, when the frost was out on the flooded meadows. No one was in the Library but themselves, Desdemona, and the young Librarian, who was gazing with large rapt eyes at her prophet.

"Go on, Alan. There are only Prudence Driver and ourselves to hear you. Prudence will not gossip in the village. Tell us what you think of doing next."

"I have not decided quite on the next step. There are so many things to do. Among other plans, I am going to organise for the next winter—not for this—a series of weekly lectures on such scientific subjects as can be made popular. Astronomy, for instance, practical chemistry, and so on—things that can be made interesting by means of oxy-hydrogen slides, diagrams, and experiments. Some of the lectures I shall give myself. Some I shall have to pay for."

"These will not come out of the profits of the farm, I suppose?" said Desdemona, who really was a Didymus for want of faith.

"No, it would not be fair; the lectures will be for the whole village, and will be my own gift to them. Of course they will be free. If only I could get the men out of that wretched habit of abstracting their thoughts the moment one begins to talk. Then I shall have a night-school; a shed where we can drill the younger men and boys——"

"And, oh! something for girls, Mr. Dunlop," pleaded the young Librarian. "Everything is done for the boys, and the girls are left to grow up as useless and as frivolous as —as—as their sisters."

"You shall take the girls under your charge, Prudence." said Alan kindly, "and I will do for them whatever you think best. Consider the thing carefully, and propose something for the girls."

"Next," he went on, "I mean to have a Picture and Art Gallery."

"A picture gallery? For rustics, Alan?" Miranda was amazed, and even Prudence, prepared for any length, gasped. Desdemona sat down and fanned herself, though it was a cold night.

"A Picture and Art Gallery," he repeated. "Why should Art belong only to wealthy people? Are we not to suppose a love of beautiful things—a feeling for form and colour—to exist in the minds of our poor? Tell me, Prudence, child, what you think?"

She shook her head.

"My father is one of them," she said, "and my brothers and sisters. I think there is no such love of Art as the books tells us of among them."

She had the Library all to herself and browsed in it at her will, so that she could speak of books with authority.

"It is only latent," said Alan. "The contemplation of beautiful things will awaken the dormant sense. My pictures will be only copies, Miranda, and my collection of other things will be a loan collection, for which I shall put all my friends under contribution. Prudence is going to be the first Curator of the Gallery."

The girl's eyes sparkled. This was too much happiness.

"And then, Miranda," Alan went on, "I am going to have festivals and dances for the people. They are stupid because they get no amusements; they have no amusements because those who have taken charge of them, the clergy, have fostered an idiotic notion that amusements such as people like—those which stir the pulses and light up the eyes and fill the brain with excitement—are wicked. It is wicked, the people have been taught, to dance. It is wicked to dress up and act; it is wicked to go to theatres, though, to be sure, our poor folk have got small chances of seeing a play. Now, I am going to start in my village a monthly ball for Saturday night, at which the dances will be the same as you have at your own balls—the young people will soon learn them, I believe; I am going to build a small theatre and run a country company for a month in the year, without thinking whether it will pay; I am going to encourage them to try acting for themselves as an amusement; I shall train a band of village musicians, and establish a madrigal club; I shall hold festivals, to which the people can invite their friends from other villages, and which shall be directed by themselves as soon as they have learned the art of self-government; and I am going to organise expeditions to distant places, to London, for instance, in order to teach the people how wide the world is, and how men and women live in different fashion."

"That sounds very beautiful, Alan," said Miranda, "if it is feasible. But do you think it is?"

"I hope so—I think so. At least, we can try it."

"And how long will your experiment take?"

"All my life, Miranda," he answered, meeting her look, which had an expression almost of pleading, with an inspired gaze of enthusiasm.

She left him and drove home, sorrowful. All his life! To live all the years of his life in that little cottage; to work every day at rough and thankless farm-work; to toil every evening for the slow and sluggish folk. Surely even the "Fors Clavigera" did not exhort to such self-sacrifice.

Always, every Sunday, as the weeks went on, Miranda thought Alan more melancholy over his experiment. And there was always the same burden of lament.

"I cannot enter into their minds, Miranda."

No talk of giving up the work; no leaving the plough and turning back; only confession of failure or of weakness.

"If I could only understand their minds!"

The autumn deepened into winter; winter passed away, and spring, and summer found Alan Dunlop still plodding among the furrows all the day, and working for the rustics all the evening. But he grew worn and downcast, finding no fruit of all his toil.

CHAPTER XIII.

"But none were 'gênés:' the great hour of union
Was rung by dinner's knell; till then all were
Masters of their own time—or in communion
Or solitary as they chose to bear
The hours."

A MONASTERY which has no fixed rules may yet have certain practices. Among these was one that no brother or sister should be called in the morning, unless by special arrangement. The father of this custom was a philosophical brother who held that the time to go to bed is when you can no longer keep your eyes open, and the time to get up when hunger compels you. Naturally, this brother was always last at breakfast.

It is not easy, with every desire for innovation, to improve very much on the national custom of breakfast. Some took a cup of coffee at eight and breakfasted at eleven, in French fashion. One or two, including Desdemona, breakfasted in their own rooms. No one, said Desdemona, ought to be expected to be in good spirits, to say clever things, or to be amusing in the morning. She added that her experience of life taught her that good temper is not a thing so abundant as to be lavishly squandered over foolish extravagancies early in the day, but to be carefully guarded and even hoarded for the evening when it is wanted to crown and complete the day. For this reason she kept her own room. For the rest separate tea and coffee sets were provided for every one, and they came down at any time, between eight and one or two, which seemed good.

On the morning after her reception, Nelly

appeared at half-past eleven, a little ashamed of herself for lateness. Tom was in the breakfast-room waiting for her. Miranda had long since gone to Dalmeny Hall. There was a melodious tinkling of music in the corridor as she passed the sisters' rooms. There was a rehearsal of a new two-act piece going on in the theatre; and there was all the bustle and sound of a big house in full swing for the rest of the day. Only her fellow-novice, Brother Peregrine, was still at breakfast. Nelly took a chair beside him, and Tom began to run about getting her things.

"Sister Rosalind is not fatigued, I hope?" asked Brother Peregrine with more anxiety than Tom thought altogether called for.

"Thank you; not at all," replied the girl, attacking breakfast with the vigour of twenty; "I never am tired after a ball. What makes me tired is sitting at home with mamma."

"Still, that must be delightful for her," said Mr. Exton.

"Not delightful at all, I assure you. We only quarrel. Don't we, Tom, especially when there is some one to quarrel about?"

Tom laughed and declined to compromise himself by any statements on Mrs. Despard's domestic manners and customs. Mr. Exton began to draw conclusions.

"I am very late, Tom," she went on, "Give me some tea, please. We might have had a ride before breakfast. Why did you not send somebody up to call me?"

"We will ride after breakfast instead."

"And now, tell me, what do we do all day in the Abbey? And how do you amuse the sisters?"

"We all do exactly what we please," said Tom—"the sisters paint, play music, practise theatricals, consult about dress, ride, walk,—and, in fact, they are perfectly free to act as they think best."

"Of course," said Nelly, "else I should not have come here. That was the reward you held out if I would come. There are no duties, I suppose; no chapel six times a day, for instance."

"Absolutely none. There are not even calls to be made. The sisters have decided that they are not bound to return visits while in the Abbey."

"Now, that is really delightful. All my life long I have been yearning to escape from the round of duties. They were bad enough at school, and most intolerably stupid, but sometimes now I think they seem even far worse. Have you duty letters to write constantly, Mr. Exton?"

"Pardon me, Sister Rosalind—Brother Peregrine. I have no duty letters, now that I have left India."

"Brother Peregrine, then—do you have to drive round in a one-horse brougham leaving cards? Do you have to remember how long since you have written to people you care nothing about? Those are my duties. And very, very hard work it is. But now that I am here, Tom, I expect to be amused. What will you do for me?"

"I will ride with you, dance with you, act with you, talk to you, walk with you, and fetch and carry for you."

"That is very good, and just what I expected," she replied. "And what will you do for me, Mr. Exton?"

"Pardon me, Sister Rosalind—Brother Peregrine," he corrected again, gravely.

"Brother Peregrine. Then what will your brothership do?"

"I can do some of the things which Brother Lancelot proposes. Perhaps I can do a few which he has not proposed."

"What are they? I am very easily amused, so long as I am kept in good temper; am I not, Tom?"

Tom laughed.

"Can you be frivolous?" she asked. "Can you be mischievous? Can you make me laugh? Tom breaks down just at that point. He can't make me laugh. Can you—can you, Brother Peregrine, become, to please me, Peregrine Pickle?"

The face with the myriad crows' feet grew profoundly grave.

"To be frivolous," said its owner, "without being silly has been my aim and constant object in life. I studied the art in the North-western Provinces, where there was nothing to distract one. What shall I do? I can juggle for you. I can tame serpents; I can make apple-trees grow in the ground before your eyes; I can swallow swords; I can make little birds come out of the palm of my hand—"

"You shall have an evening at the theatre," said Tom, "and show off all your conjuring tricks."

"I can sing to you, after a fashion; make songs for you, after a fashion; play the guitar too, still after my fashion. I could even do acrobatic tricks and walk on my

hands, or stand on my head if that would please you."

"It would, indeed!" Nelly cried with enthusiasm. "I have never seen a grown man walking on his hands. It would please me very much."

"Well," interposed the young man she called Tom, "you are not going to be entirely dependent on us two for your amusements. Let us look at the day's engagements."

He took a card from a silver stand on the breakfast-table. It was like the *menu* of a big dinner, being printed in gold letters on coloured card with edging and border-work of very dainty illumination.

"This is the list of the day's engagements," Tom went on. "Of course no one is engaged, really, because here we all do what we please. But there seemed no other word that quite met the case. Desdemona draws it up for us every day. Sometimes it remains the same for several days together. Sometimes it varies. I will read it to you while you finish breakfast.

"'THE ABBEY OF THELEMA,

"'*Engagements of Tuesday, July 10, 1877.*

"'11 A.M. Brother Bayard will deliver a lecture in the hall on the Eastern Question, and the duty of England at the present Juncture. Admission by the western door for the Order.'"

"At eleven?" asked Nelly. "But it is half-past now. And besides,"—she pulled a long face—"one hardly went through the trouble of being received and everything in order to have the privilege of hearing lectures. Is it, after all, only like the Crystal Palace? 11—Lecture. 12—the Blue Horse. 1.30—the Band. 2.30—the Burlesque. Tom, I am disappointed. After all, it is useless to expect anything from life but what one has already got."

"When you have quite finished," said Tom, gravely, "you will let me remind you that you have not yet mastered the first rudiments of the Order. '*Fay ce que vouldras.*' If you feel any yearning to give a lecture, go and give one; if you want to hear anybody else's lecture, go and attend. I suppose that Brother Bayard has been reading all sorts of pamphlets and papers on the Eastern Question, and he got his head full. It is much better that he should work off the thing in a lecture, than that he should keep simmering over it, writing a book about it, or troubling the peace of the Abbey with it."

"Then we need not go to the lecture?"

"Certainly not. If you like we will look in presently and see how large an audience he has got together. And if you really take an interest in the subject, you will very likely find it published next Saturday in the *Abbey Gazette*."

"Have you a newspaper here, then?"

"There are three. The *Gazette* is the official organ, which generally comes out, unless the editor forgets, on Saturday morning. In the *Gazette* everything is published which the members of the Order like to send —verses, love stories, articles, anything."

"How delightful! May I send something?"

Visions of glory floated for a moment before Nelly's eyes. Yes, she, too, would be a poet, and write verses for the *Thelema Gazette*.

"I ought to mention one drawback," Tom went on; "I believe nobody ever reads the *Gazette*. But, if you send anything and tell me of it, I'll make a point of reading it."

"Thank you," said Nellie. "An audience of one doesn't seem much, does it? I think it must be hardly worth while writing verses for one person."

Brother Peregrine here remarked, that in his opinion, that was the chief charm of verse writing.

"Then there are two other papers," Tom continued, "edited and written by two members of the Order, known to ourselves as Brother Benedick and Sister Awdry. They run their novels through the papers, I believe, and Rondelet, whom we call Parolles, because he is all words, contributes leading articles to inculcate the doctrines of the Higher Culture. Nobody reads either of these papers. I forgot to say that you will find their editors in private life most delightful people. In public they squabble."

"Who is Mr. Rondelet?"

"He is a fellow of Lothian, Oxford." Tom looked as if he did not care to communicate any more about Rondelet. "Let us go on with our engagements for the day."

"'At 12.30—Organ Recital, by Sister Cæcilia.'"

"It is exactly like the Crystal Palace," cried Nelly.

"Only without the people. Fancy having the Palace all to yourself and your own friends; fancy acting, singing, dancing, just as you liked, without the mob."

"If I acted," said Nelly, only half convinced, "I should like somebody to be looking at me."

Tom did not contest the point, but went on.

"'At 2.30 P.M.—Polo in the Park, if the Brothers like to play.'"

"I shall go for one," said Tom, with brightened eyes.

"So shall I," said the brother they called Peregrine.

"We will play on opposite sides," said Tom, jealous already of the newly-elected brother.

Mr. Roger Exton nodded, and went on with the cold beef.

"'At 5 P.M.—The Abbess will receive in the Garden.'"

"I forgot to tell you, Nell, that the Sisters have their own afternoons. There is no necessity to hamper ourselves with the divisions of the week, and as there are now ten of you, we shall have to give you the tenth day. The days are announced in the morning list of engagements. Of course nobody is obliged to go. Mostly we go into the garden at five when it is fine, and find some one there with a table and a teapot."

"When I have my afternoon, Tom, will you be sure to come?"

"Of course I will." Then their eyes met and dropped with a light smile, as if they had memories common to both and perhaps pleasant.

"May I come, too, Sister Rosalind?" asked the man of a thousand crows' feet, noticing the look and smile while he drank his tea.

"Certainly, Mr. Exton."

"Brother Peregrine—I beg pardon, Sister Rosalind," he corrected gravely for the third time.

"'At 6 P.M.—Carriages will be ready for those who want to drive. Brothers who want a dog-cart must give early notice at the stables.'"

"Carriages?" Nelly asked with a laugh. "Have you any number of carriages?"

"I think there are a good many. Alan has half a dozen of various kinds that belong to the place, Miranda has sent over hers, and a good many of the Fraternity have sent down horses and traps of all sorts. So that we can turn out very respectably."

"I think, Tom," said Nelly, "that if you would go to the stables and say that you want a dog-cart for six o'clock, you might drive me about and show me the country."

"May I sit behind?" asked the crow-footed one, gently and humbly.

Tom scowled on him.

"Certainly you may," said Nelly, "if you like sitting behind."

"I do like sitting behind—sometimes," he replied.

Then Tom went on with the list.

"'At 7.30 P.M.—Dinner. Choral night.' That means," he explained, "that the band will play and the boys will sing. Do you like hearing music and singing during dinner?"

"I never tried it," the girl replied. "If it was not noisy music I might like it. One ought to think of one's neighbours at dinner; that is the most important rule."

Mr. Exton said that self-preservation was the first law of life, and that he always thought of eating as the first characteristic of dinner.

"'At 9.30—Performance of an entirely new and original comedietta in two acts in the Theatre of the Abbey. Stage manager, Sister Desdemona.'"

"Ah!" sighed Nelly; "that all seems very delightful. And what do we do after dinner, Tom?"

"Isn't that enough, child? After that we shall probably meet in the drawing-room. This is like all other drawing-rooms. Somebody sings; somebody plays; if a waltz is played, perhaps two or three couples may go round the room as if they were waltzing. I can go no farther, Nelly; your imagination must supply the rest."

"And do you always live like this?" She heaved a deep sigh of content. "Always?"

"Yes, while we are in the Abbey."

"And is no one ever cross?"

"Never, unless in their own rooms."

"Does nobody's mamma ever come down and order some unfortunate sister back again to home and duty?"

"No, that has never happened yet."

"Do you have guests?"

"Yes; but they are not allowed to get

cross either. Everybody in this Abbey is always in the best possible of tempers. It is impossible to be anything but pleasant in this fortress of happiness."

"Did you—ever—ask—mamma, for instance," Nelly put this question slowly, as if it was a poser, "to join the Abbey for a few days?"

"I do not think we have," replied Tom, with a light in his eyes; "I cannot ask her for my own part, you know."

"Well, Tom, until you have asked her, I decline to believe that your Château Gaillard is impregnable. However, if your tempers are always perfect, your days are surely sometimes a little dull. Now, without falling into temper, which is, after all, an ill-bred thing to do, it is quite possible for young persons of my sex to get together and say unkind things about each other. Do the sisters—oh, Tom, tell me this—do they never show a little—just a little—envy, and hatred, and uncharitableness about some one's dress—or—perhaps—certain attentions paid to some one?"

"I really think, never."

"Then," said Nelly, rising from the table and putting her little foot down firmly, "this is a heaven beyond which I never care to go."

"In the North-west Provinces——" began Brother Peregrine.

"Does that anecdote," interrupted Nelly, "bear upon the Abbey, or upon juggling, or upon walking on your hands?"

"On the last," he replied, with a certain sadness.

"Then it will wait, I think. Come, Tom, it is getting late. Let us go and see the lecturer."

"I forgot to say," said Tom, as they walked along the corridor which led to the hall, "that some of the sisters have mornings. Would you like to receive in the morning?"

"It sounds pleasant. What do you do at a morning reception?"

"Nothing. You receive. Any one may call on you in your own cell. They call them cells, but really all are beautiful boudoirs; and some, Desdemona's for instance, are large rooms."

"But perhaps only one would call."

"Well, Nelly?"

"But, then, it would give rise perhaps, to wicked tongues."

"There are no wicked tongues in this place. We all live as we like; we never think evil, or speak evil, of each other. 'A perfect trust,' Miranda says, 'is the true groundwork for the highest possible form of society.' Give up your worldly ideas and be a true Sister of the Order, and, like your namesake in 'As You Like It,' 'forget the condition of your estate, and devise sports.' Let us be happy together while we can, Nelly."

"Yes, Tom," she replied prettily and humbly, while his hand sought hers for a moment.

"What morning will you have," Tom asked. "Let me see—Sunday——"

"Oh! Tom, you heathen—church on Sunday."

"Monday — Tuesday — Wednesday; I think no one has a Wednesday, and you can receive between twelve and two."

"Yes, I see; all comers. Perhaps only one comer; what an opening! And just suppose, Tom, only suppose for a moment that you were that one comer, and that all of a sudden mamma was to arrive suddenly, and catch me receiving you all by myself. Oh——h!"

"I don't know, I really do not know, what she could say worse than what she said at Ryde. However, here is the hall-door. Hush! we must not disturb the lecturer."

There were no signs of a crowded audience, quite the contrary; everything was still and deserted, but they heard the voice of the orator within. Tom pulled a curtain aside and they looked in. The hall was quite empty. Nobody was there at all, except the lecturer. He was provided with a platform, on which were the usual table, *carafe* of water, and glass, with a desk for his manuscript. In front of the platform rows of empty seats. The lecturer, who was just finishing, and had indeed arrived at his peroration, was leaning forward over the table on the points of his fingers, while in earnest tones, which echoed and rang along the old hall, he spoke.

"Yes, my friends," he was saying, "all these things point in one direction, and only one. This I have indicated. Standing, as I do, before an audience of thoughtful men and women, deeply penetrated as I am with the responsibility of words uttered in this place, I cannot but reiterate, in the strongest terms, the convictions I have already stated.

Shall then, I ask, shall England tamely submit——"

Tom dropped the curtain.

"Come," he whispered, "we have heard enough. Let us go back. That is the way we inflict our opinions on each other. I lectured the other day myself."

"Did you, Tom? What on?"

"On the Inconveniences of a Small Income. Nobody came, indeed I did not expect anybody, and I spoke out like Cicero."

"Indeed," said Nelly; "I have always thought, when men will talk politics at dinner, how very pleasant it would be for each man to have said all he had to say by himself for a quarter of an hour before dinner. Then we might have rational conversation."

"*Your* rational conversation, Nell. I like it though. The prettiest prattle in the world to me."

She looked in his face and laughed.

"Let me go and put on my habit. That sort of speech is dangerous, Tom."

When she returned, she found the horses waiting, and Brother Peregrine mounted, too, ready to go with them.

"I found your horses walking about," he said. "May I join your ride?"

Of course he might, Nelly said. Tom thought it the most confounded impertinence, and rode off in stately sulkiness.

"Now," he said to himself, "she is going to flirt with the fellow, because he has got ten thousand a year. She's the most heartless, cold-blooded——"

And after the little ride he had pictured to himself, *solus cum solâ*, along the leafy lanes, listening to her pretty talk, so frank and yet sometimes so cynical. You can't thoroughly enjoy the talk of a lovely damsel when it is shared by another fellow, and he a possible rival. As the old ballad says, in verse which means well, but is rugged:

> "Along the way they twain did play,
> The Friar and the Nun:
> Ever let twain alone remain
> For companie: three is none."

But the day was bright and the sun warm, and Nelly gave him a good share of talk, so that Tom recovered his temper and came home in that good-humour which befits a brother of Thelema.

There was no polo after luncheon, because nobody except Tom appeared anxious to play, not even the new brother, whom Tom found, with a pang of jealousy, surrounded by the sisters, doing Indian tricks to their unbounded delight. He made them find rings in their pocket-handkerchiefs, watches in their gloves, and bracelets in their sleeves. Then he called his Indian servant, who brought a bag of little clay balls and sat down before him playing a tum-tum, a necessary part, the conjurer explained, of his incantations. He took the little balls in his hand one after the other, and they changed into singing-birds and snakes, which worked round his wrist and made as if they would bite. Then he planted one in a flower-pot and covered it with a basket. When he took the basket off for the first time there was a tender little plant; when he took it off the second time there was a little tree in blossom; and when he took it off for the third time there was a little tree in full fruit. All this was very delightful, and more delightful still when he took a sword, and vehemently smote, stabbed, and hacked his servant, who had done nothing, and therefore took no hurt. And, lastly, he covered the servant over with a big basket, and when he took that off, behold! he was gone.

After the Indian tricks some of them went into the gardens. There was at Wey land Court a garden which had been constructed somewhere about the thirteenth century, and remained ever since untouched. It had an immensely high and thick hedge along the north and east sides. It was oblong in shape, and surrounded on all sides by two terraces. You passed by stone steps from the higher terrace to the other; on the upper was a sun-dial, round whose face was carved a Latin inscription in old-fashioned characters; in the middle of the garden was a fountain. It was planted with roses and with the flowers dear to our grandmothers: wall-flowers, double stocks, sweet-williams, candytuft, and so forth. All sweet-smelling flowers, but no gaudy beds patterned in uniformity of red and blue and yellow. There were no walks, but grass grew everywhere between the beds, turf green and well kept, on which on warm mornings one might lie and bask. Low seats were here, too, on which were spread cushions and soft things of rich colours which contrasted against the soft green of the turf and

the splendour of the flowers. Here Miranda held to-day her five o'clock tea, and while some played lawn tennis and others practised archery, she received those who came to talk lazily, lying in the grass or sitting beneath the shade, while Cecilia sang old French songs to the accompaniment of a zither; and Nelly's merry laugh, like the ripple of a shallow brook over the pebbles, was music sweeter to one ear at least than all the harmonies that can be produced from zither or from lute.

The monastic names were a *gêne* to some; to others the names fitted naturally. Tom Caledon, for instance, who was Brother Lancelot on days of ceremony, was more easily addressed as Tom. But Desdemona, Cecilia, and one or two others wore their names always. Nelly, to those who had not known her before, was the prettiest and most natural Rosalind in the world. There was something outlandish in Mr. Roger Exton's good-humour, quiet persistency, and cleverness which made the whole Brotherhood address him habitually as Peregrine. On the other hand, Rondelet, Alan Dunlop, and one or two others had monastic names which in a way were deceptive, so that these were seldom used. You cannot be always calling a man Hamlet, because you do not know what he will do next; nor Parolles, not because he is a braggart, but because he is all words and talks about everything.

When the shadows of the July day began to lengthen they gradually left the garden, and went, some driving, some walking. Tom did not take out the dog-cart that day, but strolled with Nelly in the Park and beneath the glorious woods.

"If mamma knew that you were here, Tom," she whispered, "I should be ordered home at once. What am I to say when I write? I *must* tell who is here."

"Shall I go, Nell?"

She shook her head.

"That would spoil all. I will mention your name in the middle of all the others, instead of first, and write it quite small and drop a blot upon it. Then, perhaps, she will not notice."

Poor Tom! Then he really was firstin her mind.

"And if she says anything, why then, I will tell her you have promised to abstain from foolishness."

"Foolishness!" echoed Tom, with a sigh. "But we are to have plenty of walks and talks together."

(*To be continued.*)

A SUMMER HOME.

WHERE the long hillside's creviced, ledgy stair
Meets the clear river in its valley flight,
Arises steeply to a turf-crowned height
The brown sand-bank and fronts the river there.
Pure, murmurous winds breathe through a stiller air;
Thick willows wave; beneath the solstice-light
Besilvered currents purl by pebbles bright;
The facets twinkle of gray bowlders bare;
And in the water, lightly to and fro,
The shadows pass of many speedy wings,
As, from the burrowed nests that snugly lie
Within the sandy shore, the swallows go
Out on the buoyant air, with twitterings,
And hearts that needs must quickly homeward fly.

C. L. CLEAVELAND.

COMMUNISM.

II.

IN the second part of this essay I purpose to speak of modern Communism, which, for convenience, I have divided into two divisions: the first comprising religious, the second economic communism. By the term religious communism, I would not be understood to mean a communism existing among a people, and merely intertwined with their religion, as we find in the Hindooism of the Indian Peninsula. Its religion, in its many varieties, is an integral portion of the constitution of Hindostan, but the communism of India pertains to, is embodied in, and has sprung from the political constitution of the family rather than from the prevailing religion, or any antecedent forms of it. Buddhism, even, sanctions communism, but communism existed in India long before Buddhism. Nor, under the term religious communism, would I class the system which obtains in certain monastic orders of the Christian Church. In the priesthood communism is a matter of discipline much more than of faith, and is called into being by other causes than religion. The necessities of the times, the state of society, the exigencies of the church, real or supposed, gave it birth. Communism is not inculcated by any distinctively religious doctrine of Catholicism. As used in the monastic orders, it secures obedience, the elimination of influences which destroy, or tend to destroy, supreme authority in a central power, and divert attention from a special object; it is, therefore, a matter of economy rather than religion. The name religious communism is more properly applied to one which springs directly from principles native to a religion, as in the commune of early Christians at Jerusalem. This is an interesting phenomenon, an offspring of the chief fact in history—the promulgation of Christian doctrines. What was the position of these Christians, how came communism among them? For us, who are accustomed from early years to think and speak familiarly of the principles of Christ's teaching, it is difficult to realize the situation the early Jewish professors of Christianity held towards their faith. It might be impossible for us to do so were it not for recurring periods of religious revival—disturbing and unsettling times—seasons when the soul is shaken to its foundation, and more or less suddenly opened to the realities of existence—the infinities of hope and dispair, of joy and sorrow, of love and hate, of heaven and hell, of time and of eternity. If we compare the attitude of mind observable in revival times with what we are told of the first Christians—with the glimpses of their life and thought given us in Scripture; the professions of the apologists; the habits, rites, and practices which Pliny tells us prevailed among the eastern converts; with the philosophies which arose out of Grecian life, and were used as explanatory of, or in opposition to, the teaching of Christ—if we compare revival with early Christian times, there will be found a very great similarity between them. The manifestations which accompanied the preaching of Wesley are intensified among the disciples at Jerusalem; the same effort after union with the Divine by means of an ecstasy is observable.

We are directly assured that a communism of a more or less pronounced character obtained in Judea, but have no reliable information that it extended, likewise, to converts of Greece and Rome. The Greek had neither law nor religion to bequeath to the world; the Roman, neither religion nor philosophy; the Hebrew, neither philosophy nor law. The Greeks were philosophical, the Romans were legal, and the Jews were religious in thought and feeling. The opposition given by Greece to the spread of Christian doctrine was philosophical argument. Rome opposed it with the power of her law. But neither law nor philosophy could meet the new doctrines on the basis of religion; they were, therefore, weak opponents, though the one was directed by

the deep thought of Plotinus and the skill of Julian, and the other was enforced by the brutality of Nero and the vigour of Trajan. It was found in the contest that law and philosophy, occupying a different ground from, were not so much opposed to, Christianity as had been imagined, and a compromise arose. The new religion filled a void which neither of its opponents could reach—a void which it was the only available means of filling. Christianity, therefore, triumphed. Religious ideas found an easy entrance into the heathen world, and were as much a clear and undeniable gain to the Gentile as they afterwards proved to the Vandals or the Goths.

The Jews were differently circumstanced in three particulars. In the first place, they had a religion strictly so called—a religion which, in all the events of their lives, guided them from the cradle to the grave, and pointed to a hereafter; a religion which neither the force, fraud, nor cruelty of eighteen centuries; neither the philosophical acumen nor logical subtilty of the acutest intellects; neither the most fervent piety, the most proselytizing zeal, nor religious devotion; neither the declarations of prophecy, the experience of the past, the example of the present, nor the warning of the future, have been able to alter in any material degree. They were carefully trained in religion, and had an elaborate form of symbolic worship consistently worked out. In the second place, they were, or deemed themselves to be, a people specially favoured of Heaven, of special religious merit, and—though not in the Puritan sense of the word—elect. They were elect, not individually, but collectively, as a people, children of Abraham. Thirdly, like the Greeks and Romans, the Jews were exclusive, but in a peculiar way; to them the Gentile was common and unclean. The Greek's aversion to the outside world was chiefly national, and when the state, the embodiment of the nation, was broken down, his exclusiveness melted away. The Jew was exclusive in a religious sense. When his nation was destroyed, and brought under Roman power, he took refuge in the citadel of his worship; his exclusiveness, so far from dying, was, by opposition and oppression, rendered more intense.

In addition to the trials undergone by the Gentile convert in his conversion to Christianity, the Jew had to revolt from and break with his religious national merit and religious exclusiveness. The new doctrine was a protest against and a denial of these. National merit was of no avail, exclusiveness a false principle, and religion at once individual and universal. The converted Jew had to reverse the order and habit of his thinking. In matters of religion he had to make a change similar to that which, in morals, Socrates required of the men of his day: he had to change the unit of salvation from the state to the individual.

Besides the revolt from a former faith, there are three principles in the New Testament which seem to have been instrumental in the production of communism at Jerusalem: the brotherhood of man, the autonomy of the soul, and Christian love or charity. In a social and historical, as well as in a religious point of view, these principles are of prime importance, and are necessarily connected with each other. Upon the first two it will not be necessary to make special remark: the third calls for more extended notice.

The brotherhood of man, upon which, as a physical fact, all scientists are agreed, is first taught as a religious principle and with a religious bearing. In ancient states, as in ancient families, it is very far from being acknowledged. In Greece, Rome, and Judæa, it was practically and in words denied. To the Greek every other nation is barbarian. The Roman acknowledges two peoples, his own and the Greek. The Jew ranks Greek and barbarian in the same unenviable catalogue of gentile. Even in this century, with the accumulated enlightenment of past ages, no matter how broadly we may at times speak, and how much we may have become emancipated from the narrow views of old, the brotherhood of man is by no means so clearly declared in our ethics or our laws as it is laid down in the teaching of Christ.

The autonomy of the soul, a principle without which our civilization would probably be as stationary as that of China or India, is inseparable from the Christian system. When Socrates asserted the position of the individual, as a distinct moral entity apart from his state, and laid that as a foundation for the schools of Greece, something was done in declaring man's importance and integrity. When, again, by the laws of Rome, special rights were conferred upon citizens *singuli*, an acknowledgment of the same prin-

ciple was made that operated greatly to the advantage of mankind. But as the sphere of law is narrow compared with that of morality, and as the interests of morality merge in the higher claims of religion, so the benefits conferred by Greek speculation and Roman law upon the individual sink into insignificance, when contrasted with the degree of independence, the value, the rights and obligations attached to him by the great Teacher of mankind.

In the third principle, that of Christian love or charity, Christianity comes into contact with the developed philosophy of Greece. The fullest form of Grecian thought is stoicism, with cosmopolitanism as its most prominent principle—a principle which attracted the finest intellects of Greece, and was almost universally held in the eighteenth century of the Christian era. It permeates the thought of Addison, Burke, and Johnson, of Montesquieu, Voltaire, and Rousseau, of Kant, Hegel, and of Goethe.

Both cosmopolitanism and charity pertain to individuals, and call upon the disciple for a renunciation. So far they agree. In other respects they differ. The "wise man" was the cosmopolitan. He was a "citizen of the world," not because he belonged to any particular country, but for the reason that he belonged to no country whatsoever, either Greek or barbarian. He had no political ties. He was a thinking monad, a pure intelligence, that looked indifferently upon bond and free; his life was one of pure contemplation, unruffled and uninformed by any wave of circumstance. The claims of friendship, of family, of kindred, or of country were far beneath him. The attitude he bore towards these was one of continual protest, or, to use a word from Carlyle, "an everlasting *No.*" In himself there was all fullness; he was self-complete, self-contained, and solitary. The rights and claims of self and abstract existence engrossed his attention; and, like the gods of Epicurus, the wise man never ceased contemplating his own excellence. In a word, he was a consistent and unalloyed egoist. Such was the highest moral conception of Greek speculation; such was it to live "according to nature." One would imagine that the upholders of the selfish theory of ethics would find in stoicism the fullest as well as most attractive embodiment of their principles, and in the stoic that selfish propensity which elsewhere they have looked for in vain.

Upon the model of the "wise man" the stoic formed his life, but the attainment to that character was not possible; for "no man can live unto himself, and no man can die unto himself" in a moral any more than a religious point of view. The stoic might blush that he had a body, and "slight the hovel as beneath his care," yet its interests and the importunities of family business and duty, social if not political, continually intruded themselves upon him, unwelcome and forbidden. His only refuge lay in a repetition of the act with which he began the stoic life—a protest. He protested vehemently. He disputed the ground inch by inch, until driven to extremity he purchased, with the protest of suicide, final release from the opposition of circumstance. Non-existence is the practical as well as logical result of stoicism. The Christian, like the stoic, begins his life with a protest or renunciation, but, while the stoic renounces others, the Christian renounces self and the things of self. Charity, like cosmopolitanism, embraces all mankind, but, while the latter obliges to no duty and disdains to be troubled with detail, charity welcomes each as a neighbour, a kinsman, a brother. The stoic idea is infinite, but, like the infinite of Hegel, it contains nothing, and becomes infinite only by a process of exclusion. It is a shadowy phantom, which seems to cover everything, while, in fact, it covers nothing. Charity concerns itself with particulars, and reaches infinity only through individuals. If one were allowed to use the language of logic, he might say that cosmopolitanism is an universal negative, whose moral result is solitary selfishness; Christian love or charity, an universal affirmative, the ethical outcome of which is the sacrifice of self for the benefit of others.

Coupled with a revolt from religious exclusiveness, these seem to me to have been the influences which called communism into being among the Jewish Christians. These principles, pertaining to man, to the soul, and to charity, new in form and application, operating upon a mind recently relieved from traditionary claims, ceremonial observances, and exclusive interests, opened to a nobler range of sympathy which, as an infinite expanse, lay invitingly before it; impressed with the worthlessness of riches,

compared with the soul's salvation or the treasures of Heaven; and deeply imbued with a religion, one of whose first requirements is an abnegation of self and the things of self, as forcibly prompted the abandonment of each one's goods for the benefit of the brethren, as, in another point of view, they transported the new convert with ecstatic joy. Their communism was a spasmodic, though not on that account a less noble act of self-denial. Indiscreet if taken as a precedent, ruinous in its consequences if made a form for society, the communism of Jerusalem was an outcome of that religious devotedness which elicited the remark: "See how these Christians love one another." Their historian tells us they were "all of one heart and one soul," and "sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all men, as every one had need," and "had all things in common."

Judæan communism is an oasis in the desert of history, a bright spot amid encircling gloom. Let us note its characteristics. It differs from any form of communism visible in the world or that heretofore has obtained or been propounded, in the first place, because it was voluntary. It was voluntary at its commencement, and at every moment of its continuance. It neither precluded the acquisition and retention of private property, nor interfered with the integrity and rights of the individual. In the second place, the Judæan communism was unorganized. So far as we know, it had no systematic form given it by the Jewish Christians, such as we find in the communism of India, in Plato's Republic, in the Monastic orders, and among the later communists. While giving up his property the Christian retained his individuality. His every acquisition belonged to him until it was devoted to the general use; its dedication was a renewed act of virtue, and might have been made to others as well as to his fellow-believers. With Plato and modern communists the one act of giving up all for the benefit of others, precluded a further exercise of generosity, and merged the individual in the many. A third point of difference is, that, no matter to what extent community of property may have obtained at Jerusalem, there is no ground for the supposition that a community of persons likewise obtained. That a commune of property may exist among many individuals, consistently with the strictest morality, is notably the case with the religious orders of Ireland; but a community of the sexes, such as Plato recommends, and is established by the Perfectionists of Oneida, presents a very questionable appearance, and is, to say the least, a moral anomaly.

For any evils with which it may have been menaced, Christianity had a corrective in the purity of its morals, and the importance it attached to the individual. Whether what has been said of communism in its legal and ethical form be true or not, there is no ground for surprise that a system which ignores private right could not gain foothold in one which gives the very strongest expression to individual right and obligation; or, that a practice which leads to general depravity could not cöexist with a religion which requires of its followers purity of life and action. Communism may be countenanced by, coexist with, and form part of a state religion, such as that of Hindostan. It may be a component of a tribal or patriarchal religion; but in a system which founds itself on the individual, communism finds no favour. So far as it appeared in the Judæan Church, it was a phenomenon which marked a transition in the minds of the Jewish converts; it was part and parcel of their ecstacy. With the ecstacy, communism passed away, and the place which once knew it now knows it no more.

The remaining form of communism to be noticed has been called economic. To some it might appear more correct to designate this phase of the subject by the word social, because, in the view of many writers, English writers especially, Political Economy has only to do with wealth It has been treated as the science of wealth, or how to make money, not upon the basis or for the advantage of the individual—Mr. Smiles's object in his book on Thrift—the subject to which protectionists confine themselves; not for the benefit of the nation as a distinct entity; but upon the basis of what is, or is supposed to be, the world at large. Its scope is the "Wealth of Nations," as distinguished from that of any particular nation under existing circumstances. In Professor Cairns's view, Political Economy is not interested in the legal, industrial, or social condition of mankind, except in so far as it may use an existing form of society as

an uninvestigated premise. It is not concerned in reforms or the progress of society. It stands neutral, he says, between "social and political schemes," and has "nothing to do with *laissez faire* any more than with communism." Yet, as certain authors, notably the French, take a wider view of Political Economy than Professor Cairns, and as there are species of communism which cannot be called social, the term economic communism will be continued. Two phases of economic communism have shown themselves in history—the one destructive, the other constructive.

The most intense manifestation of communism in a destructive form is observed in the French Revolution. It animated the Levellers. It sought to break down inequalities in society, and make an equal distribution of property. It spread far and wide throughout France, and unsettled the western nations of Europe. It was aided by the "Social Contract" theory of Rousseau, and abetted by a malignant scepticism, headed by Voltaire. It was strengthened by a sense of injustice among the masses of the French population, and it set in by a fierce desire to retort upon feudal representatives, the evils of their system. By the Revolution the Levellers obliterated many inequalities, as many, probably, as could be got within their reach, and many more than it was for the benefit of society then to have done away with. So long as feudalism remained, the work of the Levellers proceeded; but when that civilization was extirpated, when all the distribution possible had been made, and when the former governed became governors, the levelling principle was found to be not only destructive, but self-destructive. Anarchy was induced: to restore peace, destructive communism was made to cease by despotism. Since the Revolution, communism has appeared in France, destructively, twice, and especially as a consequence of the Franco-German war, but it never attained so great prominence as in the eighteenth century, for the reason, it may be, that a fuller liberty has since been enjoyed by all classes, that freer scope is given to the energies of the individual, and that the divergence is not so great between political or social theory and the facts of society.

Closely allied with the Levellers, and animated by the same spirit, though more special and definite in character, were the Chartists and Corn Law Repealers in Britain. Chartism and Corn Law Repeal were trade risings, and, under a political form, had industrial objects in view. The efforts of advancing trade were hampered and confined by the prevailing political system, and especially by an impolitic code of Protection laws. As said by Mr. Bright, in one of his speeches on Corn Law Repeal, the struggle between the parties was a "class struggle." It was a contest between industry and prescription, between a new and an old form of civilization, between unrecognized power and acknowledged authority, between capital conjoined with labour on the one side, against landed influence upon the other. We are told that the abolition of the Corn Laws swept away "the last rag of feudalism," and averted revolution.

Under the milder form of socialism, the spirit of the Levellers has enlisted a great deal of the eloquence and thinking-power of Germany, and is spreading fast through the Russian Empire.

The distinguishing characteristic of the Socialists, Corn Law Repealers, Chartists, and Levellers is, that their attitude toward our civilization is negative. Their effort is not so much to introduce any positive improvement, as to be relieved from burdens. They strive for liberty, that is, an absence from restraint, and for equality, that is, the overthrowing of narrow prescription; but fraternity in any positive sense they ignore. The contest between them and their opponents affects the existence of government, the organization of society, and but slightly touches upon the questions which agitate leading industrial nations to-day.

Leaving out of consideration for the moment ecclesiastical economy, let us direct attention to constructive communism, as applied to general society. It has been advocated and made the subject of experiment in Britain, France, and the United States of America.

Established communes and later writers upon communism differ in minor principles and in the detail of their systems, but agree in many important points. They do not ask us to adopt their systems from religious motives; they do not propose to make mankind unselfish by means of communism; but aim at an economic, a social, or an industrial end. No modern communist professes to es-

tablish a new morality, a new religion, or—if we except the believers in "Mother Anne's female Revelation"—a new phase of religion; but content themselves with showing that communism is neither immoral nor irreligious. Fourier, indeed, speaks highly of merit, worth, deliverance of mankind, glorious future, and such like, yet the basis of his idea is work, money and money's worth. Constructive communists are lovers of peace—peace at any price—because war disturbs and crushes industry. They inculcate the lessons of industry, system, and frugality, whereby penury and other evils are warded off. They protest against the present conformation of society, against the practical working of our political ideas, against our industrial plans, our manufacturing system, and the relations which obtain between capital and labour; and propose to organize society upon a new basis which will at once avoid the evils with which we are encompassed, and secure the comfort, well-being, and advantage of the community.

In their protest against the present relations of capital and labour, and the unproductiveness of the prevailing industrial system, communists have their strongest hold upon society. There is and has been widespread dissatisfaction and great uneasiness in Britain, France, and the United States, arising from industrial causes. Trade revolts break forth with a frequency and to an extent formerly unheard of. The classes among which strikes take place are not the most ignorant of society, but mechanics, men of training and skill, workers in iron, cotton, wool, railway operatives, in a word, workmen. They willingly undergo privations, make great sacrifices, spend time, money, and energy, with a persistency which, were it not enlisted in a good cause, could scarcely be looked upon as less than madness. The present value of the labour and available capital lost to the world through trade troubles, during the last thirty years, is set down not so much by millions as by hundreds of millions of dollars. One party represented by certain capitalists lays all this waste to the account of infatuation and ignorance, somewhat after the fashion of the French courtiers, who attributed the revolution to the decline of court manners. Infatuation and ignorance are comprehensive terms, and may be made to do a great deal of service, but they hardly account for the frequency and extent of trade risings. Had there been only infatuation and ignorance at the bottom of them they would have ceased long since. But, whatever the cause of strikes may be—whether the wrong is wholly on the side of labour, or on that of capital, or in some complication of both, or whether it arises from antecedent forms of society for which neither of the parties is directly responsible—there is no question that dissatisfaction is felt, and that the strife of the parties is a great loss to society.

It may not be unnecessary to point out here, that strikes are different in their nature from the troubles of Corn Law Repeal and Chartism, with which they are sometimes confounded. In our trade troubles there is no strife affecting the existence of Government, whatever particular discontents there may be. There is no contest between the governors and the governed. The central power stands neutral between the parties, and interferes only to prevent destruction of life and property. Though power is, without question, on the side of capital, rights in labour are allowed and guarded. The law of the land is invoked by both parties. An effort is being made to legalize the claims of labour, and to increase its rights. The course of legislation is in the direction of taking away the criminal power of masters over servants, of making labour the subject of property, and of giving to the labourer the means of securing its value.

Communism has its theory upon the labour question, and so likewise has *laissez faire*. These look at the subject from opposite points, and are diametrically opposed in their conclusions. *Laissez faire* takes an optimist's view of present society, communism looks at it in a pessimist's light. In *laissez faire's* view any interference, legislative or other, will only make "confusion worse confounded;" communism would introduce an artificial system, and hedge society with chains of iron. With *laissez faire*, capital on one side and labour on the other, are ultimate forces of civilization; communism obliterates all such distinctions. *Laissez faire* develops the energies of the individual; communism, the force of community. *Laissez faire* looks for the settlement of social troubles in isolated competition of labourers; while communism takes away competition altogether. *Laissez faire* lauds unimpeded, that is, unassisted individual ex-

ertion; communism, the industry of the community.

About fifty years ago, the let-alone policy was looked upon as the climax of political wisdom, and a panacea for all the evils of society, but is more than questioned to-day. It overlooks differences of civilization, degrees of advancement in peoples, and the training and position of the individual. Under this theory, the North American Indian is on an equality with the European; the negro, just emancipated from slavery, with the plantation owner; the serf, Gurth, in "Ivanhoe," with Cedric; and he who has neither training nor capital, with one who is possessed of both. The equality accepted as a fundamental axiom by *laissez faire*, is like the fiction of our law, that all men know the law, but is without the justification of necessity; or it resembles the assumptions of phrenology, which have never been proved. Of the millions who have sought the shores of North America during the last fifty years, a few only have come hither for any other than economic reasons, not because they possessed an equality with capitalists, but that they might, by the greater advantages offered them here, be able to acquire that equality, and gain a position for themselves and their children such as they could not have attained in Europe.

The competition of labour, on which *laissez faire* looks as the great elevator of the labouring classes, is not found on examination so complete as this theory would lead us to believe. Competition, to mean anything, must imply in the labourer the power to transfer his labour as his interests may point out. There is yearly becoming such a power, because of the greater wealth stored up by the operative class; but even in manufacturing centres authorities tell us that such a power is yet very limited. In brisk times, when the demand for labour is great, there may be free competition among labourers, and a *laissez faire* policy may suit, but in dull or even ordinary times, especially in commercial panics and distresses, there is but one condition for labour—take this or want. There is no alternative to him—the workman can't go elsewhere. Where was competition during the Lancashire distress a few years ago? It may be said that as necessity increases, free competition diminishes: they are in inverse proportion to each other.

The let-alone theory presumes that the competition of isolated labourers will be sufficiently strong to counterbalance capital. Labour and capital are the opposing factors of our society in an economical point of view. Capital, we are told by political economy, is nothing but accumulated labour, productively applied. If it be taken into consideration what a vast amount of accumulated labour or capital is in the hands of capitalists, the disparity of conflict between that and isolated labour must strike the densest mind. It is a contest in which there is a great deal on one side and very little on the other. A contest between a quantity and zero; it might almost be said between a plus and a minus. Capital means a great deal of labour centered in one hand. If there were no other reason for combinations of labour in Trade Unions, the very nature of capital would supply one; for a force can only be opposed by a like force.

This theory is a capitalist's theory. If we consider labour only from a capitalist's point of view, *laissez faire* presents a specious appearance. Its best exemplification would be found among the late slaveholders of the Southern States. The conditions of its success were there fulfilled—a community of capitalists, operating under almost equal circumstances. Had there been a statute passed to perpetuate this condition, as the statute *De Donis* perpetuated feudalism in England, the perfection of a *laissez faire* policy would have been found in the American Republic. Indeed, it may be questioned whether the giving to each State of legislative power did not practically enact such a statute, and tend as well to develop *laissez faire* as to perpetuate slavery.

The possession of capital confers power, and the possessors of power, no matter how noble and amiable many of them may be, have, as a body, neither in feudal nor in later times, been slack in making their power felt. Few will attempt to deny that not only may capital be used to carry out an unjust end, but that it has frequently so been used. Legislation has had to interfere in behalf of labour and against capital in many ways: in abolishing criminality in breaches of contract; in legalizing trade combinations for legal objects; in Factory and Shipping Acts; in laws to prevent the enforcement of fraudulent contracts, to restrict the issue of

paper money, to regulate voting, and to secure to labour the products of toil.

The strong point of *laissez faire* is, that it strives to develop the individual and to call forth the energy and activity of each one to the fullest extent; but the theory fails, in so far as it ignores the community, the benefits of combination, or combined effort. If man were an atom among other atoms, but having no affinity with them economically, and if one form of society did not grow out of an antecedent form, with many inequalities, *laissez faire* would be more applicable to society than we find it. It reflects an abnormal condition of society. Isolated advance is as great a rarity in the history of civilisation as advance of the community considered apart from its single members. *Laissez faire* is opposed to one of the especial characteristics of the third quarter of the nineteenth century—industrial combinations. Corporations, commercial and manufacturing, are continually arising. By the combined means of small sums of money great effects are being produced. They stimulate energy, encourage thrift, and cultivate the exercise of foresight, prudence, and economy. They relieve labour from unlimited control, confer upon it many of the benefits of capital, and increase national as well as personal wealth. The energy that heretofore was wasted is now, to a great extent, turned into a profitable channel.

The opposing theory of *laissez faire*—communism—is still more open to criticism. It looks to society, or the aggregate of individuals, as a unit; insists upon organization; but subjects the member to the absolute control of the community. In introduces system into that which is disorganized, it economises forces that it finds wasteful, and strives to secure the community from destructive influences. There is something very attractive to a systematic mind, in the picture of a society moving in regular and routine order—every motive calculated, every force brought to bear—no loss, no waste, no erratic effort—all obedient to one thought, and moving as one man towards a definite and desirable object. The wheels of community would run smoothly, one would imagine. Mankind, having removed all cause of disturbance and the unsettling of individual aggression, would rise to a higher level. The few would no longer be cultivated at the expense of the many, the energies of each would be bent to the attainment of the public good, and society would rapidly advance. But when we come to examine the results of communism, what do we find? Not that communes have been successful, financially or otherwise, but that they have been almost uniformly failures. They have failed in Britain and in France, as commercial experiments. In the United States seventy or eighty communes, commencing under most benign auspices, have collapsed ignominiously, and even those which remain cannot be called successful. They are beset with problems which threaten to destroy all communistic efforts in our civilization—how the abandonment of the family tie can be reconciled with morality, and the advantage and progress of the individual and of society be secured consistently with a deprivation of individual rights.

All communists insist upon the abolition of private property and rights, and the introduction of common rights and property, as a necessary principle, and the foundation of their system; but some make a show of retaining the constitution of the family, and the family tie. These writers consider communism only so far as it regards property, and do not carry their system of common rights to its legitimate conclusion. There is communism pertaining to persons as well as to property; and what, in the present state of society, is a communism of persons but the abandonment of the family? The experience of all communes is, either that the family has to be abandoned, or that communism has to be given up. All important communistic societies abandon the family. The ecclesiastical orders are celibate; the oldest and most wealthy commune of America—the Shaker society—is celibate. The Harmonists, beginning with the family, found before many years that family ties and communistic principles did not agree: they have adopted celibacy. The only remaining commune of importance in the United States—the Oneida community—acting under the impression that they imitate the Judæan Christians, abolish the family tie, and introduce a promiscuous intercourse of the sexes, on the basis of Plato's Republic and under similar restrictions. Plato, the most consistent of communists, openly abolishes the family. Mr. Noyes, by far the most intellectual person who has tried to reduce communistic principles to practice, and who has

for many years been at the head of the Oneida Perfectionists, unreservedly declares the impossibility in practice and the inconsistency in theory, of denying private rights in property and allowing exclusive rights in persons. The difference in the objects makes no essential difference in the character of the right. It is private or exclusive in either case, and communism, abolishing rights of that kind, must abolish the family.

The same conclusion may be reached in another way. Besides exclusive rights in persons, a family, whether of ancient or modern times, requires, seeks to obtain, and is not satisfied without an exclusive fund from which it may draw for present subsistence as well as future wants. This was a fruitful source of tribal wars in ancient times, and of litigation since. Rights of property are inextricably blended with rights of persons; the latter sort are as little exercisable without the former, as the offices of love, generosity, charity, and faith, as between man and man, are without outward effort. Social relations presuppose and are based upon rights, and rights can only be manifested in the majority of cases through property. How, then, can the fullest, most complete and intimate of social relations be maintained in society, without rights and without property?

Communists, as regards the family tie, in modern civilization are of two classes. In the first we find the Perfectionists of Oneida, and in the second, celibate societies.

The Perfectionists profess to imitate the Judæan Christians, but on examination are found to hold a combination of doctrines. Plato's Republic enters more largely into their theory than do the doctrines of the gospel or the practices of early Jewish converts. They profess, as a minor result of their system, to make man unselfish—Plato's great moral object—by depriving him of private rights. They introduce a promiscuous intercourse of sexes, under similar regulations to those in the "Republic." They are communists who have adopted their own interpretation of Christianity, and bent it to suit their social system. The New Testament doctrine, that there should be no respect of persons, obtains a very unenviable meaning when interpreted by Oneida, where the relation of husband and wife is not exclusive, but every woman is the wife of each man, and *vice versa*. The communism of Jerusalem at the farthest extended only to property, and was no part of the religion professed; that of Oneida extends to persons and property, and is the beginning and the end of their religion, that is, the Perfectionists make religion subsidiary to communism. They look at religion from a social point of view only. Their exponent, Mr. Noyes, classifies "the sides of life and death" thus:—

Apostacy.	Restoration.
Unbelief.	Faith.
Obedience to Mammon.	*Obedience to Christ.*
PRIVATE PROPERTY.	COMMUNISM.
DEATH.	IMMORTALITY.

A perverted view of religion has often been made a cover for a false theory and a wicked practice, both in the Church and outside of it. Of the many perversions of Christianity, that of Oneida is one of the most astonishing: yet, as a perverted view of religion is better than none at all, the Perfectionists are restrained by their religion. If the system be good for a small body of a hundred men and women, there is no reason why it should not be good for general society. Apply this promiscuous relation of the sexes to the world, and, in the place of an elevating and sacred family tie, you have a general and abandoned profligacy equally abhorrent to human feeling, morality, and religion.

A celibate communism is moral and may be religious. The ecclesiastical celibate orders of Ireland are patterns of morality. The Shaker society and the Harmonists are at least inoffensive. Tired and harassed by the strife of the world, and the uncertainty and inequality of fortune, they lead quiet and peaceable lives. Now, communism whether in the Church or out of it, whether in the ancient family with Plato, or in modern times, requires absolute, implicit obedience. It is more likely that the doctrine of implicit obedience produced communism in monastic orders, than that communism produced the doctrine of implicit obedience—yet they are inseparable. A question may arise, whether implicit obedience to any power is desirable in the interests of truth, or for the progress of humanity; yet, if that question be determined affirmatively, the only effectual means of attaining it is through a communism; and a communism, to be moral, must be celibate. Now the family is a government for itself—an *imperium in im-*

perio. No matter how tyrannic, unjust, or cruel it may be, it wards off all external tyranny and authority, so far as its own existence, its independence, rights, and claims extend; and therefore resists implicit obedience. Private rights in a person, and implicit obedience to another, will come in contact sooner or later. Were it for no other reason than resistance to external absolute authority, the institution of the family in general society in our civilization is entitled to the gratitude of mankind. It is a guarantee for liberty and a safeguard of the rights of the people. The fact that there are a vast number of individuals; the fact that the individual is the subject of family rights —the characteristic of which is exclusion from outside pressure; and the further fact, that these rights are and continue to be exercised, means, that absolute external authority is ended, and individual liberty is secured.

One would imagine that a celibate society of men and women, under enlightened control, working toward a desired end with unanimity and zeal, severed from outside influences and distracting cares, would, as a means of propagating a religion or building up wealth, be the most effective instrument possible. But this is questionable. It is almost impossible to get reliable statistics of religious bodies, yet it would seem that as a missionary or a proselytizing medium the Protestant system, in which the family tie is permitted, produces greater results than does the Roman Catholic. There is probably an equality of zeal and fervour between these bodies; theological dogmas, on which they differ, do not greatly concern the heathen; the Catholic has a vast system and complete organisation, the Protestant no system and no organisation except in sections; the Catholic body has more wealth and greater numbers than the Protestant; yet the numerical result achieved by the Protestant as a missionary, seems larger than that gained by his more powerful rival.

As a wealth-accumulator, communism is not successful. Mr. Nordhoff, who is favourable to communism and has examined American communes with accuracy and care, reckons the wealth of the oldest and richest commune—the Shaker society, a celibate society—at about two thousand dollars to each member, the quantity of land owned being thirty-seven acres per head. This is the accumulated result, at interest and compound interest, of eighty years of hard, unremitting, systematic toil, of frugal and abstemious habits, of an ascetic morality, and of implicit obedience to a central authority. The Shakers have little learning, no cultivation in art or science, no luxuries. By combined effort they were saved many hardships incident to early settlers in America; but by being confined to the method, means, and objects of the society they have lost many benefits they otherwise would have gained. Two thousand dollars, or even twice that sum, is a small result for eighty years continuous application, when the progress of the surrounding community is taken into consideration, and the increased value of property arising from that progress. It is further to be noted that the Shaker society is decreasing.

Communism proceeds upon a fiction of equality; the production required from each member is the same. If the minimum of a commune be placed high, the many cannot attain to it; if low, an amount of energy that might have been profitable is lost. Whatever the minimum is, the tendency of the commune is to work down to that. It is found in the United States that two of the outside world will do as much work as three communists. If all men were equal, and the minimum of production were high, communism as an economic system might be a success. But men differ as economic entities as they differ in heighth, in strength, and in mental power. Again, the minimum of production must be such that every member is able to attain to it. It will, therefore, be the measure of the lowest economic force in the society; and, as communism insists upon equality and works to a level, all energy over and above the lowest is unproductive to the community.

If there be only one occupation, or a small number of occupations, in which toil is similar, an equality such as communism calls for is possible, if not profitable; but if employments be diverse, some requiring great skill, others very little; some calling for deep and long-continued thought and high mental power, others for merely ordinary intelligence; an equality in such diversity will be hard to maintain, and if the element of quality enters, as it must, into the calculation, what measure will then be found between it and quantity, that both may be placed upon a level?

Probably the worst feature of communism is its effect upon the individual. Those who have examined the matter tell us that one communist is very similar to every other communist. There is an extraordinary uniformity among them in education, training, mode of thinking, as well as in dress and habits. In the commune there is no privacy. The members are continually under the eye of the governor. There is no individual effort; no individual object; and, from the nature of the case, no individual gain or credit. There is no competition among the members, and no work undertaken but what is directed by the community. In all progress of civilization, in all enlightenment of mankind, in all beneficial efforts for the welfare of society, the impulse has uniformly been individual, and, in by far the majority of cases, has been resisted by the community. The block, the torture, and the scaffold have been the reward of the teachers of mankind; but their work remains with us to enlighten, to cheer, to comfort, and to advance the race. Individual effort, the only source of civilization known to history, communism throws aside. An economic system, it discards the greatest factor in economics; a civilizer, it rejects the only known means of advancement.

Granting that communism is not objectionable in a legal, social, moral, or religious point of view, there is but one advantage that could be derived from it—that is, the benefit of combined effort. Isolated energy may do much, has done much, but the result of one combined effort, say of five, far exceeds in most cases that of as many isolated efforts. Combined exertion is a manifest gain, but is not confined to communism. It is becoming more widely employed year by year without communism. We see it in division of labour; in trade organizations; in co-operative societies; in corporations, agricultural, commercial, and benefit; in savings banks; in the generous system of M. Schultze Delitzch in practice in Germany; and in the Grange societies of Canada and the United States. In these and other ways, combined effort is used for the benefit of classes as well as individuals; and, though the efforts thus made are small in comparison with what might be done, yet they far exceed any attempts of communism, and preserve the true elements of genuine progress—individual rights, effort, and advantage, combined with the welfare of the community.

Looking back upon the road travelled, and noting the forms of communism which have been adverted to, a remark made at the beginning of this article suggests itself, that man progresses from communism to individualism. These are the opposite poles of civilization, and mark the line of progress. It is not pretended that a communism has existed in history absolute and complete; on the other hand, no state of society ever has been, or probably can be, wherein the community and its interests are merged in the individual. The single man can do little for his own advancement, but progress of the community is impossible where individual effort is excluded. The two go hand in hand in the development of mankind, as necessary factors of civilization. In times of excitement and of danger, in passing from one civilization to another, sections of mankind may revert to the primal idea of the family life; but, as a system for general society, communism can never become part of a modern civilization, so long as individual liberties, individual obligations, rights, and properties are acknowledged, secured, and enforced, as they are to-day, by experience, literature, law, morality, and religion.

T. B. BROWNING.

LUCAS VAN LEYDEN.

IT is a curious fact in the history of all great discoveries in science or art, that men have seldom been content to attribute their origin to the natural and inevitable result of the world's progressive march from truth to truth, but that the inherent love of the marvellous, and the unconscious worship of "divine fortune" have ever wreathed some story of supernatural or chance incident round the obscure germs of a great thought. A careful survey of the period antecedent to any great discovery will, however, disclose how many forces must be at work, all tending to the same end, and will infallibly prove that the world is never indebted to an isolated chance for any of its really great acquisitions. Until the slow action, it may be of centuries, has rendered the world ready to receive and profit by it, no discovery, in the true sense of the word, is possible. The idea of an invention may certainly have been thought out by a creative brain centuries before it can be developed, as was the case with printing, which was undoubtedly known to the ancients, but for which mankind waited patiently until the fifteenth century. The silently working forces inevitably mature, and the discovery comes at last, apparently owing its existence to some luckily suggestive incident, but, in reality, born of Genius and Knowledge.

This is strikingly borne out in the events attendant upon the discovery of steel and copper engraving, which was the natural outcome of the previous and recently acquired knowledge of wood engraving and printing—a knowledge which had so thoroughly paved the way for the new invention, that the art may almost be said to have sprung into existence like Minerva, full-grown and fully equipped. It is a fact which hardly finds a parallel in any other art, that those who were almost contemporary with the invention were its greatest masters; and it is of Lucas Van Leyden, one of the very earliest as well as one of the very greatest of these, that we propose to give a short account.

The actual invention has been claimed alike by the Italians, Germans, and Dutch. Tomaso Finiguerra, a goldsmith of Florence, is said to have discovered, by accident, about the year 1460, a method of taking impressions from an engraved plate, by placing over it a moistened paper, and rolling it gently with a roller. He imparted the secret to another of his craft, Baccio Baldini, who engraved several plates from the designs of Botticelli.* The Germans and Dutch both contend, however, that the art had been known to them long before the days of Finiguerra, Pollaioli, or Mantegna. The Germans state that it was practised by Martin Stock (one of Albert Dürer's masters) and Frederick Scholl, of Nüremberg; and the Dutch claim the invention for Peter Scheeffer, of Haarlem. The art cannot, however, have been practised long before the time of the Italian engravers; and we are of opinion that the earliest well authenticated date of any copper-plate engraving, is not before 1485. By "well authenticated" we must be clearly understood to mean, the date of any work by a well-known master, the genuineness of which is *absolutely beyond question.* There are prints in existence bearing earlier dates than 1485 (the earliest being the German "Master of 1466"), but there is much dispute concerning these, and we cannot pretend to discuss the question within our present limits. The Germans are generally considered to have the best claim to the merit of the invention, but it is perhaps possible that the discovery was made independently and almost simultaneously, in more than one country of Europe, and certainly not at an earlier date than 1460, probably not until some years later. Before the middle of the following century there appeared almost contemporaneously and in different lands, Albert Dürer, Raimondi, and

* At the latter end of 1876, a complete set of Botticelli's Sibyls, by Baldini, was offered to the Trustees of the British Museum for £1250, but, after considerable deliberation and hesitation, they refused the purchase; and the set, absolutely unrivalled, passed into private hands.

Lucas van Leyden, the three great early masters of engraving.

It is perhaps a trite observation, that the most remarkable feature of the most remarkable century for art that the modern world has seen, was the absorbing passion for their art, and the reverence paid to it, by those great ones who

> "Kept their visions clear from speck, their inward sight unblind."

Every action, every word, every thought, almost unconsciously to themselves, had its origin or motive power in their patient striving for perfection. They lived in their work and for their work. They looked at everything through their art, and at their art through everything. "Pot-boilers"—to use an expressive vulgarism—may not have been unknown to them, but they would expend as much loving care upon a work whose immediate end was to supply their daily bread as they would upon a commission from some princely patron, or upon the altar-piece of a great church. And of none of them, not even of the greatest, can this be more truly said than of Lucas Damessen, known to fame as Lucas van Leyden.

He was born at Leyden in the year 1494, when Holland was foremost among the nations of Europe in the march of civilization. She rivalled Italy in the fine arts, and Germany in knowledge and new-born freedom of thought. The Netherlands had not yet become the chief battle-field of Europe. The Archduke Philip, grandson of Charles the Bold, last Duke of Burgundy, and son of the Emperor Maximilian, then held the sovereignty of the Low-Countries in right of his mother. The future Emperor, the great Charles V., was not born until six years later; and the time was nearly eighty years distant when Leyden was to stand its heroic and memorable siege, when Holland was forced, as once again later in her history, to let loose her flood-gates in order to defeat and overwhelm her foes.

Lucas van Leyden was the son of Heynes Jacobs Damessen, a painter of very mediocre talent, but who must have been a man of some position and means, as his son never seems to have been absolutely dependent on his art, and certainly enjoyed a good social position in his native town. The boy, from his earliest years, shewed great love for art in any form, and his father began to instruct him as soon as he was old enough to hold a pencil. His amazing precocity fairly astounded the elder Damessen, who soon perceived that he himself was quite unequal to the task of moulding such a genius, and he accordingly placed him under an able preceptor, Cornille Engelbrechtsen. This master was born in 1468, and was at this time, consequently, a comparatively young man. But in the fifteenth century it did not take, as it does now, a lifetime to build up a reputation as a painter. As a rule, men made their mark early, or not at all, and Engelbrechtsen enjoyed a wide reputation as a painter in oil, fresco, and distemper. His school was much frequented, and under his tuition Lucas rapidly acquired proficiency; so rapidly that at the age of twelve he painted in distemper the "History of St. Hubert," which had a great success, not only as being the work of so young a painter, but because it shewed unmistakable signs of genius. From his earliest years, from the day, in fact, upon which he was first allowed to handle a pencil, Lucas shewed the same unremitting and unwearying diligence which was his chief characteristic in after life. It is recorded that his mother, fearful for the child's health, invented various pretexts to withdraw him from his beloved work, but her efforts were apparently unavailing, as we find that the lad, notwithstanding the great success among his townsmen of his first picture, abandoned painting for a time, and resolutely set himself to a new study—that of engraving. The course of his education in this art was characteristic both of the man and the age. In whatever country and by whatever immediate means the art of taking impressions from an engraved plate was discovered, there can be no doubt whatever of this, that it is to the armourer's and goldsmith's trades that we are indebted for the invention. It was the natural outcome of the perfecting of their crafts, and accordingly they were long accounted the best teachers of the mere technicalities of the art, Lucas van Leyden, therefore, placed himself first with an armourer and then with a goldsmith, learning from each his respective method of workmanship. He threw his whole soul into the acquisition of his new pursuit, obtaining by his early training that mastery over both materials and tools which enabled him to use the burin with a delicate and marvellous precision which has never been surpassed.

His precocious genius displayed itself as remarkably in engraving as in painting, for in 1508, the earliest recognized date on any of his works, when only in his fifteenth year, he produced "The Magdalen in the Desert," "Susannah and the Elders," "Dalilah," and other works, all of which display masterly finish, and the first-named ranks as one of his very greatest productions.

His early life was absolutely uneventful. He had not to endure those struggles for existence, that weary waiting for recognition which fall to the lot of so many great men. The stream of his life was never stirred into a storm, rarely even ruffled by a breeze. Secure from the cares of poverty, undisturbed by any mere political or money-getting ambition, no existence can be imagined more peacefully happy than the youth of Lucas van Leyden. One can fancy him leaving his work with reluctance to stroll under the trees fringing a canal, in such a scene as Van der Heyden loved to paint, his thoughts filled with the design he was working upon, his chief anxiety to prevent his plates from being rubbed, his only care that the "first impression" should be a good one. He married very young, so young that, although he never reached his fortieth year, he was a grandfather before he died. One of the most charming circumstances of his life was the friendship and mutual esteem which existed between himself and Albert Dürer. They had that sincere admiration for each other's works, that appreciation of and thorough belief in one another, which are the chief tributes genius can pay to genius. In the highest forms of art, and in the souls of its high priests, jealousy can have no part. Its complete and utter absence is the one proof which distinguishes the true artist from the false. When a man uses his art, unconsciously it may be, with the vulgar desire of notoriety and advancement, jealousy of his compeers must result; but when he strives for perfection, primarily for perfection's sake, and to the thorough abnegation of self, he will rejoice at the success of another, even over himself, if art is thereby benefited. The identity of their interests as servants of art, enabled Albert Dürer and Lucas van Leyden to work at the same subjects, each admiring and praising the other's work, without the slightest suspicion of jealousy, or the faintest tinge of envy. Dürer was born in 1471, and was already famous almost before Lucas van Leyden was born, so that Lucas looked up to him as the artist whose previous achievements in engraving had fired his young mind with the ambition of rivalling them, and had caused him to devote himself almost exclusively to this branch of art. It was Albert Dürer who brought about their first meeting. He was so struck with what he had seen of Lucas's work, that he had a great desire to see and obtain the friendship of one who possessed a genius in many respects parallel to his own. Accordingly, during his visit to the Netherlands, Dürer made a point of visiting Van Leyden, and was received by him with warm-hearted cordiality.

In personal appearance no two men could have been more dissimilar. The character of Albert Dürer's face has been embodied in the line—

"Half Christ and half Olympian Jove;"

while Lucas was so stunted in stature and plain of feature, that the half-endearing, half-pitying diminutive, "Männlein," given to him by Dürer, was not misapplied. Their characters presented almost as great a contrast as their personal appearance. Albert Dürer, with his noble, many-sided nature, rash, generous, and open-handed, wrought and strove with impetuous energy in the service of his mistress art; he travelled, wrote, experimented, saw everything and did everything; while Lucas van Leyden, with undemonstrative, patient diligence, sought within himself alone for perfection: the one the man of action, the other the man of reflection and introspection. The contact of two such minds could not but be of vast benefit to both, and they systematically endeavoured to derive the greatest possible advantage from their brief intercourse. They chose the same subjects to work upon, in order to compare their different styles and treatment, and it is recorded of them that they painted on the same panel, in order that a token might exist of their love and esteem for each other. There is reason to believe, also, that during this visit Albert Dürer imparted to Lucas the secret of etching, for, in spite of the claim laid by the Italians to the merit of this invention, it is generally considered that Dürer has the best right to be deemed, if not its discoverer, at any rate its introducer and earliest practiser. The method was possibly known to his master, Wohlgemuth, and

the genius of Dürer seized upon it and made it his own; and it is in any case certain that he had used the aquafortis before he went to the Netherlands. Van Leyden, however, made no great use of this process, as there are but few known etchings by him, and their scarcity shews that he merely experimented in the method, which never became a favourite with him. When Dürer parted from him, one of the two episodes which alone broke the monotony of Lucas van Leyden's life was over; the other was soon to follow, and with it vanished for ever the peaceful calm of the artist's existence.

In 1527, enthusiasm for his art determined Lucas to undertake a journey through the Netherlands, in order to see the works of other great artists. He was then thirty-three years of age, and had in all probability rarely before been a day's journey outside his native town. He loved to make a brave show in dress, and was not averse from luxury at table; accordingly he set out on his journey with great pomp and circumstance, equipping and furnishing a vessel for himself and his companions. At Middelburg, he gave a feast in honour of Jean de Mabuse, then esteemed the greatest Flemish painter of his day, and a great friendship sprang up between them. Mabuse was five years younger than Lucas, and was in the heyday of his fame, his enjoyment of life unspoiled by any foreshadow of the disgrace and ruin which overtook him in his later years. He, like Lucas, was rather addicted to finery in dress, and we are told that together they shone resplendent, Lucas in yellow silk and Mabuse in gold satin. The spendthrift Mabuse was once, later in life, put to sad shifts to support his magnificence. When the Emperor Charles V. visited the Marquis de Veren, who retained Mabuse as painter in ordinary, the Marquis, desirous to receive the Emperor with due grandeur, gave orders for all his household to be supplied with suits of white satin. When the tailor came to take Mabuse's measure, the painter told him that he had his own designs for the cutting out of his dress, and would like to be entrusted with the satin in order to carry them out. The tailor incautiously complied with his request; but nothing was further from Mabuse's mind than the idea of wasting so much good satin, representing so many good florins, on a dress. He carried it to the nearest "Mont de Piété," and soon spent the proceeds, chiefly, we are sorry to be obliged to admit, in dissipation. However, when the Emperor arrived, Mabuse was in his place among the household, arrayed in a robe which surpassed all others in magnificence. It struck the Emperor's eye, and desiring to know who the wearer was, he caused Mabuse to be called forward. The artist was seized with a strange fit of bashfulness; but after much hesitation he advanced trembling, when the Emperor discovered that "distance had lent enchantment to the view," for Mabuse's dress was made wholly of white paper, exquisitely painted by himself to represent various coloured satins. It is, perhaps, needless to add, that on this occasion his peccadilloes passed unpunished.*

Mabuse accompanied Lucas on his journey, which was carried out in the same spirit of open-handedness in which it had commenced; so that it was long remembered in Holland as a journey unparalleled among that thrifty people for its almost reckless magnificence. They collected around them all the famous artists of the day, who were eager to see and learn from so great a master as Lucas van Leyden; for his reputation had then spread far beyond the borders of Holland or even of Germany. Mabuse, with his prodigality and light-hearted spirit, gave himself up to gaiety, and persuaded his companion to join him in a round of pleasures. The unhappy Mabuse, when he closed his life within narrow prison walls, shut out from all earthly enjoyment save the exercise of his art, must have looked back to this joyous time with feelings of poignant regret: it may have been to him the archetype of that portion of his life in which "he eat and drank and took no thought for the morrow;" when the sun of his life, which finally set behind such a dark bank of clouds, was shining with its brightest splendour. At Ghent, at Malines, and at Antwerp, the two painters gave entertainments to their brother artists, each costing at least sixty florins—a large sum for those days, as, taking into account the relative value of money, a florin represented not less than eighteen shillings sterling.

* This anecdote will appear less surprising to those who recall the marvellous treatment of the drapery in the small example of Mabuse, bequeathed by the late Mr. Wynn Ellis to the British National Gallery.

It is a pity that we cannot know more thoroughly what kind of man Lucas was in his private and social relations, but this journey shows us, at least, that his was a generous, noble disposition. The man who could form fast friendships with two beings so dissimilar as Albert Dürer and Jean de Mabuse, must have had something peculiarly endearing in his nature. He played the part in every city he visited, not of guest but of generous host, and for the credit of human nature it is to be hoped that the suspicion which he harboured, that some jealous rival among those he entertained was base enough to administer poison to him, was illusory. For this journey proved in its sequel a most disastrous one. He returned from it in a wretched state of health. His mind was possessed with the idea that foul play had been used to him, and he could not disabuse himself of it. Convinced that he had been poisoned, he regarded all remedies as unavailing, and fell into a morbidly melancholy state of mind, which had a fatal effect upon his sick, unfeebled body. The probability, however, is, that the primary cause of his illness was the overwork and confinement of his youth. The too sudden change, moreover, from his uneventful existence to the excitement of travel and pleasure, and to a way of life so strange to him, cannot but have been dangerous, and it is very likely, from what we know of Mabuse, that he led Lucas into excesses hurtful alike to body and mind. Whatever may have been the causes of his illness, whether immediate or remote, he was forced to take to his bed almost directly after his return from the Netherlands, and for the last six years of his life he hardly quitted it. He never again enjoyed the calm happiness of his youth. Alike diseased in body and unhappy in mind, during the whole of these six long years he expected and waited for death. But even in this unhappy condition his life, in one respect, remained unchanged. He worked incessantly, harder perhaps than ever, except during those intervals when his malady, growing stronger, forced the graving tool from his unwilling fingers. Almost upon his deathbed, certainly within a few days of his death, he worked at a plate of "Pallas." Nine days before he died, his only daughter, who, like her father, married early, gave birth to a son, and when the news was brought to Lucas, he inquired what name had been given to the boy. They told him he had been called Lucas after his grandfather. The artist said, with a touch of bitterness: "My time must indeed have come since you have already appointed and named my successor."* After the birth of his grandson, Lucas rapidly grew weaker, and feeling that he had not many days to live, had a yearning desire to look once more upon the face of Heaven. He insisted upon being carried into the open air, and his wish was complied with. It proved his last earthly desire, for he died peacefully two days later, in the fortieth year of his age.

The career of this artist is interesting, if only from the fact that it embraces the twenty-five years, from 1508-1533, which constitute so great an epoch in the history of European art. It was in the early part of the sixteenth century that the trammels of conventionalism were finally thrown off, and the works of Van Leyden show very clearly the struggle of naturalism into existence. His figures are undoubtedly free from any trace of conventionalism, and in most cases are evidently studies from life. That is one of his greatest charms. His genius has been able to take the men of his own time, burghers of the town of Leyden, to transplant them and all their surroundings into the scenes of bygone ages, and present them to us as Priests, Prophets, Saints, and Kings, without striking our judgment or offending our sense with any idea of incongruity or unfitness. His scenery is often conventional, sometimes purely so, but if the dates of his works be examined, it will be found that his art was progressive in this respect. His animals, on the other hand, are invariably treated conventionally; in many cases they are evolved from his inner consciousness, contrasting strangely with the works of some of his contemporaries, say, for example, with Albert Dürer's powerfully realistic wood-engraving, "The Stork." Of his treatment of distance and aërial perspective in landscape, it is impossible to speak too highly; in these respects he rose above his age, and partly anticipated the great results which were attained a century later in the etchings of Rembrandt. But the province in which he stands ab-

* This grandson was also an artist. He attached himself to the French Court, where he gained a considerable reputation, and, unlike his grandfather, lived to a very great age.

solutely unrivalled among engravers, is in wonderful management of drapery. Skilful in design, bold in treatment, and exquisite in finish, his drapery falls little short of perfection. The minute elaboration of his work is so remarkable, that his engravings need to be examined with a strong glass, in order to understand the immense amount of patient industry expended upon them. Sometimes, indeed, this minuteness is carried to such an excess as to become a fault; for the superfluity of faint, delicate touches in some of his prints, causes the bolder outlines to stand out harshly and unpleasantly.

When we consider the comparative shortness of this artist's life, the fecundity of his genius is truly amazing. He produced one hundred and sixty-six engravings on copper, twenty-eight on wood, and six etchings. In addition to these, he painted many pictures in oil and distemper. And it must be remembered that he was not a rapid worker; on the contrary, he worked slowly and carefully, altering and correcting with almost painful solicitude, affording in this respect a proof of the correctness of one of the many definitions of genius, as "an abnormal faculty for taking pains." The harmony of composition in his engravings is admirable; in power of grouping his figures, and skill in "balancing" his designs, he has few if any superiors. This is one result of the unerring taste which may be termed the keynote of his artistic character; it was an instinct with him, and brought as it was, by patience and unremitting toil, almost to perfection, it has given to the world the numerous examples of this master which never fail to please and delight.

In speaking, in the earlier portion of this article, of Lucas van Leyden's regard and esteem for Albert Dürer, we briefly indicated some of the salient points of comparison between the two men with respect to their personal and mental characteristics. It has been greatly the custom to go a step further than this and to compare them as artists, contrasting their works, and forcing a parallel between them from alleged resemblances in style and manner.

Vasari does so at some length, and it has even been said that the surest method of arriving at a true conclusion as to Van Leyden's work, is to set it side by side with Dürer's. We venture to think that this is an erroneous idea, as if one looks deeper than the mere surface, the genius and scope of the two masters will be found to differ widely. That their manner, or perhaps it would be more correct to say, their mannerism, should be in many respects the same, is by no means a remarkable or inexplicable fact. As was inevitable in the sixteenth century, the designs of both artists, as a general rule, illustrated scenes from the Old or New Testament, and sometimes, as has already been pointed out, they purposely chose the same incident as a subject. It would be surprising indeed, under such circumstances, if there were *not* a general resemblance between them. But any attempt to establish more than this, will only serve to show how dissimilar they were in all the essential aims of art. Lucas van Leyden's charm lies almost wholly in his skill of execution. Dürer's wider and more intuitive genius suspends our criticism of his technical treatment, so lost are we in wonder at his conception of a subject. In other words, in Lucas van Leyden's works we invariably stop to praise the means, whilst Dürer forces the mind to grasp at once the end arrived at, regardless for the moment of the means employed. Lucas van Leyden lacked the immense strength and depth of vision of Albert Dürer, and the marvellously weird spiritual insight which gave birth to some of Dürer's designs, was utterly wanting to him. On the other hand, he possessed a spirituality peculiarly his own, which shines through his works with delicate grace and purity. If each be measured, therefore, by the result of his life's work, the Nuremberg artist is by far the greater of the two; nevertheless, Lucas van Leyden will always appeal with irresistible force to the lovers of that exquisite finish, which can only exist when genius is allied with unwearying patience and untiring industry.

It may strike those who have followed us thus far, that we have been expatiating upon an artist who is known more from the familiarity of his name than from actual acquaintance with his works. That the works of Lucas van Leyden should be little known to our countrymen, that they should be in a measure "caviare to the general," is to be regretted, but is not to be wondered at when the action of the authorities of the British Museum with respect to the treasures committed to their care is taken into consideration. In the Print Room at the British

Museum there is a collection of engravings absolutely without a rival in any capital of Europe, but so carefully is it kept concealed, so great are the obstacles thrown in the way of those wishing to inspect it, that instead of being a means of instruction and delight to thousands, it has degenerated into a resort and lounging place for a favoured few among critics and dilettanti. * Here may be seen, by those who have patience to fulfil the conditions necessary to obtain an order for the Print Room, a unique collection of Van Leyden's engravings; but we will venture to say, that few among those art-loving Canadians who visit England casually, are aware of the existence of this collection, and even if they were aware of it and eager to visit it, many of them would find it impossible to gain admittance where they ought by rights to be welcome guests.

One of Lucas van Leyden's most celebrated works, of which there is a magnificent example in the British Museum, is his "Calvary." The powerfully-striking feature in this noble work is the grand and comprehensive spirit in which it is designed. Although everything is subordinated to, and influenced by, the central idea, nothing is sacrificed to it. There are more than ninety figures in the engraving, and every figure, from the sacred One upon the Cross down to the happily-unconscious infant in the foreground, plays its proper part in the great and harmonious whole. The subject of the work, so to speak, does not occupy its centre. Our Lord between the two thieves is on the left, at some distance from the standpoint, and the crosses are raised upon a mound upon the side of a hill which slopes down to the foreground. The undulating nature of the scenery is treated with wonderful skill, and the landscape, generally, is admirably conceived and worked out. With the exception, perhaps, of the "Dance of the Magdalen," there is no finer example of Lucas van Leyden's power in this respect. At the foot of the cross are the holy women in bitter lamentation, and the disciple whom He loved supporting the fainting form of His mother. Near them are other disciples and a number of Jews. In the immediate foreground on the left, the soldiers who parted His raiment are engaged in unseemly squabbling over their prize. The remainder of the print is filled with groups of figures, many of them so lifelike that one is irresistibly led to the conclusion that they are portraits. Almost in the centre of the foreground is sitting a little child, playing in innocent ignorance of the meaning of the scene around him, lighting up and contrasting finely with the sadness and gloom of the subject. The signature is almost in the centre of the plate, and the date, 1517, is near the right-hand corner. As an example of the power of giving expression to human emotion, another of his works, "David playing before Saul," may be cited. The moody, hopeless, "haunted" expression on the king's face as he sits gazing into vacancy, tells his unhappy story with direct truth and power. We have before us, in Mr. Browning's words, "Saul, the failure, the ruin he seems now." Genius has pourtrayed for us, in very truth, the king who was "tormented with an evil spirit from God." In contradistinction to the noble Jewish face of Saul, David's face and figure are purely Flemish; but it should be remembered, in extenuation of the anachronism, that this was to a Flemish artist in the sixteenth century the one type of manly beauty. The folds of the king's mantle, and the drapery generally in this plate, are managed with a dexterity and delicate finish remarkable even in a master, who was, as has been said, above all strong on this point.

Good impressions of Lucas van Leyden's works are extremely rare and command a high price. The very fine example in the British Museum of the "Dance of the Magdalen," would probably be valued at little short of £200, whereas inferior impressions of the same print would not be worth a fortieth part of this sum. There are several reasons for the scarcity of his works, the chief one being his extreme fastidiousness, which caused him ruthlessly to destroy any imperfect impressions. Even if they were only slightly soiled or blurred, his unsparing hand committed them to the flames. Again, as we have so frequently had occasion to remark, his chief charm lies in the exquisite finish of his work, and this has of itself militated against the survival of many perfect impressions: such delicate work is liable in

* Nor has this been allowed to pass without indignant remonstrance from influential journals, notably during the last twelve months from the *Times* and *Saturday Review*, but hitherto without producing the slightest effect upon those who hold in trust the property of the nation.

the course of time to get rubbed or become faded, so that the gradations of those faint touches with which he often attained most marvellous results in aërial perspective, are in some cases lost altogether: and such prints, becoming comparatively worthless, serve greatly to augment the value of the remaining perfect impressions. There are examples of Lucas van Leyden, undoubtedly genuine, which when compared with good impressions, can hardly be believed the same works. All the beautifully shaded background has disappeared, leaving hardly more than the bare outline of the distant scenery. The delicacy of his work also, as a matter of course, prevented him from taking many impressions in the first instance, and in every case, after a certain number had been struck, he destroyed the plate. Even during his lifetime, his works fetched what must be esteemed a high price, as for each impression of his principal plates, such as "Calvary," Ecce Homo," "The Dance of the Magdalen," "Adoration of the Magi," and the "Conversion of St. Paul," he obtained a gold florin, equal, as has been said, to eighteen shillings sterling. Rembrandt paid at a public sale 1400 florins for fourteen fine proofs of the chief works of Lucas: and although his "Esther" is not to be classed among the rarest, Adam Bartsch states that in the year 1659, two hundred and fifteen livres were paid for this print in Paris, as a note on the back of the proof in the *Bibliothéque Imperiale* in Vienna shows. As is the case with most early engravers, Lucas van Leyden has had numerous copyists and forgers. Suyderhoef, Virgilius Solis, Wierix, Hondius, and Salmedam copied many of his plates, in some instances so faithfully, that were it not for a slight failing in his unapproachable points of softness and delicacy, the copies would be with difficulty distinguished from the originals. One of his engravings has been so admirably forged that copies have been treasured as genuine in many first-rate collections. The only distinguishable difference between original and forgery, is a minutely slight divergence in the date and signature, and an almost microscopic mistake that has been made in reproducing a small portion of the branch of a tree. The fact that engravers of the sixteenth century used as signature a mark or cypher, which was easily imitated, has helped to encourage these forgeries, and has moreover caused much difficulty in determining by whom engravings, the history of which is unknown, have been executed.

Lucas van Leyden invariably used one of four marks, each consisting of a different form of the initial letter of his name. Sometimes he appended the date to his plate, sometimes not, but we think we are correct in stating that every one of his works is signed with one of his four distinctive marks.

It would be hard to over-estimate the influence which Van Leyden exercised upon the art of the sixteenth century. His own countrymen, who had so quickly recognized the precocious promise of his boyhood, appreciated and gloried in the achievements of his maturer years. Among contemporary Dutch artists he was held in high honour, and the extent to which they studied his works, caused him to make a deep impress on the art of Holland.* Nor was he a prophet in his own country alone. Even during his lifetime, when the difficulty of intercommunication between the countries of Europe was so great, that Holland was, to all intents and purposes, almost as distant from Italy as the England of to-day is from China, the fame of Lucas van Leyden had spread over Italy, and his works were eagerly sought for by the artists of that country, who studied them, as they confessed, with the greatest profit. Guido said that he had often used Lucas van Leyden's works to guide him in the composition and management of his drapery, and had never done so without obtaining instruction and assistance. Nor did the lapse of years lessen his influence. Internal evidence alone would tell how thoroughly Rembrandt studied, and how completely he mastered, all that is good in Van Leyden's style, and there are probably few great artists who have not, at some period of their careers, been indebted to him for lessons in technical treatment. And it is in this respect, namely, in technical treat-

* In considering Lucas van Leyden's reputation among his countrymen, it must be remembered that, although we have only spoken of him in this article as an engraver, he was also a great painter. His masterpiece, "The Last Judgment," is in the Hôtel de Ville, at Leyden. There are two of his paintings in the Louvre, a "Descent from the Cross," and a "Salutation of the Angels." There were in the same gallery four others, two of them painted on panel, but at the time of the occupation of Paris by the Allies, in 1815, they were carried into Germany, that country alleging a prior claim to them.

ment, that he has been the instructor of men much greater than himself. The mission of his genius has not been the higher one of educating and inspiring the souls of succeeding generations of artists; it has been the lower, but eminently useful one, of assisting their efforts to attain to perfection in practical execution. There is one respect, however, in which his works are capable of accomplishing greater ends than mere instruction in the grouping of figures, or the management of the folds of a robe, and that is in the evidence borne by them of a loving, true, and searching study of Nature in all her forms, animate and inanimate. We call to mind a tree in the foreground of one of Lucas van Leyden's landscapes, the trunk of which might have been copied, bit by bit, from the tree itself; every knot in the wood, every indentation in the bark, is faithfully reproduced, the result showing something far deeper than the mere technical skill attained, wonderful as that is; for it displays that power of expressing and imparting to others an insight into nature, which is one great ends of genius in Art. As regards the purely human side of nature, his knowledge was also very great, as a study of the various and distinctly-defined types of character in his works will abundantly testify.

But it is not to his works alone that we must look in order to learn and comprehend the full lesson taught by Lucas van Leyden. We must turn to his life, where we find little to record save devotion to Art, and unselfish, unwearying striving to approach nearer to perfection. We must think of his boyhood, at the age of eight or nine already an artist, of his laborious youth, and of his devoted manhood; and, lastly, of the sad end when the artist, sick and weary, wrestled even with Death for the sake of his Art! Truly, from the cradle to the grave, he was "to one thing constant ever." In patient industry, in unswerving devotion, in exquisite taste, in complete mastery of his materials, and in all the technicalities of his art, Lucas van Leyden is without a rival, and he is fairly entitled to stand foremost among those who raised engraving from the workshop of the armourer and jeweller, to its place as one of the highest and most perfect forms of Art.

WALTER TOWNSEND.

HORIZONS.

UPON this mountain land I pause to view
The noble landscape glittering in the sun—
The crowded city with its suburb wide,
The villages, and then the rural homes.
Majestic, farther on, a river flows,
While many a wooded island dots its breast.
In contemplation of the far away
A solemn peacefulness comes o'er the mind,
Remembering though th' horizon bounds the view,
It limits not the wondrous universe.

Close now my eyes upon the outer world.
Look forth my spirit; with an earnest gaze
Survey the long, dim vista of the years.
Does there appear to thee a sunset line—
A point where heaven and earth would seem to meet?
Mount but another step and thou shalt find
That Time itself shall lengthen as you rise.
The soul's horizon, Is it not the tomb?
That line which marks the spirit's heavenward flight,
The grave, which seems to say, Behold, the close!
Successive deaths await the onward soul—
"Horizons" call them; for as it ascends
The sky uplifts her gates, mists disappear.
In such infinitude the spirit rests.

Montreal. GOWAN LEA.

FEMININE PROPER NAMES.

"CHACUN à son gout," is a proverb which, in guise more or less homely, stands forth in almost every tongue as a half sarcastic recognition of individual independence in matters of taste. It is questionable whether it might not more justly stand for a protest against the possible arbitrariness of fashion.

Fashion, despite its eccentricities, is, for the passing hour at least, the exponent of taste. Sometimes of good, sometimes of bad taste. "What is truth?" asked the sorely perplexed Pilate. What is good taste? the enquirer into that abstraction may query with almost equal perplexity. Sooth to say, it is a quality somewhat intangible to logical description—hard to define—difficult to lay down canons for. Of instant appeal to the quick perceptions of cultivated natures, it often eludes the attempt to fix it to a form, a colour, or a name. In one respect it is like the English language which, *de facto*, in spite of Lindley Murray and the ponderous *dicta* of lexicographers, quietly persists in simply conforming itself (especially in those subtle shades of signification which polished conventionalism attaches to its phrases) to the current usage of the best society. Apropos—the general adoption of the aspirate in "humble" from the time when Dickens put the word, with the "h" mute, into the mouth of Uriah Heep.

There is, indeed, little doubt that the use of the aspirate is entirely the growth of the custom—originally, in all probability, a courtly affectation—of the higher classes. In them, refinement and leisure combine to impart to speech both propriety and deliberation. To the mind and ear equally attuned to softness, to vigour, to precision, to a delicate and clear-cut enunciation, certain sounds commend themselves which the proletarian is in too great a hurry—too much engrossed with the more sordid cares of life—to appreciate, or even permit to arrest his attention, still less to elevate to the importance of an observance.

"By my troth, I am exceeding ill," says Beatrice; "hey ho!" "For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?" says Margaret. "For the letter that begins them all, H," replies Beatrice. Yet it cannot be deduced from this dialogue that the "h" was sounded aspirately, and there is required for the facile enunciation of the aspirate sound a certain energetic precision of speech which is foreign to the native inertness of the English character, and would appear to be induced only by the alertness and self-control of a high cultivation. To those whose surroundings have ever been refined, it is, of course, as natural as any other habit impressed in infancy and developed from childhood, and both these agencies have probably combined to free the American people from the vulgarity of dropping or misplacing the letter.

But the almost invariable use throughout the Bible of the article "an" before "h's" which we now aspirate, seems to show that, in the time of Elizabeth and James, scarcely such a thing as an aspirate "h" existed. Nor is this, perhaps, a matter of surprise, when we consider that Spanish and Italian, then the only languages in Europe which can be said to have possessed a popular literature of any standing, and both of which were familiar to the student and the adventurer of the Elizabethan period, were, and are still, alike destitute of the aspirate sound, at least in the shape of an "h." The change would therefore seem to have been the result of mere conventionalism.

The author of "French Home Life," with the analytical power and keen insight which are his distinctive characteristics, has indicated certain conditions under which furniture becomes a manifestation of correct taste. We are far from disputing the general conclusions to which his delicate discrimination points; yet it is apparent that effects in their way not less pleasing, even to a severely critical eye, might be produced by the influence of individualities different in tone from those towards which he leans.

As there is absolute human beauty outside the Greek type, so also laces and pale neutral tints do not exclude from the canons of taste richer ornamentation and bolder colouring.

With regards to names, want of access to to books, by which the taste becomes cultivated and refined, or default of literary inclination, or absencé of the quick and delicate perception requisite to assimilate and appropriate the associations which are the essence and spirit of the beautiful and the elegant, leave the mind destitute of resource for the means of adequately satisfying the imagination, even should that faculty be latent. People in this condition are reduced to imitation of limited examples,—notably to a blind adherence to family precedents, or a servile following of the prevalent fashion. The first inundates the world with John-Thomases and Mary-Janes. The second manifests itself in the wholesale adoption of names which recommend themselves to crude taste, simply because they are borne by sovereigns or persons of notoriety. Thus the reign of the Virgin Queen, partly, no doubt, by reason of her real greatness, has caused Elizabeth to be a popular English name for three centuries.

Its prevalence is probably diminishing, which is to be desired; partly because it is scriptural, and the general tendency of modern taste does not affect biblical appellations; partly because it has been so detestably vulgarised in its abbreviations of Betsy and Bet (Bessie is just a shade more tolerable), which convey no ideas beyond those of a fishfag, a washerwoman, or a nurse (Mrs. Prig, to wit); and partly, we would hope, because people begin to know that it is a synonym of the beautiful Spanish Ysabel (or more properly, perhaps, *vice versa*), a name crowned with a halo of romance, which is only brightened and intensified by the reality—itself romance—of Ysabel the Catholic. Let us here take the opportunity of protesting against Isabella. Isabel of Croye, or Isabel de Bruce, would have been vulgarised had Scott thought fit to call them Isabella; though it must be confessed that the latter form is appropriate in some instances. It would be difficult perhaps to think of the "she-wolf of France" as Isabelle.

The substitution of "e" for the final "a" in all such names is, indeed, generally more graceful. How completely, for instance, would the exquisite name of Amabelle be spoilt were it written Amabella; and the Queen has perhaps shewn correct taste in calling her daughter Louise rather than Louisa.

French terminations of female names are possibly more elegant and better adapted to the neatness, so to speak, of modern ideas, than the more classic or Italian endings, which usually prolong the name by a syllable, and also involve a certain stateliness at variance with the growing brevity of our colloquialism.

Elizabeth, we believe, means "house of strength" in Hebrew, and Isabella, according to a book which lies by us, but for the authority of which we do not vouch, signifies "olive-coloured." There was a time when our own knowledge would have sufficed to verify the statement, but—

> "Long years are past and o'er,
> Since from that fatal shore
> Cold hearts and cold winds bore
> My love from me;"

or, at all events, bore us from the tropic skies under which ruby lips first imparted to us the noble Spanish tongue, and flashing eyes pointed the lessons.

It would almost seem as if Tennyson had had the great and good Catholic Queen in in his mind when he wrote—

> "The intuitive decision of a bright
> And thorough edged intellect
> * * * *
> Revered Isabel, the crown and head,
> The stately flower of female fortitude."

Claribel is a name, we take it, of Tennyson's origination, and it has been adopted by the writer of some very sweet songs. Its component ideas or suggestions are "clear" and "beautiful," and it ought to find its way into use as a Christian name.

Another result of servile imitation was the infliction on countless unhappy females of the detestable combination of "Mary-Anne." This was a consequence of the succeeding reigns of Mary II. and Anne. The next snobbery was an inundation of Charlottes. Sophia and Caroline, both superior names, and borne by successive Queens of England between the reigns of Anne and George III., seem to have taken comparatively slight hold on the popular

fancy. But then, poor Sophia was shut up by her brutal husband for forty years in the Castle of Zell, and there was, we suppose, not enough of chivalry in the English character to pay tribute to the memory of an unfortunate princess.

It is probably more due to her daughter, who became Queen of Prussia, and very little, if at all, to the pure Greek beauty and the signification (wisdom) of the name, that Sophia obtained any suffrage. Goldsmith, who calls the Vicar of Wakefield's charming youngest daughter, Sophia, may have been an exception. It would have been worthy of his genial fancy and generous temper. The French Sophie is as pretty as the pure Greek form is beautiful.

Caroline (Carolina), though only the feminine of Carolus, and therefore only an equivalent of Charlotte, the feminine of Charles, is a far sweeter name. Charlotte has, says a doubtful authority, the signification of a crowned woman, but it is scarcely necessary to read Madame D'Arblay's memoirs to intensify one's dislike to old Queen Charlotte; and the idea of the lady who,

> "Like a well conducted person,
> Went on eating bread and butter,"

after the luckless Werther had disposed of himself, is not calculated to redeem the association.

A ludicrous instance of sycophancy with regard to this name occurs in a place where one would hardly expect to find it. Among other wild and fanciful works of the Baron de la Motte-Fouqué, the author of "Undine" and "Sintram," is one which I fancy is (like the exquisite "Magic Ring") but little known to readers of the present day. It is "Minstrel Love." A Moorish knight and princess of the middle ages are, after some "hair-breadth 'scapes," brought in at last, converted, and solemnly baptised by the names of George and Charlotte. The book was written, of course, in George III.'s reign.

The Italian form, Carlotta, however, has real beauty. Is it possible that it is a quarter of a century since all the elegance of the name was embodied in the graceful movements and perfect form of Carlotta Grisi? Apropos of Caroline too, there was Carolina Rosati, about the same time. Oh! *tempora mutantur et nos mutamur* (that is to say, we are much the worse for wear) *in illis!* As a queenly association with the name of Caroline we have the sense, dignity, and feeling ascribed to Caroline of Anspach, in the "Heart of Mid-Lothian."

The virtues of Queen Adelaide no doubt gave some circulation to that thoroughly ladylike name. It is a queenly name too, signifying "Princess," and it is the name of a Queen of Tragedy—Ristori. But our sweetest association with it will probably be with Beethoven's matchless song, "Adelaida." Adeline and Adelina are somewhat lackadaisical, and seem to want the clear-cut and stately grace of Adelaide, still they are not ugly, though the termination "ina" has a thin as well as a stilted effect. They are perhaps better recommended by the association with Adelina Patti than with the demure lady who was probably intended to paint the deepest moral, or, if you will, the keenest sarcasm of Don Juan.

If we should seek an absolute rule to guide us in our choice of proper names, it might possibly be found in insisting on the observance of fitness, a quality which may be illustrated by the proposition that Sarah is a more fitting prefix to the euphonious name of Stiggins than Beatrice or Constance, and that Maud or Gwendolyn assimilate better with the bloatedly aristocratic one of St. Maur than Jemina or Mary-Anne. This quality of fitness, however, we will not discuss; because, although correct taste would incline to reject violent contrast or anti-climax, still the possessor of a strikingly vulgar surname might not succeed in overcoming the temptation to prefix to it a favourite Christian name. While, if that were done, we might rejoice in the beauty of fitness, but we should probably be surfeited with Elizas and Jane-Anns.

The considerations, we will assume, which would influence a cultivated mind in its selections, would be three, viz: sound, association of ideas, and the written appearance of a name.

With regard to sound it is not always the beauty of liquid softness which captivates. Association will often assign a preference to comparative harshness and vigour, while the expression conveyed in the look of the written characters and in their combinations is perhaps more suggestive than either by itself. Thus, it would be difficult to imagine a more perfect and dulcet flow of liquid sound

than we are conscious of in Leona (we once knew a lady so called, and her aristocratic surname was one which gave full effect to it) or Lapne, the mythic and mystic heroine of the "Revolt of Islam," around whose shadowy indistinctness Shelley has thrown the glory of his marvellous inspiration of language and his terrible depth of tragic power. Yet there is equal beauty, with a yet more lofty and ringing brilliancy, in the splendid name of Ianthe, a name which is imperial in its perfection of classic grace.

Kate and Maud, which would be preferred by many, have really no euphony to recommend them, but are vindicated by their neatness of written appearance, and more forcibly by association; for who pronounces the name of Kate without a rush of reminiscence—Kate the "curst" of Padua—the "most divine Kate" of "Love's Labour Lost"—the coy French princess so bluntly yet honestly wooed by Harry of Agincourt—the noble but unfortunate Katherine of Arragon—the sprightly Katrine Bulmer of James's best novel, "Darnley;" and who thinks of Maud, but conjures up an eidolon of the haughty Empress, daughter of Henry I., or tries to imagine a face "faultlessly beautiful, icily cold," and hums involuntarily "Come into the garden, Maud," or sees "Maud Müller, on a summer's day, raking the meadows sweet with hay." Be it here observed that Katharine should never be spelled with a C; while Maud may, if desired, take a final "e." The Irish Kathleen has its own charm to an Irish heart, and ever seems to fit "mavourneen."

As to written appearance, some letters and combinations of letters are absolutely more satisfactory to the eye than others. Thus Julia is both dignified and exquisitely soft. But J is not a pretty letter, and the name is wonderfully improved in look, while it remains unaltered in sound, by spelling it in the Italian manner—Giulia. Julia Mannering was a charming young lady, but there is no Julia to those who were familiar with the Norma and Lucrezia of the divine Grisi—only Giulia. We are also reminded that the first "Norma" at La Scala was Giudita Pasta, the "Siddons of Song," which is also preferable to the plain and Jewish looking Judith, as to which one always thinks of Holofernes, or at best of the haughty and termagant wife of Tostig, brother of Harold. Even Juliet, but that we are so accustomed to it in the text of Shakespeare, would look better written Giuliet.

We will give an instance of the curious way in which the alteration of a letter or two will change the character of a name to the mind's eye. Take a name we have mentioned—Leona. Change the "o" into "æ" dipthong, and see if any combination of letters or sound could better convey the idea of a lioness. Leæna! Gaunt, fell, lean, cruel, famished, snarling, howling, moaning, with that terrible indrawn breath of the felidæ which has so unutterably savage a sound. It seems to bring to mind the "*ira sævæ Junonis*" (what a relentless hiss the words have!)—the fierce and unappeasable wrath of the imperial lioness of Olympus.

T, Th, and Z are not pretty letters. Take Elizabeth, Eliza, Tabitha, as examples. Z becomes tolerable by a Greek, Moorish, or Turkish association, as in Zoe (life), Zara, Zuleika, Zuleima. But Theodora ("the gift of God," which is an improvement by transposition of Dorothea), Theodoxia, and Theresa redeem themselves; Theodora especially by grandeur of sound. Dorothea, beautiful in itself, has been vulgarized by its abbreviation, Dorothy, which is fitly conjoined with "Draggletail" in the chorus to "Dame Durden." Indeed, there is scarcely a name, except Diana, beginning with D which is tolerable. Diana we accept partly for intrinsic beauty, partly for Die Vernon's sake. Dora does but recall David Copperfield's idiotic little wife.

Well, then, "what's in a name?" Look, sound, association, these three, but the greatest of these is association. No doubt "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet," but how completely would our ideas be revolutionized had the name been applied to the fair but scentless lily.

It is our purpose to consider names in groups or classes more or less connected by association, origin, or otherwise. The old quotation draws us to the floral idea; but we will make one pause to revert to the proverb with which we headed this article, *Chacun à son gout.*

To the minds of devout persons who disdain other literature than the Bible, and to whose perceptions that venerable collection of records presents itself in the light of unquestionable sacredness, scriptural proper names possess that quality of fitness which we have seen to be an attribute of taste.

The development of this puritan *penchant* from New England has flooded the United States with Ichabods, Seths, and Jeremiahs; with Marthas, Jerushas, and Keren-happuchs; and the usage spreading thence has come to prevail to a considerable extent in Canada.

There be those, then, to whom scriptural names are unctious and savoury. Encore, *chacun à son gout!* Here are a few specimens:—Ada, Zillah, Dinah, Rachel, Rebecca, Ruth, Esther, Martha, Tabitha, Jemima, Naomi, Marianne, Salome, Eunice, Dorcas.

Ada is a popular name, but we confess we do not like it. Byron's choice of it for his daughter fails to make it interesting; and it is another instance of the effect of the substitution of a single letter, that it bears no comparison with the noble Ida, to the ideal of which Tennyson has done justice in his "Princess." Eunice is Greek, and euphonious in itself, besides being a beautiful written name; but it is not enhanced by Sam Slick's association of it with "Share." Rachel, disagreeable both in sound and appearance, yet recalls Lady Russell and that wonderfully pathetic creation of Thackeray, Lady Castlewood. We all, probably, in our *cor cordium*, think it a pity that the little prejudice of his day, and the trifling accident of a previous engagement, should have consigned Rebecca to the hades of a hopeless passion; and we enter, perhaps, somewhat more *con amore* than propriety warrants into the spirit of that comic sequel to "Ivanhoe" which endeavours to satisfy poetic justice by imagining the opportune decease of Rowena (itself a not inelegant Saxon name), and the ultimate felicity of the noble Jewish damsel. It may admit of a shrewd doubt whether we all regard Miss Sharpe with quite that sternness of reprobation which, alas! we are compelled to admit to ourselves that she richly deserves; but there is not the shadow of a doubt that we see little to admire in the unscrupulous daughter of Bethuel, however grand a figure she may make as the mother of Edom and Israel,—a conception, by the way, which we once saw grandly realized in sculpture. Ruth is beautiful in association but detestable in sound and inelegant in appearance. Naomi, on the contrary, has decided beauty. Neither the sister of Mary nor Mrs. Washington suffice to redeem the absolute homeliness of Martha. Esther or Hester is far better. There are the Esther of the Bible, Esther Summerson of "Bleak House," Hester Prynne of the "Scarlet Letter," Lady Hester Stanhope, and the two Esthers or Hesters of Swift. Food enough to furnish the cud of sweet and bitter fancy! Marianne and Salome are names of intrinsic grace and dignity even apart from their melancholy connection with the great Herod. The rest may be consigned to the limbo of the utterly abominable, only that we would still recommend the dulcet cognomen of Keren-happuch to lovers of biblical associations.

Let us pass to the flowers. Rose, Rosa, Rosalie, Rosalind, Rosamond are all akin and all pretty, and rich enough in association. There is the sub-heroine in Col. Hawley's pretty novel, "Lady Lee's Widowhood," and there is Rosa Bonheur. There is St. Rosalie, who "from all the youth of Sicily retired to God." There is sweet Rosalind of "As you like it," and the famous, if somewhat mythic, "Fair Rosamond" of Henry II. But a yet more terrible, because probably a more real tragedy than the doubtful one of Woodstock, may be found in Gibbon, in connection with Rosamond, a princess of the Gepidæ, and wife of Albion, King of the Lombards.

Lily, Lilias, Lilian, Lilla are pretty and graceful, and speak of the whiteness and purity of the flower from which they are derived. Tennyson seems to like the name of Lilian, and there is Lily Dale of the "Small House at Allington," a sweet enough portraiture.

Violet is an exquisite name, and one which is apparently coming into greater use. Viola is one of Shakspere's most charming heroines. Myrtilla and Myrtea are scarcely so pretty, though not inelegant. But a very sweet addition to names of this class was made by Hannay in his clever naval novel, "Singleton Fontenoy," namely, Ivy. Daisy is pretty enough, and there seems no reason that Hyacinth should not be adopted, while the noble Amaranth has still higher claims to recognition. The ring of the combination of letters "anth" is wonderful, and imparts perhaps the loftiest tone attainable to a name.

From things of beauty in the vegetable kingdom to the analogous things of beauty in the mineral, is a natural step. So we turn to precious stones. Some bold innovators have already initiated, in certain nov-

els, the apposite and graceful idea. Ruby has been so utilized, and Opal, in the effective book, "Olive Varcoe;" and there seems, in the case of jewels, no reason to reject any of them. Onyx would be as pretty as Opal; Diamond, as Ruby; Turquoise, as either; Sapphire, more than either. Amethyst is beautiful in sound. Emerald, simply, is almost as graceful as Esmeralda, already immortalized by Victor Hugo in "Notre Dame." Pearl suggests the elfin child in the "Scarlet Letter," and is, even in its English dress, a pleasant and graceful name; while as Marguerite, Margarita (the absolute Spanish for Pearl), and Margaret, it already lives in a hundred tender thoughts, from the Laureate's "rare pale Margaret," to Edward Maitland's Margaret, in "Higher Law;" from the fair Margaret of Branksome, to the immortal one of Faust.

Before we take a brief glance at a few names of distinct nationality, let us consider some of a miscellaneous character.

First, a set which we will characterize as pedantic. Some of them, distinguished by a certain gushing inanity, have been popularized by American bad taste, which, in such matters, inclines to the "Minerva press and melodramatic style," the dime novels of the present day answering to the penny weeklies of England thirty years ago. Some of them remind us of the pseudo-classic taste of the comic dramatists of the Restoration, and of the age of Pope, Dryden, Otway, and Rowe. There is a sickliness pervading them which is foreign even to the euphuisms of the Elizabethan era. They are such as Amanda, Semantha, Phœbe, Phyllis (not redeemed even by Milton), Sylvia (partially recommended by the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," and really beautiful in itself); Lucinda, Araminta, Cynthia (also beautiful and Greek); Belinda, Florinda (adopted by Southey, with questionable taste, to avoid the tabooed name of Cava, in "Roderick"); Delia (absolutely detestable, Sir Lucius O'Trigger to the contrary notwithstanding); Miranda (with which, however, we have half melancholy childish associations with the pathetic fairy tale of the "Royal Ram," not to speak of Shakspere's "Tempest"); Evelina (for such as appreciate Fanny Burney's heroine); Orynthia ("my beloved," as the recitative of an old song goes, nevertheless a name of great intrinsic grace and stateliness); Berinthia, Melissa, and Melinda, which last owes something to Bret Harte.

Next there is a category of pretty and graceful names, which, though not of uncommon occurrence, are ladylike and pleasant to eye and ear.

Who has not known many a pleasant Emily, one of the sweetest of ordinary names? Eleanor, better, perhaps, spelt Elinor, is thoroughly *comme il faut*. "Serene, imperial Eleanore!" Clara (clear, pure) is always satisfactory, although a "Lady Clara Vere de Vere" may now and then work havoc with soft young gentlemen. Laura is particularly graceful, and recalls Petrarch, as Beatrice does Dante. There is a sweet picture of Stothard's, which shows Laura and a companion, seated on a garden bench under an orange tree, Petrarch appearing before them, and the orange blossoms falling in showers around her. Flora may bring before us Flora McIvor or Flora McDonald; but it is becoming rather common, and may remind us of Mr. Clennam's old flame in "Little Dorritt." Nora is essentially Irish, and none the worse therefor. Nora Creina! Leonora, Lenora, a noble name of all Latin tongues, has, moreover, a weird and terrible association with Bürger's Leonor and Poe's Lenore, the heroine of "The Raven." Agnes is always beautiful, from Agnes de Meranie to Agnes of David Copperfield—the only true and dignified lady, by the way, whom Dickens ever created. Christina is a fair name, notwithstanding the evil association of the infamous Swedish Queen. Blanche is always ladylike. De la Motte-Fouqué, in the "Magic Ring," adds a pleasant variety, Blanche-fleur, white flower. Marian, or Marion (we prefer the latter), takes us back to Sherwood Forest and bold Robin Hood, that "forester good," to Little John, Friar Tuck, Will Scarlett, and all their goodly company. Lucy, Lucille, Lucinda, of which the fundamental idea is lucid, clear, are pretty but a trifle namby-pamby. Does Lucy owe this to the weak heroine of Lammermoor? The Italian Lucia, however, has more dignity. We are not fond of Magdalen, or Madeline, or the French Madelon—they have all a thin and stilted air. Matilda is a fine, but not altogether pleasant cognomen, although she of "Rokeby" is a charming enough damsel. Alice is well enough, but we fear "Ben Bolt," the most inane of

songs, has somewhat spoiled her. May, a familiarized abbreviation of the finer Greek Maia, is pretty, but becoming hackneyed. Grace and Florence are unexceptionable, and Frances is more honoured as Fanny, one of the best heroines of the name we remember being Fanny Conway of "Dennis Donne."

There is another set of names, not so commonly used, some of them, indeed, not in use at all, but which might all swell the *répertoire* with advantage to grace and variety.

Adela, to begin with, is a thorough lady's name. Gwendolen has already been adopted by George Eliot, besides being borne by a lady of the noble house of Seymour (St. Maur). It is also the name of the enchantress from whose liaison with Arthur, in the "Bridal of Triermain," springs the exquisite Gyneth, a name which ought long ago to have taken high rank among people of taste. Following the idea of British or Cambrian names, Gœrvyl is one for which we are indebted to Southey's "Madoc;" and Regan and Goneril might have a chance, but for the truculence of those daughters of Lear, which, we suppose, taboos them to us as completely as her treason did that of Cava to the Goths of Spain. For our own part, we rather admire the thoroughness of those princesses,—without detriment to Cordelia, however. Geraldine is inseparable from the Earl of Surrey. Eve is of good taste enough, but we should not so christen a daughter of our own. Stella is really sweet, though its associations with Swift are scarcely agreeable. Guenevere, Guenevra, Ginevra ought to be brought into use. We prefer the first, which is a noble name, and associated with that "Idyll of the King," which it would perhaps have been as well had it been the only one, except, perhaps, the "Last Tournament." We have actually known a little girl called Norma, but there appears to be a sort of profanation in the use of the Druid Priestess' name in an ordinary way. Viola, soft and sweet itself, has, like Olivia, its association with that most delightful of Shakspere's comedies, "Twelfth Night." Olivia is further endeared to us by Goldsmith, and by Tennyson, in his exquisite "Talking Oak." Rolanda is a fine name, not totally unused in certain families. Veronica, which we think we remember in a book called the "Free Court of Aarau," is worthy of adoption, besides being the name of a distinguished saint, if that be a recommendation. Sybil is perfect in its way, as is also Mabel (*ma belle*). Aurora, Cleora, Vincentia, are all striking. Jessica has its "Merchant of Venice" reminiscences. Muriel, a singularly graceful name, has been adopted in a noble family. Cecilia, Cicely are ladylike, as is also Evelyn.

We now come to categories which are stamped with the associations of country or race.

We will instance a few Saxon ones, one or two of which are already popular, *e.g.* Edith and Ethel. Edith is full of association. There is the Edith of the "Talisman;" Edith of Lorne, to whom is addressed that exquisite *reveillée* which opens the "Lord of the Isles;" Edith, the betrothed of Harold, in Bulwer's incomparable historical novel; and a dozen others. Ethel (noble) was popularized in the "Newcomes," and is a name deservedly gaining in favour. Elfleda, Elfrida, Elgiva, and Rowena are also graceful, and might well enrich the resources of nomenclature.

Akin to the early Saxon are a number of dignified and graceful names of German origin, many of them with most interesting connections of ideas. Such are Ermengarde and Kunigunde, Ulrica, Ursula, Hertha, Hilda, which sparkle in many a weird romance of the Fatherland. Bertha, the saintly heroine of the "Magic Ring;" Gerda, the Norwegian enchantress in the same book, and, to our taste, the most interesting lady in it; Bertalda, the wilful lady of "Undine;" Brunhilda, of the "Niebelungen Lied;" and Crimhilde, the fated heroine whose inexorable hatred of the murderers of Siegfrid, and appalling ferocity in carrying out her grand scheme of vengeance, fail to shake our love and compassion for her. Gertrude has long been a favourite.

The German naturally suggests the kindred Scandinavian. We have of late acquired a new association with the beautiful name of Dagmar, the fair and good Danish Queen. Thyra and Thora ("fairest of women") may both be found in Longfellow's spirited translations of Norse Sagas. Ingeborge is the exquisite heroine of Frithiof's Saga, as well as the unfortunate Queen of Philip Augustus. "Queen Sigrid the Haughty" gives us another splendid name, and the "Magic Ring" another sweet one in Astrid. Russia gives us an elegant appel-

lation in Olga; and a delightful name appeared in a novel having a half Russian plot and locale, a few years ago—Vera.

Spain, Italy, and Portugal furnish us with many lovely names besides Isabella. Who does not remember Donna Violante of Mrs. Centlivre's "Wonder," one of the prettiest of the comedies of that age, or the Mercedes of Fenimore Cooper's "Mercedes of Castile" and Alexander Dumas' "Monte Christo"? There are the Catilina, Inez, and Serafina of Gil Blas, and of a hundred other less famous romances. Dolores is a fitting mate to Mercedes. Isidora is an exquisite name. Juanita is pretty; and Elvira, besides being absolute in beauty, has more than one royal and operatic association. There is always, too, the inevitable Maria.

We do not much affect French names, but a few of them are very pretty. Estelle, for instance, which Dickens, with more than his usual taste, utilized in "Great Expectations." Clemence, the heroine of James's "Huguenot;" Eugénie; Aglæ, a pretty diminutive of the perfect Greek Aglaia; Corinne, Renée, polished and graceful; and the ever-lovely Marie, as beautiful, despite its commonness, as its English equivalent—almost more so, perhaps. Stephanie has also recommended itself here and there: it is, at all events, ladylike. Then there is Héloise, with all its suggestions.

There are the soft Moorish names,—Leila, recalling the seige of Granada, Lola, and Xarifa, and the grand Soleyma, the Moorish princess in "Minstrel Love." There is an exquisite picture of Westall's, representing the introduction by his friends, the Moorish knights Balta and Gryba, of Arnald of Maraviglia, the minstrel knight, to the court of Soleyma. The Morocco queen, in her gorgeous loveliness, occupies the far centre, embowered in roses and orange blossoms, and surrounded by damsels scarcely less lovely than herself. Arnald, in the foreground, just entering, involuntarily shades his eyes with his hand from the blaze of beauty and magnificence. Alcarda is another name in "Minstrel Love."

Before we pass to those two great sources, the Roman and the Greek, let us also remember Althea, the sweet heroine of the noble German tale, "The Patricians," and Isola, an Italian name worthy of adoption.

Roman names are full of the grandeur and dignity characteristic of an imperial people. Listen to their stately flow,—Octavia, Flavia, Camilla, Augusta, Æmelia (which, spelt with the dipthong, conveys a very different idea from the namby-pamby Amelia who tormented poor Dobbin almost beyond even his patient bearing), Olympia (a name of limpid splendour), Virginia, Volumnia, regal Valeria, Aurelia, spelt Orelia (and equally beautiful both ways) by Col. Hamley; Claudia and Marcia, unsurpassable for stately grace; Lucretia, with three terrible associations, however, the victim of "false Sextus," the fell heroine of Bulwer's powerful novel, and the famous Borgia, who however, was probably not by any means as bad as she has been painted to subserve sensational literary purposes. Cælia, Portia, and Horatia may suffice to close the list. The former two, also, of Shaksperian memory, and the latter reminding us of Nelson. Hyppolita, Hermia, and Helena, too, though Greek, are brought to mind by the "Midsummer Night's Dream."

We will not recapitulate the Greek names to which we have already adverted, except to recommend Helia as a substitute for Phœbe. The Greek is a perpetual fountain of beauty, and some few of its names have by degrees fought their way into use. We once knew a lady rejoicing in the name of Cassandra. Theresa and Irene are not unknown to ordinary use. We have also known more than one Selina (Selene). Ida is almost hackneyed in America, more's the pity. Lydia is not uncommon, and we have seen Daphne adopted in a recent novel. There is no reason why Nydia (Bulwer's exquisite creation in the "Last Days of Pompeii,") should not be used as well as Lydia; and Ione, the beautiful heroine of the same book, is no farther-fetched than Irene. Iris, Circe, Myra, and Calypso might all be made to do duty; as might Media, if, as in the case of Circe, people are not daunted by fierce associations. For ourselves we confess to feeling intense charm in some of the terrible old heroines, and have almost as affectionate a compassion for Medea as for Beatrice Cenci. Œnone is an exquisite name, and married to Tennyson's immortal verse. Eulalie and Eudocia are beautifully soft, and look as they sound. Agatha, Maia, and Lesbia are all good, and why not Sappho and Aspasia? If people have been found bold enough to tackle Clytemnestra, surely the far sweeter Iphigenia might find acceptance. In fact,

one Greek name, divested of conventional hesitation at novelty, is almost as chaste and *récherché* as another; and we can see no more objection to Hero, Demeter, Artemis, Briseis, or Acmé, than to Penelope, which has a stiff and old-maidish sound and look, but which has long been in vogue. There is no doubt that Lord Derby fell into an error in taste, in declining the Greek in favour of the Latin names of divinities in his noble translation of the Iliad. Neither are his reasons valid: if the Greek names were caviare to the general public, it is time the general public began its education in that particular.

Let us, before we pass from the rich and fertile Greek, mention a few more of infinite beauty, and the most graceful associations.

There are the names of the Graces—Aglaia, Thalia (also the name of the comic muse), and the exquisite "goddess, fair and free, in Heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne." There are the Pleiades, names of perfect classic grace—Asterope, Electra, Maia, Merope, and Alcyone, that "bright particular star," round which it was, some 25 years ago, supposed that our sun might revolve. The name even of one of the Gorgons, Euryale, is beautiful. Among the Muses, Clio, Urania, Erato, Calliope, and Euterpe are not unadaptable. Melpomene, Terpsichore, and Polyhymnia are perhaps scarcely to be recommended. Neither are Celæno (also one of the Harpies) and Tagete, among the Pleiades, pleasant sounding or looking.

One more word on the conveyance of appropriate ideas through sound and written appearance. We all know Charles Dickens's power of illustration by names, but neither his nor that of any modern (for Milton resorted to Greek) can approach the imperial combination of subtilty and severity of suggestion which marks the Hellenic — the names of the Fates, the Furies, and the Gorgons are sufficient examples. Clotho is like the immutable calm of the steadfast gaze of the Sphinx, inexorable and impassive as nature herself, and Lachesis and Atropos match with it fitly. All the fulness of insatiable and implacable wrath and revenge are embodied in Alecto and Megæra, and all their snaky locks coil and hiss together in Tisiphone; while Stheno and Medusa (though not Euryale) seem exactly to convey the fitting ideas of the terrible Gorgons.

From the heathen, let us pass to the Christian Graces—Faith, Hope, and Charity. Though (especially the second) not exactly ugly, they have a very puritan smack; besides, we can't help thinking of Miss Charity Pecksniff. But three beautiful names can be evolved from them, Fidalia, Esperanza, and Carita.

We will mention two or three more miscellaneous names before changing our ground entirely to a more commonplace level. There are the beautiful Sabrina, immortalized in "Comus;" Wanda, of "Grande Duchesse" association; and the strange yet graceful Lilith, connected with the wierd idea of the first wife of Adam.

Some of the ordinary names do not much commend themselves. In fact, we are tired of them. Susan, Ellen, Eliza, Harriet, Jane, Ann have really nothing to recommend them, and are hopelessly vulgarized. Annette is tolerable but somewhat sickly. Henrietta, like most feminines of masculine appellations, is disagreeable. It is almost as bad as Roberta.

But Sarah, hackneyed as it is, is redeemable by dropping the "h." Spelt Sara, it at once assumes a classic and dignified appearance; and, by the way, we wonder no one has ever adopted (at least, as far as we know) the very beautiful name of Sabra, which, if we remember rightly, is the name of the princess whom St. George rescued from the dragon.

The last common name, which is the first of all, real or conceivable, brings us to our closing indication of our three absolute favourites. What could not be said or sung of Mary, at once the most common and the most sublime? It may all be summed up in a few of the words of Shakspere: "Age" (nor perpetual usage) "cannot wither" it, "nor custom stale" its "infinite" pathos and sweetness. Instances would be superfluous. It is in all hearts the supreme name for woman.

Other names, *i.e.*, preferences for them, are matter of individual taste. Many we have named might occupy the first place in the heart and mind of any of our readers, for the original association may be of the most trifling or accidental kind. Our own favourites, next to Mary, are Constance and Beatrice. We think Ianthe the most perfect name in sound and beauty of appearance, but it is too absolutely classic and "high-strung" (to use an Americanism, expressive if vulgar) to associate with ordinary surnames. Our first

association with Constance was in James's "Darnley." We happened to read that very good novel of a type now growing old, when we were about seven years of age. We, of course, fell in love with Constance de Grey, and the association, borne out in after years by the perfect ladylikeness of the name, never left us. Then we had a notion that Constantia Neville, in "She Stoops to Conquer," was very much of a lady. We heartily sympathise with her of Beverley, "sister professed of Fontevrand," and not a little with her of "King John." Our next preference—for Beatrice—arose likewise from some novel of James's (they were popular when we were young), we think the "Ancien Régime," in which a certain Beatrice de Carrara figures as the unfortunate one of two heroines. The Beatrice of Messina, the Bobadilla (friend of Ysabel of Castile), the Cenci, and the Beatrix of Esmond, though the most unworthy character of the finest novel in the English language, and one or two others, suffice to surround the name with a halo of association. But we are at the length of our tether, and "I end with it, as I did begin," *chacun à son gout.*

G. W. G.

ACA NADA.

A doubtful tradition asserts that the name, Canada, is derived from these two Spanish words, signifying *nothing here*, from the fact that the first explorers were disappointed in their hope of finding gold.

Long ago a band of travellers
 Left behind the coast of Spain,
Turned their faces to the westward,
 Sailed across the storm-tossed main,
Crossed the black Atlantic waters,
 Landed on a rock-bound shore,
Moored their argosies and left them,
 That the land they might explore.
Sadly turned they homeward, murmuring,
 "*Aca Nada!*" nothing here.

Nothing here! my Canada?
 Nay but we have wiser grown;
Stretching vast from dawn to sunset,
 With a grandeur all thine own!
Rugged mountains, where the eagle
 Wheels in widening circles slow;
Mighty hills whose peakèd summits,
 Covered with eternal snow,
Stand like angel sentinels guarding
 Far and wide the land below!

Trackless forests, dark and lonely,
 Where man's foot hath never trod;
Howls the wolf, and screams the panther,
 Face to face with Nature's God!

Here the haughty stag advancing,
Kingly power undaunted sways;
Here the timid hare bounds fearless
Through the brushwood underways;
In his native marsh the heron
Seeks the waters of his love,
While in geometric figure
Sail the wild-duck far above.
Company of man disturbs not,
All in careless freedom rove!

Lakes and streamlets ever changing,
Yet in beauty changeless still
As when Chaos and Old Night
Bent obedient to His will!
Stately rivers, onward rolling
Ever to the restless sea,
On thine azure bosoms heaving,
White-winged barques ride daintily,
Laden low with grain so golden,
Ceres laughs in happy glee.

Where of yore, by tideless waters,
Pines their solemn shadows threw,
Curls the graceful smoke from homesteads,
Men their thrifty lives pursue.
Where in bygone years the forest
Shuddered with the tempest's roar,
Spreads now many a stately city;
Solitude returns no more!
Happy country! happy people!
Peace prevails from shore to shore.

Dear my country! thee I love
Better than my tongue can tell;
Land of peace and plenty, ever
In my heart thy name shall dwell!
Birds of evil omen many
Croak of poverty and care,
Fancy in them loves to wander
Through the mazes of despair.
Dear our country is and lovely,
And though night be dark and long,
Evening red-lit clouds betoken
Morning sunshine bright and strong!

KAY LIVINGSTONE.

"WANTED, GOOD BOARD."

A TALE IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

CONCERNING THE VACUUM IN THE TILLETT FAMILY.

"LOOK here," sang out Jack Bragstocke, as he unfestooned his feet from the side of the fireplace and reached over the fender to knock the ashes out of his pipe,—"look here, Tom, if this isn't too ridiculous! It won't bear reading, the cream of the jest is in the look of the thing," and he handed Tom the paper, folded down at the following advertisement:

TWO LADIES WANT COMFORTably furnished rooms, with use of kitchen. Address A. B., Box 107, City.

"Poor creatures!" he continued, as Tom grinned over the joke; "board and lodging have I often seen advertised for, but 'comfort' in the abstract as opposed to 'home comforts,' which, being interpreted, means a landlady who will test the strength of your spirits and the quality of your sugar with a more than maternal care, have I never yet found sought for through the medium of a newspaper."

"Isn't there the rudiment or raw material for a joke lying hidden here?" replied Tom, handing back the paper. "Something might be made out of a comparison between Diogenes with his lantern searching the world for an honest man, and these twin ladies searching the *Globe* for an honest landlady. Good joke that, I think. Emphasis on world and *Globe*, you know. Hang it, man, why don't you laugh?" All this between puffs of his pipe.

Jack's sole response was to whistle a bar of "'Tis but a Little Faded Flower," his usual acknowledgment of an attempt at witticism on the part of his comrade; but on this occasion he was still hanging on to the "fa-aded" part of the tune, when an idea struck him, and suddenly replacing his meerschaum in his mouth, he began to fumble with both hands in his waistcoat pockets, finally producing a crumpled bit of paper, slightly damaged from a too intimate acquaintance with sundry lucifer matches, cloves, and divers other sundries. Carefully flattening it out on his knee, he said:

"I'm rather a connoisseur in this kind of thing. I've made a collection of odd advertisements and cuttings any time this six years. Why, sir, I was the only man who detected a correspondent in the *Times* in the act of idiotically describing a newly launched ironclad as a 'Traveller of the Sea,' in inverted commas, evidently under the pleasing delusion that he was making a delicate and complimentary allusion to Victor Hugo's 'Travailleurs de la Mer,' then lately published. Then, again, it was I who caught a leader writer in the same august journal in the very act of 'penning a stanza' when he imagined he was writing prose,—"

"He must have been as much surprised," interrupted Tom, "as M. Jourdain was when he learned for the first time that he had been talking prose all his life."

"Silence!" ejaculated Jack, "and let me achieve my sentence. Before an hour was out every club was scanning the lines—

'Fathoms deep in Norman waters
Lies the good ship Alabama,'

and declaring that the entire *Times'* staff couldn't have indited such a spirited couplet if they had knowingly tried for a week. But no one recognized *me* as the discoverer, no one wrote to the papers mentioning *my* name. *I* was sunk as deep in oblivion as, as—"

"As the Alabama in the Norman waters, and no chance of a Geneva conference to rake you up again. But what is that precious scrap of greasy paper which served as the text for all this?"

"Oh, this is my last acquisition, I'll read it to you while you cut out the 'Two Ladies'

for me. Here's my penknife; no, on second thought, use your own, mine is too sharp and might cut you, to say nothing of imperilling its own edge upon the paper." And so saying, Jack read as follows:

AS BUTCHER, &c., UNDERSTANDS pork, both English and American, no objection to go with some pious family to do chores: X. Y. Z., Grimsby.

"When you've finished that cutting-out, and can laugh without endangering your sweet existence, I will point out the beauties of this. Pork, now! You or I would think Pork a simple thing enough, with all its beauties, all its defects upon the surface! No, learn from this man that there goes some depth of insight to the due comprehension of Pork. He must be akin to Dickens's butcher, who held that meat, *dead* meat, 'must be humoured —not drove.' And then, see his exclusiveness! English Pork he knows and loves; American Pork he, presumably, appreciates with affection, but Irish Pork he ignores and abhors." (Movement of restlessness on the part of Tom, appeased by Jack's handing him the tobacco.) "Then the concluding member of his sentence. Is he satirical? Are we to read it in the sense one gives to the 'Wanted a servant, *no objection* to girl from the country?' that is, anything else would be preferred, but, as a *pis aller*, come along 'with your pious family?' Or is he deeply pious himself, and does he feel that the ignominious chores of a serious couple would be more acceptable than a stall in the market of the ungodly? Or——" But here he was doomed to be cut off short, for Tom, who had been listlessly turning over the sheet from which he had cut the first attraction, now looked up and said,

"By-the-bye, talking of serious families, here's that ass Prindle's advertisement in still. Will he never be suited?"

"I should think not, seeing that he demands enough impossibilities to frighten away even the most self-satisfied owner of apartments. We know how elastic the 'five minutes' easy walk of the Post Office' proves to be in practice. Why, if nothing remain of us to future ages but our public buildings and our newspapers, the scientists of the next centuries will form exaggerated notions of our powers of walking."

"Or mendacity," put in Tom.

"But here, you know, even a Toronto lodging-house keeper wouldn't dare to aver that he was placed on that precise spot which Prindle announces that he covets, and which must be equidistant from the University and the City Hall station, not more than five minutes' walk from each, and yet must be east of Jarvis Street!"

"Prindle must be about tired of waiting for the answer to that advertisement."

"Tired? It's a case of 'it cometh not, he said;' but to beguile the weary hours he tries all the other places he sees offered, tries and fails again and again, ever with fresh hope at setting out, and fresh despair when he returns. He complained to me the other day that marble-topped furniture was a weariness of the soul to him. I replied that in the winter it would be a weariness, and a coldness too, to the flesh, if all the furniture, including chairs and sofa, were marble-topped. He didn't seem to see the joke—"

"Didn't see it? I should think not. He told me the other day that his present landlady, enraged at his persistent efforts to escape from her clutches, was pouring the vials of her wrath upon him. On my asking an explanation in more mundane language, he said that he found his provisions and movables diminishing in a geometrically increasing ratio, and that a pound of tea now only produced two brews, 'and that, you know, is the only thing I drink,' added he lugubriously."

"How do you find your new inmate get along, Tom?" asked Jack; "since we are on the subject."

Tom Tillett looked as though he didn't like the subject, or the inmate, or something, for he turned rather red, and said, somewhat shortly, "Oh, Miss Fluker! She gets on well enough. I see little enough of her, and wish to see less."

Jack whistles softly, stops in his task of cleaning out the stem of his pipe with a blade of withered ornamental grass he has taken from off the mantelpiece, and says in a bantering tone, "Now don't, let me beg of you, *don't* let concealment, 'like a worm i' the bud, feed on your damask cheek,'" tapping that part of Tom's ruddy and honest visage with the grass seed, a manœuvre which leads to a struggle for the grass, which, as is usually the fate with the *casus belli*, gets much the worst of it. "Oh, youth!" continued Jack, "confide in me your woes. Why would such

confidence resemble the shirts we read of so often in these columns? Because—give it up?—it would be perfectly fitting. But seriously, is it true that you advertised for an exchange of photographs 'with a view to matrimony,' and that Miss F. responded so gracefully as to make you long to turn that charming vision into reality. Say, generous stripling, what bold plan is thine, that thus thou hast lured her to thy paternal roof?"

"Oh, bother—" began Tom, but the incessant Jack cut the words out of his mouth with an aside, spoken to the ceiling in the true muffled roar of a private theatrical performer:

"List to the gay Lothario; he saith: 'oh, bother!' But proceed."

"Proceed!" said Tom; "there's no chance of doing that while you're in the room. You know well enough no one advertised for her, but the mater and the girls happened on her at a Charity Bazaar, and were so touched with her sensibility and delicacy of feeling that they, or at least my mother, quite took up with her. To be true, on close investigation I found that the sensibility consisted in bursting into tears whenever pressed to buy anything, and confiding to the stall-keepers that they were angels, that the Lady Patronesses were something beyond angels—archangels I suppose—and that the whole concern (in some inscrutable manner) reminded her of her little brother, who died, aged six, of a surfeit of gooseberries—at which stage in her confession she had so much difficulty in finding her handkerchief that no one had the heart to suggest that her purse might be produced as well."

"Rather a good dodge that," ruminated Jack; "saves your money and wouldn't be unpleasant, I mean the hanging on the neck of the pretty stall-keeper and calling her an angel—though perhaps she might not like *me* to try it on."

"Certainly not, at least not in public; but to resume. The Fluker appeared to know some friends of my mother, and while Tilly and her sister were away and the mother was talking to her alone, she said so much about her forlorn condition and homeless state that my venerable maternal parent was quite heartsick over her, and having foolishly offered her a spare room at our house for a week (as *she* meant), found that the astute Fluker, with a few very business-like and unromantic remarks sandwiched in between her sentiment, had pinned her down to an invitation, vague as to time, but very definite in other particulars, and which left the poor mater no alternative but to tell the astonished girls, on their return, that 'this estimable young person will come home with us, and make our abode her own for a short season!'"

"How are you to get rid of this old maid of the mountain?" asked Jack. "Do you wish your slave to murder her, to try (in other words) his newly found medical skill upon her; or would you that I marry her? Speak on!"

"We shall never get rid of her," said Tom gloomily. "She is so well adapted to point a moral, if not to adorn a tale, that the mother willingly rivets her own fetters more closely every day. Such an example for the dear girls!"

"And for Tom, the hopeful scion of the family tree, now first experiencing the grafting influences of true holiness, eh?"

"Unfortunately, just the reverse; and the only thing my mother and father regret about Miss Fluker is, that she is not companion enough for me, and does not so much attract me to the right path as repel me from it. 'If she were only a man, or if Jack Bragstocke were but like *her*,' my father said only yesterday, 'we might hope to see Tom a credit to his family yet.'"

"Convey my compliments to the ——— stop, an idea—two ideas—three, four, five, in fact multitudinous ideas! You've another spare room yet, haven't you Tom? Suppose I come and board with you, couldn't I drive her away by a little healthy profanity judiciously applied, just as a counter-irritant you know? or else come as a retired and bilious missionary, and lure her away on the promise of a large salary as amanuensis in the composition of my great work, 'How I Lost my Liver among the Lualabas;'—or better still, now I have it!"

"What?"

"Get Prindle! He'll do it better than I could, for he'll be doing it in good faith. Have him in to serve as the pious example for the masculine branch of the family; it'll be rare fun! In a couple of months Miss Fluker will have married him, or the pair of them will have disgusted your father and mother, and so you'll be quit of them both; what do you think?"

"Think! I think it's a strange rel
have in a pious prig in trousers to counteract a pious prig in petticoats."

"True homœopathic principle, my boy; like cures like; and my views are broad enough to prescribe the particular poison in this instance as a specific."

"Now your mother leaves all the management of the house to your sister, Miss Matilda, doesn't she?"

"Yes."

"Well, we must get her to help, swear her to secrecy—and then advertise. I have got the thing written out already in my head. Unconscious cerebration must have been at work elaborating this plan ever since we read about the pious butcher. Are you agreed?"

"It's a nuisance to be obliged to let the girls have a hand in it," grumbled Tom, in the depreciatory tone usually employed by brothers when speaking of their sisters to other young men.

"Nuisance!" retorted Jack, sharply, as he held the light at the door to light Tom out. "You're a nice fellow! If I had a sister like—like Miss Tilly, I should be very glad to have her help and assistance. But there, now! I forgot; 'a tear in the eye blots out the sun' as some poet sings, which being interpreted meaneth, a Fluker at the heart is worth half a dozen sisters at arm's length, and be bothered to you for a man of bad taste. Good night!"

CHAPTER II.

SHOWING HOW NATURE, ABHORRING A VACUUM, FILLED UP—WITH THE AID OF JACK BRAGSTOCKE—THE GAP IN THE TILLETT'S FAMILY.

IT is still early in the day, early enough for Tilly—known to her inferiors as Miss Tillett, and by the unceremonious name of Doldy to her younger brothers—to be yet busily engaged in the front parlour, dusting the ornaments, shaking out the feathery grass and dried berries in the blue vases, and straightening the piano cover. A not unpleasant sight is Miss Doldy, as she moves briskly about removing the traces left by the ubiquitous brothers who have gone off to school and office half an hour or so ago. Courtenay, the youngest, has left a trail, as if a snail with a partiality to jam had dragged its sticky existence along the most prominent and polished surfaces of the furniture. Alfred, a year older, had left a cleanlier token of remembrance in the shape of his French book, copy book, and exercises, for lack of which he, no doubt, was at that very moment suffering excruciating pangs of repentance and revolving supremely untruthful excuses. Having removed these with a smile, Miss Tilly pursued her investigation, and lit upon a fresh trail of Courtenay's, at the end of which she found, with a shiver of disgust, the last mouthful of tart that youthful gourmand had been dispatching while mooning round the room after breakfast. Now the tart should have been kept for lunch, but Courtenay had evidently preferred the more immediate fruition of his desires, and, though full of breakfast—as only schoolboys could be filled—had deliberately consumed the delectable mouthful in stealthy bites.

Doldy carefully took a piece of paper, wrapped it round the offending bitten morsel, and, holding it at full arm's length away from her, and gathering her skirts from contamination with chance crumbs, marched out of the room with it and presented it to the house-dog in the back yard.

Returning, Doldy vigorously scrubbed the piano free from all taint of its late sticky ornament, and was about to open it and run her fingers over the keys, when another misplaced article caught her eye. This time the culprit was of the fair sex; none other but the redoubtable Miss Fluker herself could have owned that miscellaneous packet. Some grewsome tracts, stitched in brown paper covers and lettered in a stiff, angular handwriting, formed the substratum of the parcel; then came an old and rather greasy pair of gloves, in want of a little housewifely expenditure of needle and thread; three loose lozenges, embrowned from long abiding in the corner of a pocket, nestled on the gloves; and a packet of Miss Fluker's favourite powders (composition and original inventor unknown) had slipped off the pile and lay sideways beside it. A smile came over Doldy's face as she dived into the waste paper basket again, this time emerging armed with two pieces of stiffish cardboard, by the help of which she shovelled these treasures off the piano and carried them to a little table in the particular corner where Miss Fluker usually sat in state. A distantly beseeching bark from the dog, as she passed by the open door, seemed to bring the similarity of the cases more vividly before her mind, for she smiled again and said half aloud, "No, no,

puppy, *this* trash would certainly disagree with you."

But what are we doing? Here we have been in the room with Miss Matilda Tillett, aged twenty-one, for a quarter of an hour, and no one is the wiser as to the colour of her eyes or her hair, the opaqueness or brilliancy of her complexion, or the turn of her figure! Let us cry *peccavimus*, and begin. She was rather short, very neat in her dress and in the way she massed her heavy black hair; so neat, in fact, that when you caught her, as you seldom did, in absolute repose, she bore that very aspect of prim regularity that had first suggested her name of Doldy to the younger children. They had been a great deal with her, for their mother was an invalid, and much addicted to surrendering up her faculties at the faintest approach of a cold or a chill, hoisting the white flag from her entrenched position on the sofa as soon as the mildest epidemic showed its face within five blocks of her house. So the children had been cast on their own resources pretty frequently, and in early days, when Tilly and all of them believed far more implicitly in mamma's headaches and general symptons than they afterwar 's came to do, Tilly had had great work to keep them quiet, and to hinder them from dancing strange war-dances, and yelling hideous war-yells in the nursery over mother's head. One very favourite and successful plan was for Tilly to sit bolt upright, arms hanging straight down, toes turned stiffly inward, and personate a doll. In this position she would teach them to touch an imaginary spring at her elbow, warranted to make the doll's heavily-lidded eyes open staringly at you, and to pull an equally unreal string at the back, which shut the eyes up again. Only, as she had to explain once when they refused to pull the string, with the view of seeing how long Doldy's eyes *would* stay open, the spring got a little out of order at times, and the eyes *would* wink, although the string was not touched at all.

So her pet name was given, and it had clung to her. But there was nothing doll-like in her nature. So far from it, that there was a great piquancy in watching the sudden flirting, pirouetting movements she would make, the gay vivacity with which she would pounce on a stray kitten or an errant idea; mind and body alike were so full of startling surprises that she seemed to be making fun of herself when, ever and anon, she fell into one of her dreamy reveries and sat, hands crossed upon her lap, like a prize doll dreaming of a heaven of Christmas trees and bonbons.

See! she has fallen into such a posture now; the cheeks are drawn into a half-smile that expands no farther, the hands look waxily small, and the busy duster ceases in its flappings to and fro. The door creaks; will that rouse her? Apparently Jack Bragstocke, entering quietly, thinks not, for he advances fearlessly yet stealthily, and peers over her shoulder. Ah! Jack, my boy, if you had only glanced in the mirror and noticed the twinkle in the blue eyes, you would have feared some trap.

But Jack doesn't notice, and is horribly disconcerted to find that the little hands are holding a letter up, and the fixed yet dreamy gaze of the girl has lost itself in abstraction over the contents. Feeling awfully guilty, though he hasn't read a word of it, and blushing all over, he essays to get away unnoticed, and would give anything if he had only come in at the door with a bang. But he is not to escape so easily. Symptoms of awakening come over Doldy's frame, and to his disgust the very identical board he is resting his whole tiptoed weight on, begins to creak as he tries to steal away. The awakening symptoms develop rapidly, the doll starts, gives a shiver, exclaims aloud that she is sure some one is close to her, and finally pirouettes round with a little shriek, and then recedes three paces, clasping her letter with an air of offended disdain.

"Give you my word of honour, Miss Tilly, I wasn't trying to read it," begins Jack, pleadingly; but Tilly, after a vain struggle to continue dignified, relaxes her facial muscles and indulges in so hearty a laugh, that it is by no means calculated to reassure Jack or soothe his ruffled dignity.

"Perhaps you would like to read it, though," she began, handing it to him, still laughing.

"Oh no, indeed I shouldn't."

"It would be better perhaps, so as to avoid misunderstandings."

With a bad grace Jack takes the missive, and is more dumbfoundered than ever to find it the price-list of a pushing coal and coke man, carrying on business at the Esplanade, while Tilly, sitting down on the music stool, uplifts the stave—

"He says when he has got control,
That all shall be dirt cheap, save coal!
And beer shall flow in each man's can,
Says my prime little trump of a small coal man."

"Ah, Miss Tilly," said Jack, "that ballad came into existence in a pre-Dunkinite era; but pray explain how you came to be so wrapped up in the price of Lehigh Valley and best gas coke."

"It was an ambuscade," replied Tilly, demurely. "A certain gentleman, who is the mirror of honour, approaching, I set myself to discover whether he would condescend to take any unfair advantage of an abstraction of thought on my part; and by way of revenge upon him in case he was guilty, I snatched up this circular, and horribly you were punished, sir, by it! I could hardly help laughing as I heard you try and vanish like an airy sprite of some twelve stone, clad in creaky boots."

"Boots? Nay, by my halidome, I swear you wrong me, maiden!" exclaimed Jack, fervently. "Think you I would wear a piece of speaking shoe-leather; it was this board that betrayed me;" and he jumped fervently on the spot by way of demonstration. "But don't you see what an opening your incautious speech has given me for revenge? I won't insinuate that you were playing sleeping beauty to my prince."

"I should have liked to see you try it on," said Doldy, looking very animatedly first at the palm of her hand and then at Jack's cheek.

"I repeat I *won't* insinuate that, but I will ask how it was you knew that the 'certain gentleman, who is the soul of honour,' meaning me, was approaching? Was it instinct, was it an indefinable something?"

"An indefinable fiddlestick!" retorted Tilly, smiling to find the war thus carried into Africa in a quite unbearable manner. "Who else is lazy enough or idle enough to spare time in the morning from active business to come and bother me? who could it have been but you? But there, never mind, only don't go jumping on that board again or Miss Fluker will be down to know what's the matter."

"Isn't that the very way to induce me to go on jumping?" asked the irrepressible Jack. Then turning and apostrophising vacancy, "Oh! Fluker! charmer of my vacant moments! Fluker, for whom the hearts of Associated-Band-of-Hopeites pant in vain! what cruel sacrifice is this that is demanded of me,—even that I should pave the way for a rival?"

"Hush, I shouldn't at all wonder if she were listening (for my sake) over the balusters. What rival?"

Jack, very mysteriously, using his hand as a sort of ear trumpet and shouting through it hoarsely, "PRINDLE!"

"Oh, haven't you and Tom given up that ridiculous idea yet?"

"Miss Matilda Tillett," commenced Jack very gravely, "what *do* you mean? No, don't interrupt me. 'Tis for me to ask. Didn't you agree to our plan the day before yesterday?. did you or did you not say you would let your mother know to-day that the spare room would probably be taken very shortly? is it true or is it a dream that Tom was to arrange matters with Prindle? Can it be possible that when Tom asked me afterwards to manage the thing for him, and I out of pure affection for (we'll say) your family promised to do it, yea, verily, and have done it, that I am to be disowned and renounced, and my idea described as ridiculous? I pause for a reply!"

"You can't really have spoken to that wretched Prindle? Tell me how you did it," demanded Tilly, very much amused, but a little annoyed.

"The simplest thing in the world. Went round to his rooms and found him as usual lamenting. Turned the conversation on boarding, and told him he was not precise enough in his advertisement, told him he ought to change it and let the people know what an acquisition he would be to a family circle. Why, I said, if a wordly-minded landlord advertises his bath-room—why shouldn't the saintly-minded lodger mention his sanctity as a sort of spiritual set-off? Gas and water laid on, quotha? Haven't you exposition and expostulation laid on? And so, by judicious hints and flatteries, I got him to indite his new advertisement, which of course you saw in yesterday's *Globe*."

"I missed the *Globe* altogether yesterday; Miss Fluker marched off with it before I had time to see it."

"Never mind, I've kept a copy—look here:

BOARD AND LODGING WANTED by a single gentleman, in a respectable family where his Christian example would be considered a sufficient compensation. Address J. P., &c.

"I took it to the office myself for him; and yesterday evening, at Tom's request, I wrote a note, couched in the third person, referring Mr. Jacob Prindle here, as a suitable home for him, and as offering a vast field for the exercise of his example. Nothing like striking while the iron's hot."

Here a slight skirmishing was heard in the passage, and a man was heard answering the servant's "What name shall I say, sir?" with the magic words, "Mr. Prindle."

Jack and Tilly darted asunder, Tilly wrung her hands in despair, and Jack made comic attempts to conceal himself behind small hand-screens and other articles of furniture palpably too small to hide his body. Still no Mr. Prindle appeared, and the servant was heard descending into her own lower regions again.

A grewsome thought came over Jack. Had he been outwitted in some way and had Prindle been warned off. He rushed to the window and looked up and down the street, but no one was in sight. Tilly too was greatly agitated, though her hopes were the reverse of Jack's. At last they mustered up resolution to ring the bell, and the servant entering found them seated at opposite ends of the room, Jack twirling a curtain tassel, Tilly deep in her own photograph album, and both looking supremely silly.

"Oh, didn't I hear the front-door bell?" asked Tilly, with an assumption of innocence.

"Yes, miss, it was a gentleman, miss; Pringle or Brindle or some such name."

"Well, where is he, Jane? Why didn't you show him in?"

"In here, miss? Why I thought he was one more of Miss Fluker's kind, miss" (this in a tone of supreme disdain). "*She* was in the drawing-room, so I showed him in there. Shall I ask him in here, Miss?"

"Oh no, Jane; never mind."

Exit Jane, and the two conspirators approach again with fear and trepidation.

"What shall we do? Shall we go in, or run away and leave word that we are gone out for the day?" But all these cogitations were cut off by a rustling at the door, and, before the astonished pair had time to form a more graceful and distant tableau, Miss Amelia Fluker sailed in, followed by Mr. Prindle.

"Matilda, my love," said Miss Fluker, "this is a trying moment for you. It was very awkward for me too, but I waived the ordinary requirements of wordly etiquette and have already introduced myself to Mr. Prindle,—"

Here Mr. Prindle bowed in acknowledgment of that fact.

"So that now I can save you that little inconvenience. Mr. Jacob Prindle—Miss Matilda Tillett. I *should* say *Miss* Tillett" (this to Prindle), "but out of regard to one who will be an inmate of the house" (Tilly and Jack exchanged looks), "and who may be puzzled by the conflicting names of Matilda, Tilly, or even Doldy, I thought it as well to mention names at once."

This with the air of bringing a grave charge against poor Tilly of wilfully misleading or wishing to mislead Prindle as to her baptismal name.

"Miss Fluker has been good enough to say—" began Prindle.

"That I quite approve both of the tone of his advertisement and of the spirit in which you have answered it, my dear," resumed Miss Fluker, still addressing Tilly, but still fixing her gaze entirely on Mr. Prindle. "I also added, that when you mentioned to your mother the other day the probability of our so soon having another inmate, I little expected the pleasure and honour that was in store for us."

"Miss Fluker alludes," began Prindle, in a pleased, but mildly querying tone—

"To your labours as Head Organizer of the Three Minutes Lamp-post Meetings for the Drunken and Dissolute, sir," was the prompt response, as who should say, the eye of Fluker is upon you; go on, young man, and prosper.

Tilly and Jack again exchanged—looks; it was too evident that Mr. Prindle's occupancy of the spare room was an accomplished fact.

CHAPTER III.

RESPECTING THE CONGENIAL MANNER OF MR. PRINDLE, AND HOW HE MADE HIMSELF AT HOME IN THE VACUUM.

IT was in that pleasant time of a winter's day, hour beloved by story-tellers, when the dusk draws on apace, and any one studious enough to wish to read, either hovers over the fire or sits near a west window catching the last glimmer of light from sky

and snow, and provoking from mother or elder sister the annoying intimation, "Don't try your eyes, now." Yet ten to one, if the servant approaches with the lamp, an indignant chorus of "Not yet; take that lamp away, Jane," will greet her.

Courtenay lay upon the rug, his elbows planted on either side his book and his hands propping up his shock head, the devotion he betrayed to his reading clearly showing that he was not at his lessons. If excited over the adventures of his hero, as when that miracle of bravery (aged thirteen) had to confront more than three grizzlies at once, meagrely armed with a small penknife, he would uplift his feet from the rug and brandish them in the air, finally letting them drop again, to the great risk of Alf, who was busily engaged tying up two small puppies in his handkerchief. Maggie was crooning some old tune to herself over the piano, while Tilly, pausing in some of her eternal knitting or netting, was gazing at the sparks that flew up the chimney mouth.

Presently Alfred pinched one of his puppies, eliciting a healthy yell from it—"That's a good dog! I'm training him for a house-dog, Doldy, and he's got to learn to bark when any one's coming. Bark a little piece more, pup; there's some one else coming." But puppy this time preferred to bite and mumble at the pinching fingers, which led to a sanguinary struggle, to the great disturbance of Courtenay, who manifested his displeasure by launching several random kicks into circumambient space. Then the log on the fire gave a great crack, and two big sparks, bigger than any of their predecessors, flew up in a gust of smoke, and Tilly came out of her day-dream just in time to hear Tom's voice at the open door.

"Come in, old man; no lights, as usual; never mind, I'll pilot you: steer to the right; now introduce yourself while I hang the coats up."

Jack, for it was he that accompanied Tom, found the room very indistinct and dark, all but the core of light from the fire, and its reflections on the surrounding faces. Having duly stumbled over a footstool and trod on the cat in recovering himself, he looked round for Mrs. Tillett, but not finding that good lady present, subsided (we will not say without a feeling of relief) on to a settee next to Tilly, with whom he speedily fell into conversation.

"Now you obstreperous ragamuffins," was Tom's greeting to the small boys; "fighting as usual; what's up now?" no unnecessary question, for Alfred was busily employed in retaliating on Courtenay for his kicks by spanking him with his own slipper, which had come off in the melée.

"Sharp was the pang, but sharper far to feel,
His was the slipper's sole and tough old heel,"

sang Tom, as with an elder brother's even-handed justice he divided the struggling boys and distributed several taps apiece on their knuckles, regardless of the fact that, forgetting their feud, the two young rascals had made common cause against him, and were striving to trip him up.

"What have we here?" he continued, having subdued his enemies under him, sitting on one and planting his foot on the other, as he dragged out the damaged puppies.

"Puppies, forsooth, and one of your best handkerchiefs, Alfred, very considerably swallowed. Tilly ought to stop your pocket-money to pay for the mending of that, you young monkey, you. It 's of no use for me to read you 'Brothers and A Sermon,' but, by George, if you don't pay more attention to Mr. Prindle's sermons, you won't do much credit to his example, which we took so much pains to get you."

"How does that youth get along?" asked Jack of Tilly, in a rather guilty tone. Mr. Prindle had been a sojourner among the Tilletts for nearly a week, and Jack, fearing the joke had gone a little too far, had not ventured to go near them since.

"How does he get along?" repeated Tilly, in the most innocent way. "Why, let me see, when were you here last? Tuesday was it, or Wednesday."

Oh, Tilly, we very much fear that Miss Fluker has not succeeded in eradicating that petty little vice of hypocrisy from your gentle bosom! Surely you do not wish to conceal from us the heart-burnings with which you have treasured up Jack's carelessness in this respect, and counted up his days of absence? Or, if you wish to hide it from us, do you think you can deceive Jack? Jack merely whispers in a half-reproachful, half-apologetic tone the one word —"Tilly!"

"Well, never mind when it was you were

here," she hurries on, to conceal her inward trepidations; "I thought you had been here since he came, but I remember now you haven't, so I must begin at the beginning. The *very* beginning, Mr. Bragstocke, when you left me to the tender mercies of Mr. Prindle and Miss Fluker, and fled—"

Chorus from the hearth-rug, "Tell him about the butter!"

"Silence, boys. First I must tell you of the punishment Tom got meted out to him for bringing that wretched creature here. Be warned in time, Mr. Bragstocke; your turn may come next, as you were Tom's accomplice in that act of treachery."

"By Jove, that was the worst thing ever happened to me yet!" broke in Tom. "The very next night, Jack, after the fellow came, as I went upstairs to my room, I saw the door ajar, and smelt a smell of tobacco smoke. Who should I find there but Prindle. Mighty free and easy, my fine fellow, thought I, and smoking too! You're breaking out in a fresh place. When, lo and behold, round turned my man on me, with sanctified lips, innocent of contact with the weed, and, not without some nervous twitchings about the corners of his mouth, intimated that the smoke I perceived arose from a holocaust he had made of my stock of cigars. Luckily I was nearly at the end of my box, so he didn't raise my wrath so much as he otherwise would have done. In fact, I was so thunderstruck at his impudence that he gathered courage and put in a word in season.

"'Brother Tillett,' said he, 'if I may be permitted to call thee by that name, I have done what some worldly-minded men would have perhaps deemed an obtrusive act. But I would fain sink my own poor selfish personality and act in a different vein from that proud man who would not stretch forth the hand of fellowship to pluck back a fellow-brand from the burning, because, forsooth, he had not been introduced to him.'

"'Is that what you call snatching a brand from the burning, in your abominable lingo?' said I, pointing sternly to the ashes in the grate.

"'Brother, brother,' cried he, 'consider my peculiar position. Am I not fed at your table, do I not drink of the milk of your cattle, and lie down under the shelter of your tent? Are not these good things given me as a reward for the example which I proffered, and must I not be earnest and zealous, rising early and retiring late, and sparing not to stretch forth the arm, lest my labour should not avail to counterbalance my hire?'

"Here I interposed, and slowly put him out of the room, protesting that I was not his brother, either carnally or spiritually; that though he fed, and that largely, at our table, yet we were not cattle-dealers, and that the milk he took was got from the prosaic pump through the medium of the dairyman; and that, outside a lunatic asylum, a shingled roof, set in mortar, was not usually denominated a tent. With these trifling corrections, I added, that in future my door would be found locked, and that he would do well to imitate my example, lest I should strive to purge *his* room with fire as he had done mine."

"Then came Tom's revenge," said Tilly. "Next morning, at breakfast time, Tom was very mysterious. Presently Courtenay, who always gets at his food before any one else had fairly sat down, made a great face, and put down his bread and butter with a dab in his plate. 'What's the matter, sir?' asked father, in his crossest tones. 'Can't eat it,' replied Courtenay, meekly and laconically, but firmly. Whereupon my father commenced a lengthy diatribe on greed, and how *he* would have been treated had he spoken and behaved as Courtenay did at his age. Mr. Prindle and Miss Fluker both backed him up with sage exhortations about the sinfulness of having an appetite or appetites, the alluring baits of the palate, the self-glorifying tendencies of man when well fed, and how the truly good rose superior to bad butter. When all of a sudden, in the very midst of this, Mr. Prindle——"

"Who had been see-sawing away with his slice of bread and butter in his hand all the while," broke in Alfred, "paused to take breath and a bite. You should have seen his face! Tallow fat and axle grease; oh, gemini!" and Alf and Courtenay rolled together on the floor, in paroxysms of laughter at the recollection.

"You see," explained Tom, "I'd got some of the rancidest stuff you can imagine, and smeared it over the bread and butter in the dish next to Prindle.

"All the rest on the table was all right, and I just put this young imp Courtenay up to the dodge of pretending that it was bad.

Of course my father had the evidence of his own senses that it was quite fresh, and yet there were Courtenay and Maggie, and Tilly and Alf, who were all in the secret, and myself turning up our noses and scraping off the butter and calling for dry biscuits and playing all sorts of games."

"Then father waxed wrath," resumed Tilly, "and sternly ordered Courtenay not to pick his food but eat it up, which Courtenay did with fearful grimaces and pantomime of disgust. Finally, my father turned to Miss Fluker and Mr. Prindle, and appealed to them if the butter was not all right? Miss Fluker made a bolt at a mouthful that she had been eyeing a long while, then——"

"Rose gracefully, mumbled out something about having forgotten her handkerchief—excuse me, *et cetera*—and bolted out of the room."

"Prindle would, I verily believe, have gone too," continued Tom, "but I sat in the narrow pass between him and the door, and there he was, a prisoner between me and the wall, and had to finish that bread and butter, and praise it all the while!"

"It was an awful joke,—" began Courtenay, but Tom sternly repressed him.

"Joke, young man? don't forget your own particular retribution. You see, Jack, partly to punish him for greediness, partly for his having shown an unbrotherly feeling of amusement at the loss of my cigars, but chiefly to teach him never to deceive his parents again, even at the bidding of an elder brother, I had put a like bit of cart grease, about the size of a quarter, in the very *omphalos*, or centre, of Courtenay's slice. Consequently, when the young rascal came across it, you should have seen his eyes start out of his head. Father was watching him very closely, and if he hadn't really been showing considerable powers of mimicry just before, he would infallibly have betrayed us. As it was, it passed off for a severer paroxysm than usual, and that was all."

"That all!" grumbled Courtenay. "I call it real mean to serve a fellow like that. Catch me playing tricks for you again, master Tom."

"*Cave!*" cried Alfred from the window; "here they come, Fluker and Prindle—she's been to some charitable organization meeting. How is it, Tilly, they always break up the meetings just as the young fellows get out of the banks and offices?"

"It is a beautiful compensatory dispensation," said Jack, "which you will understand better, Alf, when you're a little older; and is adapted to ensure a safe escort to the feminine organizations on their perilous and sometimes slippery paths home."

Here the opening of the door and the entering of Mrs. Tillett from upstairs, and Miss Fluker and Prindle from the hall, stopped the talk and slightly disarranged the circle. Miss Fluker and Prindle, in their self-sacrificing endeavours, each to get the other one near the fire, so manœuvred it that both of them got to the front.

"I'm afraid we keep all the heat from you," said Miss Fluker, looking back over her shoulder at Jack and Tilly, with the air of one who would say, "Behold how good I am! I will even deprive you of warmth that you may thereby taste the sweets of self-sacrifice, with which I am, for the moment, as it were cloyed."

"It is difficult to refrain from the thought," began Prindle, "of how many people now have no fires."

"As for instance the niggers in Central Africa," muttered Tom, half aloud.

"And how easy it would be to supply their wants," resumed the amateur philanthropist, "if, for instance, every family let out its fires for, say three hours in the middle of the day, when they would be the least missed on account of the greater natural heat of the sun. Take the average consumption of fuel, the number of grates and stoves per house, multiply by the number of houses in Toronto, divide by, say four, taking twelve hours as the usual time the fires are alight, and then see how the quotient would doubly warm us all! While warming the bodies of the poor, it would also warm our hearts!"

"Still, Mr. Prindle," said Miss Fluker,—

"Pardon me, my dear Miss Fluker, it was but a rough idea, an extempore sketch, a scintillation from my brain that possibly needs elaboration. But in the main,—mind, I allow details may need to be altered,—still in the main I will venture to say the idea is a good one. Now, I will be judged by Miss Matilda here." This last with an unctuous smile, not lost upon the watchful Miss Fluker for all that the firelight was so glancing and fitful.

"You had better not leave it to me, Mr.

Prindle," said Tilly somewhat stiffly, not relishing this appeal.

"And why not?"

"Because," interrupted Jack, "she would say what any one would say, that you were ungallant enough to choose the middle of the day, because none but ladies are at home then to feel the cold, and it wouldn't—interfere with cooking dinner for you on your return."

"Ungenerously spoken!" cried Tom. "Mr. Prindle wishes, *most* gallantly, that the ladies should enjoy all that 'warmth of heart' which he has so poetically described as being the natural reaction from frozen fingers."

"It seems to me, Tom," said Mrs. Tillett, speaking with much deliberation from the corner of her sofa, "that you have too great a love for scoffing at good plans."

Here Tom nudged Jack and whispered, "Six of me and half a dozen of you, old man."

"How was it out of doors, this afternoon, Miss Fluker?"

"Sloppy, very sloppy and unpleasant indeed, my dear Mrs. Tillett, underfoot, but very pleasant overhead."

"What a pity," chimed in a voice from the darkness behind them,—"what a pity, when so few of us are going that way."

"Why, Maggie, is that you? No one has heard your voice for a long while;" and by means of ejaculations of this kind, and protestations that Maggie had quite startled them, Tilly and Jack managed to smooth over Maggie's imprudent remark, and to mask Tom's ill-repressed laughter at Prindle's disconcerted face. They were assisted in this by the entrance of the lamp and the necessary movements it caused.

Presently Jack, who was running his eye over the newspaper that lay on the table, gave a suppressed chuckle, and pointed with his finger to a line in a two-column report of a temperance meeting. Tom, bending over his shoulder, caught the infection, and read aloud:

"At the close of his fervent remarks, the meeting sang '*Deign* to be a Daniel.'"*

A pause—followed by a broad smile from Maggie and Tilly, the boys not seeming to take the joke.

"I do wish, my dear," said Mrs. Tillett judicially, "that you and your friend wouldn't make fun of such subjects. I'm sure the hymn is a very beautiful one. I only wish *you'd* deign to be a Daniel, I'm sure I'd only be too happy."

"Daniel would be highly flattered, mother, I'm sure," said that scapegrace Tom; "but I thought it was *hardly* a case for condescension."

"Excuse me, my dear madam," began Prindle; "I am sure, Mr. Tillett, your mother meant no disrespect to the prophet. You see, madam, it should be 'dare.'"

"Excuse me, Mr. Prindle," replied Mrs. Tillett, waxing frigidly dignified at this correction and the implied necessity of defending her from a charge of prophetical disrespect—"excuse me, my eyesight is not so far gone but that I can yet read without the aid of glasses, and I *can* see that it is not 'dare' but 'deign;' and you will allow me to add that my mother, sir, taught me that hymn about 'deigning to be a Daniel' long before you were born, and it was always so then, whatever your Young Men's Christian Associations may have altered it to now, with your new lights."

In the face of Mrs. Tillett's wrath, Prindle durst not risk the chance of another explosion by saying what he burned to say, that his hostess' looks must have belied her considerably if she had learnt that very modern hymn while yet a little child; but dread of the consequences and a warning look from Tom repressed him, "for this occasion only."

CHAPTER IV.

SHOWING HOW THE TILLETT FAMILY PREFERRED THE VACUUM TO MR. PRINDLE.

AMELIA FLUKER, the great, the unapproachable one, famed of Dorcas Societies, versed in the intricate details of that charitable currency which consists mainly of small and greasy tickets, payable in soup or bread to bearer on demand, stood pensive and alone in the drawing-room of the Tilletts' house. A curious mixture of qualities go to make up your perfect Fluker. You must take the pushing pertinacity that would make a

* Both this mistake, and also all the more or less ridiculous instances of advertisements mentioned in the tale, actually occurred, and are taken *verbatim* from the columns of our daily press.

man into a first-rate book agent or peddler of patent rights; that will account for her universal success as an Honorary Canvasser for the Relief of Distressed Patchwork-makers and Generally-Indigent Association. Add to that the firm belief of a quack-medicine vendor in his peculiar nostrum, only in her case the nostrum is a social or religious one and not a physical cure-all; but none the less dangerous for that. Then take the morbid sense of one's own personality that would drive a woman in Europe to take the veil in order to escape from herself, or would send a similar woman in the States to pray in bar-rooms and help raw temperance recruits to stave in whiskey barrels. All these ingredients and the lack of their natural correctives, the absence of a purpose in life, the cramped education, and the distorted views of woman's mission that have been so long current in civilised society, have had their part in producing Miss Amelia Fluker as we see her now on every side of us.

But, to come back to the particular specimen of the class we refer to, it may well be asked why was the fair brow clouded? Miss Fluker, it must be confessed, was not lamenting over the repeal of the Dunkin Act in Napanee, nor over the meagre budget she would have to unfold before her pet society that evening; nor was she listening in anticipation to the bitter criticisms (couched in polite formulas) which she might then expect to hear from her particular adversary and (anything but) Loyal Opposition. Far from it. More wordly matters occupied her. In the first place she was disappointed with the Tilletts. No opening had presented itself for effecting a permanent lodgment in their house, and she had not managed to achieve her great end of getting into better society by their means. Her favourite device had been played in vain on the petty autocrat of the street they lived in. The Tilletts' servant, properly drilled and rehearsed, had been sent across, with "Miss Fluker's compliments, and would you be good enough to lend her the Peerage." That mysterious book had been duly lent, and the borrower had straightway turned down the page at the identical spot where was recorded the fact that a third cousin of the second wife of Viscount Squandergage was a "——Fluker, Esq., of Ventnor, I.of W—." In this condition the book was returned, with "Miss Fluker's compliments and thanks," and then Miss Fluker had stood to her guns, as it were, and waited. Two days passed, fine days for visiting; nay, Miss Fluker, from between the blinds, had watched the wife of the Autocrat go out each afternoon on a round of calls. But the fly did not enter the web thus cunningly displayed for its reception. Amelia had the servant up twice, examined her closely as to the mode and method of her delivering the message, laying particular stress on the clearness with which she had or had not pronounced the patronymic title of the Flukers. Beyond exasperating Jane to the last degree, and convincing herself that the message had not been delivered audibly, Miss Fluker had her pains for her trouble and nothing else. So, like Napoleon when, driven to his last hope. he hurled his Old Guard up the slopes of Waterloo, Miss Fluker took up her pen and on a choice sheet of note paper, embossed with a stationer's crest resembling as nearly as she could come at it, the arms of the Squandergage family, she indited an elegant epistle to the Autocrat's lady. In this effusion, if we could call by such a name the aristocratically worded note which Miss Fluker wrote, the owner of the "Peerage" was politely requested (in the third person) to excuse Miss Fluker for having turned down the leaf and forgotten to flatten it out again.

The whole thing was written with a blue-blooded dash and an affectation of carelessness which were very different from the precision of the lettering on certain tracts we remember having seen; but great though hidden pains were taken to render the name and address legible. Trust this missive to Jane Miss Fluker would not. Who could tell but that the misguided girl would deliver some verbal message of her own concocting along with it, and mar its effect? No, in default of a footman, it must go by the post. That was ignominious. Better ask Mr. Prindle. So Prindle was asked, simperingly, and blandly consented, whereupon Amelia had arrayed herself in her best, seated herself in the drawing-room, and instructed Jane as to the details of ceremony to be performed in ushering in the visitor she now confidently expected. For, once their attention was drawn to the fact, must they not long to know her?—

What was that? a knock? Miss Fluker glided to the room door, cast a hasty glance at Jane as she passed along the passage, and

subsided backwards into an arm chair. A voice; a man's voice; Prindle's, in fact. Prindle popped in his head, looked round the room rather sheepishly, begged pardon, and would have gone again, but Miss Fluker was at him, and had him in (morally) by the collar.

"I beg pardon," repeated Prindle, nervously, "I didn't know you were here,—I rather thought,—" here he paused.

"Who did you think *was* here, Mr. Prindle?" asked Amelia's most dulcet tones. "Miss Matilda?"

The shaft went home. "No-o—I mean, yes, that is, I thought I heard her in here. The fact is, Miss Fluker, I came back because I had left a book, and if you will excuse me—"

Prindle offered to go, but the eye of Fluker would *not* excuse him, and he must perforce stay.

"Perhaps you will find your book in the parlour, where Miss Tillett is sitting alone," remarked Amelia, with the least little accent on the "alone." "If it is not delaying you from your—book-hunt, might I ask if you were good enough to leave my note for me at the Fitz-Usbornes?"

"Oh, yes,—and they would have me wait for an answer. I heard the message delivered to the servant as I stood in the hall" (this in the tone of a man who glories in his own humility, and considers as much holiness gained by being kept waiting in a passage as another would in doing a deed of charity). "I was to say that they had noticed the leaf turned down, and hoped you would treat borrowed books better in future. You will excuse me, Miss Fluker, for repeating a somewhat rude message truthfully." (This again spoken with the air of a martyr for truth's sake.)

The eye unmistakably excuses him now, and looks so glaringly out of the window at the Autocrat's mansion, that the harmless Prindle is nearly scared out of his wits, and forgetting alike his pretended book-hunt and his real desire to see Doldy, he plunges down the hall, pulls the street-door to after him, and escapes.

So it is little wonder if Miss Fluker stands with cloudy air and disappointed look in the drawing-room window. Besides her checkmate, so brusquely received from the Fitz-Usbornes, she had gathered from Prindle's manner strong confirmation of her suspicions as to that young man's growing partiality for Miss Tilly. Amelia had (so far as serious ladies can do such a thing) marked Mr. Jacob Prindle for her own, and chalked out in outline the future course of their united philanthropies. So we must not be surprised if, at this critical moment, she looked towards the parlour door and suffered her lips to frame a certain monosyllable, which, had those lips ever condescended to enunciate abuse, we should decidedly say was—"Minx!"

Had Miss Fluker been behind the scenes and known what was going on in Miss Tilly's mind, she would have been partly comforted and partly outraged. What? could it be possible that the love of a Prindle, coveted in vain by a Fluker, should ever be contemned by a chit of a girl like Doldy? That useful simile of pearls and the swine came in handy just then, and Miss Fluker, seated primly on the stiffest, highest-backed chair she could find, mentally rehearsed a discourse as to an imaginary Bible class, in which her subject found itself naturally divided into two heads—first, The Beauty of the Pearls; and secondly, The Filthiness and Moral Obliquity of the Swine. She did not dwell much on the first head, being rather vexed with her pearl, but gave it an allegorical turn and ran into a rather long digression on the Foolishness of the Pearls for letting themselves be thrown into the stye. The second branch of the subject fitted her vein most admirably, and she pictured the most degraded pieces of pig's-flesh that ever wallowed in the warm summer's mud and grunted as they shook their sides at the obtrusive flies. Then, launching into originality, she pictured the true owner of the pearls coming again after the swine were fed with husks, raking over the litter, finding his jewels, and painfully washing them clean again. It was comforting to think that Miss Tillett, who was so unconsciously sitting for the portrait of these pigs, disregarded the pearls in question; but any one would have pitied the gem-like Prindle at the bare idea of the amount of moral buck-washing, mangling, and clear-starching he was evidently undergoing in anticipation at the hands of that accomplished human laundress, Miss Fluker.

Amelia had guessed so far correctly that Tilly did not care for Prindle, but she had no idea that that misguided young man had

grown so infatuated with Tilly as to become quite unguarded in his utterances.

Bothered with his senseless chat and bald, disjointed remarks, Doldy had only that morning tried to break the current of his compliments by mildly chaffing him, in the most innocent way in the world, about Amelia Fluker and her adaptability to him and his ways. To her great surprise, Prindle, who inanely put this down to jealousy on Doldy's part, protested and asseverated in the most convincing manner that he could not do away with Miss Fluker, that while admiring her virtues, he— but, at that point when a formal proposal was bursting from his lips, he was interrupted, and no kind opportunity came to his aid to enable him to finish his vows. This was the cause of his frantic effort to get an interview with Doldy that afternoon, which was discomfitted in the manner we have just seen.

And it was the fact, thus learnt from his own lips, that Prindle didn't care for Amelia, that had plunged Tilly into a brown study and drawn a half-frown over her face as she sat alone in the parlour, pondering matters best known to herself.

Innocent of any knowledge of these recent complications, and with his brain as full of tricks as his pocket was empty of cash, Jack Bragstocke strolled towards the Tilletts, bent on mischief. He and Tom thought the course of true love between Prindle and Fluker a trifle tame and monotonous, and longed to throw a little life and impetuosity into it. Jack had been away a good deal lately, and had not noticed Prindle's attentions to Tilly, which threatened to divert the current of his passion into quite a different channel from that which Jack had planned out for it. He had all along determined, as he said, to make a match of it. Now, at last, he said, he sympathised with the feelings of the mothers of eligible but too numerous daughters. Only, he asseverated, their troubles were as nothing to his, seeing that he had to act as parent to both of the lovers and enquire as to the honorable nature of their intentions right and left. So one day he would be plying Prindle with fictitious anecdotes of Miss Fluker having blushed at hearing his name, or of how she was found alone by the fire tracing the magic words "Amelia Prindle" in the ashes, and so on, until that conceited youth experienced, for the first and only time, the feelings of a gay Lothario, and affected to look with pity on his conquest, and to think, in private, that if his heart were not engaged to the adorable Matilda he might do worse than yield to the flattering attentions of the excellent Amelia.

With Miss Fluker Jack had to be more judicious. When he heard her coming he would sometimes venture to make a jocular remark to Prindle, or compliment him pointedly on his new necktie, which—whether it was green, orange, or salmon-coloured—he would not fail to remark was Miss Fluker's favourite colour. But the rascal would not have ventured much further than this but for the accident which that very afternoon had prevented Prindle from seeing Doldy. Prindle had gone apart, taken pen and paper, and in burning but slightly incoherent words put his passion into the shape of a formal declaration. He had not meant to deliver it, but when once it was written and he had read it over, he felt how much more forcible it was than his stammering utterances would be, and he cast about for means of dispatching it. His evil genius at that very moment sent Tom along, and Prindle, in an outburst of openness told him all his love for Tilly, and besought him to deliver the note, and he, Prindle, would look in that evening to learn the result.

Tom was on the point of pitching him and his letter into the gutter when an idea struck him, and he took the missive in his hand.

"I think, as Tilly's brother, I ought to read this before I give it to her," he said judicially.

Prindle winced. He had no notion of letting his love letters be perused by the prosaic eye of a brother. But Tom's look was decided, and his grasp of the letter firm, so Prindle had to give way.

"How's this, Prindle?" began Tom again, as he glanced over the first lines; "you don't address my sister by name? 'My dear young lady' is a little odd, eh?"

"Well," began Prindle, not very well pleased at this cross-questioning, "it's better than being *too* familiar before you are sure of your footing (here the dog smirked); no doubt it will soon be 'dear Doldy' and 'dear Jacob' between us (here Tom's last feelings of pity for the conceited ape gave way), but at present, you know—"

"Why not 'Dear Miss Tillett?'" asked

Tom. "Here, take your pen and write 'Dear Miss Tillett.'"

"No, really now, Tom, I cannot alter it. That would be too stiff. I prefer leaving it as it is."

"Your blood be on your own head," muttered Tom; "that's the last chance I'll give you, my boy." Then aloud, "Suppose your note got by mistake into the wrong hands?"

"Oh, you'll see as to that; and besides the envelope is addressed all right."

It was very awkward of Tom, but at that very moment, as they passed into the street and Tom put the letter into its envelope, he let it slip through his fingers and drop in the mud.

"Tut, tut, how stupid I am!" cried he; "never mind, I'll put on a new envelope for you and see to its delivery. Good-bye; remember seven o'clock," and so they parted.

Five minutes afterwards, Tom, with a guilty face, handed Jack a letter in a sealed envelope, addressed to Miss Fluker, and, without letting his companion into the secret, told him it was from Prindle, and asked him to deliver it with all due mystery that very afternoon and be prepared for fun that evening at seven.

CHAPTER V.

IN WHICH TWO GOOD ANGELS DESERT THE TILLETTS.

"MR. BRAGSTOCKE, miss," announced Jane with an air of incredulous surprise, as she ushered Jack into the drawing-room, a surprise not unshared by Miss Fluker herself.

Their meeting was a little constrained. Jack had not taken kindly to Miss Fluker from the first, and though he had occasionally sought a private tête-a-tête with her in order to sound the praises of Prindle, Amelia had a lurking idea he was making fun of her, and was always proportionately stiff with him. However, her principles of correct deportment were far too upright to allow her to show this feeling to any unbecoming extent, and on this occasion she so far unbent as to pity his endeavours to strike up a conversation and helped him along with a little small talk.

"No, Mr. Bragstocke," she sighed, in response to some remark of his, "I do not think I shall stay in Toronto long. It is true that a great, a blessed work is going on here—but I forgot, you do not sympathise, at least not outwardly sympathise, with these reviving, spiritualising movements among the masses."

Jack made an incoherent remark, probably an allusion to the movements being more directed in a *de*-spiritualising, or prohibitory direction; but, whatever it was, he made it purposely inaudible, so Miss Fluker proceeded:

"I have long thought I would fain be among the more benighted regions, where yet the more powerful organizations of charity are unknown. I have felt strong drawings towards Barrie and Winnipeg, ever since I saw that their moral statistics were the worst even Canada can yield." Here Miss Fluker gave a sort of smack of her lips, for the true holy husbandman of the present day loves best to labour in a field where the harvest is anything but plenteous, and where you may go half over an acre before you will find a single blighted ear of true goodness. "Yes, I have often thought of Barrie."

As Miss Fluker paused, Jack felt bound to say something.

"Yes," he began; "I knew a young fellow up at Barrie once——." But Miss Fluker interrupted him,

"Pray excuse me, let us draw a veil over all harrowing details, Mr. Bragstocke. I was about saying that to-day I experienced a call, through the newspaper, to Guelph."

As Miss Fluker fixed her eyes very firmly upon the column in question and evidently awaited questioning, Jack put out his hand deferentially and said, "May I be permitted?" and the Fluker having graciously accorded leave he read as fellows:

> LADY WANTED, AS COMPANION for the niece of a gentleman living at Guelph; one about her own age (thirty). Must be most highly connected. Apply, &c.

Jack confessed afterwards that he never before or since experienced such a violent desire to laugh. "One about *her own* age," he would say; "why, how on earth could she help it? And *about* her own age, forsooth, when all the powers of heaven couldn't make her a minute older or younger!"

However, although he did not speak his thoughts, his face betrayed some of them to the watchful eye of Miss Fluker.

"Oh, you're looking at that about the age, aren't you? Yes, it *is* a little awkward, but I daresay they won't object to a person, otherwise eligible, on the score of her being five years or so younger than the time of life they mention; do you think they would, Mr. Bragstocke?"

As Miss Fluker was thirty-seven on a moderate computation, and had carefully erased all loving inscriptions in birthday-present books, which sometimes tell such awkward tales (according to Cocker) when we compare their dedications,—"Presented to A. F. on her nineteenth birthday by her loving friend, Minnie Everett, May 1st, 1860," with the verbal representations of their owners,—Jack was a little nonplussed. So he determined to make a bold plunge and at once change the subject and get rid of the letter which was burning his pocket.

"I hope, my dear Miss Fluker," quoth he, drawing out the epistle, and fingering it nervously,—"I hope that there are some among the youth of Toronto who will not easily suffer you to be—a—sacrificed upon the—no doubt, estimable, but—a—I am convinced, very uncongenial young person at Guelph. I may say I am convinced that when you have perused this—"

"Excuse me, Mr. Bragstocke," interrupted Miss Fluker blandly, "but if that letter is for me—"

Jack handed it over without further delay or oratorical effort, and then wished himself out of the room. But he was not to escape so easily.

"And who from?" pursued Miss Amelia, coolly inspecting the envelope.

"Prindle," said the guilty Jack.

"It hardly looks like his writing?" queried the suspicious Fluker, eyeing Jack and the letter alternately.

"In for a penny, in for a pound," thought Jack.

"Oh, I daresay Tom directed it for him. His hand got nervous you know—shaky—often does when you write that sort of thing—mine does, often," and with this Parthian shot Jack politely withdrew towards the window and looked out while Miss Fluker read her note.

Presently he heard a gurgling sound behind him, and turning in horror, found that this exemplary young woman was having a finely pronounced hysterical fit. Her head hung over the back of her chair, a posture which brought her prominently developed throat into high relief, while her sobs and inward spasmodical laughter produced a series of vibrating jerks all over her body, much as are produced when a heavy body is thrown down on a badly constructed spring mattrass.

Jack hopped about in a quandary. The humane advice of that delightful cabby immortalised in Punch, who, when he saw a stout old gentleman drop down in an apoplectic fit, yelled out, "Don't 'it 'im, don't 'it 'im; sit on 'is 'ead!"—flashed across his mind.

Something must be done, so he hastily upset a choice hyacinth bulb—water, bulb, and all—over her face and awaited results. Results were not long in coming. The rigidity relaxed, a long drawn shiver succeeded, followed by a faint request for Miss Tilly.

"Oh, look here, Miss Fluker, *can't* you do without her?" began Jack imploringly. "No, don't scream! You'll be better in a minute; only I wouldn't have Tilly in, if I were you." Here Miss Fluker's head subsided like a withered lily on to his shoulder. "For heaven's sake, my dear Miss Fluker, consider my position. I wouldn't have Tilly catch me like this——"

But it was too late. That stifled scream had done the business, and the injured Tilly, with her eyes staring wide open in amazement, stood at the door.

Tilly took in the situation at a glance. Coldly touching Jack's arm, she led him to the door, and closed it upon him, while she went through the feminine *arcana* of smelling-salts and burnt feathers for Miss Fluker's benefit.

Jack stole into the room across the passage, feeling extremely foolish. Maggie, his old playmate, was there, but not at all inclined to meet his advances, which, to tell the truth, were somewhat elephantine and awkward. So he had no resource but to sit apart and sulk, which he did for a quarter of an hour with hearty good will, at the end of which time he had the satisfaction of hearing Tilly come out of the drawing-room, summon Jane, and with her stalwart assistance hoist Miss Fluker up-stairs to her own room; a sort of triumphal progress, marked by a sob at each step and a volley of hysterical kickings at each landing.

Silence reigned again for a few minutes. Then Maggie, unable to continue silent any

longer, began to put Jack through his facings:

"What have you done to Tilly, sir?"

A pause.

"Nothing."

Five minutes interval.

"Do people have red eyes, and snap their sisters' noses off, for nothing?"

Jack intimated that he didn't know, and being in the wrong and proportionately sulky, added that he didn't care. Also, as an afterthought, that if people snapped their sisters' tongues off, he should call it something.

This produced some animation. Maggie was not a girl to let a challenge like this remain unanswered.

"I suppose you have been doing nothing and saying nothing in the next room, all this time?"

Jack, relapsing into stony indifference, said he didn't care what she supposed. This addressed to the bookcase.

Maggie rose in sudden fiery indignation and let loose the flood-gates of her wrath upon him. It would have done you good to hear her pound away at him. What? was he to come and tamper with Tilly's affections (not that she cared for him, no indeed!) and then abandon her, and all for a nasty, mean, ugly Fluker! She, Maggie, didn't think much of his taste, that was all! And he must have a poor opinion of them, to think they couldn't notice how he was always hanging round Miss Fluker, and he must think they were easily hoodwinked to try and make them believe he was carrying messages from Prindle to her, when she and her sister knew well that Prindle didn't care a button for your nasty old Flukers! And if it wasn't a shame to make poor dear darling Tilly cry her eyes out, and if she, Maggie, would stand it any longer,—no, she never did!

With which incoherent but intelligible climax to her wrath, brave little Maggie was so infected with the recital of the sorrows and wrongs she had been championing, that she tossed her hair into her eyes and out again, as an excuse to hide her tears.

Jack was really heartily ashamed of himself and employed the next ten minutes so well that at the end of them Maggie had given him a sisterly kiss, and gone up to Tilly's room as his advocate and ambassador, leaving Jack to dismal thoughts below.

Presently she returned, looking less confident than when she went up. "It's a more serious matter than you imagine, Jack," said she. "Tilly's awfully vexed with you, and I don't think she'll ever come round again. I had the worst work to get her to believe you weren't making love to Fluker on your own account, but that you were only a letter-carrier for Prindle. Then she said she knew Prindle didn't care a straw for Amelia, and you and Tom must have concocted the letter between you, and that it was a shame to play such a trick on any one, even on Amelia, and no gentleman would do such a thing. And I said I was sure you hadn't done any thing of the kind, and now it all depends on whether Prindle *is* in love with Amelia, and if he is, why Doldy and I will forgive you but, if he isn't, we shall know you have deceived us, sir, and you will have your congé.'

Jack shivered with alarm. He more than suspected that Tom had played some trick with the letter, and now all depended upon its being a genuine production.

"Well, Maggie," said he, with feigned indifference, "it's nearly six, so we haven't long to wait now. How's the Fluker?"

Maggie looked amused.

"Decidedly better and putting on all her best things; I heard her pulling her boxes about as I passed her room."

Now in the meanwhile Tom had waylaid Prindle on his road home, and was instilling doubts and fears into his manly breast. He hoped Fluker would not be jealous. He had himself noticed that Prindle had paid her certain attentions, which—but never mind. Perhaps in another man they might not mean much; but Prindle certainly had such an insinuating way about him. Might he be allowed to hope that Prindle had never committed himself by writing to Amelia?

Prindle felt qualmish, and asked why?

Oh, nothing. Tom was glad that he had not. Miss Fluker was capable of making a breach of promise case out of very slender material; still as he, Prindle, had refrained from putting pen to paper——

Prindle interrupting, couldn't help admitting that he had sent a small note or two.

The question of size, Tom opined, had little to do with it. It was more a matter of contents. And the mystical religious language which Prindle used was so symbolical, so allegorical, that he, Tom, feared much it might be wrested so as to carry a false meaning if Miss Fluker, much incensed by the letter Prindle had sent Tilly, were to consult a worldly-minded lawyer.

Prindle shuddered. Tom took a gloomy view of matters and suggested it would have been better if the letter had not been written. Struck with an idea, he went on to say, perhaps Jack had *not* delivered it, when Prindle interrupted him:

"Jack? Why you were to deliver it yourself!"

"So I was, my dear fellow, but affairs of Egypt took me in another direction."

The couple walked a few paces in silence; they were now fast approaching the Tilletts' door.

"Miss Fluker is a most estimable young person," remonstrated Tom.

"Very—extremely—why do you torture me thus, Tillett? say what you have to say!"

"Very well, Prindle. Amelia Fluker is admirably adapted for you. I fear lest my sister is not. You may judge of the reluctance with which I bring myself to confess this. Altogether, considering the power Miss Fluker has over you in those unlucky letters, it would have been the best thing in the world for you if this last letter had been addressed to her too!"

Prindle let fall a remark that sounded exceedingly like an adjuration of his ghostly enemy.

A small boy flitted past them, with his unearthly yell of "Ev'nin' Telegramm, sir, buy a Telegr'mm?"

"Let me see," mused Tom, "how it would look in the *Telegram*. City news. Fluker v. Prindle. Action for breach of promise. Damages, $6,000. The defendant's demeanour in the witness-box. Dash it all, Prindle, if Fluker gets hold of that last letter of yours, I wouldn't be in your boots for six, no nor for ten thousand dollars."

"How *could* she get it?" asked Prindle impatiently.

"How? Why didn't you put my sister's name to the letter itself when I told you to, man? And when I put it into a clean envelope, meaning to deliver it myself, I didn't address it again— No! he never could do such a thing!"

"What do you mean?" asked Prindle, shrinking back as Tom, with his hand on the other's elbow pushed him up the front steps of the house.

"Mean?" said Tom, never relaxing his grasp, as he gave a mighty peal at the bell with the other hand. "Mean? Why I gave Jack the letter, and as he's your rival, he *may* have handed it to Amelia instead of Tilly. If he has you are saved, only no putting your hand to the plough and looking back; it will be too late then."

The door opened. Jane, grinning from ear to ear, closed it behind them. The parlour door opened in its turn, and an affecting tableau presented itself. Miss Fluker was covering her face with her hands, in maidenly reserve, as she stood in the middle of the room facing them, Tilly and Maggie supporting her on either side. Jack's woe-begone, anxious face peered out from the background, watching the result.

The change from the outside darkness to the glare of the lights slightly dazzled Prindle, who gave a sort of stagger forward, tripping at the mat, and being impelled forward by a furtive push from Tom, found himself the next moment embracing Miss Fluker, as the only immediate and handy prop to save himself by.

The ice being thus broken, and all doubts as to his intentions for ever removed, to Tilly's and Jack's intense delight, Prindle received the answer to his letter in the very way requested by the poet when he sang,

"Let your answer be a kiss."

* * * * *

"Good-bye, my dearest Matilda," said Amelia; "may you be as happy as Jacob and I intend to be. We are off to Guelph, but in a happier situation than that in which I once expected to be a sojourner there. A large field opens for us. We have already planned out a new organization—what is the title, love?"

Prindle produced a slip of paper and read, "The Society for the Protection of the Rights of Paupers."

"Yes, it's much needed, my dear child; but you hardly understand these abstruse subjects yet. Bless you, bless you. I'm afraid you'll miss us sadly."

"Oh, be joyful!" sang out the irreverent Jack. "They're off at last. Hang it all if I don't feel as sad as the repentant drunkard they hoisted up on the platform the other day, and who drew tears from the audience by asserting that 'he had had nothing to drink for a day!'"

F. R.

WHAT CAN WE KNOW OF THE FUTURE LIFE?

IF a man die shall he live again? This is a question which in one form or another has presented itself to the mind of man in every age of the world. From the time he first became acquainted with death as he gazed upon the inanimate form of Abel, down through all the ages, in every clime, in all ranks, to the barbarous as well as to the civilized, to the educated and to the illiterate, the patriarchal question presents itself with ever recurring force, and each man in his turn, at some period in his life, is forced to cry out: If a man die shall he live again?

Turn where we will we are facing a finger-post that points us to the grave. The funeral procession, the closed shutter, the insignia of death fastened to the door, the emblems of mourning upon the person, the pains and aches and weaknesses that are inseparably connected with the human frame,—all these point but one way. Is it any wonder, then, if, as we journey to that last resting-place, we exercise all the powers of the mind in an attempt to find some crevice in the dark wall of death, through which we may get a glimpse of the life beyond?

In this attempt the pages of nature can render us no assistance. Nature speaks of the death of vegetation in the winter and of its resurrection in the spring, of the image of death in sleep, and of a new life in waking out of sleep, but beyond that her pages are only a blank, or they are filled with the records of decay and the ravages of time. Generation succeeds generation, age after age, but the dead rise not. No voice from the grave breaks upon the ear of the traveller, as he journeys towards that cheerless abode, telling him of a brighter region beyond. Nature has no comfort to bestow; it points to the grave as the *final* home of man, dark, dreary, and dismal; and as it points, it re-echoes the wailing cry of the old patriarch and says: "Man dieth and wasteth away, yea man giveth up the ghost and where is he?" To this yearning question of the soul Revelation says: "Though he were dead, yet shall he live." But when shall he live? How shall he live? These questions have to be answered before the yearning of the soul is satisfied. Let us see if in reason or Revelation there is any answer. When shall he live? In an age given to the examination of phenomena, it is strange that the phenomenon of death has not been examined with a view to establish some data from which the future could be predicated.

What is death? We all know what it is so far as it affects the body, but what is it in relation to that which with the body we call man? Gather round the bed of the dying and watch for the change that is to be. Close the windows and doors of the room and leave not an avenue of escape. Now look at the patient as he nears that wondrous change which we call death. Already the hand is groping in the air for the hand-grasp invisible that introduces the mortal to the company of immortals. There is a strange bright light in the eyes as they are fixed with an inutterable intelligence on a something only seen by those who stand on the border-land between life and death, and as you look on the intelligent countenance, so fixed in its gaze, a shadow passes over it which tells that the light of life has departed. Now, if in that supreme moment a new sense of sight is given, it must, while life remains, be subject to the body, and like the other senses flash its communications to the brain. But with the passing of the death-shadow over the face, the last flash has gone to the brain, and even as it has flashed, *there must be somewhere in that room a conscious entity* that was once the occupant of the body, or the death of the body is a total blotting out of existence. Where then is the abode of this conscious entity? There is the body,—the home from which it has just escaped. Where is its new home? Does it fill the room with its presence? Has it a local habitation? or is it diffused throughout all space? If it diffuses itself throughout all space, then pantheism is the true creed, and the spirit that was breathed into man's nostrils when he received the breath of life, has returned to God who gave it, in a different sense from that which is generally accepted. If it is not diffused throughout all space, then it has a local habitation and a form. If it has a form, can we get any idea of its outlines as it takes its flight through the trackless space to report itself somewhere as returned to the court of its Sovereign? A partial answer to some of these questions might be found if more attention were given

to the expressions of the dying, whether these expressions were given by word, sign, or look.

It might be possible to group or collate the appearances which haunt the dying pillow so as to get data upon which to predicate a theory of life immediately after death. But it is too hastily assumed that the spectral forms which present themselves to the dying are in all cases but the phantoms of a diseased imagination, and not the realities of a higher sense. There can be no doubt that the forms of those long dead have been present at many a dying scene, and have been recognised by the departing spirit just before it passed into the invisible world. Generally these forms are bright, and there is a radiance in the room which lights the countenance of the dying with a supernatural intelligence. Shakspere makes Queen Katharine say as she is passing away:

> "Saw you not even now a blessed troop
> Invite me to a banquet, whose bright faces
> Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
> They promised me eternal happiness."

Now, we know that to the grosser senses of the body these forms are invisible, but is there not wrapped round every mortal a spiritual body which begins to live as the mortal dies, and which in some way must have contact with the mortal body as the conscious entity passes from one to the other. It does no violence to thought if we imagine that the perception of unseen forms is, through the new sense of the spiritual body, brought mysteriously into contact with the mortal, so that the communications of the dying are made through the organs of the natural body, while the perception is through the senses of the spiritual. If there is any force in this theory how carefully should be treasured up the last words and signs of the dying, so that some effort may be made to get even a glimpse into the world beyond.

But some will say: If there is a spiritual body prepared for man into which he passes at the moment of death, then the theory of a resurrection of the natural body must fall to the ground. Revelation says, "Thou sowest not that body which shall be, for God prepares it a body." While reason and experience affirm that the natural body will pass to its original dust to be in its turn assimilated with other bodies, so that this earth, when it has ceased to revolve round the sun, will not be heavier by a feather's weight than when it first began to roll, though in the meantime myriads of bodies have risen upon it and have disappeared again beneath its surface.

Assuming that consciousness is never lost, no effort of the imagination can picture a spirit disembodied, having no form and no visible appearance, yet living, moving, and communicating with other spirits. Can we then tell what form the spirit assumes when it enters its new existence? Undoubtedly we can. We are not without representations of the spirit-world in the Revelation given us, and although it is true that but few of the departed spirits have revisited this earth, so as to communicate with those still in the body, yet those few have taken *human* form and have been recognised. Moses and Elias were seen and known by the Apostles when they came down to the mount, and, as two men, spoke to Christ about His death. In this case the Apostles must have been endowed with exalted powers or with an intuitional knowledge, or they could not have known either Moses or Elias by their personal appearance: but there is no difficulty about the *forms* they assumed; these were *human*. So in the representation of the future world given in the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, both are represented as being in the body immediately after death, as knowing each other and as knowing Abraham. At the crucifixion the spirits of the departed walked about the streets of Jerusalem in human form, and were seen of many. So in the chamber of the dying to the present day, father and mother and friend, long since residents of the spirit world, when they are commissioned to meet the departing spirit on earth, appear in that form which was known and is now recognised by the departing soul. It follows from this that the spiritual body will in form be like unto the natural body and that recognition hereafter will be no more difficult than recognition now. If we were satisfied that there is no loss of consciousness in passing from one life into another—that a spiritual body is prepared for every man, and that in form this spiritual body is like unto the natural body—can we go farther and get any idea of the faculties or attributes of this new body? Do we know anything of its life or employment. How very vague are our ideas of the spirit-

world. Most men believe in a life after death; but what a shadowy, ghostlike life it is, and how very unlike the realities of any life we know. We rest in the assurance—self-derived or otherwise—that, somewhere in the regions of space, there are beings full of the activities of life who are kept constantly employed in delightful occupations. We are satisfied that they can be distinguished the one from the other, but so soon as in imagination we begin to mark their movements and try to understand how they pass and repass one another; so soon as we begin to listen for the footfall that tells of a contact between the body spiritual and the world on which it rests; immediately the whole spirit-world melts away into an indefinable nothingness. Surely there ought to be a better mental prospect than this. If the imagination can picture a spirit-world at all, it ought to be able to set a boundary within which all the activities of spirit life can be observed going on. It may even suppose that spirits know each other by some distinguishing name, and that as they pass and repass each other on their errands, the one may know something about the nature of the other's work, and the work of the one must be distinguished from the work of the other. Human imagination is of course limited by human experience, but it is humanity that passes through the gate of death into the spiritual world, and humanity on the other side of the gate is only the humanity that a moment ago was on this. It will be safe therefore to assume that the consciousness which is preserved through death into the new life, will not meet with any violent shock as it awakens out of the sleep of mortal life, but that there will be a transition such as we experience as we return to consciousness from the wild wanderings of a dream. Is it not possible that life itself will then appear as a dream, and that consciousness will go back to a pre-existence in the long past? How often are we placed amid scenes and incidents that we know to be new, and yet there is a strange familiarity about them that wakes up a dim memory of similar scenes and incidents. Who knows what this life is that was breathed into man's nostrils?

Having followed this life down to its close on earth, what do we know about the change that has taken place in the room of death? Well, we know that the spirit begins a new life, invisible but not incorporeal, for we have evidence that when commissioned to appear again for any purpose, it has power, or for the time is endowed with power, to become visible to our ordinary sense of sight. When Abraham sat at his tent and lifted up his eyes to behold three men who then approached him, he was looking on spiritual bodies invisible but a moment before, but now walking, talking, and eating like any of his neighbours. Lot entertained two of them in Sodom, and felt the grasp of their hands as he was pulled into his own door. There is no difference, therefore, in appearance or in conduct between spiritual and natural bodies, so far as we are permitted to judge. Elisha's servant, when his eyes were opened at Dothan, saw that the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire. In this case a higher sense of sight was given to the mortal, and, for the moment, he was awakened to the realities of a spirit-world around him. But that glimpse of the invisible world is worth something to us, for it dimly opens up to view a life of activities not unfamiliar to our present experiences, and it is precisely because the unseen world is presented in unfamiliar shades of light, that we first fail to realize it, and then question its existence. Chariots and horsemen are not usually deemed necessary to drag tireless limbs from point to point in eternity, but we have no reason to suppose that space will be annihilated, or that every *body* will move with equal velocity, any more than we have to suppose that men hereafter will dot the infinities of space like the stars in the sidereal system, to be moved only as they are moved throughout the ages of eternity. It is well, therefore, that we have this passing glimpse to show that the spirit-world, like the natural, may be crowded with species in great variety, and that man's powers hereafter may not only be exercised in using and controlling inferior orders of creation, but that his mental activities may be fully employed planning and contriving to meet the requirements of a life not unlike the one he leaves on earth.

Thus far we have seen that the spirit-world is peopled with corporeal realities, and not with vague and intangible essences. We know that in the room of death the passing soul must be clothed with its spiritual body. But this body is not subject to the ordinary laws of nature, and therefore it is not confined to the room by closed window or door.

It stands at once upon a shoreless sea, where, with new senses and exalted powers of sight, it gazes into the illimitable depths where worlds on worlds, far beyond the ken of mortals, roll on through the infinities of space. Heaven has now burst upon its view. Not a single world fixed somewhere in space, for, no matter what the magnitude of such a world, if it were for ever receiving and never discharging, it must necessarily reach a point where overcrowding would commence. No, Heaven is not a single world which can be bounded, but a grand confederacy of worlds boundless as infinity.

To one of these worlds the soul standing on the shoreless sea is bound, and the "blessed troop whose bright faces cast thousand beams upon it," as it struggles from its mortal coil, are probably the messengers whose duty it is to accompany the new being to its blessed abode and introduce it to the company of the immortals. How the spiritual body is conveyed across the trackless waste, we know not; but to mortals it may be that "horses and chariots of fire" are the most suitable terms to use in describing the transformation scene.

We have no right to assume that these worlds will be different from our own, or from what ours was when man was first placed upon it. They are all the work of the one Uncreated Being, whose sovereign sway is acknowledged by all. We are justified rather in arguing that as this world was when man was placed upon it, so these worlds are to be when man is restored to his original condition.

Much preparation was needed to make this earth a dwelling-place for man. The waters had to be gathered together that dry land might appear. The earth had to bring forth grass and herb and tree. Water and air had to be filled with moving creatures that had life, and when all had been completed, then, and only then, was the future governor, man, placed upon the scene. His work was to "dress and keep it," which covered all the conditions of his new life, giving employment to all his energies. Is it not fair then to suppose that in the worlds to which he is moving, there will be land and water, grass, herb, and tree after their kind, and that man in his new sphere will find employment "dressing and keeping" these.

How long he will remain in any one world, and by what process he will pass from one to the other, we know not, as we do not know by what process he would have passed out of this if death had not entered. But that he would have passed out of this into another by some agency is certain, since room would have to be made for coming generations. Life, however, in the confederacy of Heaven, is everlasting, for whether the term of existence in each world be counted by thousands of ages, or whether it be short as the term of life on earth, only an eternity of years can give time to go through the worlds of infinity. But life is not the same in each world, for "one star differeth from another star in glory." So there will be worlds for the good and worlds for the bad, each in their several degrees, and the soul just escaped from the natural body on earth, and standing on that shoreless sea, will be directed to one or the other as it has determined for itself by its life upon the earth.

That the inhabitants of the blessed abodes will go on from world to world increasing in knowledge and in power as they rise from glory to glory, is undoubted, for no matter how exalted their powers and how perfect their knowledge, they must forever remain at an unapproachable distance from the great Omniscient, Uncreated, Ineffable Glory. It is not in man that has fallen to say what shall be the ultimate destiny of those who must pass through the darker worlds. We know that provision was made for the recovery of one fallen world, and we know that a world fell before ours, for there are "Angels which kept not their first estate;" but it is not for puny man to limit the goodness or power of the Almighty, and say, with all the dogmatism of a narrow theology, that *no* provision can be made for the recovery of other worlds. It is far more Christlike to cherish a hope, that, somewhere in the vast empire of worlds that roll far beyond the systems that come within the range of mortal ken or thought, there are lands where the long separated meet again after ages of wandering through unknown regions of space.

Yea, and it is more godlike to believe that a time will come when every creature that God has made, Man, Angel, or Devil, will be happy or cease to be. More godlike, because any other thought makes evil co-eternal with the Deity.

BILDAD.

GLIMPSES OF OLD ENGLISH LIFE.

MTAINE begins his brilliant but often misleading *History of English Literature*, with a very vivid and picturesque description of England and the English people in the days before the Norman Conquest. He tells us that the "Saxons, weighted with their German phlegm, were a race of gluttons and drunkards, now and then aroused to life by a gleam of poetical enthusiasm. Foreign culture had given them Christianity; but beyond that it could not graft upon this barbarous stock any fruitful or living branch. In their land of marsh and fogs, amid their mud and snows, and under their gloomy and inclement sky, they continued dull, ignorant, fierce, and brutal. What could they find to do but hunt, fish, fight among themselves, or fill their bellies with flesh and get drunk with strong liquors? Driven to their own firesides for warmth, they acquired domestic habits, but how, with such instincts, could they attain to culture? It was the Normans, that French race, manifestly destined to rule, who taught the Saxons, at first with the spear, then with the club, and at last with the birch, the ways of civilization, and made the English people what it is to-day."

Nor does he stand alone in this estimate of our first English ancestors. Milton compares their history to a "chronicle of the wars of kites and crows, flocking and fighting in the air." Even Carlyle calls them "a gluttonous race of Jutes and Angles, capable of no grand combinations; lumbering about in pot-bellied equanimity; not dreaming of heroic toil and silence, and endurance, such as leads to the high places of this universe and the golden mountain tops where dwell the spirits of the dawn." And, indeed, until very lately, historians for the most part have told the same tale, so that Englishmen had learned to look upon their Anglo-Saxon forefathers as a race of barbarians, eking out a scanty subsistence with the acorns and beech-mast of the forest, ill-housed in mud hovels because they were incapable of putting stone and mortar together so as to form a building, skilful only with the sword and spear, rude and quarrelsome in their manners, and, finally, almost as uncivilized and ignorant in the tenth century as they had been when Hengist and Horsa first landed in Kent some five hundred years before that time.

It would indeed be one of the strangest things in human history if this view were correct—if a race which had reached the stage of civilization in which the German tribes were found by Tacitus, should have stopped short at that point, and made no further advance in the course of five hundred years. And, as might have been expected, the researches of modern scholars have brought to light many facts which prove beyond a doubt that these five centuries were fruitful in progress, that great advances were made in every direction, and that, whatever may have been the condition of the Saxons and Angles when they left their Frisian forests, they had, at the beginning of the eleventh century, attained a higher degree of culture and refinement in many respects than their Norman conquerors, who, in point of fact, destroyed much more than they bestowed. The effect of the conquest was at first to retard, though it afterward hastened, a development which would have gone on none the less surely had William of Normandy never set foot in England. In spite of all the many and great changes of manners, speech, and modes of thought through which the English nation has passed, the distinctive characteristics of the English mind to-day can be plainly discerned in the English people of the seventh and eighth centuries, as they stand revealed to us, not, indeed, in the descriptions handed down by Norman writers, who naturally looked with scorn and contempt upon the manners, art, and science of a conquered race, but in the writings of men of their own time and nation. It is to the English writers before the conquest that we must go if we would learn how our forefathers lived; and though the records are scant and meagre, yet, from the many incidental allusions to habits and customs, it is

possible to gain a tolerably correct idea of their country, their homes, their dress, and their manners.

It must be borne in mind that Britain when the English first came to land upon its shores, presented a very different appearance from the England of the nineteenth century, and great as has been the change wrought by time in the people, not less great, perhaps, is the change which the face of the country has undergone. Even the climate is no longer the same as it was then. From statements to be found in many of the older writers, Sir Francis Palgrave felt warranted in asserting that, down to the time of the Norman Kings, the general temperature of the greater part of England was not very unlike that of Western Canada. The winter cold was more severe, the summer heat more intense and scorching than now. In the southern portion of the island the grape grew and ripened in the open air; the vale of Gloucester was especially noted for its fruitful vines, and from the vineyards of Glastonbury a sweet and pleasant wine was made. The olive tree, now confined to the shores of the Mediterranean, is not unfrequently mentioned in old charters as a boundary tree.

The great natural features of the country were, no doubt, much the same as they are now; but the low lands and moors were one wide stretch of marsh and mire, broken here and there by an island or ridge of rising ground, the hills and knolls of our day. Such a waste of waters was the great fen district, extending some sixty miles southward from the Wash, and separating East Anglia from Mercia. Such an island was Ely, in later times a place of refuge for Hereward and his followers from Norman pursuit. Another immense swamp, formed by the confluence of the Trent and Ouse, lay between Mercia and Northumberland. The rivers ran in deeper channels, and the tides flowed farther up than they do now. In the eleventh century a fleet of ships sailed up to Canterbury, and the privilege of levying tolls on foreign merchants was claimed by two different monasteries of the city. Ships, seventy-two feet long and nine feet beam, came up to Appledore on a branch of the Lymne, now nothing more than an insignificant brook. Thanet, the landing-place of Hengist and Horsa, was then an island, separated by a broad strait from the mainland, of which it now forms part. Richborough, Pevensey, and Winchelsea, in those days seaport towns, are now two or three miles from the shore. On the coast of Norfolk there was a belt of eight or ten islands at some distance from the mainland, but the intervening channel has long since filled up, and the village of Beeston "by the sea" is now ten miles inland. Romney Marsh has been won from the sea by the aid of man, and the tides have been driven back some ten miles. On the other hand, in some places the sea has won new territory, as on the coasts of Cornwall and Yorkshire. Ravensburg, where Henry IV. landed in 1399, is "submerged in the waves," and the villages of Hartburn and Hyde have met with the same fate.

Inland, the greater part of the land was covered with vast forests, where grew and flourished the oak, the yew, the elm, the ash, the birch, and the alder. The evergreens were represented by the fir, the juniper, and the holly. And it may well be that some of the trees which gave shade and shelter to the first of the English, are still alive and hale, for there are now standing in England oaks upwards of eight hundred or a thousand years old, and in the churchyard of Darley, York, there is a yew which has seen more than two thousand summers come and go. In that age the term forest-land, it should be remembered, included not merely the woodland, but marsh and moor as well, and in some districts wide commons lay bleak and bare for miles together. But even making allowance for this use of the word, the extent of the true forests must have been very great. And as all reckless destruction of trees was punished by a heavy fine, there is no reason for doubting the statement of the English chronicle, that in the days of King Alfred, the *Andredsweald* was one hundred and twenty miles long, or longer, and thirty miles broad. Under the Roman rule towns and cities had grown up, excellent roads ran in various directions throughout the length and breadth of the land, usually avoiding the great forests, which gave too great advantages to hostile tribes to lie in wait for the troops and travellers. More often the swamps and marshes were crossed by well-built causeways, and the rivers were spanned by solid and lasting bridges. Agriculture had so far advanced that Britain had become one of the chief corn-growing countries of Europe, and exported much grain to other

parts of the empire. The cherry, the peach, the pear, the mulberry, and the fig had been introduced, and flourished in the gardens. Tin was largely exported from Cornwall, iron and lead mines were worked, and the uses of mineral coal as fuel had been discovered. The manufacture of pottery was carried on in many places. Along the great highways, and in the neighbourhood of the towns and cities, the landscape was dotted with numerous villas, whose tessellated pavements, walls adorned with fresco paintings, glazed windows, and elaborate heating arrangements gave evidence of the high degree of comfort and even luxury to be found in that distant province.

Such was Britain in the year 449, when Hengist and Horsa, with their warriors, landed at Ebbsfleet, in the island of Thanet. Whether they came as allies or enemies of the Celtic tribes, is a point of minor importance; it is enough for our present purpose to know that then the tide of invasion began to set in, which overran the country and made it the land of the English. It was more than a mere invasion; it was a general migration. The invaders brought with them their wives, their children, their household goods, and their cattle. All ranks and classes of freemen, and, to some extent, the slaves also, came over to settle in their new home. They brought with them their political and social institutions, their laws, and their religion. Kings were as yet unknown among them. On going to war, the leader of the campaign was chosen by lot from the ealdormen of the tribe or nation, and his supremacy lasted only until the return of peace. Thus it is easy to see how, in a state of constant warfare such as followed the invasion of Britain, the temporary leader became a permanent king. For the conquest of England was not the easy achievement of a few short years. The invaders fought their way, step by step, following the lines of the great highways, or pushing up the rivers in their ships and boats, while now and then the capture of a large town or city would give them possession of an extensive district. So it came to pass that more than two hundred years elapsed before the bounds of the West Saxon kingdom had been pushed as far west as the River Parret in Somerset. At first extermination or expulsion seems to have been the common fate of the conquered nations. At the taking of Anderida, says the English Chronicle, Ælla and Cissa slew all that were therein, nor was there a Briton left. The cities themselves were destroyed by fire, for the English were strangers to city life, and, indeed, despised it, preferring to live apart in the open country. London alone appears to have escaped the general destruction. In the later stages of the conquest it is probable that milder measures prevailed; the captives were no longer put to death but led into lifelong slavery.

As the land was conquered it was divided among the conquerors, but the exact mode of division adopted is still involved in uncertainty. Perhaps the most plausible theory is, that to each hundred warriors there was assigned a certain district, each warrior, or, it may be, each head of a family receiving a hide of land in full possession, the nobles and leaders retaining large tracts in addition, and what remained became common property, under the name of folkland, which could not be alienated to private use except by consent of the witan or national council. Even at this early stage we find the system of ranks fully developed. There is first the great division into the two classes of the free and the unfree. In the class of the unfree most writers include not only the slaves, but all who did not possess the full rights of citizenship, which were closely connected with the ownership of land. The landless man, though free in all personal relations, was compelled, in order to come under the cognizance of the law, to seek a lord and place himself in dependence upon him. The slaves, strictly so-called, were divided into several classes, as the theow, the esne, the wite-theow, &c. Among the free we find the ceorl, or freeman owning land in his own right, the thegn, the eorl, the ealdorman, and the etheling. Though the ranks were clearly defined, there was no closed caste. If a ceorl thrived so that he had fully five hides of his own land, church and kitchen, bell-house and burh-gate-seat, and special duty in the king's hall, he became "thegnworthy"; in like manner the thegn might become eorlworthy. The way to honour was open to all, and the title to nobility was based upon the possession of lands.

The invaders quickly formed little settlements in family groups, on spots chosen for their natural advantages, as being easy of defence or abundantly supplied with water. They do not seem to have made much use

of the villas and other edifices built by the Romans, except in so far as the ruined walls served for quarries whence they drew the materials for their simpler dwellings. The highways and bridges they took pains to keep in repair, but their towns and villages seldom arose amid the ruins of a former city. On some ridge or knoll of rising ground a *burh* would spring up with its rude fortifications, consisting of a ditch and mound of earth, crowned, perhaps, with a stout wooden palisade. Here were clustered the homesteads of the *burh* members; on the sloping hillsides their flocks and herds found pasturage under the watchful care of the herdsman, whose duty it was to be on his guard, throughout the night, against the ravages of wild beasts or the depredations of robber bands. In the woods the herds of swine fed and fattened on acorns and beech-mast. The so-called white Chillingham breed of cattle, brought over, from their Frisian homes, by the invaders, rapidly increased, and finally drove out the small dark shorthorns which had before stocked the island. The sheep were valued chiefly for their fleece, and wool soon became one of the principal articles of export.

The farms were separated from each other by hedges or ditches, and a large tree was usually chosen as a boundary-mark. The chief crops were hay, wheat, oats, rye, and barley. The hay was cut with scythes differing but little in shape from those still in use. After it was sufficiently dried it was carried in carts to a convenient spot, and stored in ricks and mows for future use. Grain was reaped with sickles, bound in sheaves, and taken to the threshing-floor, where it was threshed with flails and winnowed. Hand-mills had long been in use for grinding the corn, and before the time of the Norman conquest, windmills and water-mills became very common. The orchards were stocked with a variety of fruit-trees, and afforded their owners apples, pears, plums, cherries, peaches, quinces, and walnuts; in the gardens were to be found carrots, beets, celery, lettuce, and the favourite vegetable of the people, the kale or cabbage, from which the second month of the year received the name of Sprout-kale. Here, too, were cultivated the herbs, such as savory, mint, rosemary, pennyroyal, and others valued for their healing virtues. Nor was the cultivation of flowers neglected, for we can see from their writings that the English were very fond of flowers, and took great delight in their beautiful forms and bright colours. Roses and lilies of various kinds, hollyhocks and snapdragons, were among the ornaments of the garden, while, in the woods and meadows, daisies, primroses, heath, coltsfoot, &c., were scattered profusely.

The greater part of the hard work was performed by the slaves, who were divided into "slaves of the house" and "slaves of the farm." They were allowed two loaves of bread every day, besides their morning and noon meals; they were not required to work on Sundays or holy days; the master was not permitted to inflict more than a certain amount of punishment, but they had no legal rights and were looked upon as part of their owner's stock. After the introduction of Christianity their condition was greatly improved. The observance of Saints' days increased the number of their holidays, and emancipation was preached as a Christian duty.

Thus relieved from much of the drudgery of manual labour, the Englishman of the seventh and eighth centuries, like his descendants of the present day, was free to pursue his favourite recreations of hunting and hawking, and a gentleman was usually accompanied, wherever he went, by his falcon, perched upon his wrist. The dogs of Britain had long been known and valued for their excellence as hunters, and in Roman times they had been largely exported to distant parts of the Empire, so highly were they esteemed by sportsmen. In the recesses of the forests roamed the brown bear, the fox, and the wolf, the terror of the flocks and herds. Along the rivers and streams the beavers built their dams, and were eagerly hunted for their fur. The wild boar, the reindeer, the stag, and the roedeer ranged throughout the island. The fallow-deer and the pheasant had been brought into the country by the Romans, to whom the introduction of the domestic fowl is also due. As the population increased, and the forest land was brought under tillage, it became necessary to place some restrictions upon the indiscrimate destruction of game. The following rhyming charter, which is taken from the transcript given by Kemble (Cod. Dip. 899), will serve to convey some idea of the regulations in force in the reign of Edward the Confessor. The old spelling has been

retained, and there are few words which call for any explanation.

Iche Edouard Kinge haue geuen
Of my forreste the keepinge
Of the hundred of Chelmar and dansinge
To Randolfe Peperkinge & to his kinling,
With harte and hinde, dooe and bokke,
Hare and fox, catt and brocke (*badger*),
Wylde foule with his flocke,
Partrich, fesaunt hen and fesant cocke
To kepen and to yemen by all her might
Both by daie and eke by night
And houndes for to houlde,
Gode and swyfte and bolde,
Foure grey houndes and VI racches (*setters*),
For hare and foxe and wild cattes,
And therof I make him my book (*charter*).

The spear was the weapon commonly used in hunting the larger game, though the sword was always worn by the side, to be used in case the victim should turn and charge when brought to bay. When a hunt was to take place, men were sent out in various directions to beat the wood and drive the animals, with the noise of horns and with dogs, towards some point where the hunters lay in wait to attack them as they fled. The sport of hawking seems to have been pursued on horseback, if we may trust the drawings in old manuscripts, where, however, the attendants are represented on foot. Fishing, it would appear, had few charms for the Englishman of this age, who delighted in more active and exciting sport.

The earliest dwellings of the English were, no doubt, rude structures, mainly built of wood and plaster, but we find that they had a word for the low wall upon which the house stood, the ground-wall—a term still in use among masons in parts of England, to denote the stone foundation wall—and from this it has been argued that it is very probable that the foundations of their dwellings were commonly of stone. England, as we have seen, was then abundantly supplied with timber, and wood naturally continued to be the chief building material, as it is still in this country. But from the days of Augustine onwards, there is ample evidence that stone was freely used in the construction of churches, and there is great likelihood that in the mansions of the nobles, the hall, at least, was a stone structure. The houses were generally but one story in height, the hall and kitchen forming one large room, open to the roof, which was thatched with straw or reeds. In the middle of the hall was the hearthstone with its blazing wood fire, surrounded by benches, and close at hand were the bellows, tongs, &c. Directly over the hearthstone there was a small turret, with open or partly open sides, through which the smoke escaped without the aid of a chimney. The walls were sometimes painted, but more frequently they were covered by curtains of woollen, or even silk, and often richly embroidered. These curtains were hung at a distance of three or four inches from the wall, and added much to the warmth and cheerfulness of the rooms. The floor was usually paved with tile; a portion at one end was raised somewhat higher than the rest, and here stood the massive table of square or oblong shape, surrounded by benches or stools, with a high-backed chair for the master of the house. The windows were few and small. In the earlier times the wind and rain were kept out by wooden shutters, or blinds of linen, and glazed windows probably were seldom to be met with in private houses until much later than the Norman Conquest. To supply the deficiency of daylight, they had recourse to wax candles, supported by candlesticks of various metals, and often of very ornamental appearance. The chambers or sleeping rooms opened from the hall, and had no fires, but were abundantly provided with heavy tapestry hangings. The bedsteads, in some cases elaborately carved, were frequently placed in curtained alcoves, and were furnished with feather beds, bolsters, and pillows. The following story, given by Mr. Hardy, will illustrate English notions of hospitality towards an honoured guest, among the higher classes in the seventh century. A very wealthy nobleman was wont to say in the presence of the brotherhood, "Who will obtain for me the honour of entertaining the great hero St. Cuthbert, and sheltering him under my roof? I call Christ and my faith to witness, that were he to come, I would adorn my house with plate, strew my threshold and courtyard with roses and sweet-smelling lilies, and make my walls shine with shields of gold. My butler also should joyfully receive his attendants with capacious bowls of wine, and serve them with horns of mead, so that the number of their cups should be innumerable. Beds should be prepared for the Saint in my chambers and halls; with my own hands would I place him on the

couch, and would cherish his feet in my bosom." While the dwellings of the rich were thus, in many respects, the abodes of comfort and luxury, the lower classes passed their lives amid very different surroundings. Their cottages, as a rule, contained but one room, without windows, the floor simply hard earth, and the smoke from the fire in the midst escaped by a plain hole in the roof. The inmates lay down to rest on the benches, which served for seats during the day, wrapped up in their cloaks, with perhaps a billet of wood beneath their heads instead of a pillow. But wretched and comfortless as such accommodations may seem to us, we shall find the homes of the poor, some seven hundred years after this, described in very similar terms. So late as the reign of Elizabeth, the age of Shakspere, a writer, speaking of the middle as well as the lower classes, uses these words: "Our fathers (yea and we ourselves also) have lien full oft upon straw pallets, or rough mats, covered only with a sheet, under coverlets of dagswain, and a good round under their heads instead of a bolster. Pillows, said they, were thought meet only for women."

The year 597 is made memorable in the annals of England by the landing of Augustine and his little band of monks at Thanet, bearing with them the message of the Gospel. When the English tribes forsook their ancient homes, they had left behind them all the old local objects of reverence and worship, thus weakening the ties that bound them to the religion of their fathers. So the new faith met with fewer obstacles than might otherwise have been the case, and, a foothold once obtained, it spread rapidly among the people. The new missionaries brought with them all that had been preserved of Roman literature and science; but above all Christianity introduced an ennobling and refining spirit, the effects of which were ere long shown in the milder laws, the enforcement of the rights of the slaves, the greater regard for the sanctity of the marriage tie, and the bestowal upon married women of certain rights of property. By the law a wife had the right to have a storeroom, a chest, and a cupboard, of which she kept the keys, and access to which she might refuse to her husband. While the men were engaged in their daily toil, or amusing themselves in the open air, the ladies sat in their bowers or chambers busied with their needle-work and embroidery, which was celebrated for its excellence throughout Europe. The maidens plied the distaff and the spindle, in that age the emblem of woman's distinctive work. "Spear side and spindle side" ran the old formula used in legal documents to distinguish the sexes. The rooms were rendered warm and cheerful by the hangings of tapestry embroidered in bright colours and adorned, in season, with flowers gathered from the woods or garden by the maidens before the dew was dry. In one corner or in its mistress's lap might be seen a pet cat, or lap-dog, or a parrot swinging in a cage. Not unfrequently a monk or priest would make his appearance for a morning call, and perhaps bring with him a new design for embroidering a robe or altar-cloth, or enliven the time by music from the harp, the flute, or the lyre. The dress of the ladies consisted of a long outer tunic of silk, linen, or woollen material, confined at the waist by a girdle, from which hung a bunch of keys, scissors, toothpicks, etc. The sleeves were long and flowing, and linen cuffs were worn. The head was usually covered by a hood or veil of cloth, and various devices were used to make the hair stand out and appear more full and abundant than it really was. They seem to have been very fond of bright colours, if we may judge from the illuminations of old manuscripts. In one a lady is represented as wearing a scarlet tunic, with full skirts and wide sleeves, over an inner vest of violet-coloured linen. Her shoes are of red leather. Her hair is curled about her forehead and temples, the hood concealing the rest. Around her neck is a golden necklace, her wrists are adorned with bracelets of the same metal, and it is very probable that the colour of her cheeks is heightened by a touch of rouge, the use of which was not uncommon even in those days.

The men wore short tunics of woollen or linen, according to the season, reaching to about the knee and partly slit at the sides. The sleeves were very long and wide, and were gathered in folds about the wrist. Beneath this tunic was a vest and drawers, the latter extending below the knee and tucked into the hose, which were very long. The shoes were of leather, and were fastened by thongs of the same material. An upper tunic, with short loose sleeves, was sometimes worn over the common tunic, but the usual outer garment was a circular mantle or cloak, of

varying length, fastened by a clasp on the right shoulder. While linen or woollen were the usual materials of dress for the common people; the wealthy classes were clothed in silk, purple cloth, gold tissues, and furs. The hair was parted in the middle and fell in long ringlets on the shoulders; the beard at first was worn long and forked, but in later times it was shaved off, and the moustache alone allowed to grow. The freeman was always accompanied by his sword, which was two-edged and about three feet in length; the sheath was made of thin wood, covered with leather and mounted with silver. Besides the sword, each man carried in his waist-belt a short knife, which was used for a multitude of purposes. After the Danish invasions the sword was exchanged for the battle-axe, which then became the national weapon. The shields were of wood, and had an umbone or central boss of iron or bronze, conical in form and often nine inches in height. Helmets and coats of mail were also worn in battle. The former sometimes consisted of a framework of iron, covered with plates of horn, fastened to the iron ribs by silver rivets, the whole surmounted by an ornamental crest.

Turning now from dress to diet, we shall find the English people of this period no strangers to good living. Wild fowl and game, as we have seen, were to be had in plenty. Their flocks and herds furnished them with beef, bacon, and mutton, though the last seems to have been little esteemed. Their cows and goats gave them milk, which they turned into butter and cheese. The rivers and streams swarmed with eels, trout, salmon, sturgeon, pilchards, etc. The sea yielded a rich harvest of hake, herring, lobsters, and shellfish. The oysters of Rutupia, the modern Richborough, had long been known and prized by Roman epicures. From the bees they obtained great quantities of honey, and in large households the bee-master was as necessary a person as the swineherd. Their well-stocked gardens and orchards afforded a variety of vegetables and fruits, while their merchants brought from foreign lands the products of more southern climes. Nor was the art of cookery unknown or despised. The salted meats were usually boiled and served with vegetables, such as cabbage, beets, carrots, beans, and accompanied by vinegar, mustard, and pepper. Fresh meats were roasted on spits and brought directly to the table. The fowls were stuffed with bread, flavoured with parsley, onions, savory, and other herbs, and likewise roasted. The bread was sometimes baked in flat round cakes and served hot from the oven. Amongst other dishes we find soups, broths, oyster patties, pig's trotters, and giblets. Invalids are advised to breakfast at nine o'clock, on loaf bread broken into hot water and peeled apples, together with boiled or roasted eggs and oysters. Dinner was usually eaten at three o'clock in the afternoon, and was the principal meal of the day. The large table was covered by an ample table-cloth, reaching nearly to the floor. The men and women were seated alternately, the men with their heads bare, the women wearing their hoods or veils. Among the wealthy the table-service was usually of silver. Forks were as yet unknown, but spoons and knives were in common use. The drinking vessels were of glass or silver, and commonly fashioned with a round bottom, so that they could not stand upright, and, therefore, had to be emptied at one draught. The most common drink was beer or ale, of different kinds, known as strong, clear, foreign, or double-brewed. These were brewed from malt, and some, at least, contained hops, as Mr. Cockayne has shown. Another favourite drink was mead, very sweet and pleasant to the taste; while weaker stomachs could be satisfied with milk or water; and the tables of the rich were well supplied with wines, both native and foreign. After dinner the men often continued drinking until evening, while the gleeman enlivened the feast with songs of brave deeds, and the serving-maidens filled up the cups from small wooden buckets, often mounted with silver and highly ornamented.

Although, as was stated in the beginning of this article, the period between the fifth and the eleventh centuries was marked by great advances in every direction, yet it was not a period of steady and uninterrupted progress. Just as England seemed entering upon a long career of peace and prosperity, when art and literature were making rapid strides onwards, the Danes made their appearance, and by their ravages not only put a stop to all progress, but threw everything a long way back. Nor did the nation attain as flourishing a position again till shortly before the Norman Conquest. This

is perhaps most plainly seen in the remaining monuments of ecclesiastical architecture, for the buildings of Wilfred and his contemporaries do not seem to have been surpassed by any of the later structures until we reach those of the beginning of the eleventh century, and the same manner of building seems to have prevailed with but slight changes for over four hundred years. The characteristic features of this style of architecture are walls bonded together by means of alternate uprights and horizontal stones, technically known as "long and short work," and frequently decorated on the outside with pilaster strips, massive round arches, and round-headed doorways and windows; though in the earlier buildings the triangular or straight-sided arches are very common. The towers are perhaps the most marked feature of the churches of this age. They are almost always tall, slender, and unbuttressed, presenting a nearly unbroken vertical outline, while their surfaces are diversified by upright strips and string courses, and they were probably crowned by conical roofs or low spires. As regards the interior arrangement, the Saxon churches would seem to have been planned upon the usual type of the Latin churches, "having a chancel, nave, and aisles, with their arcades and clerestory." The arches were, for the most part, faced with a slightly projecting flat rib, and the windows were frequently divided by a shaft or pillar, usually without a capital. The inner walls were often adorned with pictures on parchment, representing the miracles wrought by favourite saints, and the altars were decorated by English jet and ornaments of gold and silver. Peals of bells were not uncommon, and bell-founding seems to have been an art much practised by the monks. The organ is first mentioned about the year 700, in a poem by Adhelm, who describes it as being "a mighty instrument with innumerable pipes, blown by bellows, and enclosed in a gilded case, and far superior to all other instruments." We learn from Bæda that when Benedict Biscop built the stone monastery at Wearmouth, in 672, he "sent to France to fetch makers of glass, who at this time were unknown in England, that they might glaze the windows of the church, and of the cloisters and dining hall. This was done, and they came, and not only finished the work required, but also taught the English people their handicraft, which was well fitted to furnish the vessels needed for the various uses." About 670 Wilfrid, Bishop of York, used sheets of lead to cover the roof of his church, and glazed the windows, which before that had allowed free passage to the wind and rain. The church of Hexham, built about 675, is described in terms like these: "It had pillars and porticoes, and was adorned with a wondrous length and height of walls, nor was it ever heard that such another church was erected on this side the Alps" up to that time; it was also rich in ornaments of silver and gold and precious stones; the altar hangings were of silk, wrought with delicate embroidering. These are only a few of the many similar records which attest the high degree of architectural skill already attained by these barbarians, whom some writers would have us believe to have been incapable of putting stone and mortar together so as to form a wall. But of the numerous examples of old English architecture still existing, the one most interesting, in some respects, as being unique of its kind, is of a much humbler character than those we have been describing. While the other churches of that period which have thus far successfully withstood the destroying touch of time are stone structures, this is a plain wooden building, and in fact is little more than a log-house. It is thus described by a gentleman who visited it some years ago: "The walls, which seem to be of oak or chesnut, are but six feet in height on the outside. They are not formed of half trees, but of trees that have had a portion of the centre, or heart, cut out, probably to furnish beams for the roof and sills. The slabs thus left were placed vertically on the sill, and the upper ends being roughly adzed off to a thin edge, are let into a groove in a piece of timber which ran the whole length of the building. The door-posts are of squared timber, and the doorway is only four feet five inches in height, by two feet and four inches in width. The outsides of all the trees are furrowed, to the depth of about an inch, into long stringy ridges by the decay of the softer parts of the timber, but these ridges are as hard as iron and of a colour approaching to ebony." During the middle ages a considerable addition was made to its length, and the covering of the roof has been renewed several times. Thus enlarged, it was still used for Divine worship a short time ago. It stands at Greenstead,

near Ongar, in Essex, and was originally built to serve as a shrine for the reception of the corpse of St. Edmund, on its return from London to Bury St. Edmunds, in the year 1013, more than eight centuries ago.

The illuminated manuscripts which have come down to us prove beyond a doubt, that, at a period when pictorial art had sunk to its lowest ebb in other parts of Europe, the English had invented and carried to a high degree of perfection a style of art distinctly original in all its leading features. Afterwards this style was carried to the continent by English monks and missionaries, and, through their instrumentality, was introduced into the monasteries, and the schools founded by Charles the Great. It was characterized by the peculiar and intricate use of spiral patterns, interspersed with dots and lines and interlacings of knots running into heads of serpents and birds. Much of the drawing is of a bold and rich character, and the drapery of the figures is depicted with great spirit and freedom. In the drawings of the Lindisfarne manuscript the colours appear to-day as bright and fresh as when they were first laid on, in the seventh century.

In the arts and handicrafts which minister more directly to the comforts and luxuries of life, the English workmen were well skilled. Their jewellers and goldsmiths stood high in the estimation of the metal-workers of the continent; and the specimens of their handiwork found in the ancient barrows fully sustain their reputation for delicacy of workmanship. Among their ornaments we find brooches of gold filagree-work set with garnets and rubies; earrings, bracelets, and buckles of gold, silver, bronze, and enamel, often elaborately wrought, and adorned with precious stones; necklaces of amber beads, and garnets set in gold. Drinking cups of gold and silver are also occasionally met with. It is from these barrows that most of our knowledge concerning the household utensils of the time has been derived. Twisted glass, ale-cups, basins, bowls, and jugs of earthenware bear witness to their skill in the manufacture of pottery and glass-ware.

Commerce was carried on vigorously, and among their exports we find wool, tin, lead, iron, and goldsmith's work. In exchange their merchants brought from other countries, silks, gems, gold, drugs, wine, oil, and spices. King Alfred is said to have built ships, upon a new model of his own designing, which were larger, swifter, steadier, and stood higher on the water than those of the Danes. They appear to have been partly decked over and furnished with one mast and a square sail, but the oars were their main dependence, except when sailing before the wind.

The age immediately succeeding the introduction of Christianity is full of names renowned for learning. Schools were founded in the cathedral cities, and treasures of Roman science and art were thrown open to eager and diligent students. Bæda, in his secluded cell at Jarrow, seems to have mastered the whole round of knowledge of his day. Among his writings we find treatises on music, physics, poetry, rhetoric, arithmetic, and grammar. The last labour of his life was the translation of the Gospel of St. John into the English tongue. Later on, King Alfred did much to encourage learning, and himself translated several works from the Latin into English. Considerable attention was paid to music. Teachers were sent for from abroad, and schools for instruction in the art were established in most of the monasteries. Nor was the study of medicine neglected; the works of the Greek and Latin writers on this subject were carefully studied, and some were translated into the vernacular. Though we may feel inclined to laugh at some of their prescriptions, yet much of the treatment is sound and wise, and in some surgical operations there is good reason for believing that anæsthetics were used to render the patient insensible to the infliction of pain.

The limits of a magazine article have not allowed much room for details, but, though the subject is by no means exhausted, enough has been said to show that Englishmen of the age preceding the Norman Conquest, far from being the ignorant race of drunkards and gluttons which it is too often assumed they were, had reached a very creditable degree of culture and refinement.

G. H.

THE NEW REFORMATION.*

CHRISTIANITY, since its foundation has undergone several changes, each of which has been marked by peculiar historical developments of thought. For convenience we may divide these changes into three grand epochs:—

1st. When the Roman Church assumed superiority over the other churches of Christendom.

2nd. When the Reformation occurred in the sixteenth century.

3rd. The Religious Revolution of the present time.

Although it is the special purpose of the present paper to deal with the last of these movements, it will not be out of place to take a rapid glance at the two former.

Under the patronage of the Emperor Constantine, the Roman Church, being situated at the capital of the Empire, naturally became the centre of the new religion, although the primates of Antioch, Alexandria, Carthage, and Constantinople, held independent Synods of the Bishops under their jurisdiction. Constantine, however, arrogated the right of the Emperor alone to summon great and extraordinary councils of the Church. The first of these assembled at Nice, A.D. 325. The result of the deliberations of that celebrated assembly is too well-known to require mention here. The event fixes the date of our first great division, and marked the birth of a new power, which from that day to this has drained remorselessly the best blood of millions of human beings. The name of this evil power is Orthodoxy. At no time since the dispersion of the Apostles, according to Christian accounts, could the scattered bodies composing the followers of Christ be said to have been agreed on matters of faith. St. Paul himself tells us of his disputes with Peter and others as well fitted, at least, as himself to judge of essentials. Indeed, it may be said with truth, that from the very beginning the most subtle theological disputes existed on the vital tenets of the new faith. We are thus led to hazard the reflection that, had Christianity come a direct gift from God to all the world there would have been absolute peace and unity among the Churches, not unseemly "confoundings" of each other among Apostles, and wretched quarrels over the attributes of a Master they all professed to serve. It has always been so among Christian teachers. They never did and never will agree, and yet all of them are ready to persecute to the very death those who presume to question the truth of the doctrines about which they are everlastingly wrangling.

At the time of its introduction into the various provinces of the Roman Empire, Christianity found itself involved in the wrecks of dissolving systems of thought. In each country it became tinged with the dominant hue of prevailing philosophies and superstitions. In nearly every case it became wedded in time to an older form of faith, and its offspring, thus begotten in deformity, entered with furious malignity into the religious faction fights which brought about the Council of Nice and the bloody persecutions that followed. Thus we find those gentle Christian sects, which had scarcely emerged from the hands of persecution, turning their swords upon each other for the extermination of the monster—Heresy.

Uniformity of faith was secured, at least outwardly, by the Council of Nice. The consubstantialists, who afterwards assumed the name of Catholics, carried the day by a majority of votes, fixing the character and attributes of the Almighty; as if a mere human assemblage of ignorant and violent sectaries could, in the eyes of any enlightened man, decide so momentous and august a principle by a show of hands. Yet this is what we are called upon to accept and believe under pain of eternal damnation in a material hell. Who is there with mind so darkened, with prejudice so crass, with heart so hard, with brain so soft, with all sense of

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reverence so benumbed, so divested of love of truth, so devoid of common-sense, as to believe such a thing can be a true interpre tation of the unknown Creative Power of the Universe. Gazing on the wonders of earth and heaven, the truly religious man shrinks with horror from such an impiety.

The Roman Church triumphed: in course of time it became allied to the secular power, and the long night of ages of intellectual desolation fell upon the Western World.

We now come to the second division of our subject—the Protestant Reformation. Ancient civilization, submerged under the waves of monkish superstition, had completely lost its hold upon mankind. The Roman Church had carried to its legitimate conclusion the doctrine that the knowledge of Christ was the only learning worth having. Her priests ruthlessly destroyed or perverted the treasures of ancient culture, although they recently claim to have preserved them. It is, however, to the labours of sequestered scholars, who, in the general darkness of their time, devoted their lives to the preservation of the classics, that we owe all we possess to-day of ancient learning, philosophy, and literature. Nor must we forget to thank the Turks for unlocking the treasures of ancient literature hidden for eleven centuries in Constantinople.

The crusades opened to many adventurous and inquisitive minds the stores of Oriental wisdom, and a knowledge not obtained from "clerks" began to be diffused throughout Europe. After this extraordinary movement had subsided, faint streaks of the dawning of a new day were to be discerned. The gloomy night of ecclesiasticism was passing away. The development of the human mind was no longer to be retarded either by a licentious priesthood or by an ignorant nobility. The age of gunpowder and printing commenced; immediately followed, as a natural sequence, that great struggle, by which the people sought to raise themselves above the grovelling tyranny of Romish superstition. There was a pretty general revival of letters. The Bible, translated and printed, passed into the hands of the people.

In the efforts of many good men to obtain a higher spiritual life, different sects of protesting Christians arose. There were many excellent men, too, who fondly dreamed that the old Church itself could be purified and restored to primitive simplicity, even as there are those in our own day who think that the Church of England may be brought into unison with the times. Such, however, was not to be. The arrogance of the Papal See, combined with the political exigencies of the states of Europe, lent additional force to the rising wave of the Reformation, and Protestantism, under various designations, became an accomplished and enduring fact. It must be remembered, however, in treating of this period, that the Reformation was a purely religious one. It was founded on the teachings of the Bible as opposed to those of Rome. Science as science had little or nothing to do with it.

The Reformation, however, possessed a deeper significance than a mere religious revival. While it emancipated secular princes from the power of the Pope, it gave birth to the idea of popular rights, and created a class, which, under the names of Nonconformists, Puritans, and Liberals, has ever been the foremost and uncompromising enemy of all abuses in Church and State. I do not wish by this to be understood as referring to any of the purely political parties now existing under our Constitution, but to that which a recent writer has characterized as "the spirit which prompts a man to repudiate any control of the State over his conscience, which leads him to think for himself, and take an independent position, regardless of the authority of the past or the fashion of the present, which teaches him to value liberty and to have infinite faith in it as the best palladium of truth."

Having relieved themselves from the galling yoke of spiritual slavery, the people, as might naturally be expected, were for a while tossed about by many winds of doctrine; the right of private judgment having been conceded as the essence of Bible Christianity, they soon became divided into sectaries adhering to the different interpretations of what they considered the Sacred Writings. These views in time became consolidated into written creeds, and, from the ruined temple of Romanism, the various sects carried away whatever materials suited them for the construction of their own Churches.

It was not to be expected in an age more remarkable for religious zeal than critical acumen, that sectarian creeds should be distinguished by breadth of sentiment or liberality of construction. On the contrary, it would have been impossible for those

people, in their then stage of development, to have done otherwise than they did. They were anxious to preserve the truth, as they understood it, to their descendants, fearing, how justly more recent events have shown, the relapsing character of the State Church, especially allied as it was with kingly pretensions to "right divine." These creeds and confessions constituted the orthodoxy of dissent. As time progressed, these sects assumed increasing importance, in Great Britain principally, where they were mainly instrumental in bringing about the final overthrow of the Stuarts, and the establishment of religious toleration, at least among Protestants. To them England owes, in a great measure, her present constitution, while American freedom is the direct work of their hands. They aided the Anglican Church to defy the interference of Rome, and taught the people in turn to successfully resist prelacy. They stamped the character of their minds on the British race, allying, by a strange paradox, singular narrowness of faith with unbounded love of spiritual independence. They completed the Reformation of Luther, and educated the religious sentiments of the people, till these are to-day very nearly prepared to accept the new and pure religion of Science.

We now come to the consideration of the last and most important part of our subject. After the grand principle of religious toleration had been conceded, the people, relieved from fruitless theological disputes, turned their attention to matters of essential importance. Physical Science was cultivated with a view towards the increase of human comfort and the acquisition of wealth. The discovery and application of hitherto unknown or undeveloped forces in nature, opened wide fields for the activity of man, and, as the pursuit of worldly objects became more engrossing, interest in questions of theology abated. To use an expressive modern phrase, "there was no money in them." Men followed, as a matter of course, in the practice (on Sundays) of the particular form of religious observances in which they had been educated. As an active and guiding principle of life, Christianity ceased to control the conduct of men. Maxims of business, wise saws of commerce, proverbs inculcating ways for getting on in the world, broadly at variance with the teachings of Christ, came into vogue. Thus a new creed, made up of scraps of worldly wisdom crystallized by experience, insensibly usurped that place in the heart of mankind which in former generations was garrisoned by dogmatic faith. The spirit of success dethroned the God of the theologians, and how to make money became the all-absorbing mystery of its worship. Religion itself was enlisted in the service of the new deity, and men joined churches for the sake of the respectability such membership was supposed to confer, or from an idea that it would help them in their business. A few, no doubt, were actuated by more praiseworthy aspirations, but with the mass of people it was as has been stated. Under this new dispensation, the strange anomaly of fashionable churches arose, and many of the most distinctive teachings of Christ were conveniently allowed to sink into oblivion. Thus—as a writer in the *Fortnightly* points out—are not all Christians forbidden to go to law? Are not their women forbidden to plait their hair? Are not Christians forbidden to jest? to take judicial oaths? to receive interest on loans or even take back the principal? to be rich, or ask rich people to dinner? to receive an unorthodox person into their houses, or even wish him "God speed!" Where, we may ask in vain, is the Christian existing at the present day who lives up to these plain commands? It may be said that they are not in accordance with the ideas of the age and the necessities of life. Granted, but, if so, what becomes of the whole system? The New Testament clearly shows that the founders of Christianity never intended to confer eclectic powers on its adherents. It was never permitted them to decide what doctrines they should receive, what reject. Certain rules of life were laid down by which they were to be known and governed. Now, Christianity, if of divine origin, must have been intended to suit all climes and peoples, since its gospel was preached to the Gentiles. If inspired by the same God who created the Universe, it would, like that Universe, be inflexible in its action, holding a corresponding position in relation to moral phenomena to that held by heat and force in relation to inanimate nature. Manifestly modern Christianity does not do this, and proves its spurious character as a Divine institution by the inapplicability of its primitive teachings to all conditions of life. Some wise men have held that the soul requires supernatural consolation, something that will answer to the yearnings of the heart

for a purer and better state of things than that which is here visible. The offices of religion, they believed, supplied this craving, consoled a man under the trials of life, and comforted him at the hour of death. It may be so, but, if this is true of the Christian faith, it is also true of Mahometanism, Buddhism, and Philosophy, all of which have had their martyrs.

Human Nature, in its ignorance, created a future life, where the pangs of hunger, the frosts of winter, the burning winds of the desert, the stripes of cruel masters, the storm, the earthquake, the death, would be known no more. This heaven beyond the earth was one kind of place to the Arab, another to the Scandinavian, another to the American Indian. The Christian pictured it to suit his fancy, the Mahometan to suit his. In every case it represented a region free from those miseries which it was their lot to endure on earth, and filled with those delights which constituted their highest idea of earthly happiness.

As the race advanced men discovered, in the exercise of family and social obligations, that their nature was capable of a development far above the sordid pursuits of their every-day life. Many of the purest and brightest among mankind, with hearts filled with the loftiest aspirations, found themselves strangely warped by physical infirmity. Then began the study of the Science of Life, to prepare a perfect body as the dwelling-place of a perfect soul. The Christian idea, of a life devoted to the mortification of the flesh, was discarded. More just and practical views of the duty of man toward man were inculcated, and the laws of Christian nations had their foundations laid on the basis of practical utility, not on the fantastic requirements of Oriental asceticism. It was impossible for the Churches to exist in the midst of this great movement, without, in some degree, partaking of its spirit. The harsher dogmas of theology were gradually allowed to sink into semi-oblivion, and professions of faith, by an ingenious process of reasoning, came to be understood as meaning what they did not say. An emasculated, easy-going Protestantism succeeded the stern Puritanism of a former time. A too-rigid Christianity would not suit the somewhat lax morality of a commercial age. It would not do to be too hard upon Dives, so preachers preached those things which were not calculated to give offence. In the meantime, while this spurious faith was disgusting all honest and earnest thinkers, the Church of Rome, far from yielding to the spirit of the age, more persistently than ever denounced the leading ideas of civilization, as errors deserving nothing short of anathema. Her communion offered a peaceful refuge for indolent and luxurious natures. Inflexible in matters of faith, she allowed a wide latitude in morals. Those who were given to the indulgence of their bodies found they could be pretty good Catholics, while but indifferently good men. They could hand over the keeping of their consciences to their confessors, observe certain formulas, and the gates of heaven were open to them here and hereafter.

Another class of minds, harassed by unanswerable questions of doctrine, anxious for the truth, yet fearing to abandon themselves to its pursuit, beheld in the imposing authority of Rome and its magnificent assumptions of divine authority and infallibility, the only apparently safe anchorage in a sea of doubt. Into the bosom of Rome they accordingly drifted. It is from these two classes that the ancient Church has drawn her converts of late years.

While these divergencies were taking place among Christians, the illegitimate children of Christianity, born in the kennel, reared in the gutter, neglected by priest, parson, and minister, were allowed to grow up in blank, utter, hopeless, soulless ignorance. With church bells ever ringing in their ears, they never heard the name of God except in blasphemy. Begotten in sin, reared in misery, educated in vice, and devoted to infamy, they became fuel for the smouldering volcanoes of social disaster. This terrible class, forming no inconsiderable number in all large communities, made its fearful presence felt in Paris during the Commune, and in America during the railway riots of last year. The respectable and well-to-do, frightened by this grim monster, rallied around the Churches. What matter if their faith was a sham, their religion a mockery, they were on the side of law and order, and ought to be sustained. Hence there grew a reactionary movement in favour of the Protestant Churches. This movement was not impelled by deep religious conviction: it was simply an effort of self-preservation, by which property sought to

secure itself against social disorder and revolution.

We have yet to consider another class, more important than all the foregoing in its relation to the religious movement of the present time. While physical science was performing miracles for the production of wealth, and for the comfort and well-being of mankind, the philosophy of mind was making gigantic progress. Inquiries into the forces of nature had provided philosophy with a clue to the mystery of life. Investigations were made by leading intellects into the manifestations of nature, indifferent to the result so long as the truth was established. Hence arose what has been called "The Scientific Method." Soon it was discovered that all phenomena appreciable by our senses could be referred to one all-pervading system of progressive development. Whether applied to the tremendous mysteries of the stars, to the processes of nature on our earth, to the history of mankind, or to the complex working of the human mind, it was found to be an infallible test. Observation, classification, comparison, demonstrated the eternity of Progress continually from simplicity to complexity, from crudity to perfection. As with nature, so has it been with the human mind.

Possessed of this master-key, philosophy has not shrunk from applying it to Religion as to any other manifestation of human life. It is not for us to say what religion is true, but rather, what religion will bear the test of truth. We do not pretend that any theory of heat or light now expounded is absolutely true or absolutely false. Should further enquiry convince us of the error of our present convictions, we should resign them with pleasure, and hail with gratification an advance in knowledge.

We have looked upon Christianity in its three leading historical aspects, and now we must not hesitate to assign it its proper place as a wonderful force in the development of humanity. Through it, and in despite of it, we have risen to a conception of the true destiny of our race, and while we refuse to waste our lives in fruitless efforts to fathom the unknowable, or delude ourselves with ecstatic visions of an impossible heaven, we will endeavour so to order our lives as to make the world a better heritage for those who come after us than we found it.

Imbued with these ideas the spirit of the first Reformation has entered into the second Reformation, and the men of to-day are performing its work with zeal and fidelity. Protestantism may work with them or against them; it matters not, they are certain to triumph in the end.

Nothing but the re-establishment of Romanism could plunge the world back into barbarism. That is now, happily, impossible, and we may therefore hope that the dream of perfected humanity will yet become a glorious reality, establishing, in truth and verity, "Peace on earth, and good-will amongst men."

In considering Religion or Theology, we must always bear in mind that there are two parties to the discussion, viz: those who assume to know the unknowable, and those who confess their ignorance of it. The former are the dogmatic theologians, the latter, like ourselves, humble inquirers after the truth. The former hold fast to the faith in which they were reared. They were taught that certain things are eternally true, not because their reason has convinced them that they are true, but because their minds, cast in a mould by other minds, surrendered liberty of soul in childhood, and, as the slave, born in slavery and educated with a view to living a slave and begetting slaves, regards the idea of freedom as a heaven of untold delights, so do they, in the chains of religious bondage, picture a heaven filled with joys which are the imaginary opposite of the evils they are compelled to endure in this world. Those of us who remember the days of "the underground railway," will readily bring to mind the weak, shiftless, improvident character of the negroes who succeeded in reaching Canada from the Southern States. Such, in a great measure, is the condition of those souls who first find themselves free from the shackles of religious faith. After much toil and suffering, bitter persecution, relentless pursuit, they reach the promised land. To them it is strange and rugged. Cold but kindly people bid them work. They miss the voluptuous languor of the winterless south, and their unaccustomed lungs find the rarefied air of liberty hard to breathe. After a while, however, they feel their chests expand, and a new energy thrills within their hearts. The whip of the work-compelling taskmaster no longer raises blue weals along their backs, yet the necessity for labour does not cease its terrible importunity, and the slave now

rises to the dignity of honest toil, and becomes free by the efforts of his unshackled hands. If I may be permitted to continue the simile, I would say that we are the escaped slaves who have learned the character of the land we have reached, and have reconciled ourselves to liberty and labour. We may, peradventure, look back upon the land we have left forever, behold the glad, green fields, and hear the songs of those of whom we were aforetime the bond-fellows; but lo, the clouds are gathering; we can hear the rumblings of the coming storm, hear the tramp of armies to the front, and we know the battle is at hand—the battle that will decide forever the liberty of the human soul. Far be it from me to offend the prejudices which many good and pious people cherish, but if we, blind and ignorant of the unknown as we confess ourselves to be, choose to be faithful to our convictions, may we not be permitted to indulge the luxury of charity towards others, and hope it may be extended to us.

Harriet Martineau characterized Christianity as "the last of the mythologies," and as such the foremost leaders of thought in our day regard it. Amid many difficulties, and with terrible pain and suffering, humanity has been toiling towards perfection through the long, long centuries. Like armies marching towards a common goal, the peoples of earth have been struggling along many devious avenues of thought. Often have false guides led them into deserts and regions of storm, darkness, and destruction, for the God of Israel was not the only god who condemned the people who worshipped him to waste their lives in pathless lands. We, however, are heirs to our Father Man, whose gods we have found, indeed, with front of brass and feet of clay. In days of ignorance they were set up to represent a principle which experience had demonstrated as truth; but in time the thing came to be regarded as the principle, and priests and rulers found through it convenient means of government by fear. Thus the creating, preserving, and destroying powers of nature, recognized by primitive man, became, as civilization advanced, transformed into the prophet, king, and priest, till finally they have come down to us in the form of the Trinity. But still civilization advances, and fear of the gods has changed to contempt; they are cast down, overthrown, trampled in the dust; yet the principle they pretended to represent, and degraded by that representation, remains. True, the temples are yet standing, and the rites are still performed, but the oracles are silent, while the sacerdotalist seeks new attributes wherewith to clothe his God, in order to make him more presentable to a new and rather critical congregation, the people of to-day—

"The unpastured sea hungering for calm."

But, though the Iconoclast be abroad and at work, though the air be thick with the noise and dust of falling images, yet there is no irreverence in his work, no irreligion in his thought. On the contrary, it is with the most profound reverence, and with the deepest sense of piety that he demolishes the demon-worship of his fathers, and bows, with the utmost humility of soul, to the Unknown God whom he will neither dare to characterize nor pretend to understand or control. Let us for a moment think what a thrill of horror must pass through every truly enlightened mind on seeing some poor man of feeble intellect, defective education, and doubtful morality usurp the throne of the Eternal, and, assuming a knowledge of that which it is impossible for any human being to know, proceed to administer the affairs of time and eternity. And yet we see this every day of our lives, and because we shrink in disgust from the exhibition, we must suffer the opprobrium of such men as I have attempted to picture.

I believe I should not be wrong in saying that we who are now present do not reject Christ. The glorious attributes of that wonderful character are dear to every one of us. Its faults and philosophical impracticability are apparent, but the true lesson of his life loses nothing of its force and beauty by being stripped of the absurd myths and superstitious legends which tradition and a love of the marvellous have gathered about it. This truth has gradually worked its way into the Churches, and the higher minds among preachers, in several instances, have openly avowed it. Miracles are not required to impress upon an educated people the beauties of the philosophy of Rabbi Hillel, which Christ endeavoured to carry into practice in his own life. It may have been necessary among a semi-barbarous people to raise the dead, bid the dumb speak, the

blind see, but investigation has shown that these wonders never did take place, that they were altogether unnecessary, and, viewed in the light of our present knowledge of nature, utterly impossible. Humanity, however, is divided into many grades, from a Spencer to the wretched Fuegian crouching naked among the snows of his desolate island. So there are many, very many, it must be confessed, who have not travelled far in the path of intellectual freedom, who cannot realize the happiness Free Thought confers on those who fearlessly pursue the study of truth to its final conclusion. To the vast majority of people, the hope of Heaven and the fear of Hell are traditional facts, accepted and generally believed; yet this majority lives as if no such ideas had ever been presented to the mind. Indeed, so indifferent has the great mass of Christians become to the joys of Heaven and the miseries of Hell, that the whole plan of their lives is calculated on a basis from which these two primary dogmas of their faith are excluded. No fact is more noticeable of late years in connection with the Churches than the unpopularity of Hell as a theme for the preachers. Hence it is seldom alluded to, and of late has been openly rejected by notable exponents of what is called orthodoxy. The great change, however, which has come over the religious thought of these times is owing to the growth of a humanitarian spirit side by side with the decay of superstition. The spirit of toleration has also done much to bring about this change. Its growth has been a slow process, and its present triumph is by no means referrible to Christianity. Indeed, the spirit of Christianity has been a persecuting spirit, and its decay may be very accurately dated from the time that the first professed Christian admitted the doctrine of toleration. It may also be observed, while on this branch of our subject, that the decay of faith began with the revival of learning which preceded the Reformation of Luther. From that time to this the progress of the human mind has been rapid, and it is increasing in rapidity as education advances, until to-day we are face to face with a New Reformation which is not so much a change of religious opinion, as it is an abandonment of ideas which can be no longer held in consonance with scientific truth. Not that the ideas enunciated to-day are new, by any means. They are as old as the hills. But the groping of the human mind in the darkness of its environment has been such, that truth, told as it was a century or more ago in Pope's "Essay on Man," and told ages before by the peripatetic philosophers, was not and could not be accepted by the uninformed intellect, any more than the man born blind can understand the nature of colour. With these same forces we are called upon to contend to-day. It is not that we know not, but that we will not know. Tell me a thing that is true—if it does not suit my convenience or my prejudice I will not acknowledge it. Tell me a thing that is false; it suits my prejudice, it suits my purpose, and I seize it as a truth. I will not question that which is within me. But the moral law must submit, if we would be logical, to the same principle which controls the physical and intellectual law, and the survival of the fittest must be as true in relation to thought as to life, or there is no truth in philosophy. Throughout the history of our race, so far as we are able to ascertain it, there has been a survival of the fittest thought. If you care to look back on our history—I mean the history of our race—you will find the gradual treasuring up, as it were, of thought crystallized, if you will, by the synthesism of many millions of intel ligences, for, in the words of Novalis, "life belongs to the living," and, let me add, death belongs to the dead.

There is nothing new under the sun. That on which we are speculating to-day has been the theme of thought among the best, the wisest of mankind for many ages. But the priest took the place of the philosopher, and the philosopher has become the schoolman. Between them we have been led into all kinds of miry byways, and faith has been given to us in exchange for fact. But faith is the virtue of a fool, and often his only virtue. He trusts, he believes in the infinite goodness of his God, and while he prays, his hopes are crushed by the noisome exhalations of a sewer, his life sacrificed to the promiscuous broom of a servant, and his fortune transferred from those he loves to gratify the pride or spite of an unreconciled relative. And if this be not right, why is it wrong? It is right because we are living exactly in accordance with our environment. It is impossible that it could be otherwise. We are as we are, because that which made us as we are was itself un-

able to make us otherwise than we are, and it itself is that which it is because it cannot be other than it is. We cannot dream, even in our most exalted moments, of the ineffability of things eternal, any more than we can grasp the idea of the universe sinking into a vacuum. The universe that we see above, about, and around us, may, for aught we know, be no more than an atom of water in a river of dimensions that to our intelligence would appear unbounded. In eternity, space, *i.e.*, length, breadth, height, depth, can only be measured by the extent of grasp possessed by the intelligence that contemplates it. Therefore, we may leave to the Churches, with perfect serenity, that small portion of eternity of which their minds enable them to form a conception. Of one grand fact we are certain—Nature knows no forgiveness. If we violate her laws, even unwittingly, we must suffer; and what little happiness we may secure can only be enjoyed by comparison with a former experience of pain. We must remember, however, in all the relations of our present existence, that—to borrow the words of Pope—all partial evil is universal good. I have the utmost confidence in the perfectibility of the human intellect. I can conceive no other salvation for society than the fearless inculcation of the principle of Virtue, pure and simple, in opposition to the idea of reconciliation with God and Nature through vicarious suffering and consequent forgiveness. There is no forgiveness. The Paternal Power of the universe is neither love nor fear. It is Law; and if we would be happy we must study that law, place ourselves, as far as it is possible for us to do so, in accordance with it, and then not all the prayers, not all the sacrifices we may make, can either increase or diminish that measure of happiness which we deserve and to which we are entitled under a Power whose justice is not human justice, whose principles of right and wrong we cannot estimate, and in the presence of whom the highest human intelligence must shrink into utter insignificance.

Since I became connected with this Society I have often been asked what we propose to substitute in place of the existing forms of religious belief. Now, I do not think that the members of this little community ever entertained the idea of forming a new sect, or of offering or inventing a substitute for the sectaries that now struggle for supremacy in what is called the religious world. We have seen enough of them to settle the conviction in our minds that, diverse and perverse as they now doubtless are, they are steadily advancing to a higher plane of thought; that they are working out their own salvation; and that they have entered upon a path that, whatever happens, they cannot retrace. We, of the Progressive Society, are, I may truly say, determinedly opposed to the idea of doing away with Religion. On the contrary, pure Religion is the dearest thing in the world to us. But, as I take it, we do not understand Religion as it is popularly allied in ordinary minds with superstitious rites and ceremonial observances. All we desire to see is the divine principles of morality and virtue stript of the meretricious adornments by which sacerdotalism has surrounded them. These principles are common to all religions, and are dominant in exact proportion to the development of pure religious ideas. We believe that the very highest religion consists in living in harmony with the laws that govern our moral, intellectual, and physical being. The feeling of reverence and humility with which we approach the Unknown and the Unknowable compels us, while we confess our ignorance, to look beyond the selfish needs of the hour, and find in every human creature a brother whom it is our duty to assist in every way, by kindly word and generous act. We meet, like ghosts, at one point in eternity—shadows flitting along the colonnaded walls that make up the few years of this life. Behind us all is dark, before us all is gloom. We cannot fathom the beyond. Therefore, we will not make unto ourselves a God, nor direct to a fanciful creation of ignorance the worship which should be paid only to TRUTH. And what is the worship of Truth? It is the practice of virtue, the endeavour to place our lives in harmony with what we recognize as the good and pure in our nature; not to sin with the hope of obtaining forgiveness, but knowing as an absolute fact that if we break the laws of our moral, intellectual, or physical nature, we shall suffer in exact proportion to the enormity of our offence. We neither hope nor expect to be forgiven. This is the New Faith.

Now, let me draw your attention for a brief space to a contemplation of this system

of thought. We acknowledge in the first place that man's higher nature demands something to satisfy the cravings of the soul for rest and peace and contentment. All men might say, with Shelley, sometime in their lives:

> "Alas, I have not hope nor health,
> Nor peace within, nor calm around,
> Nor that content, surpassing wealth,
> The sage in meditation found."

It is this longing for a higher being, this insatiable hungering for a better state of existence than that we see around us, which lies at the bottom of all religious faith, joined, I may add, to the abject sense of dependence we all feel in the grasp of a Power that has no pity for our woes, no mercy for our transgressions. It is thus that man, looking around and finding all things imperfect and unhappy, endeavours to reconcile his ideas of justice with the operations of Nature. From this endeavour arose the theological God, with his fanciful rewards of Heaven and punishments of Hell; as if anything more terrible, view it as we will, could be conceived than human life on this planet. When, however, we have shaken off the trammels of this frightful creation of human fear, everything assumes a new aspect. The sun, the stars, earth, ocean, air are our kindred. We feel the spirit of Eternity rising and throbbing within us. We acknowledge ourselves parts of a mysterious life that embraces all within and without our comprehension. Night, Death, the Grave, lose all their terrors. They are the inexorable necessities of the only state of existence of which we have any knowledge. Beyond them, with our present senses, we cannot penetrate. Still the process of Evolution continues, in the universe as in the individual man, in the earth as in the flower that is born, blooms, and dies upon its bosom. Viewed in this light, may we not imagine that the world has not yet reached its highest condition of physical development. Indeed, we have only to look around us to find how much everything could be improved. Geological science shows us that our earth has gradually grown to its present condition through fathomless cycles of time. As it advanced in physical development, has not animal life advanced in equal ratio? And, as the world grows older, does not man advance? True, the savage instinct of war still survives, but it is dying out. Science is killing it. So also is Science killing the forms of superstition, called Religion, that belong to an imperfect but a progressive humanity. Regarding the world as evolving every day, every year, every century, higher ideas of ultimate perfectibility, may we not regard our Cosmos as embryotic? It has not reached perfection, we know; but it is progressing towards perfection, and will eventually, we all hope, reach that goal. Then will the New Faith triumph. Then will the law of kindness reign supreme, and all things be made perfect.

CARROLL RYAN.

EVOLUTION.

FROM all things there is sighing on our Earth,
Up-welling from the mystery of woe
That broods upon it, twin-born with its birth:—
To last for aye and ever? Nay! With slow
Unfolding of an inwrapped heart of peace,
'Mid sacrificial waste for one great type
Through countless suff'ring ages,—yet to cease!
To end in consummation of the ripe
And perfect fruit of all things! Such the creed
That Nature chants us in her moods of joy,
And 'neath her frown which we have learnt to read,—
Good at the last! Great good without alloy!
Time rolls not gainless on; and primal night
E'en now gives birth to dawn, and hope of perfect light!

A. W. G.

UNIFORM NON-LOCAL TIME.

THE world is big, and as big as it was in the days of Moses and Homer. But in our day the use of the electric telegraph and of steam-power brings it completely within our grasp, while in the light of astronomical discoveries it is utterly insignificant. Then, a whole nation wandered for years in and about the Sinaitic peninsula; and it took Ulysses ten years to make the voyage from the coasts of Troy to Ithaca. Invincible boundaries separated tribe from tribe and nation from nation; and, as a consequence, the natural state of man was war. All other tribes were enemies to the true tribesman. All other nations were barbarians to the Greek. The customs and habits of each people were sacred to them. The customs and habits of all other people were inexplicable and detestable. That God had made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on the face of the earth is the truth that lies at the basis of what the French call the solidarity of mankind; but though the truth was taught to the Jews in the first pages of their Scriptures, it did not prevent them from contemptuously regarding all other nations as "sinners of the Gentiles;" and though Paul preached it eighteen centuries ago, it is not yet understood. Each nation has tried to make intercourse between itself and other nations as difficult as possible. The Chinese had excuses for keeping out "foreign devils," for China contains within its own borders everything that man requires; and the foreign devils seemed more anxious to introduce a poisonous weed than anything else to their notice. Only within our own day did Germany, by means of a Zollverein, allow the free passage of commodities throughout the Fatherland; and still more recently, neither Germans nor foreigners could travel from place to place in Germany without the nuisance of exchanging their money, and of becoming acquainted with a new system of currency, every few hours. Very slowly are changes made even when the propriety of them is universally acknowledged. Were it otherwise there is little doubt that before this Britain would have adopted the decimal system of coinage, of weights, of measures, and of capacity; and perhaps this article would be written phonetically. We are ready to endure many inconveniencies rather than consent to a change, even though the reason of the change has been demonstrated. Sydney Smith said that only when a Director or Bishop had been killed would Railway Directors care for the limbs and lives of travellers, but if he imagined that a single misfortune of the kind would secure the desired end, he must have been in one of his most sanguine moods. And yet changes are being made, changes in the direction of making men less insular, less the slaves of locality, and of emancipating them from the bondage of mere customs and prejudices, an undue attachment to which is as injurious to human progress in the civil order as bondage to tradition proved injurious to man in the spiritual order of things. In Britain, though they still lock passengers up in railway carriages as if they were lunatics, utterly regardless of the fact that they sometimes lock in a lunatic or a murderer with some helpless victim, railways have effected marvellous changes. One of the most notable introduced by them is, that uniform instead of local time is used all over the Island. Twelve o'clock Greenwich time is twelve o'clock in Edinburgh, Inverness, and everywhere else in Britain. It was a startling change and was at first vigorously opposed. It was contrary to nature, contrary to custom, contrary to natural feelings. The people would never submit to it. It could not be carried out in practice. There was no necessity for it. But now everyone concedes the great practical advantages of the change. It would be more correct to say that everyone has forgotten that any change ever was made. Had the railway system, which covers Britain like a network, been worked by local time for the last thirty years, we may safely say that where there has been one accident there would have been a hundred, and that mishaps, losses, confusions would almost neutralize the benefits conferred by it. Per-

haps the solemn affirmation of an eminent ex-Railway Superintendent in Nova Scotia, that "Rum and Railways were the ruin of the country," would have been verified indeed. As it is, Bradshaw is a great mystery to the ordinary intellect. Who that has seen the average traveller poring over the mystic pages with knit brows, would aggravate his labour by a single complication? But suppose all those lines, cross lines, branches, and freight lines were worked by the local time of every town they run past. In such a case Bradshaw would have to retire from the field, and travellers would sigh for the good old days of stage-coaches.

Why then should we not attempt to introduce uniform non-local time all over the world? is the question asked by Mr. Sandford Fleming in a memoir headed "Terrestrial Time," just published by him for private circulation. He not only asks the question, and shows the importance of securing such a system, in view of the extension of telegraphic and steam communication all over the earth, but suggests and develops a scheme which would secure all the advantages of uniformity, while preserving existing local customs as long as the people of any place found it convenient to preserve such. The inconveniences of the present system in large countries like the United States and Canada, where there is no uniform time, and where, therefore, a multiplicity of local standards is adopted by the railways, are manifest. According to the breadth of the country is the inconvenience, for the variation of time is in proportion to the degrees of longitude over which the country extends. Mr. Fleming, in pointing out these inconveniences, ingeniously—though doubtless quite ingenuously—illustrates the vastness of the Dominion. "The difference between the time of New York and that of San Francisco is nearly three hours and a half," whereas the difference between Greenwich and Irish time is only twenty-five minutes. A good illustration, surely, of the greatness of the country which its citizens boast is bounded on the east by the rising and on the west by the setting sun. But reading further, we come to the following passage: "The railway system is the principal agent in the development of the difficulties referred to, and the still further extension of steam communication in great continental lines, now begins to force the subject on our attention. Canada supplies a good illustration of what is occurring. The railways built and projected there will extend from the eastern coast of Newfoundland on the Atlantic to the western coast of British Columbia on the Pacific, embracing about seventy-five degrees of longitude. Every existing Canadian city has its own time. Innumerable settlements are now being formed throughout the country ultimately to be traversed by railways, and in a few years, scores of populous towns and cities will spring up in the now uninhabited territories between the two oceans. Each of these places will have its own local time; and the difference between the clocks at the two extremes of Canada will be *fully five hours*. The difficulties which will ultimately arise from this state of things is apparent; they are already in some degree felt; they are, year by year, increasing, and will, at no distant day, become seriously inconvenient, This is the case, not in Canada alone, but all the world over.

The whole memoir is written in this Canadian spirit, and on the part of the Chief Engineer of the Canadian Pacific Railway, nothing could be more natural. It is none the less pleasing to Canadians on that account. When, *e.g.*, he would compare the present system with the system of Terrestrial or Universal time advocated by him, he submits condensed time-tables in connection with the great mail and passenger route now being established through Canada to the Pacific. "In these we find the stations of St. John and St. George, Newfoundland, on the East, and Fort William, Keewatin, Selkirk, Livingston, Saskatchewan, Battleford, Edmonton, Montbrun, Yellow Head Pass, Tête Jaune Cache, and Pacific Terminus on the West, all laid down just as if Pullman cars were now waiting for us at each station. This is the imagination of an engineer, and in view of the great strides which have been made within the past ten or twenty years, who shall say that it is not a legitimate exercise of the imagination?

The inconveniences attaching to our present system of chronometry are due to two causes: first, our practice of dividing the day into halves of twelve hours each; secondly and chiefly, to the fact that our clocks and watches are made to indicate time only according to the longitude of places on the earth's surface. The practice of halving

the day is indefensible in theory and leads to many practical inconveniences. Every number on our clocks is made to do duty twice over, and is made to mean two different divisions of time, as if we were savages unable to count beyond the number twelve. This distinction of hours into a.m., and p.m., is one of the great reasons why time-tables are unintelligible to ordinary people. The Chinese act on a more sensible system. They divide the day into twelve parts, and each part is subdivided into eight periods of fifteen minutes each. But the difficulties due to longitude are much more serious, and how to overcome these so as to extend over the whole world such uniformity of time as the adoption of Greenwich time has secured for Britain, is the important question. Mr. Fleming suggests a plan the adoption of which would obviate both classes of inconvenience, and he has worked it out with care and thoroughness. We are unable to reproduce here the plates and diagrams by which he illustrates his plan, and which make it easily intelligible, but a short description of it may suffice to explain its leading outlines.

Our present mean solar day shall be taken as the unit measure of time. This unit shall be divided as at present into twenty-four equal parts to be known by the letters of the alphabet, J and Y excepted. Each of these twenty-four divisions shall be assumed to correspond with certain known meridians of longitude, so that the twenty-four taken together shall express the mean time occupied by the diurnal revolution of the earth. The corresponding meridians shall also be known by the same letter as the twenty-four subdivisions of the day. A chronometer hypothetically stationed at the centre of the earth shall be arranged and regulated so that the index or hour hand shall point in succession to each of the twenty-four divisions as it becomes noon at the corresponding meridian. This standard time-keeper might be stationed anywhere, but "is referred to the centre of the earth in order clearly to bring out the idea that it is equally related to every point on the surface of the globe." If the proposed system were adopted, keepers of standard time would be established perhaps in every country, "the electric telegraph affording the means of securing perfect synchronism all over the earth." Our clocks and watches could also be made to indicate this "common" or "terrestrial" time. Each could have two dial plates, the same wheelwork moving the hands of both, one indicating terrestrial time, the other indicating the local time of the place. "Stationary clocks might have the dial plates side by side, watches more conveniently have them back to back." When the hands of any one timepiece pointed to A, B, or C, the hands of every other horological instrument so adjusted would point to A, B, or C, at the same moment, and if such instruments were in general use, the difficulties and inconveniences we have alluded to as connected with our present arbitrary and unscientific system would be fully met. Every locomotive on the face of the earth, every ship and steamboat would be worked by the same standard; and "every traveller having a good watch would carry with him the precise time which he would find employed everywhere."

Having thus endeavoured to explain how Mr. Fleming obtains an universal time upon the earth, let us see how this is to be reconciled with the ever-varying local time as one moves from east to west or west to east. Suppose, then, that at a particular meridian the terrestrial time is A, when the local time is 12 noon; at a meridian one degree east of that, the local time would be 12:04 with the same terrestrial time A. At two degrees eastward, it would be 12:08. At three degrees, 12:12, and so on. As every slight change in longitude would bring about a corresponding change in the difference between terrestrial and local time, this might lead to more or less confusion. In order to avoid this, he suggests some little change in our system of keeping, or rather of counting, local time. Just as one local time is used over the whole of Britain, and still farther, "the adoption of Irish time in England, or English time in Ireland, would scarcely be felt in civil affairs," so he argues that the same local time might be conveniently used over certain limited portions of the earth's surface in general. He proposes in a word to divide the whole surface of the earth into twenty-four "lunes" of 15° or one hour each, and to make the local time of each lune common to its whole extent. In this way local times would differ only by hours, and hence complete hours of terrestrial time could be made always to correspond with the complete hours of local time.

This brief sketch of the scheme proposed

by Mr. Fleming is perhaps sufficient to excite inquiry into its practical advantages and disadvantages; and this article has no other object in view. Those to whom we have made the scheme intelligible will probably admit that, if adopted, it would obviate the objections to the present system which are patent to geographers and travellers, and which will become more intolerable as the application of steam to locomotion becomes more general. For we are of the number that look forward to the time when the greater portion of the surface of the earth shall have, on a railway map, the gridiron or net-like appearance that Belgium now presents. It may be objected that the scheme would render existing clocks and watches useless. This would not be so, as they could be inexpensively adapted to show terrestrial in addition to local time. Mr. Fleming, however, admits that "mankind generally throughout the world would not participate in the full advantages promised by the scheme until time-keepers for common use were constructed on new principles."

While Mr. Fleming does not expect to see very soon a general adoption of his own or any similar scheme, he considers that it is not too soon to discuss the subject. Of course, many will not even discuss it. There are men who consider anything different from use and wont fit subject only for a laugh. Besides, although our existing system is awkward and unsuited to present requirements, it is undoubtedly very ancient, and the mass of men are not travellers, and therefore do not feel its inconveniences. Still, he thinks that, "by the time the twentieth century dawns, we may find a radical change imperatively demanded by the new conditions of the human race." It were well then to be considering it, instead of fancying that we are bound to the present system by the ordinances of nature or the decrees of fate. It would not be to us at all wonderful if the new system were first adopted in the United States or by Canada. And why not? The subject concerns all countries, but not in equal degrees, and all countries do not come to the consideration of such a subject with minds equally clear of prejudice. England herself has set the example by the employment of Greenwich time all over the Island, and the advantages of such action are undisputed, and there are no disadvantages. Why should we not extend to Canada similar advantages according to a suitable and intelligible method? By so doing we should very likely extend them to the whole world. For if it is not possible by means of an International Commission to induce all civilized countries to adopt simultaneously a common system, there can be little doubt that the country that ventured to adopt it first, would, sooner or later, get all others to follow its lead. That the adoption of some such common system would be in the line of other reforms that have signalized our age, that it would be wholly in the interests of commerce and science, of universal peace and universal brotherhood, there can be no doubt.

CANADENSIS.

PROHIBITION.

To the pure all things are pure, not only meats and drinks, but all kinde of knowledge whether of good or evill; the knowledge cannot defile, nor consequently the books, if the will and conscience be not defil'd. For books are as meats and viands are, some of good, some of evill substance; and yet God in that unapocryphall vision said without exception, Rise *Peter*, kill and eat, leaving the choice to each man's discretion..... I conceive therefore, that when God did enlarge the universall diet of mans body, saving ever the rules of temperance, he then also, as before, left arbitrary the dyeting and repasting of our minds; as wherein every mature man might have to exercise his owne leading capacity. How great a vertue is temperance, how much of moment through the whole life of man! Yet God committs the managing so great a trust, without particular Law or prescription, wholly to the demeanour of every grown man. And therefore when he himself tabl'd the Jews from heaven, that Omer which was every mans daily portion of Manna is computed to have bin more then might have well suffic'd the heartiest feeder thrice as many meals. For those actions, which enter into a man rather then issue out of him and therefore defile not, God uses not to captivat under a perpetuall childhood of prescription, but trusts him with the gift of reason to be his own chooser; there were but little work left for preaching, if law and compulsion show [should] grow so fast upon those things which heretofore were govern'd only by exhortation.—MILTON.*

Your pretended fear lest Error should step in is like the man who would keep all the wine out of the country lest men should be drunk. It will be found an unjust and unwise jealousy, to deprive a man of his natural liberty upon a supposition he may abuse it. When he doth abuse it, judge.—CROMWELL.†

THE question of the Prohibition of the sale of intoxicating liquors is, admittedly, one of the most important that is agitating the mind of Canada, not merely in its social aspect, but because it involves principles which lie at the very foundation of human liberty. The new Temperance Act has been passed by the Parliament of Canada, so that the principle of Prohibition has been again affirmed by the supreme legislative body of the land, led by a Government calling itself Liberal.

It is difficult to believe, however, that on this question the House of Commons represents the opinion of the majority of the voters in Canada. In every constituency there is a band—large or small as the case may be—of temperance agitators who control a certain number of votes, which, in all cases where the election is a close one, and most likely in many others, determine the issue of the contest. The consequence is that every member of the House votes under intimidation from this class, possibly only a small minority of his constituents. The "temperance vote," be it large or small, is a rod of terror held over the heads of members in order to keep them straight. This principle, of a small minority vote, present in *every* constituency, exercising a controlling influence over legislation, far beyond that to which it is numerically entitled, is exemplified in Catholicism, Orangeism, and other things. It is a common saying on the other side that Congress is ruled by the Railway rings. A singular exhibition of the strength of a minority influence of this kind was given in the Ontario Legislature during the debates on the Medical Act of 1874. That Act contains a prohibitory clause precisely similar in principle to the prohibitory clauses of the Temperance Act; but though a large number of members objected to the clause, hardly one of them dared to rise in his place and protest against it. The "medical vote" at the coming elections put a padlock on their lips. "Mum" was the word; and this in spite of the dragooning of the *Globe*, which on that occasion took the side of Liberty. Almost the only member who had the courage of his convictions, was Mr. Crooks, and his manliness cost him his seat. At the next election for East Toronto the medical men went against him almost to a man, and their votes and those which they could influence, turned his majority into a minority. This is how the temperance vote works. Here we have an explanation of the mystery why so many of the members at Ottawa sat speechless and dumb while the

* Areopagitica: A plea for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing: Clarendon Ed., pp. 16-17. See also pp. 18, 19, 24-27 for similar arguments.

† Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, by T. Carlyle. Letter cxlviii., vol. 2, p. 211, Ed. 1857, as quoted by a writer in this Magazine for November, 1877, p. 524.

Temperance Act was being made into law. The only noteworthy utterance in behalf of liberty was that of Mr. Anglin, the Speaker, whose ringing sentences broke in like a gleam of sunlight on a dreary waste of cant, pretence, and buncombe. It remains to be seen whether his temerity will not yet cost him dear.

It is useless to complain of these anomalies in the practical working of our legislative machinery. They will continue to exist until our present rotten system of representation, or mis-representation, whereby the country is carved up artificially and arbitrarily into minute constituencies, each returning only one member, is abolished, and some rational method of personal representation, such as that of Mr. Hare, or the modifications of it proposed by Mr. Jehu Mathews in his recent able articles in this Review,* is substituted in its place. In the meantime, the only remedy is for the Licensed Victuallers to unite and organize for self-protection, and make their voting power felt in every constituency, just as their opponents do.

It may be conceded that the new Bill is an improvement on the old Dunkin Act. This, however, is merely in a few details of the working machinery, and other minor matters. The three foul and unsightly blots by which the old Act was disfigured, and which made it a disgrace for any legislature to have passed it, deform the new one. These are: that the Act outrages liberty; that it is one-sided and unjust in discriminating between buyer and seller; and that it legalises robbery by refusing compensation to the innocent people whose property it depreciates in value, and whom it deprives of their livelihood. These three heads will be dealt with in order.

That the Act violates liberty is reluctantly conceded by advocates of the measure. One of the ablest grudgingly admits that "there is some hardship involved in debarring temperate men from the opportunity to purchase freely that of which they may make no wrong use;" but that if the majority desire the Act to be passed, "the minority to whom the measure is distasteful, must just submit."† Very consoling to the minority, truly! Another advocate says that he has "always thought one of the strongest arguments against Prohibition, was the fact that the penalty would fall upon the moderate drinker, as well as upon the seller and the drunkard."*

How impossible it is for Prohibitionists to attempt to justify their doctrine without appealing to principles which if carried out practically would sweep away every vestige of human liberty, is well exemplified by the arguments of an able writer in this Magazine. With regard to the plea on behalf of liberty that writer justifies the Dunkin Act in this wise: "What natural rights can a man claim which are at war with the general good of the community? Not his property,—that is forfeited in many cases when his possession of it conflicts with the general good, as in the case of all taxation, and the whole system of pecuniary fines, forfeitures, &c., which are nevertheless considered, in general, just and right. Not his liberty,—that is forfeited at once by the strong arm of the law whenever it appears that his continued possession of it conflicts with the public good. Not his life itself, as every death-sentence testifies. For such sentence is pronounced, not so much because the criminal deserves death, though this is implied in it, as because it is inconsistent with the general good that he should continue to live."†

For myself, I can only say that such principles fill me with horror; for, as regards the question at issue, what are they but a roundabout way of asserting or implying the bestial doctrine that might is right, that minorities have no rights which majorities are bound to respect, that they hold their property, their liberties, their very lives on sufferance, at the mercy of the majority,—nay, at the mercy of any body of fanatics, bigots, or tyrants who, by force, or fraud, or intimidation, or cunning, or sophistry, may get possession of the reins of power, proclaim themselves the organ of "public opinion," and as such declare that the fancied rights of the minority are "at war with the general good of the community?" As Mr. Mill truly says, such monstrous principles as these are far more dangerous than any single interference with liberty; there is no violation of liberty which they would not justify.‡ Was not the

* CANADIAN MONTHLY, December, 1877, pp. 554-559.
† *Ibid*, April, 1877, pp. 377, 375.

* *Ibid*, November, 1877, p. 525.
† *Ibid*, October, 1877, p. 370.
‡ Essay on Liberty, People's Ed., p. 53.

Statute for the burning of Heretics the voice of the majority, speaking through the Legislature? Were not heretics told that the right of worship which they claimed was "at war with the general good of the community?" Was not the blood of the millions of poor wretches who suffered death by hanging and burning alive for witchcraft, shed in perfect accordance with the will of the majority as embodied in laws and legal forms, because it was "inconsistent with the general good that they should continue to live?" Did not public opinion and the will of the majority in France instigate and fully justify the massacre of St. Bartholomew? Had not the Inquisition, with all the nameless atrocities and unfathomable horrors perpetrated by it during many hundred years, ample justification in the voice of the people, which even yet we are almost told is the voice of God?* Is not the same thing true of the persecutions for heresy which filled every country in Europe with the smoke of martyrs' fires, and have dyed the pages of its history red with the stains of innocent blood? Were not the ten Christian persecutions, from Nero to Diocletian in full accord with the voice of the majority? And, finally, was not Jesus Christ himself deprived of his life by the "voice of the people," who cried aloud, "Not this man, but Barabbas," because they thought that His "continued possession of it conflicted with the public good?" To my mind the most damning proof of the iniquity of the Dunkin Act is, that it can be justified only by invoking principles which would sanction each and all of the atrocities which I have catalogued. The black and ominous stain from which it can never be freed, is, that it outrages and tramples on human freedom. It is the thin end of the wedge which, driven home, would shatter to pieces the whole fabric of human rights. In the sacred name of Liberty I ask, if a man has not the right to eat and drink what he likes, what rights *has* he? Has he any other than the right to starve himself to death? Has he even that? No, for that would imply the correlative right to drink himself to death. It has been pointed out in this Magazine, with unanswerable logic, that if a majority may say that a man *shall not* drink a glass of beer, it may say to him that he *shall* drink a glass.* If it may compel him not to eat and drink what he likes, it may compel him to eat and drink what he dislikes. The same reasoning applies to man's mental, moral, and religious sustenance. Neither his body nor his soul is his own. They belong to the majority to be used or abused at its sovereign will and pleasure. And there are not wanting ominous indications that, if the thin end of the wedge is once securely inserted, efforts will not be spared to drive it home, and to bring mankind once more under a spiritual tyranny as grinding and remorseless as that of the Dark Ages, or of Scotland during the seventeenth century. Especially is this to be dreaded in this country, with the Ultramontane spectre looming, dark and terrible, in the background in one Province, and the atmosphere of another heavy and murky with hypocrisy, cant, and bigotry. If some people could have their way, Canada would soon become an unfit abode for anyone except despots and slaves: free men would have to betake themselves to a more congenial clime.

The quotations from Oliver Cromwell and Milton, at the head of this article, show that, over two centuries ago, those sturdy thinkers recognized the fundamental identity in principle of the Statute *De Hæretico Comburendo* and legislation such as the Temperance Act. Would that we had a few such statesmen to-day in this poor fanatic-ridden Canada of ours. They would make short work with Temperance Acts and all similar legislative rubbish. But, alas! we have apparently no statesmen left, only party politicians who truckle for votes to hobby-riders, zealots, crochet-mongers, and other agitators.

It is an evil day for a country when its Legislature, "pricked by furies in the shape of teetotalers," betakes itself to the task of making unrighteous laws. It is an evil day when its ministers of the gospel blasphemously invoke the sacred name of God as an accomplice in the work of injustice, tyranny, and spoliation. It is an evil day when its leading newspaper, falsely calling itself liberal, prostitutes its great influence to the

* CANADIAN MONTHLY, October, 1877, p. 370.

* *Ibid*, September, 1877, pp. 299–300. To avoid misapprehension, it may be well to say here, that the anonymous remarks in those pages were not written by me.

service of hypocrisy, bigotry, and fanaticism. The whole line of argumentation adopted by the *Globe* during the Dunkin contest in Toronto, and since, is diametrically opposite to that which it took with regard to the prohibitory clauses of the Ontario Medical Act of 1874. And yet the principle involved in the two Acts is precisely the same. According to the *Globe* a man may call in a charlatan to quack him, or may quack himself, with dangerous drugs like laudanum or chloroform to stop a toothache, but he may not buy a mouthful of sherry and bitters to give him an appetite for his dinner, or a glass of ale to straighten him up after a hard day's work, or "a little wine for his stomach's sake." He may not take a glass of whiskey and water at night to help him to sleep comfortably and naturally, but he may take a dose of a terribly insidious drug like chloral to make him sleep unnaturally. Traffic in opium is all right; traffic in alcohol is all wrong. Free trade in medicine is an unspeakable blessing; free trade in beer is a frightful evil! But why complain? Who expects logical consistency or honesty from a party organ?

Oh, but, says our Prohibition advocate, with that charming ingenuousness which one so often finds in Prohibition logic, we do not wish to exert tyranny, we only want to persuade,—to act on a "basis of mutual agreement, not arbitrary imposition."* Just so! Persuade by passing a law which *compels!* We have heard of this sort of persuasion before. The wretched member of a minority, who, a few hundred years back, dared to think for himself on religious subjects, was handed over by the majority to the tender mercies of the Inquisitor, to be "persuaded" by the rack and the thumbscrew; and in these days one occasionally hears a Colt's revolver spoken of as a "persuader." As ingenuous Prohibitionist logicians are fond of quoting St. Paul in this connection, it may be well to remind them that the great Apostle said that, "If meat make *my* brother to offend, *I* will eat no flesh"; and that he did *not* say, "If meat make *your* brother to offend, I will *compel you* to eat no flesh." St. Paul was a man of common-sense, and knew well that the sole merit of abstinence under such circumstances was in its being voluntary. And so I say, the Lord preserve *me* from the "persuasion" of a fanatical and tyrannical majority. After a struggle of some seven hundred years the Anglo-Saxon race has pretty well got rid of the despotism of kings and aristocracies. The despotism now to be dreaded is the despotism of majorities. Let but that chain be fastened round the neck of a miserable minority and their struggles will only serve to tighten it more effectually.

In reply to Mr. Anglin's contention that there can be no greater tyranny conceivable than dictating to a man what he shall eat and drink, Mr. Mackenzie rejoined with the unworthy quibble that the Act contained nothing about eating and drinking. If the Premier meant to imply that it is not the object of the Act to interfere with a man's right to drink what he likes, the plea is false, both technically and morally. It is false technically, because the well-settled rule of law is, that every man must be taken to intend the necessary consequences of his own acts; and, as a necessary consequence of preventing the sale of liquor will be to prevent its being drunk, the Legislature must be taken to intend that consequence. The plea is false morally, because, as a matter of fact, the *real* object of the bill *is* to stop drinking; the stopping of the sale is only a means to that end. The mischief which the Bill is designed to prevent is not the buying and selling of liquor, but the drinking it, with the attendant drunkenness. Buying and selling alcohol does not make people drunk. The mere traffic might conceivably go on till the crack of doom, with no more injury to the community than the traffic in coal oil. Were it not that temperance orators are for ever obscuring the true facts of the question with their windy rhetoric, it would be humiliating to point out truisms so self-evident as these.*

With regard to the second charge against the Temperance Act, I may mention that I have already contended in the pages of this

* CANADIAN MONTHLY, October, 1877, p. 370.

* "Under the name of preventing intemperance, the people of one English colony, and of nearly half the United States, have been interdicted by law from making any use whatever of fermented drinks, except for medical purposes: *for prohibition of their sale is in fact, as it is intended to be, prohibition of their use.* . . . The infringement complained of is not on the liberty of the seller, but on that of the buyer and consumer; since the State might just as well forbid him to drink wine, as purposely make it impossible for him to obtain it."—MILL, Essay on Liberty, People's Ed., pp. 52-3.

Magazine that the Act is unjust and one-sided in punishing the seller of liquor and letting the buyer go free.* A writer in the next number of the Magazine, answering this contention, said that it would be "news" that it "punishes anybody."† He was apparently unaware that under the old Act a man was liable to a penalty of fifty dollars for *selling* a glass of beer or whiskey, and to three months' imprisonment in default of payment. Under the new Act, the seller is liable to a penalty of fifty dollars for the first offence, one hundred dollars for the second, and to imprisonment for two months for the third and every subsequent offence. Is that punishment? On the other hand, the man who joins in breaking the law by *buying* the glass of beer or whiskey neither was nor is punished. If anyone thinks that such legislation is not monstrously one-sided and utterly subversive of the foundations of public morality, will he be good enough to point out a single statute (other than liquor-laws) now in force in Canada, by which, of two persons who *join in* an illegal act, one is punished, and the other and more guilty is allowed to go free? I repeat, *more* guilty. The experience of Toronto, at least, in the matter of the Saturday night liquor law, shows that it is invariably the buyer who brings about a breach of the law. He makes the first move towards the illegal act; he seeks out the liquor-seller, offers him money to supply him with what he wants, and if, as is usually the case, the seller manifests reluctance, importunes him till he succeeds or gets a decisive negative. These are the actual facts as I can testify from personal observation. And there is no reason to suppose that the experience in other places is different from that in Toronto. The picture of the liquor-seller as a "murderer," a "vampire" sucking the life-blood out of human hearts, an "agent of Satan" luring on men to their temporal and eternal ruin, is an atrocious and foully-libellous caricature, a hideous nightmare which has no existence outside the heated imaginations of fanatics who do not know what they are talking about. To judge from the language of some of these people, one would fancy that liquor-sellers stood at the doors of their saloons, dragged passers-by in by the hair of the head, and with the help of their "myrmidons," poured raw whiskey or methylated alcohol down the throats of their victims by main force, and then rifled their pockets. If teetotal agitators wish reasonable men to listen to them they will have to stop this sort of raving. A rum-seller who sells five gallons of rum to a man who goes home and drinks himself to death, is no more responsible for the result than is a rope-seller who sells a rope to a man who goes home and hangs himself. Nor is the "liquor-traffic," or the "rope-traffic," responsible in either case. It is mere cowardice to seek to shift the sin of the drunkard on to the shoulders of the liquor-seller, or on to those of some mythical abstraction called "The Liquor Traffic." But let us give the drunkard his due. These contemptible devices are none of his contriving. They have been invented for him by the sentimentalists who take upon themselves to speak in his behalf. The drunkard himself puts the guilt where it of right belongs—on his own shoulders, where also must rest whatever sins he is guilty of towards his wife and children. I am not defending the sale of liquor to a man already drunk, or the giving of liquor for the express purpose of making a man drunk. Those who do such things are fit objects of legislation and punishment. Such, however, are extremely rare, the almost universal rule being to refuse liquor to a man who is seen to be drunk. The drinking which does the mischief is that which goes on in private houses. Out of about four hundred liquor licenses granted in Toronto, only about ten or a dozen are saloon licenses. It is utterly false, too, to say that the chief source of a liquor-seller's gains is "the depraved appetites of poor wretches whose manhood, if not already gone, is oozing out with every glass."* The vast proportion of the liquor sold is to meet the demands of moderate drinkers—of men and women who never get drunk in their lives. Humanity is not the bestial herd of swine which prohibitionist libellers would make it out to be.

This question of responsibility, once started, would lead us a long way,—so far, indeed, that it would be hard to know where to stop. It may suit Prohibitionists to begin and end with the liquor-seller, because he happens to be the final term of a long se-

* CANADIAN MONTHLY, October, 1877, p. 420.
† *Ibid*, November, 1877, p. 525.

* *Ibid*, November, 1877, p. 525.

ries. It is time, however, that this cowardly attempt to make a scapegoat of one particular class was shown up in its true colours. If a saloon-keeper is a murderer because he sells liquor by the glass, what shall we say of the wholesale grocer and wine merchant, who sell it by the hogshead? What shall we say of the brewer and distiller, who manufacture and sell it by the thousand hogsheads; what of the princely grain merchant and speculator "on change," who, where the saloon-keeper makes his hundreds, make their thousands a year by speculating in barley and other grain used for the manufacture of alcohol; what of the farmers, who grow the barley and other grain, knowing for what purpose it is to be used; what of the maltster, the hop-grower, the vine-grower? If the saloon-keeper is a murderer by retail, are not these people murderers by wholesale? or is the responsibility passed on from one to the other till the whole burden is finally laid on the shoulders of the retailer, as a sort of vicarious sacrifice or substitute for the rest?

A brief apologue is in point here, as affording some sort of clue to the amount of genuine honesty at the bottom of this Prohibition movement. In Frontenac, the county of which Kingston is the capital, the Dunkin Act was passed some few years ago, its successful passage being mainly due to the votes of the farmers. The principal crop grown in the county is barley, the great bulk of which is sent over to the States, for the purpose, *as these farmers well know*, of being manufactured into alcoholic "poison." Would it not be well if some of our Prohibition writers or orators were to turn their attention in this direction? Surely there is an opening here for a little rhetoric. One promising subject, at least, could be dilated on,—the virtue of Consistency, and what a beautiful thing it is. Something might be said, too, about "sordid greed," and "trafficking in the woes and sorrows of mankind." Perhaps, however, it is thought that, in this particular case, the desire to turn an honest penny is a nobler attribute of humanity than even honesty or consistency.

There is a family likeness among fanatics of every age. Witch-burners and Inquisitors lived and died in the odour of sanctity; and one of the most conspicuous marks of the Prohibitionists of to-day is the assumption of exalted virtue. God is on their side, and the Devil on that of those who differ from them. This characteristic Pharisaism is aptly dealt with by the *Saturday Review*, in an article on the "Absolute Suppression of Trade in Drink." It says:

> "The invasion of private liberty which would be involved in such a system would be a heavy price to pay, even for increased sobriety; but the decisive argument against it is that it is impracticable. Indeed, there is reason to believe that the mere prospect of an attempt being made to give effect to this principle has already done a great deal of mischief. We do not mean to dispute the assertion that the number of abstainers is steadily increasing, or that this is, in itself, a good thing. It is not the practice of the teetotalers, which they are perfectly free to adopt, that is injurious, but the spirit of self-righteous and aggressive intolerance which they are apt to assume. Teetotalism is essentially, of course, a confession of personal weakness, yet there is no class which is so intensely conceited as to its moral superiority over the rest of the community. There can be no doubt that what gives an impulse to this movement is in a large degree the gratification which the members derive from the conviction that they are entitled to set themselves up as an example to the world, and to enforce on others compliance with their rules. It is impossible to read the speeches and articles in favour of this view without being struck by the tone of bitter and arrogant dogmatism which invariably pervades them. And it is this which does so much harm, because it rouses a natural instinct of resentment and defiance, and rallies all those who, without any sympathy with drunkenness, are not disposed to submit to a system of administrative despotism, in opposition to the teetotal cause. Experience has shown that in such a case it is impossible to enforce a sweeping change by coercive measures which are contrary to the general temperament and habits of the population, and that some gentler and more conciliatory method must be tried."

Moreover, after all, this claim to superior virtue is not always well founded. Most of the total abstainers with whom I am acquainted are hard smokers. Like a good many other moral reformers, they

> "Compound for sins they are inclined to,
> By damning those they have no mind to."

These people would, I fancy, be somewhat astonished if it were proposed that the measure which they mete to others should be measured to them again,—if, for instance, non-smokers were to agitate for the passage of an Act to prohibit the sale of tobacco in any form. And yet I have just as much right to stop a man from smoking a cigar, as he has to prevent me from drinking a glass of beer; or rather, there is just as little right to do one as the other.

A few words remain to be said respecting the third objection to the Act,—that it legalises robbery. In places where the Dun-

kin Act is not in force, liquor-selling under license is legal; as soon as the new Act comes into effect anywhere, the traffic becomes illegal; and the contention is, that when a legislature makes any traffic illegal which before was legal, it is bound by every principle of equity and honesty between man and man, to give compensation to all who inevitably, and without fault of their own, suffer loss in consequence. It is by no means contended that "the liquor-seller *alone* is to be protected"* in this way. The principle is of universal application, and has been almost universally acted on in modern times, except in the liquor-laws of Canada and the United States. The exceptions only prove the rule. If legislative iniquities have been perpetrated in the past, that is no reason why they should be perpetrated now. One strong ground for protesting against the Temperance Act is, that it shall not be quoted as a precedent in justification of similar iniquities in the future. The contention that the Act is guilty of spoliation, because, from the first section to the last, it contains no word as to compensation to those whose property it depreciates in value, and whose means of livelihood it takes away, has been called "a gem of logic," and has been replied to in this fashion: "So much property is engaged in the liquor-traffic, so many people are dependent upon it. All this property is to be destroyed, all these people are to be robbed! How? By legislation? Is this legislation fair and above board? Yes. Is due notice given? Yes. Is it demanded by the majority? Yes, else it cannot be had. Where then is the robbery?"† The feeble glimmer of the solitary gem is quite eclipsed. Here we have a whole cluster of gems. Their overpowering brilliancy will be made evident by repeating the questions with a different application, substituting the Act for the burning of Heretics‡ in place of the Temperance Act: "So many people engaged in worshipping God in their own way, so many people dependent as they believe for their eternal life upon the right to do so. This right to be destroyed, all these people to be robbed of their lives? How? By legislation? Is this legislation fair and above board? Yes. Is due notice given? Yes. Is it demanded by the majority? Yes, else it cannot be had. Where, then, is the murder?" Yes, *where?* Is it not plain that we have here merely the old "might is right" argument in a new dress?

"Where then is the robbery?" The writer who gave the finishing polish to his cluster of jewels with that question, in seeking to bolster up his argument by instances from history, dropped the word "slaveholders."* The allusion was an unfortunate one. For myself, I say, with Gratiano,

"I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word,"

and will shew my gratitude by recalling a fact or two which Prohibitionists find it convenient to forget or ignore. When slavery, which up to 1833 had been legal in Jamaica and other British Colonies, was made illegal, the slaveholders were compensated at a cost of £20,000,000 sterling. Moreover, had slavery in the Southern States been abolished in time of peace, there can be no question but that similar compensation would have been made there. The rights of the slaveholders were annulled by the war; though, notwithstanding that fact, States which should re-enter the Union, and slave-masters who should return to their allegiance, before the 1st of January, 1863, were specially excepted from Lincoln's abolition proclamation of the 22nd September, 1862. Are grocers and hotel-keepers less entitled to justice than slave-drivers? Is selling a glass of beer a more atrocious act than selling a human being; or the traffic in drink worse than the traffic in human flesh and blood? But, in truth, the question of better or worse has nothing to do with the matter. The sole consideration which a legislature has any right to look at in dealing with the question of compensation or no compensation when a certain traffic is suppressed, is, not whether the traffic has been moral or immoral, but whether it has been legal. If it has, its morality is conclusively assumed as against the legislature which permitted it. Of course, no one pretends that a man who had been selling liquor without a license—that is, illegally—would be entitled to compensation on the passage of a Dunkin Act,

* This objection was taken by a writer in this Magazine for November, 1877, p. 526.

† CANADIAN MONTHLY, November, 1877, p. 525.

‡ 2 Henry IV., c. 15 (A.D. 1401); amended and made more stringent by 2 Henry V.

* CANADIAN MONTHLY, November, 1877, p. 525.

even though it contained a general compensation clause.

But there is no need to step aside from liquor legislation to slavery for precedents. The English House of Commons would no more dream of passing a Permissive Bill without a compensation clause, than of passing an Act to rob the Bank of England. An attempt to pass a Bill far less iniquitous in its provisions than the Temperance Act, did more than anything else to destroy one of the strongest governments that England has seen during this generation. In 1871, Mr. Bruce, the Home Secretary of the Gladstone administration, brought in his famous "Intoxicating Liquors (Licensing) Bill." It provided that two classes of certificates should be issued,—a publican's and a beer-house keeper's,—and that every seller should take out one of these licenses, *with a ten years' title* to renewal, *after which* he would be subject to refusal where the licenses were too numerous. In effect, the Bill sought to convert a license nominally annual but really looked upon as perpetual, into one for ten years certain. Speaking of the fate of this Bill, Mr. Arthur Arnold, a friend to Gladstone's Government and a strong temperance advocate, says: "We need not recall to mind the storm which this Bill caused. 'Confiscation' was the cry of the Liquor-sellers, and they drove the Bill from Parliament. The *Quarterly Review*, eager to make political capital out of *a blunder so culpable*, because the attempt was so hopeless, said of the measure, that 'stimulated by an insane desire of notoriety, or pricked by furies in the shape of Welsh teetotalers, the unfortunate Home Secretary, taking counsel as is said with an agent of a London brewery, and with some abstainers in his own office, put forth the bill.' Such was its ribald epitaph."* Mr. Bruce gained wisdom by experience, and in the following session brought in his "elastic" Bill, providing among other things, *for the purchase of licenses at a valuation.* The Bill became law. But the feeling created by the former one was not to be removed, and at the next general election the Gladstone administration were, by an overwhelming majority, ignominiously driven from office, where they still remain. That has been their richly deserved punishment for attempting a work of spoliation much less in iniquitous in principle than that perpetrated by the Dunkin and Temperance Acts. Mr. Bruce's unfortunate Bill gave liquor-dealers a ten years' right of renewal in lieu of a perpetual one; the Temperance Act gives them nothing. It plunders them, purely and simply.

The reply usually accorded to this plea on behalf of liquor-sellers for compensation, has been a sneer about "sympathising" with saloon-keepers. If the sneer were relevant it might be answered that, as the victims of an unrighteous law, they are entitled to sympathy; and that, if extended to them, it would be, at least, far less misplaced, far more wholesome than the maudlin sentimentalism which has no feeling to spare except for the drunkard,—the man who, *by his own act*, reduces himself below the level of a swine. But the sneer is not relevant. Liquor-dealers do not ask sympathy. They simply ask for JUSTICE. And this their claim is good.

SORDELLO.

* *Fortnightly Review*, April, 1873, p. 485.

ROUND THE TABLE.

JUPITER PLUVIUS forsooth! Why in days such as these Jupiter would have been fain to have "reinforced" his tumbler of hot nectar-toddy and to have foregone the pleasures of a scamper after Io, putting up instead with the "old original ox-eye" (as he was once known, in a profane moment, to call Juno) at home. One can imagine the monarch, very much hipped at so much confinement, sending out Mercury every five minutes to see if there were any signs of clearing up; anon going to the window himself and pretending he can discern a break in the clouds, and only refraining from venting his spleen in miscellaneous and universal thunderings by the consciousness that the damp has got into his newest stock of patent centre-fire, self-lubricating thunder-

bolts, and that the powder-monkeys in his celestial armoury have been skylarking about with lucifer matches for an hour and yet have produced no more effect on his combustibles than a mere fizzle, like the spluttering of a damped squib!

Æsculapius has been summoned in, has prescribed and taken his fee,—for when a man is forced to stop at home he always fancies he is unwell,—and the last refuge for ennui was exhausted, and results might have become serious, when a prodigious uproar was heard in (not to put too fine a point upon it) that department of the heavenly household that caters for the inner man, and replenishes the waste of ichor with victuals and liquor; in other words the kitchen and cellar, which (in well regulated abodes of bliss) go hand-in-hand together. Jupiter having summoned the authorities from below-stairs before him, and frowning very severely to make up for the awkward predicament he was in as to thunderbolts, demanded the cause of the disturbance. With much elbowing and jostling the two culprits were pushed to the front, The rubicund (for so I translate "rosy") Ganymede stood forth as accuser, and after one or two interruptions from Hebe, who seemed to share his not unnatural indignation, thus formulated his complaint:

"High and mighty! This blear-eyed son of nothing, this infinitesimal modicum of humanity, this addle-headed corrupter of good manners, found I in your divinity's cellar setting the best and oldest nectar a-swimming on the floor!"

"Perhaps he was thirsty," suggested Jove, amicably, wiping his mouth across the back of his hand and looking round for his goblet.

"Thirsty! Why he reviled at the good liquor and swore it was doctored."

"Oh! he was drunk," said Jupiter in disgust,—"take him away; drunk and disorderly; five dollars' fine or the lock-up."

But here the culprit gave tongue. He would not rest under such an imputation. So he lectured them chemically, till it appeared that the juice of the grape was chiefly logwood, salt, cocculus Indicus, methylated spirits, and poison, with the exception of so much of it as was made direct by fermenting rotten potatoes. Then he took them up historically and argued that, though the Greeks were a fine race of men without a prohibitory liquor law, they would have been finer with one, unless indeed they had one, which appeared (to the lecturer) very probable, as none of their writers denied it in so many words. Of course when he came to the religious grounds he sermonized them finely. He kept on at Noah for an hour and a half, and seemed loth to quit him, when Jupiter interrupted.

"Whom have you here?"

The other culprit stood confessed.

"One Vulcan, a blacksmith by trade."

"Go on, brother," said the temperance advocate; "confess it boldly."

So Vulcan confessed his former thirsty habits (a grin going round the circle at the word "former"), and how the shocking treatment he received from his wife (Mars remembered he had an appointment and went out at the backdoor) had led him to seek refuge in the flowing bowl (a groan from the advocate). But now,—here Vulcan began to stammer and hesitate, winding up by clasping a bit of blue ribbon to his breast and weeping maudlin tears over his new associates.

Jupiter seemed to grow a size and a half larger as he proceeded to give sentence:

"Kick me that prater down to Hades," quoth he, "and then we may expect some dry weather, not before."

So he was kicked, and the rain cleared up.

"How about the reformed man?" asked one.

"Come again in a week and judge for yourself!" laughed Jupiter

—The May meetings have come back again. I say "come back" because they seem to me more like *revenants*. or returning ghosts, than anything else. The old sentiments, the old resolutions, the old foregone conclusions, the old belittling of adversaries and confident predictions of their speedy overthrow, the old unctuous phrases,—everything as of old, but ghostlier year by year. Does it never strike our friends who draft resolutions and make speeches for these meetings, how little resemblance their language has, for the most part, to that of real life? Do they never feel as if they were trying to pump up enthusiasm from a very deep well, and had an enormous amount of suction to overcome? Compare the proceedings and the tone of the speeches at a Bible or a Tract Anniversary with what we read of an ordinary meeting, say of the British Association for the

the Advancement of Science. In the one case we have the heavy iteration of worn-out phrases, speeches which any experienced newspaper reporter could have written out beforehand, the old conventional flings at Romanism and Infidelity, a most conventional thankfulness for small mercies, and everything else to match. In the latter case there is life, movement, energy, naturalness of language, and an enthusiasm which no one suspects to be simulated, seeing that the grounds of it are visible to all men in the unceasing progress and signal achievements of science. The contrast needs hardly to be insisted on. He who runs may read, and they who run, the busy men and women, the sanguine youths of to-day, *do* read.

One speaker at the Bible Society meeting spoke of "a great and effectual door" to the preaching of the gospel being opened by the Turco-Russian war. Now, first of all, imagine a serious and earnest man using such a phrase as "a great and effectual door," even though there be a certain amount of New Testament authority for it. Is that the language of the world or of common-sense? Doors may be "great" in the sense of large; but can a door be "effectual?" Is it to be supposed, however, that the Bible will have any more affinity for the Turkish populations as the result of the war than it had before? It has been repeatedly stated that Christian missionaries had free course in Turkey, that the government never interfered with their operations, showing in this respect more liberality than that of Russia. Surely, then, here was "a great and effectual door" already,—all the door the Bible needed if it was really the thing that was wanted in that part of the world. Will the Turks be much more favourably disposed towards the Bible now that they have just been crushed by a Christian nation, and now that they have found out that the policy of the most Christian and Bible-loving nation in the world is summed up in two words—"British interests?"

Dr. Dawson, of Montreal, thinks that we ought to give up defending the Bible, and should use it as an instrument of aggression. Perhaps the Doctor had been reading Dr. Newman's verses on "The Religion of Cain," where he exclaims:

"Brothers! spare reasoning;—men have settled long
That ye are out of date and they are wise;
Use their own weapons; let your words be strong,
Your cry be loud, till each scared boaster flies;
Thus the Apostles tamed the Pagan breast,
They argued not, but preached, and conscience did the rest."

Such advice would be all very well if it were only practicable; but this is an age when people are not disposed to let debatable statements pass without argument. Even the Apostles would find *that*, if they were now alive; and we fancy that any who try to follow Dr. Dawson's advice, and hurl the Bible at the heads of people who are not satisfied as to its authority, will find that they are going through a very idle performance. Another speaker said that the men of France lacked manliness and the women virtue, all because of the prevalence of the Roman Catholic religion in France. This is a fair sample of the wholly uncritical and unauthenticated style of remark which is deemed suitable to these occasions. Surely when men profess to be dealing with the most important verities, they ought to show a little more regard for accuracy and proportion of statement that such a remark exhibits. Yet it will be the same next year, and the next, and as long as the *revenants* pay us these yearly visits, or as long as men make it a duty to stereotype their opinions as an act of homage to a God of truth.

—I was lately asked for a definition of genius, by a friend who strongly resented Harriet Martineau's dictum, that the author of "The Constitution of Man" was destitute of that gift. My friend would have it that any one who opened up a new and important line of thought, and who propounded his views with enthusiasm must be possessed of genius. From this I dissented, holding that we recognised genius in a certain mode of working of the mind, rather than in the work done. Perhaps the most conspicuous element in genius is freedom,—freedom of movement,—and next to this is power. The man of genius is less tied down to ordinary associations and ideas than the man of mere talent, whose strength generally lies in the business-like use he can make of what he finds ready to his hand. On the other hand, the man of genius responds to attractions and affinities which other men never feel. These thoughts which he pours forth in such profusion, subtle yet strong and luminous—whence are they? They were as far beyond your reach or mine as the planet Neptune;

to us they were, and would ever have remained, so far as our own powers of apprehension were concerned, simply non-existent. But now they are drawn near by the magic touch of genius, they are clothed for us in language rich, clear, and vivid; and our minds receive them with a certain shock as of quickened life, of increased self-knowledge, of expanded being. The man of talent may confer great benefits upon us, and we may exceedingly admire the skilful way in which he does his work; but after all what he does is only what we conceive that we ourselves, with a certain amount of training, might have done. We recognise no generic difference between him and ourselves; whereas genius we instinctively feel to be a *genus* apart. Between the poet or the artist born, and other men, there is a great gulf fixed, so that whoever would pass from one side to the other, cannot. The men of talent, on the other hand, are simply the natural leaders of the crowd in which we ourselves mingle. The man of genius is not, generally speaking, adapted to be a leader of men in the ordinary sense of the word; because he takes too little account of the conditions upon which success in the world is to be won. But he and his fellows are leaders in the wider sense that they quicken and widen and enrich the thoughts of all the best minds, add beauty and significance to life, and throw down the barriers which custom and prejudice establish in the path of human progress. The England of to-day is a vastly different England from what she would have been but for her poets; it would not be too much to say that she is a different England from what she would have been but for Tennyson. Genius then, we would say, is something that we personally feel, something that the spiritual part of us (if, in this materialistic age, one may be permitted to use such an expression) feels as an influence, as a power. We see it not in what a man does, but in what he is; if we can judge his work, merely as work, without feeling ourselves under the spell of the man, then it is not genius that we have to deal with, though it may be something very excellent in its way.

—The allusion of a friend at our Table to the spring and widow's weeds brought into my mind that *specialité* of a Canadian spring —its exquisite wild-flowers. True flowers of the forest they are, mostly white, and as delicate as exotics. I wonder what an untravelled, prejudiced Englishman would say to a bouquet I had presented to me the other day. It was composed of nothing but the three-leafed white lily, fragile ferns, and a charming little tapering white flower, with tiny bells up the stem. No doubt this last has an immense polysyllabic Latin name, but I am a Cockney born and bred, and no botanist, and can only boast of the genuine Londoner's untrained delight in the country and the things of the country. All plants and flowers to me belong to the species "*Plantum Roadsideum*." I must own, moreover, to a private and sneaking dislike to botanists who look at flowers only with the view of counting their stamens and pistils, and of placing them in their proper order. Classification seems to me to be of all branches of scientific pursuit the lowest, and to have a tendency rather to make man into a machine than to raise his thoughts and aspirations upward. The exactitude required of him must make him bigoted, and he feels distress at any doubt being thrown on an ancient landmark set up by Linnæus, as now-a-days is continually happening. Of course I am only speaking of the amateur, who makes his botanising an amusement rather than a study. These are the men who, when you offer them a flower for their admiration, will insist upon naming it, and turning it about, and summing up its parts without a thought of its fragrance or purity. Of one of these men it may well be said,

> "A primrose by a river's brim
> A yellow primrose is to him,
> And it is nothing more."

Fervent is my desire to be delivered from each and every amateur botanist!

—A guest at the Table last month, in the course of some remarks about slang, unwittingly did grave injustice to the word "Fall;" as equiva'ent to "Autumn," speaking of it as "our Canadian word 'fall,'" and, on the ground of its expressiveness, pleading for its admittance to all the honours of "Dictionary English." With due respect for my fellow-guest's kind intentions, I must say that this patronage of the word on his part is rather amusing, and not unlike introducing a nobleman to good society with an apologetic explanation that he is really very well-mannered, although of provincial and

somewhat plebeian extraction. I am afraid that "fall" cannot be recommended to English writers as a specimen of Canadian home-production, "fully equal in every respect," etc., etc. (for formula *vide* daily papers). It is neither a Canadianism nor an Americanism, but a word that moved in the highest circles of English verbal society when Canada had only the literature of books in the running brooks and sermons in stones. In the answer, ascribed to Raleigh, to the "Passionate Pilgrim" of Shakspere or Marlowe, as critics may determine, occur the lines:

> "A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
> Is fancy's *spring*, but sorrow's *fall*."

While the word was evidently in familiar use in Dryden's day, as the following couplet of his indicates:

> "What crowds of patients the town-doctor kills,
> Or how last *fall* he raised the weekly bills."

It is, indeed, a very common mistake to dub as "Americanisms" a large number of expressive words which held places of honour in the older English literature, but have disappeared from modern literary English, and survived only in provincial dialects, and which were either transplanted to this side of the Atlantic before they fell out of general use in England, or have since been brought over by immigrants from the counties where they still thrive at home. This subject is one of great interest, and it has been so thoroughly sifted by many philologists of eminence, that I wonder that my fellow-guest, who seems somewhat of a purist and proud of our English tongue, should have fallen into this little error. But Homer sometimes took a nap, they say. Some surprises await those who may not have chanced to delve in the field which I have indicated. Let me instance some of the expressions which are often spoken of as the most typical "Americanisms;"—to "cave in," "to rile," "to snarl," "snag," and "bluff," for example, of which Trench says, "there is scarcely one of them of which examples could not be found in our earlier literature, and in provincial dialects they are current every one to this present day" (*English Past and Present*, p. 195). "Slick," he says, is "only another form of 'sleek.' Thus Fuller (*Pisgah Sight of Palestine*, vol. ii, p. 190): 'Sure I am this city (the New Jerusalem) as presented by the prophet, was fairer, finer, *slicker*, smoother, more exact, than any fabric the earth afforded.'" Uncle Sam's invariable occupation in the comic cartoons—"whittling"—is not of his own invention or naming; a "whittle," or clasp-knive we find in Shakspere. *Timon of Athens*, Act v. sc. 1.

> "There's not a *whittle* in the unruly camp
> But I do prize it at my love before
> The reverend'st throat in Athens."

The use of "voyage" to indicate a journey by land as well as passage by sea is regarded as peculiarly American; but Chaucer used it in the former sense (which is its derivative one), as, for instance, in the Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales* (l. 723):

> "And after wol I telle of oure *viage*
> And al the remenaunt of oure pilgrimage."

And Sir John Maundeville (circa 1356), in his *Voiage and Travaille*, employs it similarly. Chaucer rivalled any Yankee in his frequent "I guess," and Gower, in the *Confessio Amantis*, and Wyclif in his Bible, employ this "Americanism." How far I am justified in the following surmise, I do not know; but most of us have heard the vulgar, and, I believe, *now* American phrase, "out late nights," and have supposed the "nights" to be merely a plural, and the frame of the sentence to be utterly ungrammatical. Probably it is; and I offer only for what it is worth the suggestion that, in *Alysoun*, a short lyric found in the Harleian M.S., and dating about 1300, exactly the same construction occurs:

> "*Nihtes* when y (I) wende (turn) and wake
> For-thi myn wonges (cheeks) waxe won,"

Here *nihtes* is simply the genitive of the Anglo-Saxon *niht*, and it is not at all an exceptional formation of the adverb, either in old or modern English. The Old English *needs* = needes, or of needs, still exists in the phrase *must needs*. In Layamon's Brut (ed. Madden), l. 2861, we find "winteres ne sumeres" used adverbially, and, in the same (l. 3255), "*dæies* and *nihtes*." So the Old English *sothes* = of a truth, truly. But I am getting upon rather dry and very debatable ground, and will leave it before any one falls asleep, and before I make some such egregious blunder as the etymologist who deduced "girl" from "garrula," because

girls are chatter-boxes ; or rival Sprenger's famous derivation of *fœmina* from *Fe* and *minus*, because women have less faith than men. But may we not say that, verily, there is nothing new under the sun, when we consider that, instead of brand-new Americanisms, we have good old English in such a sentence, say, as this: "His health will cave in soon, I guess ; he sits up late nights, and lolls about and whittles days ; it riles me to see him, and I told him he ought to go slick off and voyage about the country this fall."

—It is to be hoped that the boys of the present generation are not in the habit of attending popular lectures. If they were they would hear a good deal of a doctrine which is preached frequently now, which would be very palatable to them, no doubt, though it might give them a good many *mauvais quarts d'heures* with their schoolmasters, who are not so likely to see the force of it. The said doctrine is—or perhaps it would be more correct to say, the logical corollary from the pleadings is—that the idler a boy is at school, the more he is addicted to playing truant, and fishing, and cricket, instead of learning his Greek and Latin verbs and "doing" his Euclid, the more likely he is to become a distinguished man in after life. One is inclined to wonder whether wide-awake boys who may sometimes happen to read such sentiments in newspaper reports, are not somewhat perplexed to know why so admirable a theory is overlooked in *their* case and why they are so very likely to receive reminders—more forcible than pleasant—if *they* try to carry out such an agreeable way of securing future distinction. Even Professor Huxley seems rather to plead for an idle boyhood, and applies to early precocity the proverb ill-naturedly devised against early risers—that they who get up early are conceited all the morning and stupid all the afternoon. (We in this enlightened age reverse the wisdom of our ancestors even in the venerable proverb which used to be considered immutable, "early to bed and early to rise.") However, Prof. Huxley considers this as doubtful in its original application, but perfectly correct if applied to intellectual early risers ; and he lays great insistence, and most properly so, on the prime importance of laying a solid foundation of physical health. But we are always rushing to extremes, and it may be questioned whether this laudation of juvenile idleness may not be overdone. They have overdone the *corpus sane* at Oxford and Cambridge, where, as every one knows, it has so overshadowed the *mens sana* that the latter has shrunk into very small dimensions indeed. It is impossible to deprecate too strongly the "cramming" system practised in too many of our own schools, where both boys and girls are loaded with studies numerous enough for an "admirable Crichton," and are supposed to be studying "physiology" and "philosophy" before they are very sure about the spelling of either. The arrangement of our ordinary school studies is no credit to our common-sense. But there is surely a medium between youthful prodigies and dunces, and though here and there an idle, careless boy may be found to turn out a brilliant man, it will much more often be found that future distinction has been foreshadowed by early love of study and perseverance in pursuing it, and that, where the case has been the reverse, this has been caused by tendencies which have been drawbacks, not helps, to the progress of the man. And although early prodigies are not to be desired, still there are not a few cases of juvenile precocity followed by a distinguished manhood. John Stuart Mill is usually cited as an instance of a fine mind crippled and twisted by an unnatural system of forcing, and such a result indeed might well be expected from the education extraordinary which he underwent. But on the other side we have Lord Macaulay, who was as much of a youthful prodigy as Mill, without the forcing process he went through. And there are many cases where, without any "prodigy" in the question, there was an irrepressible ardour for study—a thirst for knowledge which overcame all obstacles. Of course there are different ways of showing this thirst for knowledge. The embryo naturalist does not show his budding genius by spending his first shilling on a Latin grammar, nor does a future historian occupy his leisure in inventing mathematical problems ; but the strong tendency will show itself in *some* form in nine cases out of ten. And not a few distinguished men have heartily lamented an idle boyhood. Dr. Norman McLeod, in the prime of a noble manhood, deeply regretted the loss of golden years, the more diligent use of which would he felt have greatly increased his powers of usefulness. Lord

Macaulay, as quoted by a recent writer in an American magazine, says: "It seems to me that there never was a fact proved by a larger mass of evidence or a more unvaried experience than this, that men who have distinguished themselves in their youth above their contemporaries almost always keep to the end of their lives the start which they have gained." And, adds the writer who quotes him, "the general rule is, beyond all doubt, that the men who were first in the competition of the schools have been first in the competition of the world." As a few of the instances which might be adduced in illustration of this we have in England Gladstone, Sir Robert Peel, and seven members of a recent Cabinet, who took either first-class or double-firsts at the University, and who could not, therefore, have been dunces at school. And in the United States we have Dr. L. Bacon, Bancroft, the historian, Motley, Everett, Emerson, Holmes, Bryant, and a number of other eminent public men of the day, who were all more or less distinguished students. Of course there are cases to be found in which a seeming dunce has proved to be an "ugly little duckling," developing, with bewildering suddenness, into a full-fledged swan; but such cases will always be exceptional, and while we should cultivate the boy's physique simultaneously with his intellect, it is well to remember that intellectual habits, like other habits, are early formed, that laziness and labour-shirking at school are not likely to be thrown off when the lad enters college,—that in this, as in other respects, the old adage is true, that "the boy is the father of the man."

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE last session of the third Dominion Parliament was brought to a close by prorogation on Friday, the tenth of the month. Desirable as it would be to place on record that, in the life of the moribund House, nothing became it like the leaving it, one is constrained to admit that even that dubious epitaph may not be inscribed upon its sepulchre. Sooth to say, the undignified squabbling between Mr. Donald Smith, of Selkirk, and his quondam leaders, was of a piece with the ordinary conduct of public business for the last few years. The signal defeat of the Conservative party at the polls in January, 1874, had a stupefying effect upon Sir John Macdonald and his decimated following in the Commons, and they remained stunned or paralysed—at all events quiescent—during the first two sessions. "Hurled headlong" from the ethereal sky of power—that Paradise of partizans—they "lay vanquished" much longer than Milton's hero, "with his horrid crew," in the fiery gulf of Tartarus. But hope that comes to all, at length beamed upon "the chieftain's" fortunes; although the field was lost, all was not lost, as the Arch-Enemy encouragingly pointed out, and so, in much the same spirit, and with feelings hardly less implacable, both parties began to plot and sap and countermine. The new Government had mounted to place and authority as the champions of purity, the vindicators of political morality, and they soon found how precarious a footing he stands upon, who wraps himself up in his own virtue, and lives upon the peccadiloes of a rival. From the moment when the Opposition had recovered self-possession after the thunderbolt which rent a clear sky in the autumn of 1873, the rôle to be enacted was obviously scandal-hunting and exposure. "To be weak is miserable, doing or suffering;" but no one need be weak who has a vituperative tongue, a fertile imagination, and a microscopic power of mental vision. So far from its being his "nature's plague," as it was Iago's, "to spy into abuses," the exercise of that faculty is at once a source of exquisite delight and eventual profit to the ordinary partizan. All that is wanted seems to be a plentiful stock of rhetorical mire to fling, and then the whiter the Pharasaic robe and the broader the phylactery, so much more promising the prospect that some of the mud will stick and

the purist's goodly outside suffer defilement.

It is not worth while to enquire how far the stories of corruption and jobbery laid to the charge of the dominant party are well-grounded, or how many of them appear baseless, or falsely coloured for their purpose. As a set-off to the "scandal" of 1872, they have no doubt served their turn, as the reprisals deemed necessary by the Reform understrappers clearly proved. The Secret Service, Moylan, and other trumpery mare's nests turned up by industrious delvers on the Government side, form a necessary complement of the settled policy adopted by both sides—the strategy of abuse, slander, suspicion, and vilification. If it be true that the authorized publication of the debates is to be discontinued, the ponderous tomes already accumulated will remain a unique monument to the sinister political genius of the time—"a negative instruction," in the words of Junius, given to posterity "not as a pattern to imitate, but as an example to deter." One immediate advantage may accrue to the country even now, not contemplated by the existing factions. The people are already learning to sit loose to party organizations whose stock-in-trade is exclusively made up of the sins and shortcomings of political opponents. They have an awkward habit of inferring that where they see smoke, there must be fire; and the unceasing flow of slander, persistently reiterated, is sure to convince them that for the greater part, if not the whole of it, there must be some foundation to rest upon. At first, men are apt to credit all the charges, however gross and improbable, preferred against opponents, and to disbelieve every soupçon of irregularity muttered against party friends. In the end, they either recoil into absolute scepticism or lapse into easy credulity, and thus reach that comfortable state of settled conviction in which politicians all appear "tarred with the same stick," being either unveracious slanderers or consummate knaves. This is, in fact, appearing, more and more clearly and palpably, to be the inevitable result of the *tu quoque* policy of slander and vituperation.

Against the malign influence of this system every one who cherishes the highest interests of his country, and feels enkindled by the brightest hopes for its future, is called upon to protest with generous vehemence. No greater calamity can befall a people, in the earlier stages of a promising national career, than the prevalence of distrust regarding political virtue, or that settled habit of suspicion the slander system cannot fail to infuse amongst them. As in all the varied relations of our chequered life, so here not less than elsewhere, it remains solemnly true, that loss of confidence carries with it the loss of all that makes the relationship valuable. It is not at all unlikely that the partizans on both sides, in their eagerness to snatch an ephemeral triumph, are oblivious or heedless of the consequences which must inevitably follow the evil policy they have deliberately espoused. Yet the grave responsibility they incur by persisting in it cannot be shirked or ignored; and it is because there appears to be no escape from the mischievous issue of that policy, which degrades public life, saps popular faith in public men, and makes public affairs appear to sensitive men so unsavoury and offensive, that we denounce the party system as its first cause, as well as the malign influence which feeds and maintains it in its pernicious course.

The question now before the people is not whether parties are necessary in a free State; but are those parties now existing—without principle or reasonable cause for existence, scrambling for office, and battening upon the garbage of Billingsgate—essential to the progress of Canada? Has it come to this, that in the freest and fairest portion of the world representative institutions have failed, unless we are prepared to insist that Parliamentary faction-fighting is necessary to their existence? There is no need for entering upon the desirability or necessity of party in the abstract; the pressing question is practical and deals with the concrete. In Canada there are now two parties; what good do they do, and what incalculable mischief do they not do? That is the query which every intelligent elector in the Dominion may readily answer for himself. Theories about party government may amuse the curious, but are not pressing for judgment at this juncture. Representative government existed before parties, as at present organized, had being, and will perhaps survive, by a century at least, their final disintegration. Children now in being may live to see the day when party caucuses, cabals, and conventions, with the wire-pulling machinery of to-day, will appear as fatuous and absurd as any of the

absurd schemes of polity in vogue from Mic-Mac Methusaleh to Mackenzie. Posterity will, at least, look upon it as one of the strangest delusions of this age, that we call that a representative system in which from a fourth to five-elevenths of the electorate are unrepresented. With theories, however, we have nothing to do at the moment. The people of the Dominion will shortly—perhaps within a few weeks—be called upon to select their representatives for the ensuing five years. Shall they continue to be "tied and bound," "sore let and hindered," in the words of the Liturgy, by the fetters of party? If so, why? What has party done for them or the Dominion since 1867, that any man should surrender his free will, his personal independence, his honest convictions, at their bidding? Even those who claim the most for party as an inseparable concomitant of representative government, do not assert for it that it is more than an instrument; but what is it now in Canada? Simply the end to which all political effort is strained, and in comparison with which nothing is to be held sacred. The reputation of the Dominion and of its public men is a trifle as compared with the success of the Hon. Mr. Mackenzie or Sir John Macdonald. Country is nothing, except in a subordinate way; party is first, second, and all besides. It is not meant to be asserted that partizans have no patriotic impulses—that they care nothing for the progress of the Dominion at all, and are solely inspired by party zeal. Our objection to the existing party system is predicated upon the fact that there is patriotism amongst party men: the complaint is that they have so inextricably intertwisted the aims of party with the interests of the country as to suppose that the means and the end have changed places. Let any fervid and honest partizan search his own breast for a brief interval and he will soon ascertain this truth beyond dispute. It is of the essence of partyism, when it has degenerated into faction, that the country should be subordinated to party, not consciously it may be, but actually and effectively. Let a Reformer try for a moment to picture Canada with his party once more in the gelid shadows on Mr. Speaker's left; would it be any consolation to him that Sir John Macdonald might at once inaugurate the fiscal system he believes absolutely essential to the future progress of the Dominion? Not at all; the country had better go to the dogs, than the party. On the other hand, would any Conservative think himself called upon to act generously, and not captiously, with Mr. Mackenzie, considering the overpowering load of responsibility laid upon him in Pacific Railway construction? By no means. The true-blue Conservative never makes allowances, even when his party has left a great national undertaking in such a maze of intricacy, financial, political, and other, that neither Ariadne nor any other mortal, with love or perplexity to sharpen the wits, could devise a satisfactory clew to the labyrinth. It is the besetting sin of both parties, when in pursuit of place or in defence of it, to see no good in the opposing Nazareth. The difficulties of Ministers are viewed with the magnifier, whilst their errors are treated microscopically. Butler's injunction, so often on Lord Palmerston's lips, is obeyed in converse,—partizans are a "little blind" to the virtues of the other side, and extremely unkind to their faults. The ruling propensities of the partizan are a want of scruple, a want of charity, a want of honest fairness, and, it must be added, a want of truth. The accusations made from time to time, for *ad captandum* purposes, by both parties, that their opponents are wantonly injuring the credit and reputation of Canada, may or may not be true in detail, and yet their malign influence is everywhere traceable in a growing disbelief that there is such a public virtue as integrity or disinterested patriotism. People have been so accustomed to hear the probity and honest intentions of their representatives impeached, that they are predisposed to credit any scandal, however baseless or monstrous it may be. The long catalogue of sins laid to the charge of Mr. Mackenzie and his following, amounts, when examined in the rough and divested of party colouring and exaggeration, merely to a recital of the efforts of a hungry party to take advantage of a long-deferred opportunity of access to the public crib. The men against whom the gravest charges have been made are trading politicians, some of them deserting "rats" who abandoned the foundering bark of Conservatism, and would return to it the moment the people pronounced it seaworthy once more. It is no doubt excusable in an Opposition to vaunt its purity and abstinence from sins of jobbery and peculation since it was ejected from power; but that is but

poor virtue, after all, which can only boast that it is proof against temptation so long as it remains untempted. When in power, the party now so ably conducted by Sir John Macdonald was, for many years, the butt of manifold slanders—in the main, factitious shocks to the moral sense of the community, invented for selfish purposes—and, therefore, however natural it may appear that the *lex telionis* should be unscrupulously applied now, this leaf from the old lesson-book ought to be turned over and down at once and forever, by all who lay claim to sensitive or delicate feelings of honour and generosity.

It may be true that the *soi-disant* Reform party has hardly approved itself as immaculately pure as it protested that it was when it jauntily took office with the Decalogue for a "platform," and the Pacific scandal as a war beacon. But then no political party in office ever was so fastidious as it had appeared to be when in opposition. Moreover, Mr. Mackenzie and his colleagues took office under very trying circumstances, for only part of which they were justly responsible. They had been exceedingly loud in their professions of self-righteousness, and when, most unexpectedly, a chance of overturning the Government presented itself, the Pharisaic thanks that Reformers were not as other men, and especially as that scapegrace of a publican from Kingston, were loud and fervent, but they were ominous also. To a close observer of that spurt of moral indignation in 1873, the course of subsequent events must already have appeared in outline. The Premier should, in all fairness, be credited with sincere, and even stern honesty of purpose; but he must have felt painfully uneasy at the adhesion to his cause of those political nondescripts—soldiers of fortune—whose only party is that of success, and who only desire the triumph of principle or morality in order that, as victors, they may assert their right to the spoils. Unquestionably many Conservatives of unimpeachable honesty abandoned their party from the highest motives of duty and conscience, but they were out of the ring of trading politicians and are not to be confused with them for a moment. The hucksters "who got down to get up better," demoralized the rank and file of their new allies, and, of course, found among them many whose hunger, whetted by long and enforced abstinence, was made more clamorous and less scrupulous as the promised land lay spread out before them. The high standard uplifted by Mr. Mackenzie ceased to be of service to his avaricious camp-followers, and however earnest he was in desiring to illustrate old precepts by practical example, it was soon found to be impossible to keep watch over, much less to restrain, the famished mob who hung upon his rear and encumbered his flanks. Pacific Railway construction opened up a vista of glorious possibilities, for fortune-hunters, of dazzling brilliancy; and no leaders, whatever their personal purity and integrity, could possibly have prevented more or less peculation. It is asking too much of the Premier to expect that he, or an angel from heaven, could keep the harpies altogether away from the feast of good things prepared for their ravenous beaks and claws. The sins, whatever they may really be, of the dominant party, unfortunately appear greater by far than any candid opponent can honestly make them out, because of the extravagant protestations of purity made at the outset. "Stand aside, for I am holier than thou," is a dangerous exclamation for a partizan out of office to a partizan in place, and inevitably brings after it its own nemesis to overtake and run it to earth in the long run.

No doubt the Opposition would not have given so much prominence to scandalous matters, if they had had any other political capital at command; indeed, considering the wretched plight in which they had left the great railway enterprise and public affairs generally, they would perhaps have affected a virtue not quite so painfully forced and feigned had any choice been open to them in the matter. Sir John Macdonald is not an ungenerous opponent when he can afford to be generous, and, notwithstanding that he had received no quarter from an implacable enemy, we believe he would have instinctively made charitable allowance for the Premier under his overwhelming burdens, if necessity had not coerced him into a barbarous and not over-ingenuous style of guerrilla warfare. As a matter of party strategy, however, it was Hobson's choice with him, the stiletto or nothing. Until the right hon. gentleman heard of something to his advantage in the fiscal question, he was actually without any party stock-in-trade but such small and paltry wares as the political peddler vends at the market-place to

gobe-mouches who love to be cheated, not less than to cheat. Doctor Dulcamara, in the absence of something better, finds no difficulty in passing off his "elixir," of scandal upon the gullible as an infallible cure-all for the evils of the body politic. The trouble is that although the patient may be rescued from some political ills that he has fallen heir or victim to, he is sure to require, sooner or later, some one to save him from the dexterity of the doctor, and then, with a change of actors, the farce of charlatanry begins anew. It was argued when Sir John's Cabinet was beginning to totter, that it seemed better to bear the ills we had than to fly to others as yet untried and unknown. The Pacific Scandal was certainly a suspicious business, but the worst was known, and the exposure might be safely trusted to work a radical and permanent cure. On the other hand, to let in a new party almost reduced to starvation, was unwise, to say the least of it. The electorate did not pay much regard to the warning, and they are not likely to do so now when it is fathered by the other side. The fact is that there are too many Vicars of Bray in this country, whose settled resolution it is to live at the public expense, no matter what party king may reign, to make this plea of any weight. As the same men were Puritans under the Commonwealth, and roystering Cavaliers after the Restoration, so in Canada, the most unpatriotic subjects are zealous party men, but consistent only in their indifference to anything but self-aggrandizement—loose-fish at home in all waters, and ready to migrate in shoals whithersoever the prospect of bait may allure them. It is a mistake to suppose, however, that a politician gorges like a boa constrictor; his power of digestion and assimilation is inexhaustible, and he is always ready, with jaws agape, "as if increase of appetite had grown by what it fed on." The upheaval of 1873 made "honest" Reformers by thousands, of these free-lances, and the cry is "Still they come." Then, on the other hand, there are not wanting already evident signs that "lifelong Conservatives," of the deepest and truest blue, may be reckoned upon in large numbers, and at the shortest notice, the moment their assistance is in sufficient demand. The standing cry of jobbery and corruption simply means that the baser elements of the dominant party have asserted their "rights" thus, and secured the chief end of the trading politician, in spite of the care and vigilance of those who desire better things. No men know better than the wire-pullers of both parties the hollowness and insincerity of the scandal strategy, which has now unhappily acquired so much importance as to overshadow the early promise of this young nationality, mar and impede its progress, and blunt the moral sense of its people. Such political immorality as exists has its origin in the existing party-system: where it is a fiction, it grows from party necessities; where it is a fact, it is the outcome of a scheme of polity which makes the majority omnipotent —a many-headed despot, in whose train and beneath whose protection, the political adventurer may securely filch and live at ease. Under this monstrous system, representative government is a bitter mockery; the faction which may be for the nonce uppermost, owns the country, its resources, its means, and its credit, and when Asmodeus, who assisted in putting it there, asks for his share, you may be sure he will get it. And then, be the transaction never so fair, the other side will characterize it as a job; be it of the foulest and the blackest hue, the party in power will protest, and take oath upon it, that there is nothing amiss. Government "by the party, through the party, and for the party," means simply the sinister feathering of nests on one hand, and a virtuous uplifting of hands not over clean, on the other.

So long as the people choose to be the dupes of one or other of these parties, there will continue to be jobs and their correlative scandals. It is high time, with the opportunity—so far as caucuses and conventions have left them any liberty of action—near at hand, that they should make some sign, if only the handwriting on the wall, to indicate the judgment they have passed upon these parties of pretence. Children may play at soldiers, but when grown men are arrayed against each other and make war without cause, it can only mean plunder, and, in public affairs, the plunder of the country. There are the resources of this country, and the question parties now in fact submit to the people is, "Which of us shall have them in possession?" In speaking of the "National party," so called, in the United States, the *Globe* naïvely remarked, that, although it might not succeed, it was a sign that both

the existing parties had outgrown their usefulness. With the refreshing simplicity of the writer one may pityingly sympathize, for he evidently was looking abroad while he was unconsciously writing of home. What can be said against the American parties, Republican and Democrat, which may not be urged with redoubled force and significance against our own? Substitute Reformer for Republican, and Conservative for Democrat, and every objection that can be advanced against the American factions, battling for place, is valid also as against their Canadian counterparts. Indeed, you may put the four names in a bag together, and it would be a matter of utter indifference which one anybody in search of a political name might draw, so far as their distinctive meaning at present is concerned. Waiving for a moment the fiscal question, which is in itself a crucial instance of the sinister action of party spirit, there is not one single shred of principle to cover the nakedness of either party, or to conceal the sores which each is always exposing in the other. Is it worth while, in a new and earnestly struggling country like ours, to fritter away its wealth, intellectual vigour, and moral fibre in these miserable party tournaments? Is it of primary moment to decide "who shall bear the bag," and what the bag contains, when the vital question, even according to party accounts, appears to be, which of the leaders is the tolerably respectable Judas, and which the not absolutely impeccable St. Peter? In short, must we be content that the Dominion shall forever be subject to scorching blasts from a political Etna, whenever the popular Enceladus is compelled, by a sense of utter weariness, to turn over from one side to the other?

Perhaps no national enterprise undertaken by a nation situated like Canada, ever appealed so strongly to patriotic feeling and imagination as the construction of the transcontinental railway. When the parties, exhausted by their prolonged wrangling, came to the terms embodied in the Confederation scheme, the Pacific Railway project, prematurely or otherwise is not now the question, was determined upon and the honour and credit of the new Dominion pledged to it in advance. Need it be asked what party has done with it? Is it possible to devise a method of conducting so ponderous a work more fatuous or hopeless than that which has been pursued with a consistency which it is no paradox to term devious and inconsistent? The late Government proposed to commit the construction of the railway to a Company, to be paid partly by a money grant per mile, partly by a gift of land; and their scheme was, measurably speaking, a wise one. But no sooner did they appear to have gained a glimpse of light in the working-out of their great problem than party needs presented themselves and claimed a percentage for electoral purposes. Before a mile was surveyed, still less a spade or a spike driven, the ogre which poisons our political atmosphere began its foul work. Hence the bouleversement of 1873, and thus the great national work was turned over, as a fatal legacy, to the new Government. Mr. Mackenzie, it must, in justice, be said, undertook the burden imposed upon him courageously, and with the sincerest intentions to prosecute the work honestly, earnestly, and in perfect good faith. Yet where is the Pacific Railway now, after the lapse of eleven years from Confederation day, and the expenditure of many millions of money? In cloudland, like castles in Spain, the line surveyed even to aggravation, yet only just traced out in a provisional way, until the people of Manitoba and British Columbia are beginning to think that the saying, "This man began to build but was not able to finish," requires to be amended by taking the inability a stage further back. The Premier's notion of utilizing the water-stretches has, of course, been the subject of ridicule to his opponents, as anything else he might suggest would equally be; yet, as a temporary substitute for the "all-rail route," it was not unpromising. The real perplexity of the problem has been so complicated by party squabbling, that it has become extremely doubtful whether even Mr. Sandford Fleming has any settled ideas about an enterprise with which everybody, from Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Macpherson, who knew something about the matter, down to Mr. Plumb who knows little or nothing, has, or supposes he has, to do. Everything is in a fluid state; even the route from Lake Superior to the immediate west wavers in aimless directions, flickering about like the subtile rays of ether in the aurora, or the fitful gusts of wind, whose sound is loud and distinct enough, but the whence or whither of which no man may pronounce with certainty. Now that the Gourkhos of the theodolite and surveyor's

chain have forced all the passes of the Rocky Mountains, it is some satisfaction to learn that they have made a Shipka of the Tête Jaune Cache, and, after gliding down the Fraser, have settled for good at Burrard's Inlet. So far, good; but when will the end be? How many decades will pass before the traveller can start from Halifax by train and land at Victoria? How many hundreds of millions of Canada's hard-earned dollars, or John Bull's abundant pounds sterling, will be sunk even before the close of the century? Let the ensuing elections result in a change of rulers, and the old round will be rung again by a new and refreshed troop of fault-finders, and the work must be put back again by several years. Or supposing Mr. Mackenzie to be unfortunate enough to lose this hope of relief from an onerous responsibility, what better shall we be so long as the enterprise is made the sport of partizans? The first condition of success in so momentous an undertaking must be its removal entirely from the party arena, and that cannot be effected until the existing party-system is utterly and definitively broken up. It was a great blunder in the policy of Mr. Mackenzie to make the Railway a Government work at all, and of that error he seems at last to be fully conscious; but he is not wholly to blame for consequences which he could hardly foresee. It was not for him to divine in advance the rich opportunity afforded to the unworthy amongst his supporters or to the ravenous and unscrupulous men in the phalanx of his opponents. Government construction or even management of great public enterprises must of necessity be wasteful and bungling; yet, but for the party malignity rife in this country, it might have been passably successful had the effort been sustained by the united and patriotic enthusiasm of the people. The fly in the ointment is partyism; and therefore—though we do not hold its champions guiltless—as it is the fault of the system rather than the men, it seems a duty laid upon every lover of his country, and every fervent well-wisher for its future, to hold that system in utter execration.

Let us view the influence of partyism in another aspect. It is not necessary, now that the "Act respecting the Traffic in Intoxicating Liquors" has become law, to discuss the main subject formally. Yet it is impossible to review the debates in the House upon the Bill without at once seizing upon their weak spot. On the eve of a general election, under the present system of representation, parties dare not oppose the will of any powerful interest, from fear of ulterior consequences at the polls. In their attitude, esoterically speaking, towards prohibitory legislation, the members of the Commons may be divided into three classes: those who honestly believe that legal suasion is just and will prove effective—a comparatively small minority; those who think it chimerical, but harmless, and even useful in so far as it rids them of vexatious clamour on an unpalatable subject; and thirdly, those who are firmly persuaded that the principle underlying the law is radically vicious, and that even were it not so, it must be practically inoperative. For the first group we entertain all the respect due to honest and enthusiastic conviction; the second are mere politicians, and may pass for what such beings are worth; but from the third, who, like the first, are conscientious and earnest in their views, most people expected something like a formal and vigorous protest. In the House there is a clear majority—indeed, a much larger one than those who judge from Parliamentary or hustings' speeches are aware—made up of members belonging to one or other of the last two classes; and yet only one had the manliness and honest courage of his opinions. To his honour be it recorded, Mr. Anglin, the Speaker, took advantage of his temporary status as a private member, to denounce, in powerful and trenchant language, a measure for which a majority of those who voted in its favour have as hearty a dislike and sincere a disapproval as himself. The hon. gentleman employed stronger and more biting appellatives than any which we and others have used, who deal tenderly with the aberrations of an honest and praiseworthy enthusiasm, aroused as this undoubtedly has been by the fearful prevalence of a terrible evil; yet no expression of his appears to be without warrant or justification. New Brunswick, Mr. Speaker's Province, has tried prohibition and found it wanting; it was the cause there of civil broils and a "constitutional crisis;" it failed, as it must always fail where imposed by a bare voting majority—a compact minority in fact—upon an unwilling and recalcitrant community. In the Senate, the Hon. Mr. Allan and others made a laudable attempt,

which was almost successful, to ensure that the passage of the by-law should be an act of a real, and not a sham majority; but the effort failed, and the Hon. Mr. Vidal even proposed that Parliament should by an accidental majority, impose this unjust law upon a Province at any time. The very fact that the most ardent friends of prohibition insisted upon the popular vote, was virtually a surrender of their case. The plébiscite is utterly un-English, a device of French Imperial despotism, used by Napoleon III. to fasten the yoke of tyranny upon his country's neck, and used here, with singular propriety, to deprive freemen of their personal rights. If there were really any analogy between the cases where law now interferes with private rights and this wholesale violation of them, why take a vote of the electorate at all? If this law be not only justifiable, but imperatively demanded in the interests of morality, why should Parliament hesitate to pass it at once off-hand? It does not scruple to enact laws which interfere with private property, determine the punishment of crime, prevent adulteration, or set the limits and conditions within which trade shall be carried on; why fear to exercise the power it unquestionably possesses to prohibit the sale, and, so far as may be, the use of intoxicating liquors? Simply because power and right are not convertible terms, and the new school of moral reformers hope to bolster up their lack of right by the *plébiscite*, as if the vote of a majority could sanctify, or even condone, a flagrant wrong.

Either, as the Speaker forcibly put it, drinking is *per se* an offence against God and society, or it is not: if the former, then it should be prohibited by Act of Parliament; if the latter, then the legislature has no more right, even with an overwhelming majority at its back, to prevent it, than it has to enforce any particular views of such a majority on religion or self-regarding morals. Indeed, no plea advanced in favour of religious persecution can be traversed, if the principle underlying this law be once admitted. If a majority has the right to forbid nineteen men from using a beverage in the futile hope of curing a twentieth who abuses liquor, then it has an equal right to torture or burn a preacher of heresy, if it solemnly believes that the result of his preaching must be to "plunge both body and soul in hell." Indeed, Torquemada and John Calvin have a much stronger case to submit than the prohibitionist. Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Mills ventured to put forth timidly some of the usual platitudes on the subject; these were of course sophistical, and as we do not believe they satisfied the Ministers, they cannot be expected to convince anybody else. What parallel is there between the common-law right to pull down a house during a conflagration and the usurped authority conceded in this Act? Are not conflagrations an evil *ab initio*, and dare the Premier say as much of the use, as contrasted with the abuse, of intoxicating liquors? Certainly he did not venture upon any proposition so absurd. The Minister of the Interior talked of licensing as, in principle, justifying prohibition; pray what would he think of that argument, if applied, as some vegetarians would perhaps apply it, to butchers, or to hawkers, auctioneers, billiard-table keepers, or other licensed classes? And as for the Indians, in whom Mr. Mills has recently acquired a touching professional interest, why is the sale of liquor to them prohibited? Because its use by them is in itself a danger to the community from first to last. They are under tutelage; but, unless the hon. gentleman is prepared to revert to the patriarchal system of the Tudors or Stuarts—and this Act is a leaf from their book—his Indian plea, so far from proving his position, makes it utterly untenable.

Whatever view men may take, however, of the justice or injustice, the wisdom or futility of such legislation, no one will deny that there is room for honest difference of opinion; and yet, although it may be safely asserted that a large number of members would be found to agree with our view of the subject, no systematic argument took place upon the Bill, and the House did not even divide upon the exceedingly doubtful principle of it. Why? Because we are on the eve of a general election, and the success of party is of overwhelming importance as compared with the vindication of personal rights and individual freedom. Sir John allowed the cloven foot to emerge when he said that although he was opposed on principle to the measure, he should vote for it, because there was a strong party—in plainer language, an influential voting-power—in the community favourable to it. And this passes for statesmanship in the last quarter of the nineteenth century! Being tolerably

sure of the liquor interest, which, after all, is not so potent as some would make it, the Conservative leader is willing to aid in passing an indefensible Bill to catch the votes of prohibitionists and the ecclesiastical influence at their back. Sir John was not the only one who voted for the Temperance Act who might have made, with equal propriety, the same humiliating confession. If all who dared not call their souls their own, on the eve of a general election, had spoken or voted as conscientious conviction prompted, the Bill would either have been postponed to the Greek Kalends, or softened in its more objectionable features. So we owe to existing partyism and its necessities the passage of an Act on false pretences, under whose provisions a chance majority in any district may impose a sumptuary law upon everybody else. That is how parties without principle, but intent upon securing votes, deal with a serious moral and social problem.

The outcry against the Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, and the local elections in Quebec, afford another illustration of partyism gone mad or run to seed. After all the ignorance displayed on a well-defined constitutional question, after all the wild invective and objurgatory rhetoric which partizans have employed, no sooner had May-day come and gone, than, in fistic parlance, the champions of Responsible Government, "for the party and by the party," threw up the sponge. As was pointed out last month. Sir John Macdonald's shield had two faces, one looking towards Quebec, and the other beaming upon the flesh-pots of Ottawa. He, however, admitted that if M. Letellier had reason to believe that his advisers had lost the confidence of the Province, he might insist upon a dissolution. His Honour acted in a more regular way, and obtained a dissolution in the normal and constitutional way, by changing his Ministers and dissolving the House on the advice of the responsible Cabinet which succeeded. Putting on one side, therefore, the other and graver causes for the dismissal of M. De Boucherville, here was a reason formally assigned by his Honour, which Sir John Macdonald was induced to admit as valid, because, for party purposes, he desired to submit it as a suggestion to Lord Dufferin. Can any one venture to assert now that M. Letellier had not good ground for believing that his Ministers had lost the confidence of the country? Whether the majority be three or four, one way or the other, is a matter of utter indifference, more especially as the very writers who were most jubilant over the anticipated rebuff to be administered at the polls, are now forced to admit that they did not know what they were talking about. The very day after the election, Conservative journals were anxious to impress upon their readers how exceedingly unpopular the late Ministry was. They were told, with refreshing *naïveté*, that it was no longer necessary to conceal the truth that that Administration had proved too heavy a load for any party to support, and a Toronto daily, as the *Journal of Commerce* pointedly exposes, admitted that that Cabinet, "by its fatal mistakes as to its railway and its fiscal policy, had in reality forfeited the confidence of those who placed it in power. . . . The wrong-doings of the late Government were unpardonable." And yet these very writers were a few weeks before abusing the Lieutenant-Governor, because he did not pardon the "unpardonable," and become *particeps criminis* in the culpability, but refused his sanction to "fatal mistakes," and sent to the right-about men who had usurped and misused his name and authority on behalf of the very measures now denounced so freely. Could partyism possibly make a more dishonourable exhibition of its own inherent rottenness?

At this moment, the Conservative journals—notably the *Mail*, whose views would be as sound as its ability is undoubted, if party permitted—are making preparations for a new departure. The article from the *Spectator* which "struck" our contemporary "some months ago" without producing any salutary effect, so far as its constitutional theory was concerned, has emerged from the pigeon-holes, now that it appears expedient to veer round to the quarter of high-flying prerogative. The conviction, after months of lucubration, has dawned upon the editorial mind that the Crown is not a cipher, provided always that it is pliable and plastic under proper manipulation by the proper party. Lord Beaconsfield has been endeavouring to make a partizan of Her Majesty, and no true Conservative in Canada ought to be scrupulous about making the same use of His Excellency if opportunity serves, and Lord Dufferin will only listen to the voice of the charmer, unwise though his charming may be. The key to the Beaconsfield manœuvre

may be found in Mr. Martin's Life of the Prince Consort to which the *Spectator* was referring, in the quoted article; and, if the summary of an article in the current number of the *London Quarterly* on "The Crown and the Constitution," prove accurate when the number comes to hand, the *Mail* will be able to prove that the abuse of prerogative may be justifiable, while its legitimate use, by M. Letellier, or any one out of the Semitic circle which obeys no law and is amenable to no authority, is of course, "high-handed and unconstitutional." It may be well to state clearly that although the Crown has the right to dissolve Parliament, with or without the advice of constitutional advisers, it cannot go to the country without advisers of some sort who must bear the brunt of the battle. The first maxim of responsible government is, that "the Crown can do no wrong," and that all acts passing in its name must be accepted as theirs, by Ministers responsible to the people. Should Earl Dufferin—and that is precisely what is demanded of him—without constitutional, or even assignable reasons of any sort, insist upon a dissolution, he must either dismiss his Ministers, if they refuse to acquiesce in the step, or, what is the same thing, force them to resign; and without a Ministry—which Sir John Macdonald would form without overpowering reluctance—a new election could not take place. To adopt any other view would be to make the Crown directly responsible to the electorate, which it most indubitably is not. Now the only motive assigned for so utterly preposterous a step as the *Mail*, with seeming gravity, proposes, is this, that it would be exceedingly appropriate if His Excellency presided over a new election as the crowning act of a distinguished career in Canada. It is hardly necessary to say that it would gratify hundreds of thousands in the Dominion, if Lord and Lady Dufferin could extend their genial and salutary rule, not merely until after the next election, but until the Parliament then to be chosen shall share the inevitable fate which now awaits its predecessor. So far as that is concerned, every body may agree with the *Mail* in all that it says upon this point, without, in any way, approving of what it means. Under cover of a compliment and a wish that His Excellency may round off his distinguished viceregal career with effect, and leave a yet more fragrant memory behind him, our contemporary in reality desires him to belie the honest purpose of his rule heretofore, and to tarnish the fresh and well-earned laurels he has won by an act of subservience to the exigencies of party. So far as Lord Dufferin is concerned, the suggestion that he could, for a moment, descend into the arena and do battle on behalf of a faction, may be dismissed with a contemptuous smile of amused surprise; but, as another evidence of party *animus* and of the recklessness which it begets, it assumes a certain importance. Last year, in that feverish impatience which was begotten of a surfeit at the picnics, the call for aid from the Crown was at least comprehensible, if nothing more. But that now, when the last session of the House has been held, any partizan can be so utterly lost to all sense of respect for the Governor-General, his high office and dignity, as to demand that he shall dissolve Parliament when they wish, and wholly and solely because they wish, seems the acme of fatuous unreason. His Excellency is, in effect, asked to dismiss his Ministers, who are responsible to him and the people, and have not, so far as appears, forfeited the confidence of either, and to accept the sinister counsel of irresponsible nobodies—for even the paternity of the suggestion is uncertain—and exercise what is now euphoniously called "the prerogative of dissolution," without assignable cause and merely to oblige the wire-pullers. Mr. Mackenzie may have lost the confidence of the people; if so, the fact will be proven in the course of a few months. He does not, indeed he could not if he would, propose to ask Parliament for another year's lease of power; he has in contemplation no acts to introduce which the Governor-General declines to sanction, nor can he insult the Crown or usurp the prerogative by passing any measures without first submitting them to his Excellency and obtaining his deliberate approval. And yet after all the uproar that has been raised about the Quebec crisis, we are gravely told that the House ought to be dissolved, only a short time before it must at any rate be dissolved, without cause, without advice from any responsible Minister, simply because it would suit one of the parties that it should be so. If a fresh Session were yet in prospect, the party desire to precipitate the dissolution would be explicable; yet even then it could have no weight with an

enlightened ruler like Lord Dufferin. Not one of the grave and substantial reasons which justified M. Letellier could be assigned for an exercise of the prerogative in opposition to the advice of Ministers. Even a diminution of the Ministerial majority, so long as it remains at between forty and fifty, would not be any reason for insisting upon a general election of itself, unless coupled with a conviction in His Excellency's mind that the falling-off was so serious and ominous as to prove that the Cabinet had lost the confidence of the country. But then, even twelve months ago, it would have been entirely a matter for the Governor-General's own decision; he must have been "fully persuaded in his own mind," not argued, cajoled, or threatened into a conviction formed for him by others. Under ordinary circumstances, a decreasing majority, as in Mr. Gladstone's case, may be a motive in the Premier's mind to determine whether he ought or ought not to advise a dissolution; should he cling to power after he has obviously lost public confidence, the Crown may, of course, exercise the prerogative, and must at once provide itself with Ministers who will undertake the responsibility of its exercise. That Mr. Mackenzie should maintain during the entire life of a Parliament the exceptional majority—gained under peculiar circumstances—with which he set out, was antecedently improbable; and its gradual decrease is quite compatible with the belief that he still retains his hold upon public confidence. No sooner was the first spasm of moral indignation over, than the process of party equalization—levelling up on one hand and levelling down on the other—was sure to begin and go on within certain limits. But it is very easy to exaggerate the importance and mistake the significance of so natural a phenomenon. At all events it is preposterous, now that Parliament has virtually come to an end and nothing remains but to choose the month when its formal dissolution shall be pronounced, to call upon His Excellency to deprive his advisers of the mere strategical advantages of their position. The admonitions delivered to Lord Dufferin are simply ridiculous, and the attempt to hector him at the very close of his distinguished viceroyalty seems as paltry and gratuitous as it will certainly prove futile and unavailing. The Governor-General thoroughly understands his duty to the Queen, the Dominion, and the parties far too well to need instruction from those who, after abusing in the coarsest terms one Governor for a just and necessary use of the prerogative, are vainly endeavouring to tempt the other to dim the lustre of a bright and honourable colonial career just coming to an end, by a flagrant and wanton misuse of it.

It is hardly worth while making any attempt to count heads in the new Quebec House; it may amuse partizans to wrangle over the twos and threes, but to most people it appears to be lost labour wasted over a question of no importance whatever. It is certainly singular that journalists who have been defending the late Ministry, although they now admit without reason, since it was utterly indefensible, should vehemently hope against hope that the De Boucherville Humpty Dumpty may be elevated safe and sound to its old position. It is useless; the charm is dissolved, the spell broken, and whatever fate may be in store for M. Joly's administration, the old *régime* is over and gone, as utterly destroyed as the rule of the Bourbons, to which it bore a striking resemblance. It is a matter for congratulation that there is some prospect of pure and good government in Quebec, at all events; and if that be secured one may view with unconcern the ups and downs of party. The smaller the majority on either side the better for the Province, because the brighter the hope that old things have definitively passed away and that a new era may succeed the dead and buried system of the past. The surest guarantee for better days would be the breaking up of both parties and the cordial union and co-operation of the best men. The elections, whatever their issue, have not decided the constitutional question, as some appear to suppose. A popular vote can no more settle a problem in government than it can determine the military capacity of Marlborough or Napoleon, or the authorship of Junius, or the identity of the Man in the Iron Mask. But it has justified the sagacity of the Lieut.-Governor when he expressed his conviction that Ministers had forfeited the confidence of the people; and now that truth appears to be the most promising policy, even the most violent of his accusers are ready to admit that unmistakable fact. They are, moreover, so desirous of proving the abiding conservatism of Quebec, that they are endeavouring to establish it, by painting M. de

Boucherville, fallen from his high estate, as blacker, more abandoned and unpopular than he certainly was. Here again the "vile self" of party "gets in" and endeavours to set itself right on the eve of the Dominion elections, by laying the sins of faction on the prostrate forms of Ministers who were paragons of political virtue to the jaundiced eye of prejudice a fortnight ago. The Opposition journals contend that the result of May-day is not to be taken as conclusive of the party bias of the majority in Quebec; and we believe they are right. Temporarily emancipated from the thraldom of old ties and associations, the people scattered the old "ring" to the four winds and yet gave neither faction much occasion to triumph. When, however, the Commons' elections take place, there will naturally be a revulsion, and the old parties may very nearly occupy their former positions. If the Conservative party shall be found to have lost ground, it will be because of the egregious blunder committed by Sir John Macdonald and his followers in shouldering the "intolerable burden" of guilt accumulated by their Quebec allies. The mistake is now manifest enough, and the result of these elections may not be without serious influence on the future of the Dominion. Like the *Journal of Commerce*, we strongly deprecate the confounding of local affairs with Dominion politics; but who is to blame for the confusion, so far as Quebec is concerned? If the Conservative party suffers from this perverse practice, why should it not reap what it has sown?

In one form or another, our effete parties seem fated to fall foul of established institutions. If one of them makes a dead set at the power and dignity of the Crown, in the person of its representative, the other must needs follow suit with outcries and menaces levelled at the Senate. Of course attacks upon the second Chamber, so long as the majority of its members continue Conservative, were to be expected; but that the Premier should indulge, not merely in complaint, but in language of a threatening character, seems to us at once undignified and unjustifiable. So far as the constitution of that body is concerned, most people will agree with Mr. Mackenzie that it ought to be, and if it is to be of substantial service, must be constituted in a different manner from the Commons. Whether the best mode of securing the purpose of its establishment has been found is another question, not to be decided in an angry moment, when the somewhat imperious and unyielding will of a Minister has been crossed. Why ought the Senate to be founded on another basis, and chosen in a different manner, and appointed for a longer term? Clearly that it may be a check on the House, especially when the Minister of the day has a large and tolerably plastic majority there; not certainly that it should discuss measures of vast importance *sotto voce*, with bated breath, and vote as submissively as the Commons, whatever its party complexion may happen to be. It is mere peevishness to object to independence of action whenever it happens to be distasteful to the dominant party. When the Hon. Mr. Mills laid his resolutions on the Senate before the House, we objected to his scheme, not because the present system is at all satisfactory, but simply on the ground that either elections by the ordinary constituency, or elections by legislatures always partizan, would simply make matters worse. The scheme which ought to commend itself to reflecting men, as was then urged, would seem to be popular election based on the principle of personal representation instead of mere majority representation; and it is our firm conviction that there the solution of the problem will be ultimately sought and found. But it is no time to raise a grave question of this sort when party dudgeon has grown high, and obstructed Ministers choose to indulge in a fit of petulant anger. The present Senate has, we believe, done essential service this Session by reason of its existing party complexion. Supposing the present wretched system to be inevitable, it is just as well that each party should have a fair and tenable footing somewhere. The Senate very properly refused to disqualify superannuated civil servants from being elected as members of the House, and happily carried their point. The Pembina Branch Bill was amended by providing that the lease should be submitted for approval to both Houses, and not to the Commons alone; and, as the Government refused to accept the amendment, the Bill lapsed. Now all the Senate sought was that a lease, of the propriety of which the majority entertained grave doubts, should be submitted to it, as half-a-dozen other contracts had been submitted before.

The refusal in this particular case was calculated to arouse or confirm suspicion that there is something wrong in the scheme.

The Bill introduced by Mr. Blake, and very properly assumed by the Government, to prevent crimes of violence, has an Irish coercion twang about it which jars upon Canadian ears. The necessity for such a measure, however, has not been disputed; it is the natural outcome of transplanted religious feuds, which are worse than party squabbles only in this, that they are more tragical and deadly in their consequences. It is certainly time that the strong arm of the law laid hold upon those who do the work of sectarian bigotry, when it flaunts its blood-spattered banner in the face of public order and usurps the name of the religion of Christ when engaged in the work of Belial. On the twelfth of July next, notwithstanding the certainty that such a proceeding will certainly lead to bloodshed, some people, who, if not Christians, are Protestants, purpose to march with gaudy colours and offensive music in assertion of a right, which they claim, to provoke and irritate an ignorant mass of Catholics, learned enough in the shillelagh and revolver, and with a more passable excuse than their opponents. A great deal is said about the principle involved; what, pray, is it? There is a talk of rights, yet no body of men has any ordinary right, natural or social, to obstruct and take possession of thoroughfares, so far as we are aware. Partyism may want the votes of such organizations as indulge in these idle displays, but it neither delights in the discord nor approves of the idle flippancy of demonstrations which have as much to do with Christianity, or even with Protestantism, as a boat race has with the ebb and flow of the tide. Why it should be supposed by any sane man that it is of the slightest moment, so far as religion is concerned, whether a handful of men walk in scarlet cloaks or collars on a certain day, or are prevented from doing so by the "boys" of the other faction, is passing strange. Mr. White, one of the members for Hastings, and himself a prominent Orangeman, in the course of a temperate speech, advised his friends to drop tunes like "Kick the Pope" or "Croppies lie down" in their processions; but the advice comes too late in the day. If the Orange Society is justified in provoking men to wrath, in defiance of the admonition of Scripture, let them do so without prating of rights or usurping the name of the Saviour, or even of William III., whose faith, if he had any, was as fluid as anything worthy of any suspicion of it could possibly be, and who began his fight with the Stuarts as well as the Bourbons under the protection and with the blessing of the Pope. That there has been much to provoke in the attitude, and more seriously in the conduct of the Irish Catholics of Montreal, we admit; and so far the hot enthusiasts of the rising generation may plead for an indulgent judgment; but they ought not to plead the Gospel of peace and non-resistance as the cover for a demonstration which must end in crime and bloodshed. If the procession in Montreal could be conducted peaceably under the protection of the authorities, so far as it is not insulting and provocative of mischief, we have no objection; but it is far otherwise. If it had been necessary, by such a demonstration, to assert the right of free worship, free discussion, freedom of thought or expression, every sacrifice—if need be, the sacrifice of life—would not be offered up in vain; but to wrangle, and brawl, and fight, and murder, or suffer, for naught but an empty pageant, "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing," is surely an idle and unlawful and most indisputably an anti-Christian proceeding. In the Orange processions in Toronto we have often seen a portly volume borne ostentatiously unfolded, for display rather than study; in it, turning over from the middle, where it is usually kept open, by way of equipoise, towards the right hand cover, the worthy chaplain will find, and might read with profit to his dogmatic brethren—who, desirous of proving their orthodoxy by a quarrelsome disposition and a want of charity, now invoke the aid of the law as the guardian of their "rights"—these words: "Now the end of the commandment is charity, out of a pure heart and of a good conscience, and of faith unfeigned: From which some, having swerved, have turned aside unto vain jangling; desiring to be teachers of the law; understanding neither what they say, nor whereof they affirm. But we know"—mark the pregnant expression—"we know that the law is good, if a man use it lawfully."

BOOK REVIEWS.

A MODERN SYMPOSIUM. 1. The Soul and Future Life. 2. The Influence upon Morality of a Decline in Religious Belief. By various Writers. Detroit: Rose-Belford Publishing Co. 1878.

We welcome the appearance, in a tasteful Canadian edition, of the two important discussions, first published in the *Nineteenth Century*, upon "The Soul and a Future Life," and "The Influence upon Morality of a Decline in Religious Belief." Nothing more stimulating to thought has been given to the English public for many years; and several of the essays which go to make up the volume are of high value simply as studies of style. The first reflection which this work suggests is as to the change in social and intellectual conditions which its very existence implies. A century ago no one would have dreamed of inviting men who differed *toto cælo* in their views upon the most fundamental moral and theological questions, to enter upon a friendly, or at least courteous, discussion of their differences in a common arena. If anything could make Bishops Warburton and Watson, and the other doughty polemists of the last century, turn in their graves, it would be the appearance of this Modern Symposium. Dr. Johnson, who hated an "infidel" quite as heartily as St. Louis of France who was prepared to thrust one through at sight, would have had no patience with such a book; nor could he have understood how orthodox believers and churchmen could bring themselves to hold any converse with, or show any tolerance of the opinions of men who denied all their most vital beliefs. Even a generation ago it is safe to say that a "Modern Symposium" such as we have here was impossible; for even then an "infidel" and a villain were almost held to be convertible terms,—all unbelief of the more important doctrines of Christianity being summarily and unhesitatingly ascribed to depravity of heart.

What has made the difference? Are believers less sure of their ground? Or is it simply that scepticism has made itself a power in the world that has to be reckoned with and even treated with respect? Certain it is that for some years past known alienation from the creed of Christendom has carried with it few if any social disabilities. The world has come under such heavy intellectual and even moral obligations to the Mills, Spencers, Grotes, Darwins, Tyndalls, Huxleys, Gregs, Arnolds, and a host of other known unbelievers, that to be constantly railing at them would be impossible; while to be intermittently railing at them would be absurd. Faith is not overthrown, but faith must talk with science as a man talks with his friend, casting aside all hauteur, dropping all injurious suspicions, and assuming no less candour or rationality in its opponent than it claims for itself.

Surely this result, however brought about, is a matter for congratulation. It does not help an adversary to think correctly to browbeat him; it does not mend any defects of disposition under which he may labour to indulge in the language of insult. If there is any hope of the truth emerging, it must be when rival opinions meet upon equal ground and under honourable conditions of warfare, when all that can be said upon any side is said with freedom and, at the same time, with courtesy. The late French Empire was described as a despotism tempered by epigrams; but the description would apply to many other systems of government as well. Epigram and inuendo are the natural temperaments (if we may use that word as Bacon used it) of every despotism; and we need only go back to the works of Gibbon and Hume in order to find how brightly these weapons were polished, and how actively they were used, under the then intolerant rule of orthodoxy. To-day, in the highest intellectual circles, thought may be said to be absolutely free; and if discussion becomes a little less piquant from the very absence of restraint, it gains in breadth and instructiveness, and certainly does not lose in earnestness or warmth.

In the preface to this edition, the participators in these discussions are briefly described, and there is no need to add any remarks here concerning writers, most of whom have gained such distinguished places in the literature of the day. What we should desire to do, if it were possible, would be to give, in a brief space, some account of the general drift or tendency of the book before us. What does it all amount to? the reader naturally asks. In this case it is impossible to say what it all amounts to. Where views so diverse are propounded, one must be led in one direction or another according to the impressions made upon his mind, or according to his own established modes of thinking. The discussion which comes first in the volume (though later as regards date of original publication than the one which follows

it) will doubtless be to most persons the more interesting of the two. To those, however, who come to this discussion in the hope of finding positive reasons for holding a belief in a future life, we fear it will prove somewhat disappointing. Lord Blachford and the Rev. Baldwin Brown agree in the opinion that revelation is the only firm foundation of the doctrine : either it has been supernaturally revealed, or it can be but a matter of conjecture. In this conclusion we ourselves fully concur. All the general reasonings that can be brought forward in support of the doctrine are of no more value than any other speculations of a wholly unverifiable nature. This is a question on which men ask for certainty, not for probabilities. Let it once be settled that it is only *probable* that there is a future life, and it is very doubtful whether the probability itself will not speedily fade into something more unsubstantial still, and entirely cease to occupy men's thoughts.

We do not think that the opposition which Mr. Frederic Harrison's view will excite in the minds of the majority should lead them to close their eyes to the really important truths which he brings forward. Let there be a future life or not, it is certainly of the greatest consequence that we should live our present lives in view of the solemn fact that our influence in the world is, in a very real sense, eternal. This truth is recognized to some extent in the world at large ; it is occasionally uttered in pulpits ; but it is not brought forward, as it should be, as a chief motive of conduct. Mr. Harrison would make it the basis of a religion, and of this we can only say that the religion which should be built upon it would have a noble foundation. We have heard more than one person exclaiming against Mr. Harrison for being so fatuous as to propose his conception of our future existence in the minds and lives of others, as a substitute for the Christian faith. But Mr. Harrison does nothing of the kind : let the Christian faith be as true as the most unsuspicious believer holds it to be, and what Mr. Harrison says will be true too. The Christian faith has, however, to a certain extent obscured this truth of the permanence or persistence of influence, and it is time now that more justice should be done to it. The Christian believer can find no fault with the bringing to light of a consideration which ought to be a potent aid towards right living ; while those whose faith in Christianity has been shaken or destroyed should certainly not be blamed if they try to make a religion out of the conception of their duty to all mankind, future as well as present. The Christian may well admit that, as a *pis aller*, a religion having this for its leading idea would not be entirely worthless or condemnable. Such a religion, if at all powerfully efficacious, would tend to bring in that very reign of righteousness and peace which has been the dream of Christianity, but a dream which through eighteen Christian centuries has seemed but to mock the hopes of mankind.

Mr. Greg makes a significant remark when he says that "we find the most confident, unquestioning, dogmatic belief in heaven (and its correlative) in those whose heaven is the most unlikely and impossible, the most entirely made up of mundane and material elements, of gorgeous glories and of fading splendours—just such things as uncultured and undisciplined natures most envied or pined after on earth ;" while "the higher intelligences of our race" find that, in shutting out all that is incongruous from the spiritual heaven which they would fain hope for, they have also shut out all that is concrete and definable, and so rendered their whole conception of a future state dim, fluctuating, and uncertain. Possibly we all know persons who make a dismal use of this life who are yet very zealous for the doctrine of immortality,—who wax eloquent and passionate in denouncing the degrading notion that man dies "like a dog," but who have not much indignation to expend over those heirs of immortality who deliberately choose to live like dogs, or worse. A question which we should like to see discussed is this : What effect would be produced upon men's belief in, or desire for, a future state of existence by a great and widespread improvement in the conditions of existence here—by a general levelling up of human intelligence and morality, a more rational organization of society, increased comfort for the many and diminished luxury amongst the few, the disappearance at once of debasing toil and of debasing idleness, and a diffused sense throughout the community of harmony with the laws of nature and the teachings of social science? Would such a state of things intensify the longing for a future existence, or would the satisfaction, in reasonable measure, of men's natural desires and social requirements give a fullness to life which would appease and silence their cravings for conscious immortality? It seems to us that in a better-constituted society the sense of personality would itself fade into comparative dimness as men became more deeply penetrated with a sense of their dependence upon one another and their obligations to society as a whole ; and if so, the great truth to which Mr. Harrison calls attention would not prove so unsatisfactory a subject of contemplation as it does now to all but a few specially-disciplined minds.

The discussion as to "The Influence upon Morality of a Decline in Religious Belief" is a very timely one. The pulpits tell us, on the one hand, that Christian belief is the only safeguard of society from dissolution, while the *esprits forts* of literature tell us, either directly or by implication, that Christian theology is a heavy drag upon the moral life of the age. The

Christian position seems to be, not that right and wrong are in themselves indistinguishable except in the light of revelation, but that if the doctrines of Christianity could be overthrown there would no longer be any motive strong enough to make men do good and eschew evil. Whether Christian teachers render any service to humanity by constantly dwelling upon the moral disabilities of the "natural man" is a matter, we think, of grave doubt. What inducement has a man who is not regarded as in a "state of grace" to put forth any strenuous efforts towards a higher life? If he takes seriously what all his religious friends say, he is hopelessly incapable of performing a single right action; and if, under the circumstances, he does not try, part of the blame, at least, must be laid on the shoulders of those who filled his mind with a pernicious theory. The truth, however, is, that morality and religion have, in the modern civilized world, entered into very close relations, or, as a recent writer has expressed it, into a partnership, the affairs of which it is extremely difficult to wind up. The partners, as the same writer says,* are already quarrelling as to who put the most capital into the business, and a long process will probably have to be gone through before a settlement is obained. This much must, however, be conceded to religion—that it has elevated morality by introducing into it the conception of the *absolute*. On the other hand, it has embarrassed it with a vast number of arbitrary and superstitious enactments,—new moons and Sabbaths, useless washings and postures, and fastings and abstinences of all kinds,—so that very often poor morality has lain wholly covered up, lost to sight, under all this heap of rubbish.

There are two questions which, strictly speaking, ought to be settled before the subject abovementioned can profitably be entered on. The first is: Has there been a decline in religious belief? The second is: To what is that decline—presuming it to be a fact—due? To a perception of the falsity of the beliefs, or to some deterioration in the capacity of men for recognizing truth? We presume the fact of the decline must be taken for granted; and if so it is unquestionable that its effect upon morality will depend upon the answer to be given to the second of the above questions. If men are losing their power of perceiving truth, then doubtless morality, which is largely a matter of the perception of relations, will run a very grave risk indeed. If, on the other hand, the rejection of certain beliefs is the result of an improvement in human powers, there is every ground to hope that morality will not permanently languish for want of the faulty conceptions of a religious nature with which it was formerly associated. It is altogether too much to suppose that a false religion is needed to sustain right action among men; but if a true religion is in danger of disappearing because men can no longer perceive its truth, then indeed the case is as serious as anything we can well imagine. The issue thus presented is, however, one into which we obviously cannot enter. The reader, we are persuaded, will see that here is the true *nodus* of the whole discussion; and according as he works out this problem for himself will he see reason for hope or despondency in regard to the tendencies of the present age. What we all need in order to preserve our equanimity amid the clash of opinions on these momentous topics, is to reflect that as man by searching cannot find out God, so neither can he fathom the ultimate secrets of the universe. Grant that we have, and can have, no certainty of a future life, we at least are certain that our powers and perceptions are wholly—we might almost say infinitely—inadequate to measure the possibilities of existence. There may be—it seems almost presumptuous not to say there are—planes of being altogether above that which we occupy. Certain orders of phenomena are within our ken, but what madness to say that we, creatures but of yesterday, grasp, or have even the rudest conception of the whole scheme of things! There are minds that cannot bear the thought of their own radical impotence to discern all truth, and who turn disdainfully from any question to which the great rule of thumb will not apply; but these are not amongst the most philosophic of mankind. The true philosopher feels not only that we know but little of what is, or may be, knowable by us, but that it would be the height of presumption to suppose ourselves gifted with faculties capable of exhausting all the knowledge of the universe. In the little spheres to which our conscious life is confined personality seems everything; but what of the larger sphere in which we doubtless have a place which we can no more understand than the atoms of our body can understand their relations to the thinking, feeling Man? Do not let us expect too much from our philosophers. They may give us gleams of light from time to time, but we should not resign ourselves slavishly to their authority, or scan their utterances as if in them we should find the words of eternal life—or eternal death. They are but men as we, bearing their own burdens, wrestling with their own doubts, solving their own problems, and perhaps with as painful a sense of the inadequacy of their powers as it is given to any man to feel. "The aids to noble life," as Matthew Arnold has said, "are all within," and he will do best who grapples with his difficulties for himself, and settles his life upon such a basis as to rob mere speculation of all its terrors.

* *Vide* "Religious Beliefs and Morality," by A. C. Lyall, in *Fortnightly Review* for April, 1878.

LETTERS OF THOMAS ERSKINE, of Linlathen. Edited by William Hanna, D.D., Author of "Memoirs of Dr. Chalmers." Edinburgh: David Douglas.

These "Letters" are the genuine expression of a very remarkable and rare character, and give at least the fragmentary portraiture of a remarkable and ideally beautiful life. "Thomas Erskine, of Linlathen" (a small estate on the east coast of Scotland), is well known to a limited class of readers, who combine high culture and earnest thought with a warm and evangelical Christianity. By not a few of these Mr. Erskine's theological writings are still read and appreciated, and those who are acquainted with the growth of theological thought, not only in in Scotland but in England, know how largely Mr. Erskine and his friend and fellow-labourer in the highest sense—John McLeod Campbell—have given impulse and form to the best theological thought of the present day.

Thomas Erskine, a descendant of a line of illustrious Erskines, including Colonel John Erskine, and Erskine of the "Institutes," was a young advocate in Edinburgh when Walter Scott, then a clerk of the Court of Session, was beginning to draw attention as the author of "Waverley," while the "Edinburgh Reviewers"—Jeffrey, Cockburn, Fullerton, his own own intimate friends—were at the height of their professional fame. The young man of twenty-three, thrown into the brilliant intellectual society of that day, passed through an "eclipse of faith" more common now than it was then. Writing in advanced age, and referring to this period of his life, he says: "Like many in the present day, I came in after life to have misgivings as to the credibility of this wonderful history (that of the miraculous in connection with the person and life and teaching of Christ). But the patient study of the narrative, and of its place in the history of the world, and the perception of a light in it which entirely satisfied my reason and my conscience, finally overcame these misgivings and forced on me the conviction of its truth." His legal career was cut short by the death of his elder brother,—an event which was a heavy blow to him, and which involved his succession to the family estate, with new duties and responsibilities. With the view of leaving to his legal friends some expression of his own warm re-established faith, he prepared the first of his theological writings, which, however, was not published till some twelve years afterwards, when it appeared as an introductory essay to the "Letters of the Rev. Samuel Rutherford," its author being by that time favourably known as a writer. In this earliest production, he strikes the key-note of the theme which, during his whole life, and throughout these "Letters," he loved to elaborate and impress. "It follows," he says, "that a restoration to spiritual health, or conformity to the Divine character, is the *ultimate object* of God in His dealings with the children of men. Whatever else God hath done with regard to men has been subsidiary, and with a view to this; even the unspeakable work of Christ, and pardon freely offered through His cross, have been but means to a further end; and that end is, that the adopted children of the family of God might be conformed to the likeness of their elder brother; that they might resemble Him in character, and thus enter into his joy. The sole object of Christian belief is to produce the Christian character, and unless this is done nothing is done."

From 1816 to 1870 Mr. Erskine lived at Linlathen a comparatively uneventful life, so far as outward events go; never marrying, but forming around him a household, of which two married sisters were the most prominent and permanent members—both nobly gifted as to intellectual qualities and Christian character. The quiet country life at Linlathen, of which the leisure was devoted to writing the books he has left to perpetuate his religious teaching, was varied by frequent winters in Edinburgh, and by continental tours, much enjoyed by a mind so keenly alive to the beautiful in nature and art, as well as so richly stored with classical learning and historic associations. He was a connoisseur and collector of pictures, and his drawing-room at Linlathen contained a choice, though small collection, in which were a number of originals by time-honoured names. On one of his first tours he thus expresses the only half-approved-of delight with which he studied the art treasures at Florence. "My dear sister, what a strange world it is. It seems most extraordinary to myself that I can, in the midst of such a world of death, and sin and sorrow, find enjoyment in marble cut into certain forms, and colours laid on canvas; and yet I really find immense enjoyment in it. I feel almost as if I had gotten a new sense." And then follows an enthusiastic appreciation of the "surpassing genius of those old Greek sculptors." But however alive he might be to the fleeting beauty of what he himself would have called the transient and phenomenal, no man ever walked under a more solemn and abiding sense of spiritual realities, as the only realities; to no one was the spiritual world more fully and vividly present. An enthusiastic student of Plato, he might be described as a Christian idealist—finding in God's great purpose for man, and in Christ as the manifestation of that purpose, the key to all problems, and what he believed would prove to be the satisfactory solution of all mysteries.

Wherever Mr. Erskine went he made the power of his strong spiritual influence felt. The large collection of letters which fill these volumes are evidence of the wide influence he wielded; and the fact that they are addressed

to men so widely differing in opinion as Thomas Chalmers and Thomas Carlyle, Gaussen and Colenso, Maurice and Vinet, Monod and Dean Stanley, is evidence of his remarkable power of attracting widely differing classes of minds. His hospitality was as catholic as his correspondence, so much so, indeed, that at last he gave up the idea of "sorting" his guests, and let them "mingle as they might" in the genial Christian atmosphere of Linlathen. Carlyle, Stanley, Maurice, Kingsley, and many others were welcome guests, and some of Carlyle's own letters given in this volume show how warmly he reciprocated and appreciated Mr. Erskine's friendship.

Of the various books and pamphlets that he wrote, the best known are his "Internal Evidence of the Truth of Revealed Religion;" his "Unconditional Freeness of the Gospel," first published in 1828, and reprinted, with slight additions, in 1873; "The Brazen Serpent;" and "The Spiritual Order," published after his death. In this, as well as in some of his letters, he declares his belief in the Scriptural basis of the "restitution of all things." Mr. Erskine's writings were all characterised by much grace and clearness of diction, and Dr. Chalmers declared the second of the works mentioned to be one of the most charming books he had ever read. A good many of his smaller publications were written in defence of the teaching of his most intimate and like-minded friend, the Rev. J. McLeod Campbell, whose life and letters have been almost simultaneously published, and whose lamented expulsion from the Church of Scotland half a century ago has been since admitted to be one of the gravest mistakes it ever made. But Mr. Erskine's life work was not so much in the books he has left as in the spiritual influence of his living personality. The charming biographical sketches by Principal Shairp and Dean Stanley, with which the "Letters" are enriched, show—what could be testified by every one who knew him personally, as the present writer was privileged to do—that he was a man of strong spiritual power. Whether as regards the winning purity and beauty of his life, itself a "living epistle," or the spiritual depth of his conversation, literally "among things heavenly," all who knew and could appreciate him will endorse the remark of one of his most honoured and like-minded friends, that "ever after he knew Mr. Erskine he never thought of God but the thought of Mr. Erskine was not far away."

BY CELIA'S ARBOUR. By Walter Besant and James Rice. Rose-Belford Publishing Co.: Toronto. 1878.

Mr. Besant and Mr. Rice enjoy a very enviable position among novel writers; their works being usually looked forward to, as the readers of the CANADIAN MONTHLY will readily admit, with more than ordinary expectation.

But we may be permitted to doubt if this particular specimen will much increase their reputation. It is true that the tale is interesting, especially towards the close, and that the narrator of the tale, one Ladislas Pulaski, his comrade and the hero of the work, Leonard Coplestone, and Celia, who enjoys the title *rôle* of heroine, are all charmingly perfect characters, only to be surpassed for self-denial, courage, and charity by the aged sea-captain who acts as guardian and protector to the two boys. Besides these almost *too* good people, the canvass is well filled up with other leading figures—Wassielewski, the old Polish patriot, frenzied with the hope of revenge upon the Muscovite oppressors of his country; Herr Rattmer, a singularly well-drawn likeness of a Russian spy, so good a likeness, in fact, as to make us regret the one or two fatal slips on the part of the authors, which mar it as a work of art; and half a dozen minor characters, all well individualized and helping on the tale.

Still, in spite of all this, the story is in several points unsatisfactory. We like the *mise en scène*, and the general conduct of the tale is well managed, but on the whole it lacks originality. The comparatively aged suitor, who holds a mysterious secret hanging over the head of the heroine's papa, by means of which he expects to obtain the lovely daughter's hand in marriage; the distress of the lovely daughter herself, racked, Iphigenia-like, between regard for her father and love for another;—all this is *very* stale.

Certainly we must remember that skeletons of plots are few in number, and that almost all we can expect from novelists now-a-days is to dish us up our cold mutton with the most modern sauce, and to hash it and curry it in some tolerably original and unexpected manner. Perhaps Herr Rattmer, the German lover, with short white hair, heavy moustache, a rasp in his voice, and a disbelief of everything good in his heart, *is* a fairly original conception in this *rôle*. But all we can say is that the reader will be disappointed at the tame way in which he meets his inevitable rebuff, and allows the mysterious secret to fizzle off as harmlessly as a damp squib.

The want of originality complained of extends to the details of the work. Whole passages are paraphrases of Dickens, that is, certain of the characters are framed entirely on the model of Dickens's work—are made to talk as he would have made them, and live in just such an atmosphere as he would have planted them in. The imitation is good. If we came across it in a volume of parodies, such as Bret Harte's "Sensation Novels," or the "Rejected Addresses," we should smile and praise the faithful rendering which never degenerated into

copying. But it is out of place when it occurs in parts of a tale which does not pretend to be written in that vein throughout.

Take, for example, Augustus Brambler. It is not too much to say that but for the great and gifted Wilkins Micawber, Augustus would never have been the man he is in these pages. Micawber is his spiritual or god-parent. Like Micawber, Brambler prospers in no line of life. Like him, his expectations, his belief in himself, are stupendous—his plans for the future magnificent. He oscillates between "the clerical, the legal, and the scholastic." Wherever he goes he is poor but hopeful, and Wilkins himself had no more children than Augustus has. These children, by another touch à *la* Dickens, he familiarly names by the dates of the years in which they were born, in order to carry out a theory of his. "Childhood catches the measles and whooping-cough and shakes them off, but a child never shakes off the influence of the year in which it was born. My son, Forty-five, is restless and discontented. That is easily explained, if you think of the events of that year. A tendency, my boy, which you will have to combat during life. Like asthma." In running over the family list to Pulaski, the latter notices a *lacuna* between '50 and '52.

"I was afraid to ask after '51, for fear there had been a loss, but I suppose the question showed in my face, because the family faces instantly clouded over."

"'We never had a Fifty-one,' said Augustus, sorrowfully."

The old artillery-man in "Bleak House," who named his children "Malta" and "Gibraltar," after the garrison towns in which they were born, will at once recur to the reader's mind.

Certainly Augustus's fooling is very amusing. Micawber himself need not have been ashamed of this little eulogy which Augustus delivers upon Mrs. Brambler's first cousin, whose service in Her Majesty's navy was cut short, after lasting three weeks, for "inebriation while on duty. He might have done well, perhaps, in some other Walk—or shall we say, Sail?—of life, if he had not in fact continued drunk. To every bold rover comes his day. (Here Augustus rolled his head, and tried to look like a buccaneer.) Your mother's cousin, children, may be regarded as one who fell—in action."

Thackeray, too, is laid under contribution, and in a more barefaced manner. The old sea-captain, who for some time is inclined to form himself on the model of Captain Cuttle, and to address the heroine invariably as "my pretty," finally becomes an adherent of Thackeray. When Leonard comes home after a five years' absence, the old man greets him with that allusion to the return of one who brings "his sheaves with him," which is used so touchingly in Esmond. When the good old captain is gathered to his fathers in the last chapter, he cannot expire without pirating Colonel Newcome's touching and natural "*Adsum!*" in the following overdrawn manner.

"He lifted his figure and sat upright. . . his eyes flashed with a sudden light . . . he lifted his hand to the peak of his cap as he reported himself.

"'Come aboard, Sir!'

"Then his hand dropped, and his head fell forward. The captain was dead."

We must also complain of the way in which the book is got up. Too clearly it has never had the authors' eyes upon it since it was reprinted from the Magazine. It teems with repetitions and contradictions, misprints and mistakes. In two chapters (ten and twelve) the expression, "long, long, canker of Peace," occurs no less than three times, and is referred each time to Tennyson, with the most exasperating air, as though it were a brand-new idea.

The dates and sequences of events are hopelessly muddled. You see an occurrence looming in the immediate future; it is definitely fixed for to-morrow, but in the next chapter, perhaps, you have a full account of the events of three or four intervening days, and finally, when the occurrence does take place, you are told that the warning, which must be dated nearly a week back, was really given last night! Three people walk abreast, A at the left hand of B, and C at the right hand of A,—rather a difficult puzzle to work out!

We are afraid the authors must also stand chargeable with the following delinquencies: "One of his *only* friends;" "Augustus is with them, bearing in his hands a pair of new white cotton gloves, *and an air of immense dignity*," "a great stillness *became suddenly*." A good many other little slips, such as "orange-blower" for "organ-blower," may be put down to the proof-reader or editor, but almost all are attributable to the haste with which this reprint has been put forth without the benefit of the authors' revision.

MADAME GOSSELIN. By Louis Ulbach. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; Toronto, Hart & Rawlinson.

Madame is tall and pale, her features clear and cold, her dress as strict as her religion, her religion as regular as her fast-moving knitting needles, which bear divided sway with it over her outward life. A very ordinary type of woman, you will exclaim; one we have met a hundred times in French novels before now. But you have not yet fathomed Madame's character, or found out why she takes to the opiate of ecstatic bead-telling to drown her thoughts

as others take to wine or narcotics. Once let those thoughts get the upper hand, and there is no telling whither their reminiscences of the past, with their awakenings of old desires, of half-forgotten feelings, will lead such a woman. Look at her when she is drawn out of her retired life for a special occasion, and see what a change has occurred, a change accented—as she is a woman, and a Frenchwoman to boot—by her dress.

The day is a fête-day, for her son George's first ship is to be launched, and his employer and future partner has invited her to dinner to meet a family gathering. Madame Gosselin has replaced her widow's cap (she is not really a widow, but her husband is a seafaring man who has been away for years), which used to make her seem, to careless eyes, fifty years old at least, with a head-dress made of a becomingly arranged fragment of lace. All the world can see now that fifty or forty-five is out of the question, as far as any suspicion of wrinkles is concerned. Her hands, too, every one notices, are pretty, and her low-necked dress, with heavy gold Breton cross hanging at her throat, shows that Madame's rule of strangling herself with high frills is not grounded on a wish to conceal a scraggy neck. These changes bring out the real woman, coquettish, agreeable, and capable of much finesse of a low class, who had previously been hidden under the *dévote*.

Madame Gosselin has been living some years with her son under the hospitable roof of a Captain Kernuz, an old Breton sea-lion, who by a pious fraud had persuaded her to come and live with him under pretence of a message from her husband. The absent Captain Gosselin had, in fact, sent no such message, but had greatly troubled his friend Kernuz with his sadness and enigmatical replies, when pressed to send some token by the latter to his wife and child. Captain Kernuz, returned to Lorient and having finally cast his anchor on dry ground, thought the best cure for the mystery was to take care of the deserted couple till his comrade came home, which Gosselin seemed in no hurry to do. But all the same, Captain Kernuz, jolly old rover as he is, cannot take to the *dévote* at all, and her appearance on this occasion quite startles him. Warmed by the ship-builder's good wine, he pictures to himself the amiable qualities of Madame, and her virtue in hiding so much beauty and charm in hideous caps, and in church-going and knitting early and late for the sake of his old friend Gosselin. Insensibly the thought steals into his heart that if Gosselin never *were* to return, Madame might still continue to live in his house, but in a different capacity. And judging from Madame's conduct that evening, Captain Kernuz would not have had long to sigh in vain.

How then are we to understand it, or how can the Captain fathom it, when the next morning at breakfast he finds Madame the same colourless being who had always annoyed him with her insipidity? To explain this, one must have been present at an interview between Madame and one M. Pleumeur, the other mystery of the little town, which took place on the way home from the fête the day before. M. Pleumeur is a *savant*, a hard, cold, icy, retired, self-sufficing man, who smiles not, neither does he weep. He has taught George Gosselin, who, though grown up, still keeps up his acquaintance and tries fruitlessly to win some demonstration of affection from him. What can such a man have said to Madame Gosselin in the quiet starlit gloom that has caused her so suddenly to resume her rôle of piety and seclusion, and to put away again, with an effort, the enticing pleasures that were alluring her? Except those, no one knows in Lorient—no one else in the world, if it be not Captain Gosselin, who, with a dose of Sumatra poison at his lips, is about to kill himself off the coast of Ireland at that very moment, and, perhaps, on account of that same secret.

We will not tell what it is. A few days afterwards it comes to light, and when retribution strikes it strikes the innocent. Our readers will find the tale well worth taking up, and if we have excited their curiosity enough to induce them to do so, we are sure they will not blame us for it when they put the book down again.

ANGLO-HAWAIIAN POEMS. By John Machar Macdonald, of Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands. Honolulu: *Pacific Commercial Advertiser* Print.

We cannot but be reminded of the rapid progress of events by the arrival of this modest little publication, printed at Honolulu, and dedicated by the author to "His Majesty King Kalakaua," in which royal person he recognises "a generous friend and liberal patron of all laudable Hawaiian enterprise." Mr. J. M. Macdonald seems to have some Canadian antecedents or associations; at least he seems to have received the name of a clergyman well known in Canada, and sends a copy of his little publication to what may have been the Canadian home of his parents, if not his own birthplace. The poems are few in number,—indeed the publication is a mere brochure,—and the subjects are naturally chiefly Hawaiian. The "Tropical Sunset" is one of the best, both as to thought and versification. They are mainly interesting as giving us a little glimpse into the life of those far-away islands, which owe the very life of their civilization to missionary enterprise; but all show good and true feeling as well as considerable power of description and versification.

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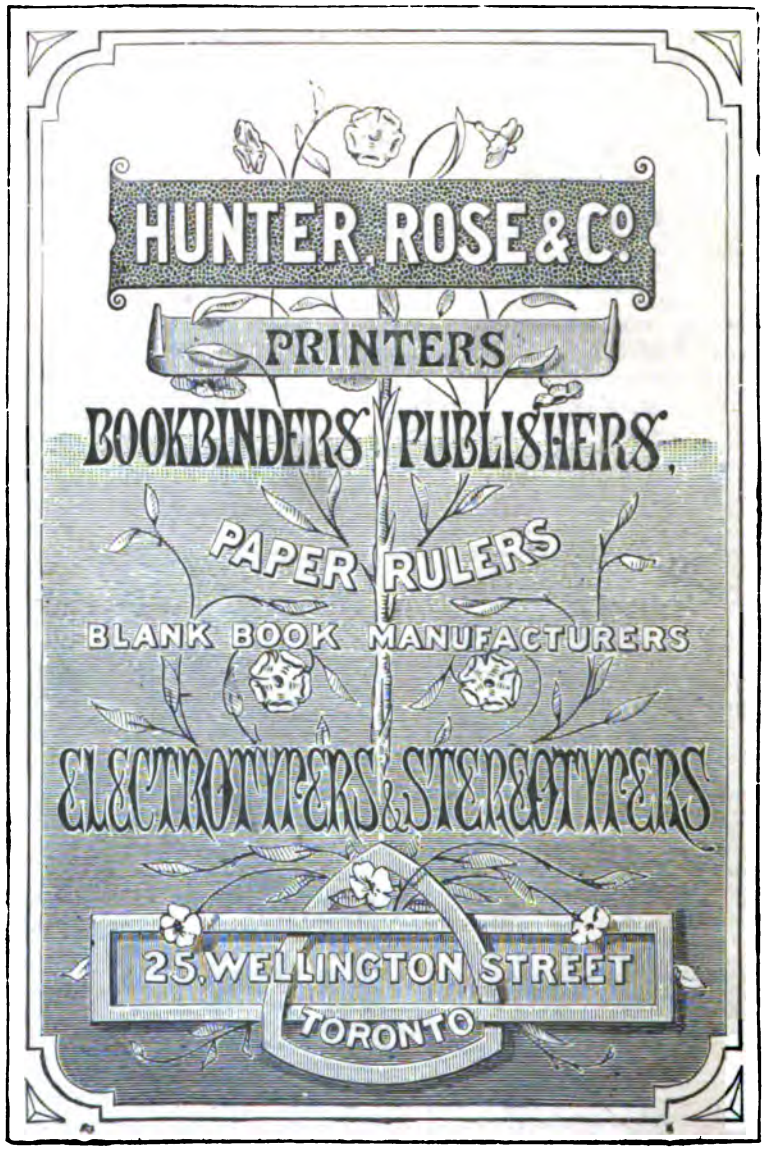
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